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ST. NICHOLAS

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME XLVII
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THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

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Contents of Part II. Volume XLVII

AMERICAN SHRINE, AN. Sketch.....*Ransford Mix Beach*..... 841
AMERICANISM. See "Best and Hardest Job, Your."

BALDY'S WOUND-STRIPE. Story. (Illustrated by W. V. Chambers and from photograph.).....*Jaqueline M. Overton*.... 932
BASEBALL, HOW A, IS MADE. Sketch.....*Billy Evans*..... 745
BEST AND HARDEST JOB, YOUR. Sketch.....*Hildegarde Hawthorne*... 773
BIDDY M'CALL. Verse. (Illustrated by Harold Sichel.).....*George William Ogden*... 1100
BILITIES, THE THREE. Sketch.....*Edmund J. Ryan*..... 840
BIRTHDAY GRIEVANCE, A. Verse.....*Arthur H. Folwell*..... 980
BLUEJAYS' CIRCUS, THE. Sketch. (Illustrations from photographs.) .....*Helen Ellsworth* 636
BOY SCOUTS IN THE NORTH; OR, THE BLUE PEARL. Serial Story. (Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull and C. A. Federer.).....*Samuel Scoville, Jr.*..... 623
691, 810, 891, 1009, 1113
BY NIGHT AND BY DAY. Verse.....*Emma Peirce*..... 650

CARNIVAL CUP, THE. Story. (Illustrated by W. V. Chambers.) .....*Brewer Corcoran* 885
CHICAGO'S NEW STADIUM TO RIVAL THE COLOSSEUM OF ANCIENT ROME. Sketch. (Illustration from photograph.).....*Robert H. Moulton* 1133
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, THE TOMB OF. Sketch. (Illustration from photograph.).....*Florence D. Welch*..... 1112
CITY? HOW WOULD YOU PLAN A. Sketch. (Illustrated with diagrams.) .....*Charles K. Taylor*..... 917
CLOUDS. See "Sign-posts of the Sky."

DAMARIS GOES TO SCHOOL. Verse. (Illustrated by George Varian.) .....*Nora Archibald Smith* ... 991
DAN AND THE LITTLE FOLK. Verse. (Illustrated by Harold Sichel.) .....*George William Ogden*... 908
DANDELION, TO A. Verse.....*Ethel Raymond Cragin*.. 725
DAN'S PRIDE HAD A FALL, HOW. Verse. (Illustrated by Harold Sichel.) .....*George William Ogden*... 1006
DOGS, LITTLE STORIES OF. (Illustrations from photographs.)..... 726
Bob, the English Fire Dog.....*George F. Paul.*
Old Shep Set the Lights.....*Harrie A. Baxter.*
Sailor, the Dog Watch.....*Elizabeth E. Elliott.*
The Trick Dogs of Brighton.
E. L.'s BAPTISM OF FIRE. Story. (Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd.) .....*T. Morris Longstreth* 1080

ENGLISH LANGUAGE. See "Great Possession, Our."
ENGLISH MONARCHS WHO NEVER REIGNED, YOUNG. Sketch. (Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz and from painting by Sir J. E. Millais.) .....*Augusta Huiell Seaman*.. 1121

FLICKER, FUNNY MR. Verse. (Illustrated by Bertha Corbett-Melcher.) .....*Elizabeth Gordon* 700
FLOWERS IN THE SUMMER, FIRES IN THE FALL. Picture. Drawn by Emma Troth..... 1076
FOG. Verse.....*Isabel McKinney*..... 793
FORGIVENESS OF THE DESERT, A. Story. (Illustrated by George Varian.) .....*Agnes Danforth Hewes*.. 697

GARDEN WALL, BY THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Grace G. Kelley.) .....*Caroline Hofman* 885
GIRLS, ARE YOU 100 PER CENT. STRONG? Sketch. (Illustrated from photographs.) .....*Charles K. Taylor*..... 1017

183138

GOLF FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. Sketches. (Illustrations by Charles M. Relyea.) ..... *Francis Ouimet.*
Old and New Golf by Boys and Girls 679
Golf Tips for Young Players 775
Golf in Bad Weather 880
Avoid Imitation in Golf 981
Golf Facts for Young Players 1070
GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER WAS YOUNG, WHEN. Picture. Drawn by Hal Burrows 907
GREAT POSSESSION, OUR. Sketch ..... *Hildegarde Hawthorne* ... 675

HAPPY VENTURE, THE. Serial Story. (Illustrated by the author.) ..... *Edith Ballinger Price* 609, 701, 824, 910, 1020, 1102
HOLLYHOCKS, MY. Verse. (Illustrated by Eugenie M. Wireman.) ..... *Althea A. Ogden* 725
"HOME, SWEET HOME," THE AUTHOR OF. Sketch. (Illustrations from photographs.) ..... *Carson C. Hathaway* 802
HOMEWARD BOUND. Verse. (Illustration from photograph.) .. *Alice M. Cahill* 818
HUNGRY BOY, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by George T. Tobin.) .. *George W. Tuttle* 821
HUSKY, A STRAY. Sketch. (Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd.) ..... *Mabel G. Ballough* 1059

JANE WINS HER STRIPES. Story. (Illustrated by M. F. Martino.) ..... *Ethel Sargent Hyde* 786
JIMMY THE CONQUERING HERO. Story. (Illustrated by Conrad Dickel.) ..... *Belle Weir Wallace, Lulu Coon Shuff* 709
JUNE, IN. Verse ..... *Sophie E. Redford* 677

LAND OF COCKAIGNE, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by W. M. Berger.) ..... *Florence Boyce Davis* 985
LIND, JENNY. See "Real Fairy-Tale, A."
LOST OPPORTUNITY, THE. Verse ..... *Carolyn Wells* 584
LOVING-CUP, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea.) . *Emma Peirce* 688
LUKE, FRANK—BALLOON ACE. Sketch. (Illustration from photograph.) ..... *Harry Starkey Aldrich* ... 1094

MAGIC GEM, THE. Story. (Illustrated by Charles A. Federer.) ..... *Charles A. Federer, George Van Schaick* 920
MARIETTA'S SILKEN SACK. Verse. (Illustrated by W. M. Berger.) ..... *Florence Boyce Davis* 594
"MAYFLOWER," YE VOYAGE OF YE. Sketch. (Illustrated by the author.) ..... *Harry A. Ogden* 1065
MEASURING ROD, YOUR. Sketch ..... *Hildegarde Hawthorne* ... 971
MEMORY TREES. Verse ..... *Sophie E. Redford* 801
MIDSUMMER. Picture. Drawn by W. H. Montgomery 919
MISSION OF SIR QUINCUM, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the author.) ..... *Charles F. Lester* 1110
MISSIONS OF PRINCE DISDAIN, THE. Story. (Illustrated by Marion T. Justice.) ..... *Martha Pierce* 632
MODERN PIED PIPER, THE. Sketch. (Illustrations from photographs.) ..... *Florence Samuels* 1127
MOTHER'S SONG. Verse ..... *Clinton Scollard* 683
MOUNT HOLYOKE, MAYTIME AT. Sketch. (Illustrations from photographs.) ..... *Grace M. Burt* 585
MOUSE, JOHNNY. See "Where a Slim Fellow Has the Advantage."
MUSIC LESSONS. Verse. (Illustrated by Sarah K. Smith.) ... *Jack Burroughs* 980
MYSTERY OF THE SEA-LARK, THE. Serial Story. (Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea.) ..... *Ralph Henry Barbour, H. P. Holt* .. 598, 714, 794, 900, 994, 1086

NAVY, HOW THE, TALKS. Sketch. (Illustrated with diagrams.) ..... *Com. B. B. Wygant, United States Navy* 1032

NIGHT TRAVELING. Verse. (Illustrated by Marion T. Justice.) ..... *Margaret Widdemer* 605

OCTOBER. Verse ..... *Percy Reynolds* 1093

ORDER OF THE ARROWHEAD, THE. Story. (Illustrated by George A. King.) ..... *Samuel Scoville, Jr* 579

PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD. See "'Home, Sweet Home,' Author of."

PHILIP THE BOLD. Verse. (Illustrated by Charles Wiggins, 2nd.) ..... *John Richards* 1026

PIGEON-LOFT, HOW TO BUILD AND OPERATE YOUR OWN. Sketch. (Illustrated from photographs and diagrams.) ... *Wm. F. Avery* 616

PIKE'S PEAK, THE CONQUERING OF. Sketch. (Illustrations from photographs.) ..... *Mabel Alberta Spicer* 779

PINK SILK LADY, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Maude and Miska Petersham.) ..... *Margaret Widdemer* 690

PORTRAIT, A. Painted by Lydia Field Emmet 1085

PRINCESS MOONLIGHT. Story. (Illustrated by the author.) .. *Hanano Inagaki Sugimoto* 721

PUTT THAT WON, THE. Story. (Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea.) ..... *J Horace Lytle* 589

QUEEN ANNE'S LACE. Verse ..... *Robert Emmet Ward* 924

RAINBOW, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Elizabeth C. Bower.) .. *Olive C. Richards* 823

REAL FAIRY-TALE, A. Sketch. (Illustration from photograph.) ..... *Mary P. Davis* 1077

ROOSEVELT'S GRAVE. See "American Shrine, An."

SAVED BY A GUITAR. Story. (Illustrated by George Varian.) . *David S. Greenberg* 804

SAVING WORD, THE. Story. (Illustrated by Wilson V. Chambers.) ..... *Christine Whiting Parmenter* 1001

SCHOOL-HOUSE IN VACATION, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Decie Merwin.) ..... *Mattie Lee Hausgen* 832

SCIPIO. Story. (Illustrated by H. MacGilvary.) ..... *Adeline MacGilvary* 988

SCOTLAND, THE NATIONAL FLOWER OF. Sketch ..... *Edith Oliver* 822

SEA, THE PLAYTIME OF THE. Sketch. (Illustrations from paintings and photographs.) ..... *Hallam Hawksworth* 867

SEA-LARK, THE MYSTERY OF THE. Serial Story. (Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea.) ..... *Ralph Henry Barbour, H. P. Holt* 598, 714, 794, 900, 994, 1086

SIGN-POSTS OF THE SKY, THE. Sketch. (Illustrations from photographs.) ..... *T. Morris Longstreth* 683

SIGNS. Verse ..... *Robert Emmet Ward* 1120

SILVER ELEPHANT, THE SACRED. Story. (Illustrated by W. C. Rice.) ..... *Joseph B. Ames* 963

SIR ISAAC NEWT. Verse ..... *Robert Emmet Ward* 820

SISTERS. Verse ..... *Clinton Scollard* 683

SOFT STEP, THE. Pictures. Drawn by E. W. Kemble 898

"SOLID COMFORT." Picture. Drawn by E. A. Furman 1015

SPARROWS. Verse. (Illustrated by Hal Burrows,) ..... *Jessica Nelson North* 899

SPORTSMANSHIP, THE TEST OF. Sketch ..... *Sol Metzger* 1108

SUNSET, A. Verse ..... *Mary Carolyn Davies* 588

THREE QUESTIONS, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Reginald Birch.) ..... *Florence L. Patterson* 1016

TINY FOLK, TWO KINDS OF. Verse ..... *Clinton Scollard* 1085

TOM DORLAN HAD LUCK, WHY. Verse. (Illustrated by Reginald Birch.) ..... *George William Ogden* ... 606

TOWERS, MY VISIT TO THE. Sketch. (Illustrations from photographs.) ..... *Mary Kelsey* 819

TREASURE HUNT ON AN ISLAND, A. Sketch. (Illustrated with diagrams, etc.) ..... *George Tasker Miller* 647

Uncle Sam's Birthday. Verse.....*Florence Boyce Davis*.... 771
Un-Factful. Verse.....*Blanche Elizabeth Wade*.. 1099

"Veronica." Picture. Painted by Ralph Peacock..... 678
Victory of Defeat, The. Story. (Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz.) .....*Joseph B. Ames* 873

What Is Worth While? Sketch.....*Hildegarde Hawthorne*... 1074
What the Little Bird Said. Verse.....*Harriet Winton Davis* ... 746
"Where a Slim Fellow Has the Advantage." Picture. Drawn by Clifton Meek..... 1120
Wish, A. Verse.....*Bertha Gerneaux Woods*. 708
Yolanda Shows the Way. Story. (Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz.) .....*Katherine Dunlap Cather*. 973

DEPARTMENTS

The Watch Tower. (Illustrated.).....*Edward N. Teall* 651, 747, 842, 941, 1035, 1129
Nature and Science for Young Folk. (Illustrations from photographs).....656, 752, 847, 946, 1040, 1135
Central America's Live Mountains.....*Hamilton M. Wright.*
The End of the Eskimo Curlew.....*Robert F. Wilson.*
The Mystery of the Bamboos.....*S. Leonard Bastin.*
Two Little Weather-Prophets.....*Peter Johnson.*
Queer Seed-Pods .....*J. Smeaton Chase.*
A Very Lonely B'oy.....*Wm. McDowell.*
The Devil's Post-Pile.....*George Burbank Shattuck.*
Two Great Natural Bridges.....*George Burbank Shattuck.*
A Correction.....*Editor.*
The Airplane Lubricant.....*James Anderson.*
Our Lowly Allies in the Grass.....*Hamilton M. Laing.*
A Mine of Ice.....*George Burbank Shattuck.*
Boulder Split by Tree.....*L. M. Edholm.*
What a Grain of Wheat Will Produce.....*S. Leonard Bastin.*
The Story of a Chain.....*C. L. Edholm.*
The "Old Man of the Mountain".....*George Burbank Shattuck.*
An Ingenious Water System.....*Francis Dickie.*
A Tug of War Between Steam and Electricity.....*Robert H. Moulton.*
A Tilted Garden.....*L. M. Edholm.*
Spiders That Fish and Others.....*N. Tourneur.*
A Long-Distance Whistling Champion.....*Robert F. Wilson.*
The Flying Sub.....*A. Russell Bond.*
Catching Bullets With the Movie Camera.....*A. Russell Bond.*
Getting an Electric Spark from Paper—How Many Tastes Are There? .....*S. Leonard Bastin.*
A Miniature Farm Constructed by Students.....*L. M. Edholm.*
Buries Himself Alive.....*George A. King.*
How the Trout Changes His Coat.....*Daisy M. Moore.*
A Needle in a Desert.....*George Burbank Shattuck.*

For Very Little Folk:

Our Pretty Teacher—Her New Hat. Verses. (Illustrated by Decie Merwin.).....*Mattie Lee Hausgen* 660
Ebenezer—The Friendly Hop-Toad. Verse. (Illustrated by the author.).....*Edith Ballinger Price*.... 661
Just Like You. Verse. (Illustrated by the author.)....*R. B. Kirby* 756
Billy's Birthday. Verse. (Illustrated by the author.)....*R. B. Kirby*..... 852

Beach Jingles. (Illustrations from photographs.) ..... *Alice M. Cahill* 948
The Lady Across the Road—The Cruise of the Tortoise. Verse. (Illustrated by the author.) ..... *Edith Ballinger Price* 1044

For Boys Who Do Things:

Packing-Box Village. (Illustrated with diagrams.) ..... *A. Russell Bond* 642, 728, 833, 925
The Musical Pedometer. (Illustrated by Marion Foster.) ..... *A. Russell Bond* 732
One-, Two-, and Three-Post Bridges. (Illustrations from photographs and diagrams.) ..... *Charles K. Taylor* 733
The Baby Tank. (Illustrated with diagrams.) ..... *W. M. Butterfield* 736
Getting Up a Band. (Illustrations from photographs.) ... *Charles K. Taylor* 836
A Safe and Effective Firecracker. (Illustrated with diagrams.) ..... *Edward Thorpe* 839
Making a Water-Clock. (Illustrated with diagrams.) .... *S. Leonard Bastin* 931
A Parlor Trench-Mortar and a Lewis Gun. (Illustrated with diagrams.) ..... *W. M. Butterfield* 1027
A Sign for the Summer Cottage. (Illustrated with Diagrams.) ..... *E. Maude Bradley* 1031
St. Nicholas League. With Awards for Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs and Puzzles. (Illustrated.) 662, 758, 854, 950, 1046, 1142
The Letter-Box. (Illustrated.) 670, 766, 862, 958, 1054, 1150
The Riddle-Box 671, 767, 863, 959, 1055, 1151

Frontispieces:

"He was barely keeping himself above the surface." (Drawn by C. M. Relyea.) ..... *Facing page* 579
"The force of the blow threw the man into the air." (Drawn by Charles A. Federer.) ..... " " 675
"Ring! Ring for Liberty!" (Painted by Henry Mosler.) ..... " " 771
"Twilight." (Painted by Alexander Harrison.) ..... " " 867
"'The Kraken! The Kraken!' shouted Saanak from the bow." (Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull.) ..... " " 963
"'Scottie!' called the mother softly; but he did not turn." (Drawn by J. Clinton Shepherd.) ..... " " 1059

Plays:

America the Beautiful—Democracy's Goal ..... *Margaret Knox, Anna M. Lutkenhaus* .. 738
What Happened to the Tarts. (Illustrated by Albertine Randall Wheelan.) ..... *Nora Archibald Smith* ... 936


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MAY
1920





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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR MAY, 1920.

Page

Frontispiece: "He Was Barely Keeping Himself above the Surface." Drawn by C. M. Relyea

The Order of the Arrowhead. Story — Samuel Scoville, Jr. — 579
Illustrated by George A. King.

The Lost Opportunity. Verse — Carolyn Wells — 584

May-time at Mount Holyoke. Sketch. Illustrations from photographs — Grace M. Burt — 585

A Sunset. Verse — Mary Carolyn Davies — 588

The Putt That Won. Story. Illustrated by Chas. M. Relyea — J. Horace Lytle — 589

Marietta's Silken Sack. Verse. Illustrated by W. M. Berger — Florence Boyce Davis — 594

The Mystery of the Sea-Lark. Serial Story — Ralph Henry Barbour / H. P. Holt — 598
Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.

Night Traveling. Verse. Illustrated by M. T. Justice — Margaret Widdemer — 605

Why Tom Dorlan Had Luck. Verse — George William Ogden — 606
Illustrated by Reginald Birch.

The Happy Venture. Serial Story. Illustrated by the author — Edith Ballinger Price — 609

How to Build and Operate Your Own Pigeon-Loft. Sketch — William F. Avery — 616
Illustrations from photographs and diagrams.

Boy Scouts in the North; or, The Blue Pearl. Serial Story — Samuel Scoville, Jr. — 623
Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull.

The Missions of Prince Disdain. Story — Martha Pierce — 632
Illustrated by Marion T. Justice.

The Bluejays' Circus. Sketch. Illustrations from photographs — Helen Ellsworth — 636

For Boys Who Do Things. Packing-Box Village—VIII — A. Russell Bond — 642
Illustrated with diagrams.

A Treasure Hunt on an Island. Sketch. Illustrated — George Tasker Miller — 647

By Night and by Day. Verse — Emma Peirce — 650

The Watch Tower. Illustrations from photographs — Edward N. Teall — 651

Nature and Science for Young Folks: Illustrations from photographs — 656
Central America's Live Mountains (Hamilton M. Wright)—The Mystery of the Bamboos (S. Leonard Bastin)—The End of the Eskimo Curlew (Robert F. Wilson)—Two Little Weather-prophets (Peter Johnson)

For Very Little Folk:

Our Pretty Teacher—Her New Hat. Verses — Mattie Lee Hausgen — 660
Illustrated by Decie Merwin.

Ebenezer—The Friendly Hop-toad. Verses — Edith Ballinger Price — 661
Illustrated by the author.

St. Nicholas League. With Awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs, and Puzzles. Illustrated — 662

The Letter-Box — 670

The Riddle-Box — 671

St. Nicholas Stamp Page. Conducted by Samuel R. Simmons — Advertising page — 50

The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.

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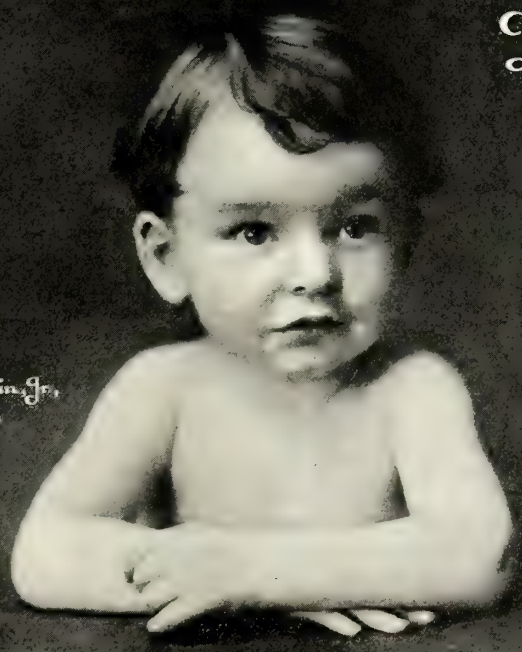
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NEXT MONTH

THE JUNE ST. NICHOLAS

Partial Table of Contents or Some Special Features of St. Nicholas for June

"OUR GREAT POSSESSION"

Hildegarde Hawthorne

"You all remember how, in fairy stories, the young goatherd or shepherd who loves the princess and seeks to marry her is usually asked to guess some puzzling conundrum.

"Suppose this were the conundrum that was asked you?

"What is that valuable possession which the greater the number of people who own it, the more valuable it becomes; and the more you use it, the more you have it? It is at once the ugliest and the most beautiful thing; it is your enemy's surest weapon and your friend's finest offering. Good and Evil both find it their greatest help. Although it is as invisible as air, it has color, form, and substance. Joy and grief live in it, yet it itself knows neither. Though it is eternal, it is always changing. Though you could not get on without it, it is useful to you only because it is useful to others. The wise man and the fool both depend on it.

"After thinking a minute or two you step up boldly to the foot of the throne where the king is waiting for your answer, feeling very sure he has you stumped. And you reply:

" 'Nothing, Sire, could be simpler. The answer is LANGUAGE.'

"And the king has to admit you are right, while the princess smiles upon you most happily."

And what Miss Hawthorne proceeds to say about the English language—"Our great Possession" and of how we should treasure it and use it sacredly—forms a contribution that is a great possession for St. Nicholas and its young readers.

"THE LION OF THE NORTH"

Samuel Scoville, Jr.

In the June installment of Mr. Scoville's great serial, "Boy Scouts in the North," he describes a walrus hunt and a contest with several of these long tusked monsters that is a thriller from start to finish.

"THE GAME I LOVE"

Francis Ouimet

A few years ago Mr. Ouimet contributed to St. Nicholas a series of articles on the game of golf which proved immensely popular both with the boys and girls and with grown-up lovers of that ancient and stirring sport. An announcement that should be widely heralded, therefore, is that Mr. Ouimet will soon resume this series with a number of contributions in similar vein, covering the fine points in the game, many hints and ideas that will be of practical assistance to every golfer, and numerous unique incidents from the author's long and varied experience on the links.

"PACKING-BOX VILLAGE"—IX

A. Russell Bond

In the series of practical articles which Mr. Bond has contributed to the department "For Boys Who Do Things," he will give full directions next month for making and setting up The Village Flagpole, The Well-Sweep, The Watering-Trough, The Chain-Pump, and A Double-Bucket Well—and in addition will tell his boy readers how to devise a musical pedometer which is a whimsical expedient yet of real value in measuring distances.

This Department also includes next month an article by Chas. K. Taylor, head of a leading Boys' Camp, telling how to build "One-Two and Three-Post Bridges" (illustrated with photographs of specimen bridges actually constructed by boys).

"AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL—DEMOCRACY'S GOAL"

Margaret Knox, Anna M. Lutkenhaus

In its January number St. Nicholas published a pageant by Margaret Knox, Principal, and Anna M. Lütkenhaus, Director of the Dramatic Club of Public School No. 15, New York City, entitled, "The Future Democracy of America As Our Young Folks See It," and intended as an aid to schools in spreading and accomplishing Americanization of young folk of foreign birth or ancestry. The June issue will contain a similar patriotic pageant by Miss Knox and Mrs. Lütkenhaus, with the above title, appropriate to Fourth of July celebrations, or for dramatic representation as a commencement training at the close of the school season. Both these plays have been presented by Public School 15 of New York City and have been heartily praised and endorsed by prominent teachers and educators.

"THE SIGNPOSTS OF THE SKY"

T. Morris Longstreth

In this delightful article, Mr. Longstreth, author of well-known books on "The Catskills" and "The Adirondacks," instructs young readers in the art of reading the language of Winds, Clouds, Temperature, and weather-signs generally. The contribution will be illustrated with beautiful photographs.

"HOW A BASEBALL IS MADE"

Billy Evans

In this lively article Mr. Evans describes the process of the actual manufacture of that all-important thing—the baseball. The contribution is the result of a visit which the well-known umpire made to one of the leading factories, and he confesses that many of the interesting processes in making a baseball were new even to him. Boy readers in particular will be interested in this admirable account of the first essential of our national game.

In addition to the above, the June number will contain a very picturesque and amusing tale of a lad who unexpectedly becomes a prominent actor in the making of a movie film. It is entitled "Jimmy the Conquering Hero." And some very exciting incidents in "The Mystery of the Sea-Lark" by Ralph Henry Barbour and H. P. Holt, will appeal strongly to all young folk, as will also the loyalty and tenderness of the young hero and heroine of Miss Edith Ballinger Price's serial, "The Happy Venture." There will be, as usual, an abundance of the timely and humorous elements, both in verse and picture.



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Mrs. Jack London

who knows and loves the South Seas, has written the letter given below to Frederick O'Brien, author of

WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

Hilo, Hawaii, T. H.,
January 21, 1920.

My dear Mr. O'Brien:

You lucky, lucky man . . . . to have been where you've been, seen what you've seen, and, best of all, to have been a MAN and with the capacity so to appreciate your opportunity.

George Sterling wrote me, "Don't fail to read 'WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS.'" I did not hurry to possess myself of your book. Really, to be frank, I am jealous of my South Seas . . . . I almost shrink from opening a new book about them, for fear of disappointment. I have had so many disappointments of the kind. So I did not buy your book before I came away to spend this winter in Hawaii. But, around the holidays, on Maui, on the vast slopes of Haleakala, I found your book on every hand . . . . and every one begging me to read it. And then I fell . . . . And now it is a pleasure to have confessed.

I do not often envy any one; but I do envy your man-experience. I have been about a bit myself in the strange places . . . . but with a man. To go, as a man may, alone, now, would be my dream; but I may not, because I am a woman. I think the favorite book in my library is that great romance the "South Sea Directory."

How fortunate you were, to be on Hiva-Oa (which I only saw from Nuka-Hiva), and to find so many remnants of the real Marquesans, to see, even a few perfect types. I have just simply reveled in your descriptions. . . .

I like the way you have called a spade a spade. It is such splendid, straightforward stuff, all your book. . . . .

Many words I have written in this letter; but they do not convey, I am sure, the half of what your book means to me. Have you read my LOG? Rough and young as it is, I think you might like it.

Many will write you about yours . . . . but few, at least women, can be more intelligently appreciative than I, who have mourned in Taipi Vai, and looked aside into deserted Haapa. . . .

And now, please let me thank you for your book. It has enriched my life.

Very sincerely yours,
(signed) CHARMIAN LONDON
(Mrs. Jack.)

("WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS," is the amazing record of the author's year's residence among the natives of the Marquesas Islands. It is one of the sensational book successes of the season. It is published by THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold at all bookstores for $4.00.)

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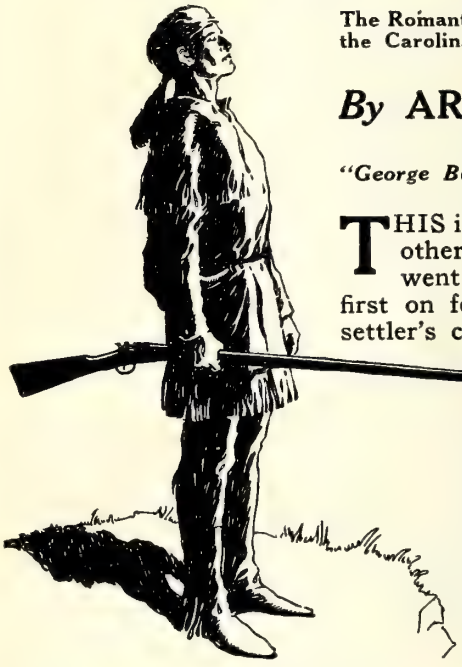
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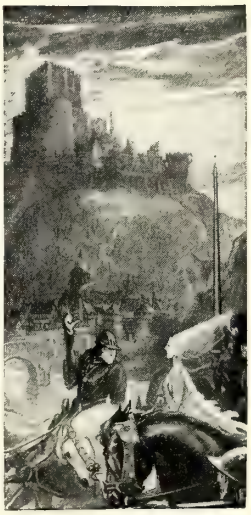
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THE book will be issued next Autumn. In the meantime some of Mr. Franck's best material is being published in every issue of the Century Magazine, and presented immediately upon the receipt of his manuscripts from the West Indies. Mr. Franck writes as he roams, and he is as resourceful as the newspaper correspondent in getting off his copy.

At last reports the author, having done Haiti and Porto Rico, had set out on a two-masted schooner for the Virgin Islands, where now the American flag floats. When this country bought the islands for twenty million dollars there was a scramble in newspaper and magazine offices to get something quick about these "Danish West Indies," as they were then called. Most of what was printed originated in antiquated articles in encyclopedias and periodicals. Mr. Franck, of course, will have seen and felt the islands before he writes a word about them.

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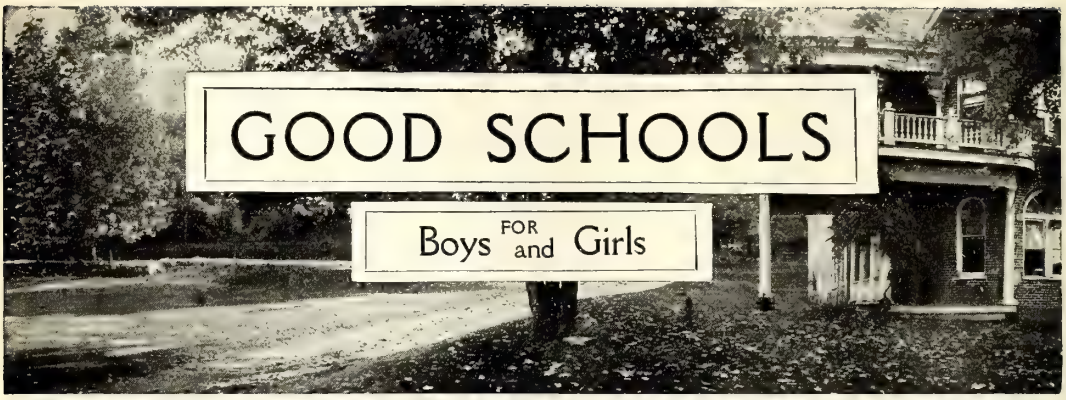
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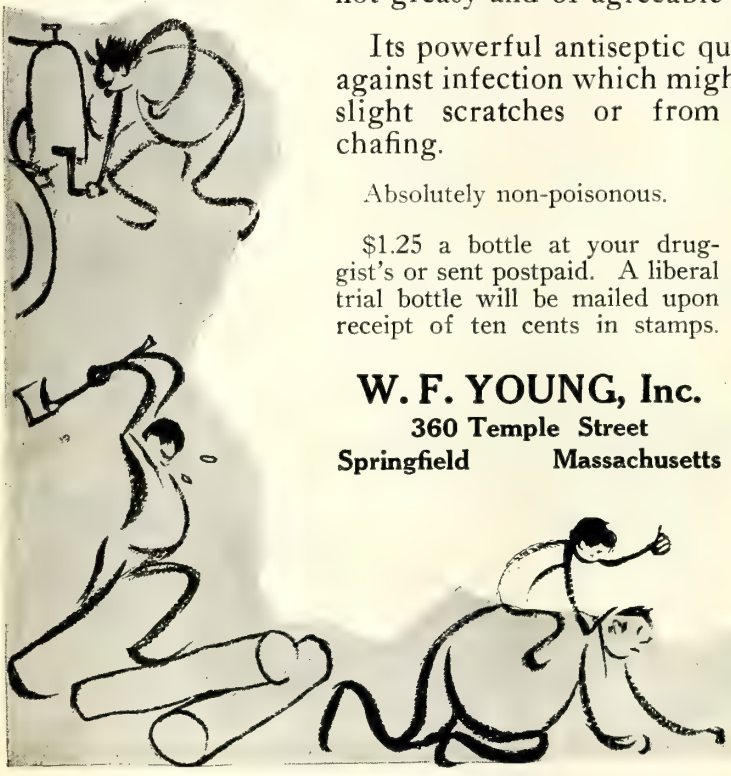
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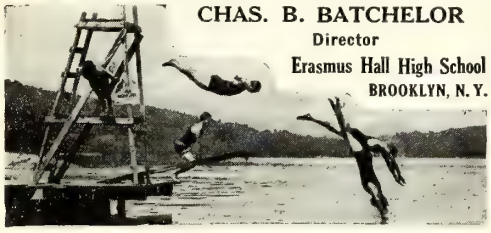
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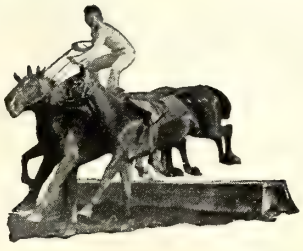
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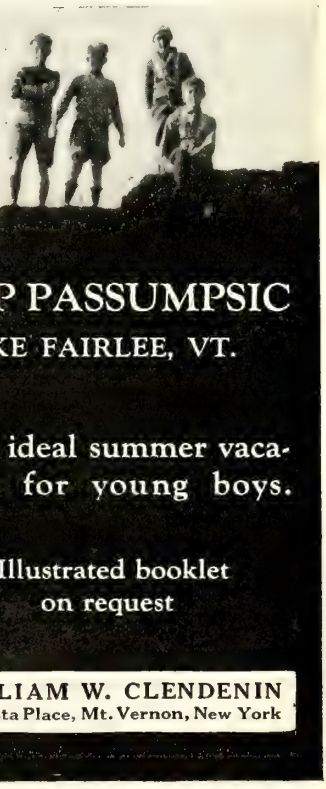
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Learn to read this Indian pictograph

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160 acres. Farm and camp life. All sports, swimming, hikes, and camping trips. Ponies for riding and driving. Personal and affectionate care.

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Ashland, Mass.



Charles and Jane Go to Camp

By Edward Van Kuren

THE train was scheduled to leave for New York at 10:45 A. M. Needless to say both Charles and Jane were ready to go hours before train time. Their bags were packed the day before and now time just dragged along. The clock seemed to be conspiring to keep the children from realizing their anticipated joys.

Where were they going? And when you hear you will not wonder that they were impatient to be off on their journey.

I must tell you first that the family of Parker live in this house.



The most welcome visitor each month in the Parker household is St. Nicholas. Both Charles and Jane count the days until the postman brings the next issue.

Mother and father Parker had promised their son and daughter the kind of a summer outing they themselves wanted.

To help Charles and Jane decide where to go or what to do, both of the children naturally turned to their best friend—their very own magazine.

Since February the advertising pages of St. Nicholas had meant everything to them, and to their decision. Other magazines might say things, but somehow the whole family believed absolutely that what St. Nicholas said was the best.

They wanted the kind of a vacation, of course, that you or I would want, if we could have it. Family councils had been held, and the various good qualities of such and such a place had been discussed. Charles liked the place that showed a picture of this or that. Jane had her likes too. Booklets were written for and were thoroughly read. Letters had passed back and forth.

And now here it was time for them to have their wishes gratified. Their decision had been made. At 10:45 that morning—would the time ever arrive?—they started for the Summer Camp of their choice.

At last they were on the train. What a happy and joyful leave taking there had been at the station. Eight weeks at Camp—and both mother and father to visit them on the automobile trip to be made in August! Do you wonder they were happy?

At New York the children were met by camp councillors, and then the last lap of their journey began. Everything was new and the train ride was all too short for Charles and for Jane—though they each were going in a different direction.

What a wonderful summer was beginning for them! Living in the open, with the great outdoors as a real friend, new pleasures, good food, cool breezes through the woods, swimming in water beautifully clear, canoeing on lakes and up streams straight out of picture books—Oh, things without end they could do. And with all their play—their minds were to be taught new things—nature study, woodcraft, games.

Is it to be wondered that a summer at Camp is a joy almost too big to describe?

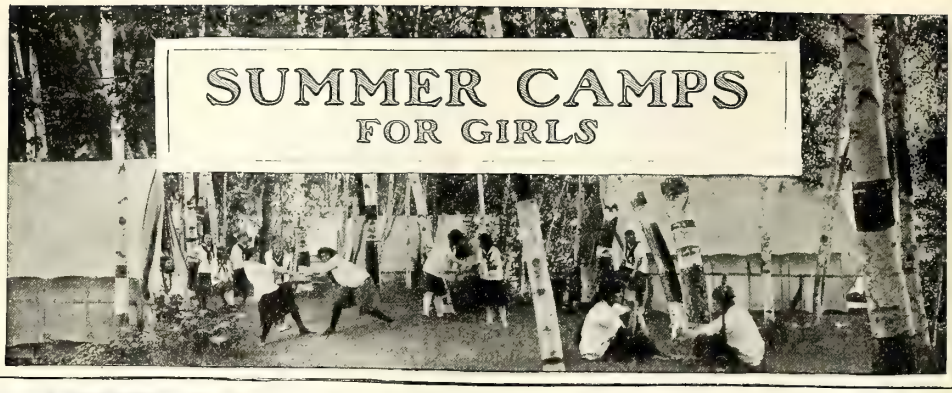


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Please have information about camps sent to me.

My age is.....Location desired.....
Large or small camp.....
Name of camp I have attended.....
Name .....
Address .....
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Parent's Signature.....







Camp Teconnet

The Island Camp for Girls

CHINA, MAINE

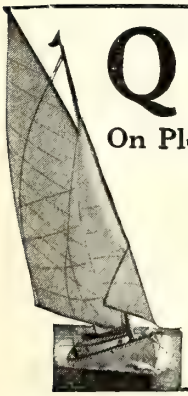
Regular camp activities including land and water sports, over night trips, and horseback riding. For booklet address

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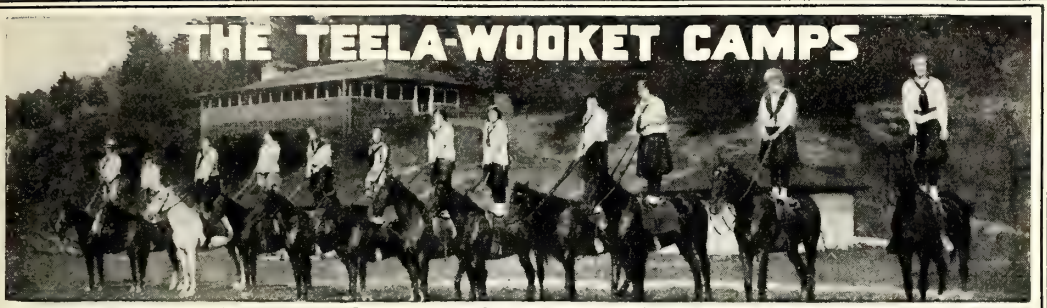
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There to spend the summer care-free,
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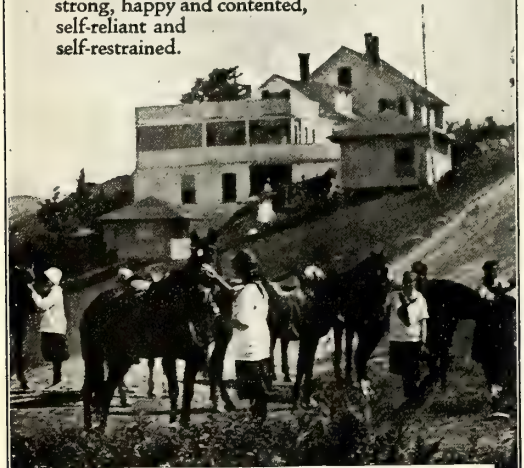
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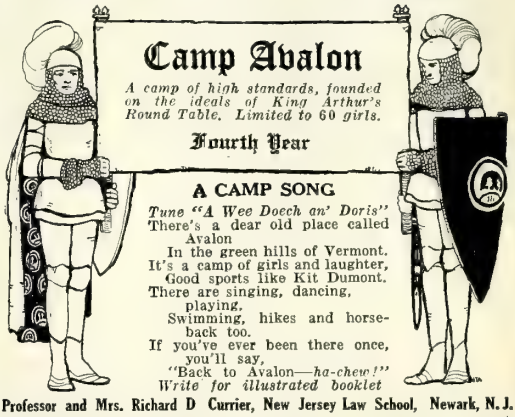
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It's a camp of girls and laughter,
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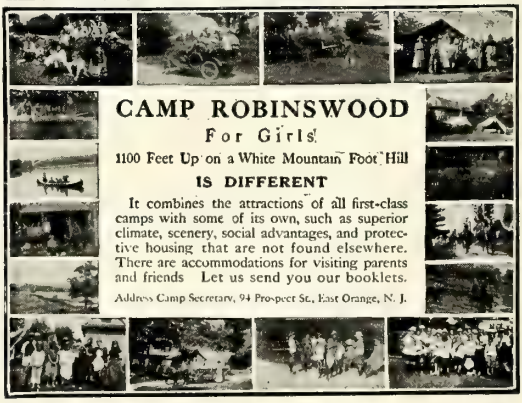
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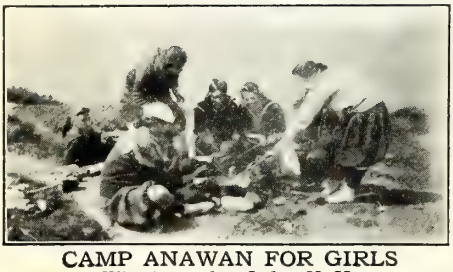
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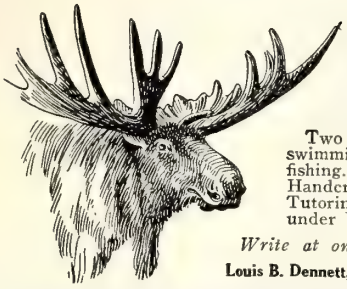
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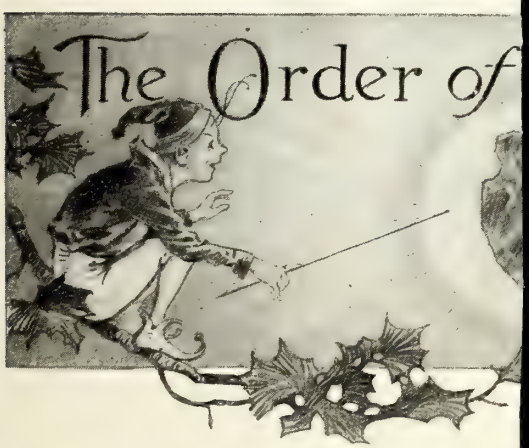
"HE WAS BARELY KEEPING HIMSELF ABOVE THE SURFACE." (See Page 600.)

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VOL. XLVII MAY

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IT was Mid-May's eve and all the forces of white magic were abroad. Brownies, elves, pixies, leprechauns, fairies of field and forest —it was their night of power. With so many spells floating about, it was no wonder that even the captain began to dabble in magic. The deep veranda where he gathered the Band was in a midst of moonshine filtering through the green of the overshadowing beeches. On the wide rail he laid before them four Indian arrow-heads wonderfully chiseled and grooved, the work of forgotten warriors a thousand years dead. One of quartz crystal seemed carved out of ice; another was made of murky black flint; a third had been fashioned from milk-white chalcedony; while the last was of obsidian, like smoky glass.

"They are magic arrow-heads," said the captain, impressively.

"Where did you get them?" inquired First Lieutenant Trottie.

"Never mind," returned the captain, darkly.

"How do they magic?" chorused the rest of the Band.

Palace, the littlest of the Band, "but I want one norful."

"So do I!" bellowed Sergeant Henny-Penny; while all the other officers of the Band expressed similar sentiments. As for the privates —there were n't any.

"In order to become a member of the Order of the Arrowhead," announced the captain firmly, "it will be necessary to find out some important secret of the Wild Folk."

"How nimportant?" queried Alice-Palace.

"I 'll be the judge," explained the captain.

Began a month of hurryings and scurryings. It was First Lieutenant Trottie who first quali-

fied. He had ridden on his wheel clear to the edge of Wolf Island Marsh, where once a wolf pack made its last stand long before the Revolution. As he lay on a little ledge of smoky quartz thrust like a wedge out into the marsh, he could see before him miles and miles of rippling rushes, stagnant pools, and trembling



quagmires. The sweet, hot, wild scent of the great marsh was in his nostrils, compounded of sun and wind and the steam of growing things mixed with little puffs of fragrance from flowers hidden deep down in the grass. Here and there the smooth petals of wild roses showed among the rushes, like coral set in jade. The pale, wind-driven petals of rue-anemones trembled above their trefoil leaves on the sides of burnt tussocks half covered with new grass; among the pools, marsh-marigolds gleamed like gold, and white violets showed the finest of umber-brown traceries in the center of their petals.

The shadows began to lengthen, and across the darkening meadows sounded the songs of the field-sparrows. First came four minor notes and then a long sweet trill like the tinkling of fairy bells. Suddenly, from over beyond the little ridge where the pasture-land met the marsh, came a sound that sent Trottie crawling up to the slope like an Indian scout.

"Bloop! bloop! bloop! bloop!" it thudded, as if some giant were pouring water out of an enormous bottle far underground. At the very edge of the marsh stood a bird between two and three feet high, of a streaked brown color, with a black stripe down each side of its neck. Even as Trottie watched, the long neck was hunched far down between the shoulders and then thrust slowly up again. As it straightened in sections, there sounded across the field the same thudding, bubbling, watery note. After each "bloop" came the click of the singer's long yellow bill as it opened and shut, until, at the final note, it was thrust straight skyward. For a moment the bird stood without moving, and then, hunching its neck, stepped stealthily toward the rushes, looking exactly like a little old humpbacked man as it walked away. Once in cover it stood motionless and seemed to melt away, so exactly did its color blend with the brown sedges and rushes where it stood. Through the twilight Trottie hurried home and after supper told his story to the Band, who had met under the beech-tree. When he had finished, the captain shook him solemnly by the hand, much to his embarrassment.

"You have learned how an American bittern booms," he said. "Once there was a great naturalist named Thoreau, who lived night and day among the Wild Folk. Yet he died believing that a bittern boomed by pumping water in and out of its beak. Try now to find a ruffed grouse drumming or a woodcock singing his flight-song in the dark. In the meantime—choose!" and in the captain's outstretched hand lay the four magic arrow-heads. Trottie took the black flint.

"One of the very best," the captain assured him. "Carry it with you always. Be watchful and brave and kind and silent, and you will have the freedom of the Land of the Wild Folk."

The very next day Second Lieutenant Honey found his way to that marsh. He lay down on the same ledge and waited, but there was no sight nor sound of the wary old bittern. Only far away in the blue sky a pair of hawks wheeled and circled over the marsh.

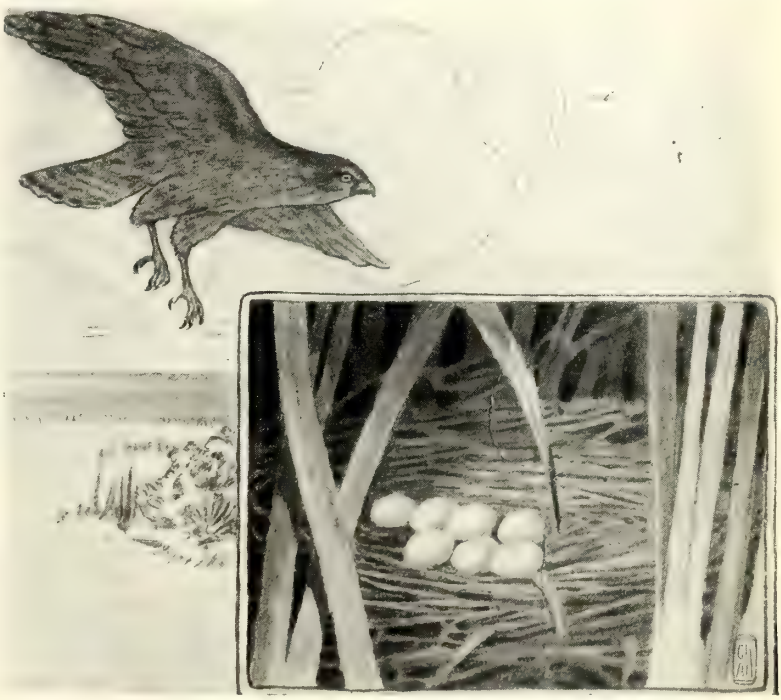
"Geck! geck! geck!" they called, something like a flicker except that the tone was flatter.

As Honey watched them through his field-glasses he noticed that both of the birds showed a snowy patch just over the tail and that the smaller of the two was of a blue-gray color, while its white under-wings were tipped with black, almost like a sea-gull. The larger bird was brown, and he knew that it was the female, for the captain had already taught them that among the hawk-people the female is usually the larger. As he watched he noticed that she circled nearer to the ground than the other, and through his field-glasses he saw a strange thing: every time she passed over a certain stunted bush, she would drop her feet, and her yellow talons would hang dangling and clutching in the air for an instant, to be drawn up as she passed on in her flight. That night he reported to the Band what he had seen.

"Could you find that bush again?" was all that the captain asked.

"I 'm almost certain I could," responded the second lieutenant, "for it was just the shape of a big beaver."

"We 'll hunt that beaver the first thing to-morrow morning," remarked the captain, and he explained to the Band that those were marsh-hawks, the only kind of hawks which nest on the ground, and that the mother bird can never fly over her nest without stretching out her claws, as if she wanted to clutch and brood her dear-loved eggs.



"EVERY TIME THE HAWK PASSED OVER A CERTAIN BUSH, SHE WOULD DROP HER FEET"

The next morning just at sunrise a funny procession left Beechwood. First came the captain on Trottie's bicycle, which he had commandeered for the trip. Sitting on the handle-bars in front of him was Corporal Alice-Palace, with her feet swinging in space. Next came Trottie riding the corporal's wheel, which was so small for him that he had to ride with his legs doubled up like a frog, which made Second Lieutenant Honey and Sergeant Henny-Penny laugh so that they nearly fell off of their own wheels. Before they started, the captain admitted to the Band that he had been a wonderful bicyclist in his younger days, and rather gave them the impression that people used to come from miles around to see him perform. Perhaps the years had made a difference, or perhaps the corporal was heavier than she looked. At any rate, before they had covered half the distance, the captain was lagging far in the rear, even back of the conservative Henny-Penny, who always rode with much deliberation. However, the marsh was reached at last, and in single file, led by Second Lieutenant Honey, they started for the beaver bush. Ahead of them the marsh was dotted with round, burnt tussocks which looked like black skulls. The captain showed them how to jump from tussock to tussock so as to cross the marsh dry-shod. Unfortunately, one wretched tussock gave way under his weight and he went into the mud knee-deep, making a noise as he waded out like the *"bloop"* of the bittern, as the first lieutenant assured him.

Half-way to the bush, the mother hawk sprang from the ground and circled around them, screaming monotonously. It was Honey's right to look first. The moment he stepped past the spreading branches, the mother hawk dashed down through the air directly at him. Fifty feet away she folded her wings and dived at his head, falling through the air like a stone. With her half-open beak and fierce unflinching

eyes and outspread talons she looked so dangerous that Honey shielded his face with both arms, while Alice-Palace grasped the long stick which she had insisted on carrying and hurried to the rescue. Her help, however, was not needed. Six feet away from the boy the bird swooped upward, and circled away until it was lost in the distance. Just beyond the bush lay the nest. It rested on a foundation of well-



"OUT FROM A ROUND HOLE EXPLODED A SILVERY-GRAY ANIMAL"

packed rushes several inches thick and was made of coarse grasses ringed around with rushes. The captain's folding rule showed the nest to be eight inches across and three inches deep. There under the open sky rested the bluish-white eggs, about the size of a small hen's-egg. By the nest lay a long barred feather, which was given to the corporal for bravery in action. For long the Band stood beside the nest. Some way it seemed to them all as if they were sharing a secret with the sky and the wind and the sun and that even the vast, untamed, treacherous marsh had become their friend.

That evening Honey chose the obsidian arrow-head.

"That stone came from the heart of a volcano," the captain told the Band. "Once it belonged to a great medicine-man. Carry it with you by day and keep it under your pillow by night. Look and listen, and the birds and the animals will tell you all of their secrets."

Now remained only Sergeant Henny-Penny and Corporal Alice-Palace as candidates for the last two arrow-heads. The sergeant yearned for the clear quartz-crystal arrow-head with an exceeding great longing, while Alice-Palace felt that life held nothing more precious than that milk-white point of chalcedony stone. For some time neither of the candidates made much progress. The corporal found a robin's nest in a lilac-bush, and the sergeant, a worm's nest in an apple-tree, but the captain decided that neither of them was worthy of an arrow-head. Then came a day when Henny-Penny led the captain excitedly to a patch of woods on the edge of the sheep pasture. There he pointed out a large round nest of sticks some thirty feet from the ground in a pin-oak tree.

"Nothing but an old crow's nest," said the captain decisively; "you 'll have to do better than that."

That very afternoon found Henny-Penny again examining said nest, for some way he was convinced that it held a secret. Anyway, he had never seen the inside of a crow's nest. The pin-oak tree was too slippery to climb, but right opposite it grew a maple with lots of limbs, one of which grew out so that it nearly touched the oak just below the nest. Five minutes later found Henny-Penny perched on the pin-oak tree just under that crow's nest. Only when close to it did he notice that it was all thatched and chinked with dry brown leaves with a few green ones on top and that the nest had been roofed over. As he reached up a hand to investigate, something happened. Out from a round hole in the top of the nest, which the sergeant had not noticed, exploded a silvery-gray animal with a fluffy tail. Right down the back of the startled Henny-Penny it scrabbled, and then clattered down the tree and disappeared. It was some time before the shaken sergeant could convince himself that the animal was a gray squirrel and not a wild-cat. Recovering himself, he poked a stick cautiously into the hole. He touched something soft that moved, and Henny-Penny finally substituted his hand for the stick and pulled out a baby gray squirrel. It was bare and blind and pink and ugly, with a long naked tail and sprouting whiskers like a rat.

"Ee—ee—ee!" it observed shrilly. Instantly there was a clattering and a scrabbling, and up the other side of the tree came Mrs. Gray Squirrel almost to Henny-Penny's foot. There she clung, jerking her bushy tail and making little sobbing noises in her throat, while her big, beseeching eyes said plainly, "Don't hurt my babies!" Henny-Penny put the little squir-

rel carefully back into the warm nest and hurried down to find the captain and the rest of the Band. On hearing the story, a long ladder was brought from the barn and the whole company hurried back to the tree and took turns in climbing up and looking at the baby squirrels. Mrs. Squirrel became so convinced at last that they meant no harm to her family that she stayed on a limb overhead and only scolded when she thought they were keeping her family too long out of the nest.

"It only shows," said the captain, that evening as they sat on the porch, "that it always pays to work things out for yourself. Why do you suppose it was that I did n't tell you a squirrel had rented that old nest?"

"Because you did n't know," suggested the quartermaster-general, sometimes known as Mothie. This made the Band laugh like anything, although the captain said that it was not the right answer at all.

Without a second's delay, the sergeant selected the crystal arrow-head, to the great delight of the corporal.

"Never lose it," said the captain, solemnly. "Study things out. Look at it every day, and before long there will be nothing which you cannot see through."

"Including the captain," supplemented Mothie.

Corporal Alice-Palace alone remained undecorated. Although she climbed and dug and scrambled and explored, never a secret could she find. Then came the day when the whole Band went to visit Cousin Big Sam. There was Uncle Sam, Big Sam, Little Sam, and Little Sammee. There the captain, in spite of his rank, was only known as Little Sammee.

It was on the very tiptop of Pond Hill that the corporal's chance came. The Band had drunk deep from Apple-tree Spring, where tiny white shells danced in the bubbling water, and had passed under the white-oak tree, where, seventy-five years before, Uncle Sam had shot a wild pigeon in the days when that bird still lived in the land. They were following a wood-road past Hen's pine, which old Hen, an escaped slave who ruled the farm, had rescued from the wood-cutters. The cool wood-road was carpeted with moss and wound in and out among the trees and stopped to rest every now and then at round green circles where old charcoal-pits had set their green seals on the woods forever. Running ahead, Alice-Palace rounded a bend in the road and dashed right into Mrs. Ruffed Grouse and her family. Though taken by surprise, they never even hesitated. Beating her wings on the ground, the old bird crawled toward the corporal, whining like a hurt puppy, while before Alice-Palace's very eyes the little brood of chicks began to melt away. By the time the rest of the Band arrived they were all gone but one. Alice-Palace kept her eyes firmly fixed on the littlest one. Accordingly, she alone saw the tiny chick creep under a little brown leaf, which did not seem half large enough to shelter it. Later, when the band had given up trying to find the hidden covey, it was the corporal who showed them this last chick. Lying flat on the ground, with its bill tucked into the withered grass, it was hardly to be seen even when they looked closely. As Alice-Palace picked the chick up, it gave one loud peep and then lay back motionless in her hand. Instantly the mother bird was dashing herself against the corporal's feet, and, with outspread wings and lifted head, seemed to be offering herself as a ransom for the last of her brood. Although she seemed so unconcerned for her own safety, and so close, yet whenever any of the Band tried to touch her, she always managed to flop away just out of reach. At last Alice-Palace set the little bird safely on the ground and it disappeared at the edge of the clearing, followed by the old bird.

"Hurry," whispered the captain, and he rushed the Band back into the woods where,



"THEY HURRIED LIKE A LINE OF LITTLE BROWN GHOSTS INTO THE WOODS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

from behind a big tree, they could get a clear view of the green circle. There they sat still as stones for nearly half an hour. Then, from far out in the woods came a single, soft, clucking call. Followed a resurrection. From all over the circle little grouse started up. Some came from under leaves; others wriggled out of tangles of grass; while one started up from a puff of brown wood-earth, where he had been lying in full sight although quite invisible. In single file they hurried like a line of little brown ghosts into the woods and disappeared.

In a moment there came to the listeners the sound of soft caressing little notes; and the captain told them that the grouse mother was brooding for a moment her rescued chicks under her warm wings.

Then and there, before they started home, the corporal received her decoration.

"It is the color of peace," said the captain, as he handed her the carved bit of chalcedony. "Wear it over your heart. Never harm, always help, and it will bring you the love of all the Wild Folk."

THE LOST OPPORTUNITY

By CAROLYN WELLS

YOUNG Chesterfield Algernon Galahad Greene
Was the best-mannered school-boy I ever have seen.
He courteously greeted the grocer-boy daily,
And with old Farmer Hobbs passed the time of day gaily.
Why, to passing stray cats he made dancing-school bows,
And he took off his hat to the pig and the cows.
I have known him to nod to the stones and the stumps,
And shake warmly the handle of various pumps.
Oh, never a chap was politer, I ween,
Than Chesterfield Algernon Galahad Greene.

Now Chesterfield Galahad liked to peruse
The newspapers; specially liking the news
Of home-coming soldiers, with medals and stars,
And eagles and chevrons and crosses and bars.
And often he wished these brave men he could view
And pay them the homage he thought was their due.

Well, one day it chanced he was walking along,
And whistling (a bit off the key) a war song,
When he spied, coming toward him, a figure erect,
With the sort of a bearing that one might expect
Of a soldier returning from battle-fields gory,
And the service and wound chevrons told the whole story.

Young Chesterfield Algernon stared in surprise,
Unable, almost, to believe his own eyes;
And the soldier walked by and most affably smiled,
In merry good humor, saluting the child.
And then he passed on, without one backward glance,
As young Chesterfield Algy came out of his trance,
And realized instantly what had occurred
(Though he scarce could believe he had been so absurd)!
A colonel had passed, and saluted, to boot—
And he was too stunned to return the salute!

He was shocked, flabbergasted, struck all of a heap!
He felt bowed to the dust, and exceedingly cheap.
And never a boy was so humbled, I ween,
As Chesterfield Algernon Galahad Greene!
Which all goes to prove that good manners, I guess
Desert the most polished in moments of stress!



A MAY-DAY FESTIVAL AT MOUNT HOLYOKE—DANCING AROUND THE MAY-POLE

MAY-TIME AT MOUNT HOLYOKE

By GRACE M. BURT

Do college girls have a good time, or are they all "greasy grinds" and "blue stockings?" Listen to what they do at Mount Holyoke and judge for yourself. A very foolish person it is who does not take "tarts as they are passing," for opportunities for good times, like those of a more serious nature, do not continue to knock at one's door unless they are embraced. College girls seem to know this instinctively and are quick to grasp whatever comes their way, while often they are able to turn even very simple things into a "lark."

"Oh, to be in England now that April 's there!" wrote Browning, from his home in sunny Italy. The Mount Holyoke girl, past or present, were she writing the line, would substitute May and South Hadley. April is likely to be a bit bleak and raw and cold, though the birds do not seem to mind it and show themselves to best advantage on the bare boughs, a fact of which the bird classes, "required" and "optional," constantly take advantage. But with the approach of May the delicate green is beginning to show itself on the trees and the air is redolent with blossoms of the peach, the cherry, the pear, and, most fragrant of all, the apple. Then it is that the spirit of out of doors gets into the college girls veins, and recitations and "quizzes" and "exams" become very much of a hindrance to their real inclinations.

Fully imbued with this spirit of springtime, it is not strange that the traditional class events come off in the open, and that the girls, laying aside their "grown-up" dignity, enter with great zest into the sports of their younger days. So it is that "grave and reverend" seniors in cap and gown enter the campus some warm evening with jumping ropes and perform endless evolutions, each year some original stunt being planned to amuse the onlooking underclassmen. Round and round they circle, in and out, sometimes skipping their ropes as they go, and at others stretching them across the way for their classmates to pass beneath; or there are impromptu jumping contests before Skinner steps. Imagine the scene when once, through a mistake, ropes for girls three-feet-two were shipped by a firm for seniors five-feet-nine! "The white ropes with their neat green handles," writes the chronicler, "were found more useful as cords hung about the neck under a collar, than as serving the purpose for which they were made."



Another night come the juniors for the top-spinning, sometimes in gay costume, at others all in white, as suits their particular fancy. A recent class introduced a novelty in the shape of an animated red-and-blue top, which emerged from a huge packing-box at the head of Skinner steps and spun its way down the steps, followed by a string of white-clad girls, at the end of which came the class president carrying a huge red-and-blue parasol to simulate the button. The top wound itself up within its string and then unwound again, leading the way to Skinner steps, where original songs were sung.

Upper-class dignity is very much piqued when under-class sophomores or freshmen dare to encroach upon their prerogatives by "pulling off" similar stunts. Class after class have endeavored to roll hoops or play marbles, only to have them stealthily purloined by watchful seniors



MARY LYON CHAPEL AND ADMINISTRATION HALL. STUDENT ALUMNAE HALL (LOWER PICTURE)



THE MERRY MINSTRELS OF A MOUNT HOLYOKE MAY-DAY

or juniors. But one sophomore class, more wary than its predecessors, finally succeeded in rolling its hoops from both ends of the campus until the members met at Skinner steps to sing their songs. But this was too much for senior dignity, and the daring upstarts were severely punished by their older sisters by not being allowed to go on with their songs.

But the culminating event of the spring-time, previous to the commencement festivities, is May-day.

Realizing the force of Lowell's lines:

> . . May-day seldom looks
> Up in the country ez it doos in books,

the college postpones its celebration until the middle or latter part of the month, when the apple-blossoms are in their prime and every sort of vegetation is a lovely, tender green.

The May-pole, the morris, and other traditional English dances are usually features of these occasions, as well as the crowning of the May Queen. The Queen, a blond in "even" years and a brunette in the "odd," is chosen from among the seniors by popular vote of the college. The result is never disclosed until the moment arrives for her to be crowned, so it is easy to imagine with what eager expectancy this part of the celebration is awaited. Sometimes she rides into the midst of the pageant



THE MAY QUEEN AND HER ATTENDANTS ON AN "EVEN" YEAR

grounds in her chariot, drawn by her lovely attendants; again upon a huge mushroom is she crowned, or sometimes upon a rustic throne.



THE MAY-QUEEN PRESIDING OVER THE MAY-DAY REVELS

Last year (1919) she had been secreted beneath the throne the whole afternoon while

> Youth has sought in vain to find her;
> Find the long-loved Queen of Beauty.
> Among all peoples has he sought her.
> Now he droops, his heart is laden,
> Laden with an aching sorrow.
> Lo! He hears among the flowers
> Hiding shyly in the mosses,
> Delicate, gold daffodils,—
> Richest blossoms of the springtime,—
> Hears a voice that bids him hasten,
> Tells him she is there and waiting,—
> Waiting to be found by Youth,
> She, the long-sought Queen of Beauty.

Then she emerged from her bower and was led to the throne amid the storm of applause of the audience.

During the years of the war, all college festivities were much curtailed at Mount Holyoke, so that with the coming of peace the outgoing class claimed greater privileges, and, by way of recompense, the seniors were allowed to carry out the whole festivities of May-day, which have usually been shared by all the classes. They wrote the text of the pageant, or spring festival, as it was called, which presented the time-honored search of Youth for Beauty (from which a passage has been quoted), and commemorated the picturesque festival customs still found in countries rich in tradition. Youth pursued his travels through the foremost Allied countries—China, Japan, Italy, France, Belgium, and England. The spring song with which the pageant closed was written, both words and music, by members of the class, and they also made most of the costumes. An orchestra, consisting of students and directed by one of the seniors, furnished a running accompaniment for the whole performance. All the rehearsals were carried on with the utmost secrecy behind the closed doors of the gymnasium, the members of the physical education department who assisted in coaching the dances being the only outsiders admitted.

On the evening of May-day, the dramatic club presents a play, and, in order that all the guests from outside, and they are many, may be cared for at supper-time, the custom of the whole college going on a picnic prevails. No dinner is served in the halls, but ample provision for sandwiches and cake is made by the heads of the houses, and the girls put up their supper before chapel in the morning, make up their own parties, and eat it as suits their fancy in some of the many cozy nooks to be found on the college grounds.

Of the informal "bats," of the long tramps over the mountains, the botany trips, and all the other "hikes" which the country around Mount Holyoke affords, it is impossible to speak, but perhaps you have heard enough to enable you to answer for yourself the question asked in our opening paragraph: Do girls have good times in college?

A SUNSET

> Life seems so sweet! I don't know why.
> Perhaps it 's just because the sky
> Put on to-night, to make me glad,
> A dress I did n't know she had.
>
> *Mary Carolyn Davies.*

The Putt That Won

By J. Horace Lytle



Softly—and slowly at first—the sun began slipping away over the crest of the horizon in the west. Then suddenly it dropped out of sight.

And just as it did so a putt was missed on the home green that meant a new champion for the Oakside Golf Club. And it meant, too, that for the first time in seven years the title of club champion changed hands.

Those seven years, of themselves, had established a record. Never before had the championship gone successively for so long to the same player. But never again, after he missed the putt that day, did "Old" Bill Haney, in other tournaments that were to come, ever get so far as to survive even the semi-finals. Only once, in fact, did he get that far. One or two matches usually saw his defeat, and thus he passed from a seven-time club champion to a seat in the background of Class A golfers. Only those who have themselves suffered a similar reversal of form can truly appreciate the cutting disappointment and humiliation that all this cost the former champion. Yet be it said to his credit that he gave no such outward signs. There were no complaints or mouthings of bitterness.

"Old" Bill's friends knew, however, that he was never again quite the same as of old in golfing circles after the day when Jimmy Johnson, the new champion, overlooked him in selecting his special six-man team to meet a team of an equal number of crack players from Cedarhurst.

After that, Old Bill, as one of Oakside's star golfers, became past history. The laurels had passed on to another, and a younger, generation. Too good for most of the friends of his own age,—and not quite good enough for the new crowd of youngsters that had come along,—Bill Haney became merely a "back number." Sad is such passing of old champions.

There followed a succession of rosy years for Jimmy Johnson. Six times he had successfully defended his title. None of the other prominent players seemed quite able to cope with him when it came to the final test over thirty-six holes for the championship. Three of those six years produced close calls. There was young Joe Allen, for instance—but we are getting away from the story.

Late one evening, two years after his seven-year championship had been broken, Old Bill was discovered way back on the tenth green, practising with his little son David, who was then just approaching his tenth birthday. Soon after that, David became the proud owner of his own set of boy's-size clubs.

From then on, father and son were often seen together with their clubs. Usually, however, since they lived so near, this occurred after most of the other players had finished and the course was virtually deserted.

Time passed. One day, a couple of years later, the boys of Oakside laid out their own miniature golf-course on an old vacant lot. All day long the lawn-mowers fairly flew,—one borrowed from each home,—and by night the new "course," consisting of three short holes, was ready for play. That night each father was interviewed; and the next day, clubs were purchased. Two of the boys boasted of a full set with bag, but most of the outfits consisted of only a mashie or mid-iron and putter—and a couple of Father's old balls.

When one of the caddies from the real club came by on his way to work, he was consulted—with the result that he agreed to come around earlier every day and give lessons. Thus the new "club" flourished and grew. The boys all decided that golf was the game to play—and they gave up everything else for it. Golf-clubs that various fathers had discarded were shortened and put to good use, while there was a ready demand from sons for all old balls.

"Why don't you fellows get up a tournament an' see if they won't let you play it up at the club?" suggested the caddie-instructor one day, along toward the end of the season.

"Let 's do it!" shouted several of the boys at once.

And so it was arranged for the following Friday, and all the fathers were invited to be caddies for the event. The idea met with enthusiastic response, and a cup for the winner was put up by Oakside's leading jeweler, who was himself an ardent golfer. No handicaps could be arranged, so the lowest score, even medal play, was to win.

Many were the words of advice given that day from fathers to sons; but only once or twice did Old Bill speak to David.

"Keep your eye on the ball—and don't press. Just go right ahead and play your game and let the other fellow play his. Don't pay any attention to him." That was all he said—except once, later, when he cautioned, "Take your time, son; don't hurry; take it easy." Even this was suggested in a way not to worry the boy. But David had been having his training since long before, during many late evenings of practice.

When all the scores were in, that day, the cup went to David Haney, whose medal of 94 was low by the comfortable margin of six strokes. And thus a new cup was placed with the already large Haney collection.

"I think that we ought to make this a regular annual event," the president of the club suggested, during a neat little presentation speech when he handed David his trophy; "and I further propose that, in addition to the sons' tournament, we hold one for fathers and sons—and that it be played here a week from to-day. In my judgment, nothing could be finer. What is your opinion, gentlemen?"

"A great idea!" exclaimed the always enthusiastic jeweler. "And I 'll give one cup each to the father and son whose combined medal for eighteen holes is low—each father's own son to be his partner."

"I make it a motion!" piped up Mr. Farnsworth at once.

And so the "Father and Son" tournament became the event for the following Friday.

Interest in the coming match became very keen and spread even to outsiders during the week ahead, with the result that there was a good-sized gallery on hand when the first four drove off in this affair of families.

The Haneys were in the last foursome to get away.

"Don't worry, Dad, you 'll make it up," said young David, when his father missed his putt on the first green.

And later, as they were driving to the twelfth, said father to son, yet so evenly as not to disturb: "More of the wrists, laddie. Don't stiffen up. Swing free and easy. Relax. And remember, it 's all in the snap right at the ball with the wrists."

"Thanks, Father," the boy answered. "I know I tightened up. I 'll try not to again. It was 'cause we 're coming toward the last holes, I guess."

"Take it as free and easy on the last hole as the first, no matter what happens—but don't let me bother you," added Old Bill, laying his hand fondly on the boy's shoulder.

"You never do, Father. You always just help me."

At the sixteenth green the first news of other scores reached the last foursome. The two Kings were low by five strokes with a total of 182. Oliver King had played a 77 but his son came in with 105. Five other boys had come in better than this, but none of the fathers were within several strokes of the elder King's 77.

But when the scores of Old Bill and David were officially posted, it was found that they were the winners by two strokes with a total of 180. David led all the boys with a 92, while his father's 88 gave them the winning total.

Thus two other cups bore the name of Haney and were placed carefully beside the many others at home.

The next year, David played in the eighties himself, with a record of 85 for the season. And the year after that, his best was 82. He was now a good, strong, healthy boy—a boy whom golf had developed and perceptibly seasoned toward maturity. He was a good boy—the kind of which any father may be proud.

"Going to let him play in the championship this year, Bill?" asked one of the father's friends the day David made his 82.

"No, not this year," was the answer. "No use to start that too young. I want to develop the assurance of his game more before that—for when he enters in for the championship, I want him to *win*. Time enough yet. When he plays his first consistent 79, I 'll think he 's about ready for the big tournament."

The following season David's game slumped, as is so often likely to be the case, and he had not played anything like as low as 79 when the autumn tournament drew near—but he played in it just the same. This is how it happened.

"Looks as if Johnson were going to equal your old record, Bill," said a friend, one day, to the once seven-time champion. "There 's no one in sight to beat him, and if he wins again this year, he 'll have you tied for holding a continuous championship."

That night the two Haneys held a consultation at home. After a time David said earnestly: "Let me play, Father! A fellow can't tell in golf when his game will turn, and anyhow, I probably have a better chance than any of the others to beat Johnson. I doubt if I can, but I 'd like to try, because, Dad—I don't want him to be able to say he has won the championship as often as you did."

And so, after more discussion, it was decided that David should make his real début in the coming big tournament. More faithfully than ever the father worked with the son to bring his game to top notch.

"If you can just hang on," said Old Bill, "you 'll get his nerve. Nothing bothers Johnson so much as an opponent who is always right after him."

After several close matches, David finally won the tournament and the right to play Johnson for the title. His game had come back strong, and he won his last match with a pretty score of 80.

The morning round of the big event ended with David only one down, although their medal scores for the eighteen holes were two strokes apart. Johnson had a 79 and David an 81.

David squared the match on the first hole in the afternoon, and from then on they halved hole after hole. Never was such an even match given the champion since the day when Old Bill had lost the title. It was a fight from tee to green on every hole. But the strain was bound to tell. Almost breathlessly the gallery watched each perfect shot followed by another, and another, and another.

"One of them 's bound to crack soon," said Fletcher to David's father, who followed every play with almost quivering interest.

"Yes, one of them 's bound to," he answered grimly.

The match was still all square as they came to the eighteenth hole. Each spectator knew that here was a contest that would make golf history.

David hooked his drive on that last hole—which was just the thing one should not do on the eighteenth at Oakside. A little patch of trees made it advisable to play either perfectly straight or a little to the right.

Johnson's ball sailed in a true line for the



"THE FATHER WORKED WITH THE SON TO BRING HIS GAME TO THE TOP NOTCH"

hole, but David's was farther by some eight or ten yards. The champion played his second safe with a mid-iron, short of the bunker, which left him an easy pitch to the green.

As David took his mid-iron from the bag he glanced toward his father, and noticed just a slight shake of the head. It was a signal, and the boy understood. The time had come to take a chance. Carefully he studied the distance—then called for his spoon. The shot required a slice around the trees to reach the green. The chances were against its success—but only by taking such chances are great matches won. If the shot did succeed, it would put Johnson on the defensive at the thirty-sixth hole.

Away sailed a hard-hit ball. It was followed by the spontaneous applause of all who saw it. Barring accident, it would reach the green. The slight slice had been masterfully executed.

"We 're bound to see one of 'em crack soon," repeated Fletcher, who was still with David's father.

"Yes," answered Old Bill.

But any one who may have expected to see it on the next shot was doomed to disappointment—for Johnson played an approach as faultless as the heart could wish.

As they rounded the high bunkers for the green, two balls were seen lying side by side about five feet from the pin. By the fraction of an inch, Johnson was away. Carefully he studied his putt. Deliberately and gently he tapped the little white ball—and truly it rolled up to, and into, the hole.

"Can you beat it!" whispered Fletcher, at Old Bill's elbow; "another halved hole—for surely they won't both sink their putts!"

Haney did not answer, for David was getting ready to putt, and it was one of those putts most difficult to negotiate—such a putt as all golfers dread. Only as a result of the rarest kind of judgment of both roll and distance could it even be hoped that the little white ball would drop into the cup and stay there. It was, in short, a slightly downhill putt and against the slope of the green, so that the shot had to be started at least a foot or so above the direct line for the hole in order to allow for the drop. To start a ball a foot off its true course to allow for a roll that will bring it back accurately so that it will deposit itself in a tiny cup—there is the shot of shots to try a golfer's nerve. Especially so when it comes in a pinch. But it also calls for something more than just nerve—it calls for the rarest of judgment—judgment of distance, slope of the green, and in the touch for a perfect putt.

Such a putt David now faced the necessity of making—or else the match would go to the next hole, and maybe the next after that, on and on until one or the other should slip. And with that, the uncertainty as to which of the two it might be. But to sink that putt now would be to end the match in his favor on the thirty-sixth green. Johnson's had been a perfectly straight uphill putt—the easiest kind to make. And now, to win the match without going to the next hole, David faced a next-to-impossible putt against the bank of a sharply sloping green.

With putter in hand, the boy waited for his nerves to steady, while he judged the probable roll. A little crowd, sure of a miss, started for the next tee in order to get good positions to watch the play on the next hole. Carefully, with the back of his hand, David brushed the course that his ball must take. Then he dropped low on one knee and deliberately he gaged again the probable ground roll. With confident assurance, he stepped up to the ball and took his stance. Gently, and yet firmly too, he tapped it. Almost it seemed that he had judged too high, but "Never up, never in" is always a good rule to remember in golf. The little sphere started to nose downward toward the hole, very undecidedly at first—then more so as it lost some of its force. There was a tense moment as it seemed to stop dead at the very lip of the cup—then the few blades of grass, that were holding it, separated, and the ball slipped forward for the tenth of an inch necessary to win the match with a three!

Finally, when the clapping had ceased and the crowd began to disperse, the hand of the new champion of Oakside was gripped by a father whose fingers trembled with joy.

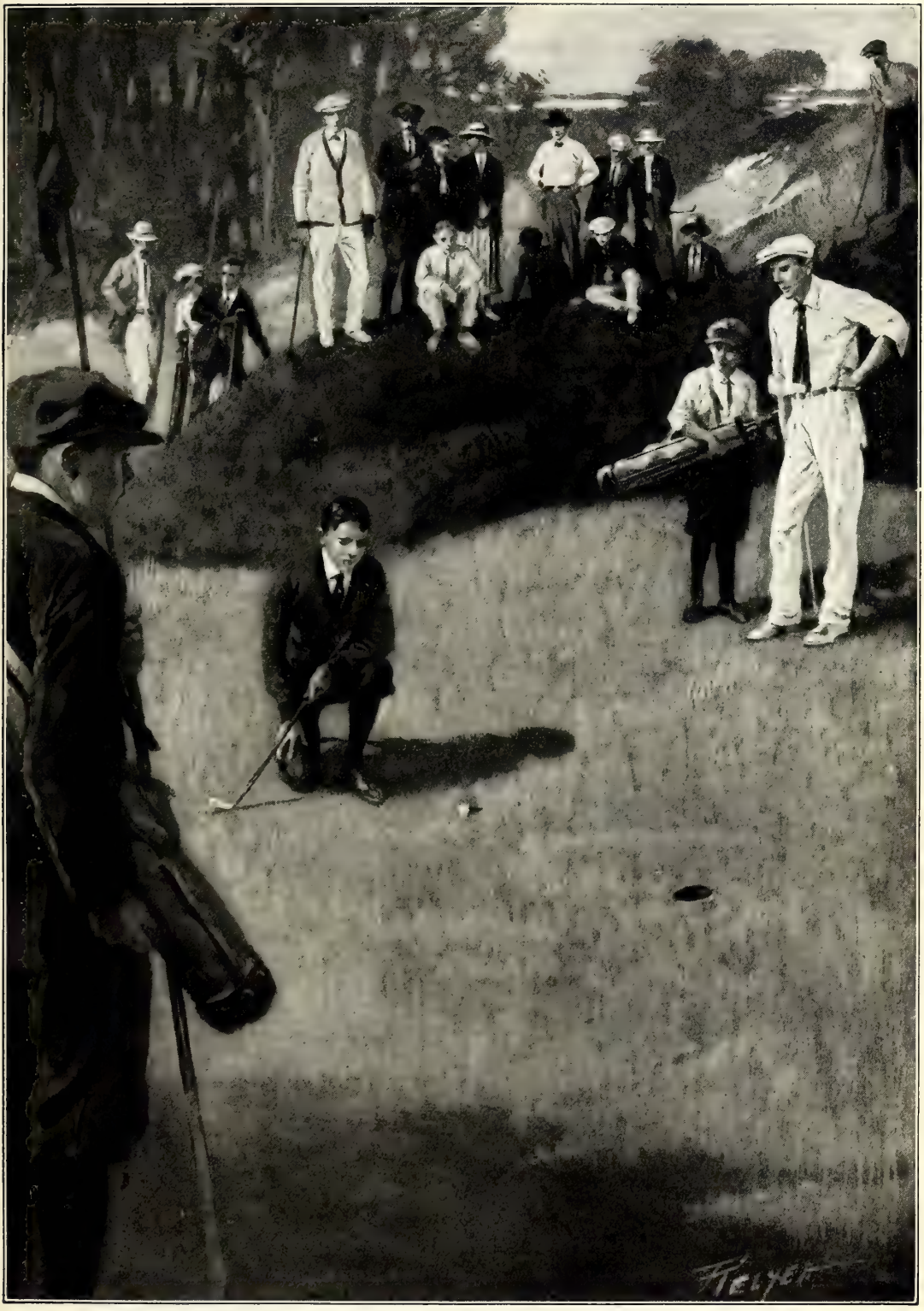
"I 'm so proud of you, boy!" he said. "And do you know,—Johnson will remember it,—that was the same putt I missed just seven years ago."

"I 'm glad, Father—I mean that mine happened to drop, you know. And all the time I kept thinking, 'I must do it for Dad! I must do it for Dad! Johnson just *can't* say he's been champion as long as my father.' That 's why I tried so hard to make that putt—to bring *your* cup back home."

"Do you know what your medal score was, son?" asked the proud father, a few minutes later.

"No, I don't—but I think it must have been fairly low."

"It was 76!"



"HE DROPPED ON ONE KNEE AND GAGED THE PROBABLE GROUND ROLL"

Marietta's Silken Sack.

By Florence Boyce Davis



THE way that Marietta came to have her silken sack—
Oh, well-a-day! 'T is quite a way, beginning heretofore!
One has to open up his book and follow history back
Some forty-five good centuries and then a few years more,
Till he finds himself in China with the Empress Se-ling-she;
I 'll tell you all about it if you 'll hark awhile to me.

Fair Se-ling-she, the Empress, loved her land of almond blooms,
And most of all she loved to hear the humming of her looms;
For many places might abound with honey and with milk,
But in no other kingdom could they weave a web of silk.
So jealously the secret art was guarded, not a breath
Escaped beyond the mighty walls that girted China's soil,
Where every yellow subject, under penalty of death,
Must swear to keep in silence every feature of his toil.



"BUT IN NO OTHER KINGDOM COULD THEY WEAVE A WEB OF SILK"

The years swung round to centuries that passed and multiplied,
And Se-ling-she, the Empress, took her place in history;
The generations following each served its turn and died,
But the little looms of China were still a mystery.
They baffled Greeks and Persians, who conspired to learn the art,
That gave to toddling ladies their robes of silken sheen,
And in the Flowery Kingdom played so notable a part,
And lent an added glory to the pompous mandarin.



"THEY BAFFLED GREEKS AND PERSIANS WHO CONSPIRED TO LEARN THE ART THAT GAVE TO TODDLING LADIES THEIR ROBES OF SILKEN SHEEN"

Now a secret, locked and guarded, is the meekest of all things;
It 's as sleepy as a dormouse while you keep it in the dark;
But when once it 's given freedom, it has forty thousand wings,
And it soars and sings and whistles twice as merry as a lark.
And it happened, to the Empire of Justinian the Great
Came two monks, both old and hoary, leaning each upon his staff,
And they begged a royal hearing—they had tidings to relate;
Would the Empress Theodora lend an ear in their behalf?
They were aged missionaries, they had taught the heathen long;
They themselves had gleaned some knowledge from the land of ancient tombs:
Men had guessed how silk was cultured, but their theories were wrong;
It was worms that had been spinning thread for China's little looms!
Creeping worms that quite resembled others of their lowly ilk,
Though they throve upon the mulberry tree and spun cocoons of silk.



"AND LENT AN ADDED GLORY TO THE POMPOUS MANDARIN"

There was wonder and excitement in the noble Roman Court,
And the aged missionaries were addressed in flattering terms;
But alas! there rose the problem: would the worthy monks report
Where to find the precious mulberry trees, and how to get the worms?
Quoth a monk, "We still have much that is of interest to relate:
'Cross the continent of Asia we have traveled, fear beset;
And a bundle of young mulberries you will find by yonder gate,
And within our hollow pilgrim staffs is something rarer yet."
Then they tapped their staffs uplifted o'er a blanket wide unfurled,
And behold! a heap of silkworm eggs to stock the Western World!

Hi-ho-hum, and well-a-day! 'T is indeed a weary while
Since Se-ling-she, the Empress, and her looms were gone for ay;
And thirteen centuries and more, since, trudging mile on mile,
The old monks crossed the continent and gave the art away
That 's spread around the world until of silk there is no lack.
And that 's how Marietta came to have her silken sack.




Then they rapped their staffs uplifted o'er a blanket wide unfurled.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA-LARK

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR AND H. P. HOLT
Authors of "Lost Island," "Fortunes of War," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENT

THREE years before the beginning of the story, Mr. Samuel Holden, owner with Simon Barker of the fishing-schooner *Grace and Ella,* is robbed of a bag of money drawn from the bank to pay off the crew. A terrific gale is raging, and in the darkness and confusion the thief escapes. Simon Barker insinuates that Mr. Holden has connived at the robbery, and to clear his honor, the latter makes good the loss by selling his home in the little New England town of Greenport and becomes a bookkeeper for a fishing concern.

When the story opens, Mr. Holden's son Jack, sixteen years old, sets off with his chum, George Santo, for the dunes north of the town. Here, buried in sand, dismantled, lies the *Sea-Lark,* a thirty-foot sloop, one of many craft missing from its moorings after the gale of three years before. Tossing her aside, the river had changed its course through the shifting sands, leaving her high and dry. But a recent storm has restored the river to its old course, and Jack, desirous of helping his father, conceives the plan of using the sloop as a ferry between Greenport and the Point. The owner, Mr. Farnham, of New York, a summer resident of the Point, cordially presents him with the derelict, and with the aid of George's father, a boat-builder, the *Sea-Lark* is floated and refitted and at last slips out into the harbor on her trial trip.

CHAPTER III

HOLDEN'S FERRY

"COME along, Jack," said Tony Santo, "I know you 're aching to get to this wheel. I guess it 's quite safe for you to take her now."

The owner of the *Sea-Lark* exchanged places with Tony, and the sloop ran slowly toward the ocean under his guiding hand. The breeze was light and steady, and she barely made three knots an hour, but at that moment Jack would not have exchanged places with the captain of the finest liner afloat.

"Well," said Tony, who had been watching the expression on the captain's face, "what do you think of her? Was she worth the trouble?"

"A thousand times!" Jack replied devoutly.

After negotiating the short canal, the sloop passed into the harbor, and then, running south past Gull Island, headed for the end of the breakwater and the open sea beyond.

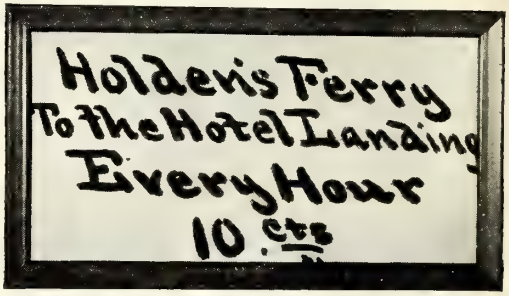
A mile off shore the breeze freshened sufficiently to send the *Sea-Lark* bowling along at a fair caper. The swish of water at the stern became more pronounced. The halyards creaked a little, and the bow responded even more readily to a movement of the wheel. The *Sea-Lark* had come into her own again. There was joyousness in the way she danced as, going farther from shore, she ran into gentle undulating swells, which kissed her as if welcoming her back to her natural element.

For an hour the boat-builder coached the boys in the art of sailing; and then, as they ran toward the town, he declared that they were not likely to come to much harm if they promised never to go outside the breakwater until he was able to "certify" them as sufficiently skilled, never to make the sheet fast with anything but a hitch which could quickly be cast off in case of a sudden squall, and never to sail without a reef taken in when the white-caps were making.

The sloop was moored at Garnett and Sayer's wharf, under the guarding gaze of Cap'n Crumbie, who had promised Jack he would keep an eye on her.

It was a perfect summer morning when Holden's Ferry came into being. The townsfolk were only just beginning to be astir when two figures emerged from the Santo boat-yard bearing something which might have been a picture, judging by its shape and size. One or two persons stared curiously, as they passed, while Cap'n Crumbie, who, though officially off duty with the coming of day, was on the wharf, greeted the boys with a puzzled look.

"What have you got there?" he asked.



Jack turned his "picture" and the watchman gave a hearty laugh. "You 'll do, the pair of you!" he said. "Enterprise, that 's what I call it. Where are you going to put it?"

"On the top of the deck-house," replied Jack, suiting the action to the word. Then he climbed back to the wharf to admire the effect.

The notice was printed with a brush on a piece of sheeting, in a frame a yard long and a half a yard high.

"People can see it, anyway," commented George.

"And I saw it first, so I 'll be the first passenger," said Cap'n Crumbie. "When does the ferry leave?"

"Right away," replied Jack. "The moment you step aboard I 'll see if I can knock a bit of life into my crew. Look at him! *Look* at him, sitting there on the top of the deck-house, laughing, and the ship crammed with a whole passenger waiting to get across! Watch your step, Cap'n. Dining saloon forward, but the cook's not on duty to-day, so we can't serve meals. Mr. Mate, let go that rope for'ard and don't fall overboard in front of all the passenger. Run that mains'l up and be lively about it or, shiver my timbers, I 'll know the reason why! Now, Cap'n Crumbie, if you 're at all likely to be seasick, you 'd better slip down into the cabin and take a nap. If there 's any danger, I 'll call you."

"Starboard your helm a bit," said Cap'n Crumbie. "The only danger I see is that you 're like to bump into that coal-barge if you don't keep her away." He put out a brawny hand and, with a slight pull on the wheel, brought the sloop's head further around.

"Paint is scarce," said Jack. "I don't want to lose any."

"Not with bumping into one o' Simon Barker's boats, you don't," agreed Cap'n Crumbie. "He 's none too friendly. He was down on our wharf yesterday trying his best to be ugly. Said your boat got in the way o' his craft. He 's a misery."

As the vessel edged up to the hotel landing on the Point Jack said:

"If you 're not going to stay ashore long, I will wait for you."

"Ashore! I ain't going ashore," replied the watchman. "I just came across to be able to tell my great-grandchildren, when you 're an old man, that I was the first to cross the harbor in Holden's Ferry. Here 's my twenty cents. Now take me back."

"I can't take the money. We sailors always give free passage to old shipmates," said Jack. "Why, we should never have had her painted if it had n't been for you, Cap'n. Besides, you 're our watchman. Could n't dream of taking the money."

"Son, I hired this ship for the trip," replied Cap'n Crumbie; "and when you two have gone and drowned yourselves I don't want it on my conscience that there 's twenty cents I owe you."

"All right, Cap'n," Jack responded. "George, half of this goes to you, for luck. Push her off there."

Business did not improve much during the rest of the day, and the owner of the ferry was a trifle disappointed.

"They don't seem to be coming with a rush," he said to Cap'n Crumbie.

"For the land's sake, give 'em a chance!" replied the watchman. "Can't you wait about five minutes 'till somebody besides us gets wind o' the ferry? Why, the season has n't half begun yet. Another week or two will make a difference; you see if it don't."

Sure enough, business did "look up" a few days later, and there were times when the *Sea-Lark* carried as many as fifteen people at a time. To some extent Cap'n Crumbie was responsible, for he rarely allowed a party of sightseers to wander down to his wharf without urging them to make the trip in the *Sea-Lark*.

"Wunnerful sight over there on the Point," he would say. "You get a view from there that ain't equaled in all New England. Ferryboat won't be more'n a few minutes, sir, before it's back, and it's a fine day for a sail."

That afternoon Jack left the hotel landing with several passengers, one a lady, who stood for a moment on the wharf before embarking and looked rather anxiously toward a canoe that was being paddled about near Gull Island.

"Don't you think the wind is a little too strong to be out there in a canoe?" she asked.

The skipper glanced at the little craft bobbing up and down in the distance.

"Well, it depends on how well you can handle a canoe," he replied. "There 's a fresh breeze, though, and it 's kind of choppy."

He had run about a cable's length from the landing, and the passengers were watching a salt bark slowly drifting to anchorage, when his eyes happened to alight on the canoe. It was perhaps half a mile away, but the brief glance showed that it had capsized. With a shout to George to haul in the sheet, he put the helm hard over and jibed the *Sea-Lark*. There was a stiff wind blowing, and the boom swept across the deck with a rattle and a bang, fetching up on the other side with a wrench. But the gear stood the strain, and the sloop went racing in the direction of the canoe.

There was a sudden cry of alarm from the lady: "He 's drowning! He 's drowning!" Every vestige of color was gone from her face as, leaning forward, she stared in horror across the water. "It 's Rodney! It 's my boy!"

"Lay hold of that boat-hook, George," sang

out the captain. And then, "We 'll get him in time, ma'am," he added reassuringly.

The *Sea-Lark* leaned to the breeze and flew on her mission of rescue. Apparently the boy in the water was no swimmer, for he was barely keeping himself above the surface.

"Take the wheel, George!" Jack cried. "Keep her straight!" As he spoke he slipped off jacket and shoes. "The moment I jump, swing her 'round. You, sir," he added, to one of the passengers, "stand ready with this boat-hook."

Another twenty feet! Ten! And then the boy in the water, with a despairing cry, sank. Jack, poised at the bow, shot over the side as the *Sea-Lark* sped past.

Down he went into the green depths. A blurred shape showed dimly, and he swam gropingly toward it. Then his hands found what they sought and in a moment his head was above water again. Kicking out with all his strength and sweeping his right hand through the green water, he clung to the half-drowned canoeist with his left, until the sloop, with fluttering sail, loomed beside him.

A minute later the two dripping figures were on the deck.

The canoeist opened his eyes and looked up at the woman kneeling beside him. He tried to raise himself on his elbow, but sank back, gasping, for a few moments.

"Hello, Mother! I—I 'm all right," he said presently. "Just a minute until I get my breath back. Hope I have n't scared you."

He sat up limply and looked about. Jack, dripping, was helping George to recover the canoe and paddle. When that had been done, he turned his attention to the boy he had rescued.

"Well, how do you feel now?" he asked.

"All right, thanks. I 'm awfully much obliged to you. I guess I 'd have been down there yet if you had n't come along just when you did."

"Mighty glad I could do it," said Jack.

The other looked about the sloop with a puzzled frown, and then, "Why, is n't this the old *Sea-Lark?*" he demanded incredulously.

"Yes, do you know her?"

"Know her! Rather! She belonged to my father and I used to sail in her with him two—no, three years ago. My name is Rodney Farnham; and this is my mother. Think of being rescued by the *Sea-Lark!*"

Jack showed the surprise he felt. "Why—why, then I 'm more glad than ever I pulled you out!" he declared earnestly. "It was so mighty kind of your father to give the *Sea-Lark* to me, Farnham. I 've never had a chance to thank him properly yet——"

"It was very fortunate that he did give you the boat," said Mrs. Farnham, smiling. "And as for thanking him, why it would seem that it is his place to thank you. He will be with us very soon now, I hope, and he will be very glad indeed to meet you."

"I—I 'd like awfully to take you all for a sail some day," said Jack. "That is, if you 'd care to go. You 'd be quite safe."

"I 'm sure of that," replied Mrs. Farnham, as the sloop reached the landing, "and we 'd love to go. It 's very kind of you to ask us."

Jack offered to return the canoe to the hotel landing, and Mrs. Farnham and Rodney, the latter now apparently little worse for his adventure, made their way up town.

Sometimes Jack had to be not only skipper, but mate as well, for Tony Santo not infrequently required George's assistance at the boat-yard. On one such occasion, while Jack was swabbing the *Sea-Lark's* new paint, a stranger appeared at the wharf. He did n't look like a man who would go in for sailing, nor was he particularly prepossessing. He was a nervous, fidgety person, with rather weasel-like features and sharp eyes, and Jack, observing him from the deck below, experienced a mild aversion for him.

"Nice little craft you 've got there," observed the man, pleasantly.

"I like her," responded Jack, briefly.

"She 'd just about suit me, I guess," continued the stranger. "I 'm looking for a sail-boat. Want to rent her?"

"No, I 'm using her for a ferry. I 'll take you out some evening, though, if that suits you."

"Oh, I can manage her by myself. You would n't need to come along, son. I 'm an old hand with boats."

"Maybe, but I would n't let her go unless I went with her," replied Jack, dryly.

"Well, what about selling her?"

"Not this season, thanks. She 's too useful to me."

"Better let me hire her, then. My name 's Martin. I 'll be around here most all summer. You can trust her to me all right."

"Nothing doing," replied Jack, firmly.

"Well, think it over. I 'll pay your price, son."

In the afternoon George returned to duty. "Well, did you sell the *Sea-Lark*, Jack?" he inquired.

"Sell her? Who to?" replied the skipper.

"A man was inquiring about her," said the

mate. "He asked us all sorts of questions at the boat-yard, and then said he was coming down here to make a dicker with you."

"How funny!" observed the captain of the *Sea-Lark*. "He must be crazy about her. I 'm not surprised, but I wonder why, all the same! By the way, George, you 're fired! Where have you been all day? Here I 've been steward, and ship's carpenter, and cook, and deckhand, and cabin-boy ever since eight o'clock this morning. I wanted to see you on a little matter of business."

"If I 'm fired, you can't have any business with me."

"Come hither!" said Jack, catching hold of George's ear and leading him onto the sloop. "Step into the office. Not into the sea, idiot! Quick march, into the cabin. Now, sit down. See," he added, producing a small note-book from his pocket, "I have been working out some figures. We 're making money, son. Not millions, exactly, but we 're doing better than I ever expected. I want to have a settling up with you. I asked Cap'n Crumbie what would be fair, and he said you ought to have a third of the takings. The boat takes a share, and as she 's mine, that goes to me, of course. The other third I take."

"But I don't want to take a share," George protested. "I 've done nothing, except play around a bit."

"Whether you want to or not, you 're going to. Think of your starving wife and children that you were talking about when I signed you on."

The captain fetched out a bundle of bills and a handful of loose silver, laid them on the table, and divided the money into three. One pile he pushed over to his mate and the rest he stowed into his own pocket.

"What 'll I do with all this?" asked George.

"How do I know? Found a college or something. Anyway, drop it in your pocket now. By the way, don't forget to report on Sunday, in your best uniform, the one with the gold braid on it that I did n't buy you. The Farnhams are coming out for a sail, and I 'll need your help, Mr. Mate."

CHAPTER IV

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. MARTIN

THE sloop was tied up each night at Garnett and Sayer's wharf, where Cap'n Crumbie could keep his eye on her. "What time did you go to bed last night?" asked the Cap'n one morning when the boys arrived at the dock.

"About ten o'clock. Why?"

"*Umph!*" snorted the watchman. "I thought maybe it was you prowling around, having some sort of a joke, and yet I knew it was too late for you to be up to any pranks."

"Not a prank!" replied Jack. "I was tired and went straight to sleep. You went to bed early too, did n't you, George?"

The mate nodded, and the watchman pushed his cap back and rubbed his head in a perplexed fashion.

"Blest if I know, exactly," he said. "The sloop 's all right. I went on board and examined her again this morning, and not a thing had been touched."

"Examined her *again!* But what happened before?"

"'T was about midnight," said the Cap'n, "when I walked out here to take a squint round. I was standing right here, lighting my pipe, when I heard something at the far side of the *Sea-Lark*. It was n't much of a noise, more like the soft bumping of a dory up against her side than anything. P'raps I would n't have taken any special notice of it, only there was no wind, and, as far as I could remember, nobody had left any dory near. 'Hello, there!' I calls out, not thinking anything special about it. There was somebody there, right on the deck of your boat, but he did n't say a word. I heard the bumping sound again, as though he 'd drawn a dory to the side with a jerk, and he jumped into it. Then he rowed off quick as lightning. I hollered after him, but he took no notice, so I got my lantern and went aboard. The cabin door was locked, just as you always leave it. Come to think of it, there 's nothing special any one could steal. Anyway, that 's all that happened."

"Queer!" commented Jack, and he frowned uneasily.

"Rowed clean away, he did. Mind you, it might ha' been some one who 'd landed there while I was dozing, and he was just putting off again, but why did he land against the side o' the *Sea-Lark* when he could pretty near have walked on to the wharf ten yards further on?"

"And what was he doing there, anyway, at midnight?" asked Jack. "You don't get people prowling around the wharf very often at that time of night, do you?"

"If I catch 'em at it, you may be sure I want to know what they 're after," replied the watchman. "The queer thing about it was his sliding off without saying a word when I hailed him."

"I don't like it," said Jack. "I 'd feel sick if anything happened to that boat. I 've half a mind to sleep on board to-night."

"There 's no *need* to do that, son, so long as I 'm here. You may depend on it, I 'm going to keep my eyes skinned. But then, again, there would n't be any harm done if you did sleep aboard."

"Yes, Jack, let 's," pleaded the mate. "I don't think I ever slept on a boat."

"All right," agreed the skipper. "If we both get murdered, don't blame me. Bring a blanket down after supper, George, and we 'll make ourselves comfortable."

Cap'n Crumbie lent them a lantern when the time came, and, after wishing them a cheery good night, left them alone. For about an hour they chatted, and then turned out the light and rolled themselves up in their blankets. George dropped off to sleep within a few minutes, but Jack turned about in his bunk for some time before following suit. He did not expect his slumbers to be disturbed, for, the more he thought about it, the more he came to the conclusion that the visitor to the sloop the previous night must have come to the wharf for something which had nothing to do with the *Sea-Lark*. There was so little on board that could be stolen. Nobody in his senses would do such a clumsy thing as attempt to get away with the old sails, he mused.

It was pitch black in the cabin. Up on deck it was not much better, for the thin crescent of a moon was not due for hours yet, and there were clouds in the sky. Occasionally the sloop rocked gently as the water lapped her side and burbled between her and the wharf. It was a soft, soothing sound. Jack was perfectly comfortable and very happy. It was a good idea to sleep on the boat, he reflected. The novelty of the thing appealed to him greatly. Later, when the weather grew hot, he and George would often do it. He wondered vaguely what Cap'n Crumbie was doing on the wharf. Perhaps snatching forty winks in his own little snuggery. He felt he could n't blame the Cap'n if he did snatch forty winks—fifty, if he liked——

And then he dropped suddenly into healthy slumber.

How long he slept he had not the remotest idea, but he awoke with a start. Something had happened, but he did not quite realize what. That he *had* been awakened by something he was perfectly sure. Almost holding his breath, and listening intently for the slightest sound, he lay perfectly still, his eyes open, but seeing nothing in the darkness.

After perhaps twenty seconds, Jack raised himself cautiously to his elbow, still straining his ears. Then there came again the thing which had awakened him.

The sloop swayed, as though something was being pressed heavily upon her side.

Silently as a shadow, Jack slipped from his bunk and extended a hand to awaken his chum. But on second thoughts he changed his mind. George would be sure to say something if he were awakened, and that would scare the midnight prowler off instantly.

Jack was standing in the middle of the cabin, feeling for a stout stick which he had placed handy before going to sleep. Then there came a slight creaking sound from the handle of the companionway door.

Some one outside was turning it!

Jack's hand closed tightly on the stick and he raised it, ready to strike.

The door hinges creaked. Jack's pulse was thumping as he had never known it to do before. There was, of course, the bare possibility that this might be the watchman paying them a visit, and Jack had no desire to lay the Cap'n out with a cracked skull.

"Who 's there?" he asked in a voice which he hardly recognized as his own. The boy could not even make out the outline of the intruder in the blackness.

There was a moment of tense silence, but only a moment. As soon as the midnight visitor recovered from the shock of finding some one in the cabin, he closed the door with a bang just as Jack brought down his stick sharply, but it only came in contact with the wooden panel.

George leaped out of his bunk in alarm.

"What 's wrong?" he shouted.

Jack, however, had no time to waste on explanations. He seized the handle and flung open the door, just in time to hear the soft patter of bare feet along the deck, and the deep bass of Cap'n Crumbie, up on the wharf, whom the noise had attracted.

"Hello, Jack. Are you there? What 's up?" he called down anxiously.

Jack was by now half-way across the deck, following the retreating figure, but the mysterious visitor leaped over the side into a boat and pushed away before the boy could get within reach.

"Somebody came into the cabin," Jack shouted back to the watchman. "Slip on board, and we 'll go after him on the sloop."

"You can't, son," replied Cap'n Crumbie. "There ain't enough wind. Listen! Which way did he go?"

The watchman and the two boys strained their ears, but not a sound was to be heard, save the swish of the tide against wharf and sloop.

"Well, if that don't beat the Dutch!" exclaimed Cap'n Crumbie. "You did n't *see* him, o' course?"

"No," replied Jack. "I was asleep, and we had no light. He slammed the door in my face and bolted as soon as I spoke."

"I heard you call out," said the watchman, "and that fetched me at a run, but I 'd heard nothing afore that. I thought some one was killing the pair o' you."

"I believe it is some one who wants to steal the sloop," said Jack. "If they knew how to handle her, they could sail miles away before morning; and then if they painted her name out, it would n't be easy to trace her."

"But if they want to steal her, why come into the cabin?" asked George. "And all he had to do was cast off."

"Maybe the feller just peeped to make sure there was n't any one aboard," suggested the watchman. "He 'd ha' been in a rare fix if he 'd got out to sea and then found he had the owner aboard with him all the time."

"Well, I 'm going to sleep on board again to-morrow night," said Jack, "and every other night, for a while."

"So am I," said George.

"All right," agreed the watchman. "'T ain't such a bad idea."

The lantern in the cabin had now been lighted, and the boys returned to their bunks, as there seemed no likelihood of any further excitement that night. After talking the adventure over for the better part of an hour, they dropped off again to sleep and slumbered undisturbed until morning.



"THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR LEAPED OVER THE SIDE INTO A BOAT"

That evening they returned to the sloop after supper, Jack determined to defend his property, and George determined to stand by his chum. They took reading matter on board and settled themselves comfortably. Presently, however, George threw down his book. Fiction seemed tame compared with the possibilities around him.

"I asked Dad to-day if he 'd lend us his revolver," the mate said; "but he did n't seem to fancy the idea."

"What was he afraid of? That we might shoot ourselves?"

"I don't think that was it," replied George.

"He 's afraid one of us might blaze away at the first person who came on board, and make an awful mess of the wrong party."

"That would be awkward, for the wrong party. After all, I 'd rather depend on this stick. I 'd pity any one who got a real crack with it. I was thinking just now, though, George, it might n't be a bad idea to tell the police what 's happened."

"Oh, they 'd only laugh at us."

"Why?"

"Well, because we 've got nothing to tell them."

Jack drummed his fingers on the top of the table thoughtfully. "I don't care whether they laugh at me or not," he said finally. "I 'm going."

And go he did, and George with him. But when the chief had heard their story he was not visibly impressed

"It amounts to about this, doesn't it?" he asked. "Somebody walks across the deck of your boat in the night and opens the cabin door. When you speak, he beats it. Nothing much there, is there, boys? There 's nothing unusual in a man's walking across another man's deck to reach the wharf or his boat. I 've done it myself."

"But he opened the cabin door," said Jack.

"Just curiosity, likely. Or maybe he was looking for an empty bunk to spend the night in."

"Well, when it happens twice—" began George.

"Well, well, boys, we 'll keep our eyes open. I guess you won't be troubled again. I would n't think very much about it."

"It did n't sound very serious the way he told it, did it?" asked George, as they left the police station.

"N-no," Jack admitted. After a moment he said: "I was going to tell him about this man Martin that prowls around the wharf so much, but I guess he would n't have been interested. I guess you 've got to be killed before that chief back there will take any interest in you!"

"Martin?" said George. "Do you really suspect——"

"Well, what 's he after? He 's always nosing about and watching us. Anyway, no matter what that chief says, we know folks have been aboard the *Sea-Lark* at night, and we 've got to suspect some one! And I don't like that Martin fellow anyway!"

THE following Sunday brought perfect weather, and shortly after ten o'clock Jack and George, each attired in his best sea togs, awaited the Farnhams at the hotel pier. The guests did n't keep them waiting long, and soon they were aboard and the *Sea-Lark* was slipping out past the end of the breakwater. Mr. Farnham proved to be a very pleasant, prosperous-looking gentleman, who waved aside Jack's attempted thanks. But he had to have a full and detailed account of the sloop's recovery and refitting, and was generous with his praise of what he called the boys' "get-up-and-get."

"You surely deserve a lot of credit, Holden," he declared. "She's every bit as good as she ever was. Is n't she, Rodney?"

"Yes, sir, and I think she sails even better than she used to," replied the boy.

They went as far up the shore as Indian Head and then turned homeward, and, with a fresh breeze astern, the *Sea-Lark* seemed determined to do her very best in Jack's honor. Mrs. Farnham expressed herself delighted with the trip, and Rodney, who had rarely been in a sailing craft since his father had acquired their motor-boat, declared he was as much in love with the old *Sea-Lark* as ever.

"If you like her as much as that," said Jack, jokingly, "you had better sign on as one of my crew."

"I would, like a shot, if you 'd let me," replied Rod.

"Well, if you mean that, report for duty in the morning. My mate won't be able to help, as he has to do something for his father, and I expect we shall be pretty busy at the ferry."

"You don't mind, do you, Mother?" asked Rod.

"Not if it amuses you," replied Mrs. Farnham. "I would rather trust you in the *Sea-Lark* than in that canoe of yours, any time."

And in this way Rodney Farnham was unofficially "signed on." The more Jack knew the city lad, the more he liked him. They were about the same age, and had very similar tastes, and they became excellent companions. Rod was never so happy as when, dressed in a flannel shirt, more-or-less-white trousers, and sneakers, he stood on the swaying deck of the little sloop, jumping to obey the captain's orders and feeling the sting of the fresh salt air on his cheeks. He and George, also, became chums, and the three boys spent many a happy hour on the sloop.

More than once, these days, Jack came across the man named Martin. He crossed in the ferry occasionally, apparently going for a sail only, as he either returned to the town without going ashore, or strolled aimlessly about until the sloop returned to the Point

again. Jack's instinctive dislike for the man was increased by the latter's attempts to get on to a friendly footing.

"Why does that chap hang round so much?" Rod asked one day; and Jack replied, "Nobody knows. He 's a mystery to me."

And he became more of a mystery within the hour. Jack and the two boys had just returned from a run over to the Point with a boat-load of passengers, when Cap'n Crumbie waved his hand to them from the wharf. The lads trooped up together.

"*Some*thing's up!" said the watchman, with a mysterious air, glancing toward two figures which at that moment disappeared round the corner into Main Street.

(To be continued)

NIGHT TRAVELING

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

All along the way,
As through the night we go,
I see the little houses
In lighted row on row.

The train goes flying by
And sounds its whistle clear,
And all the waiting houses,
They hold their lights and hear.

A million houses, mile on mile,—
I press the pane to see,—
And each has lights that wait its own,
As my light waits for me.

All the little houses,
And every one alight!
God, keep the people happy
That wait in them to-night!



Why Tom Dorlan had luck

by George William Ogden

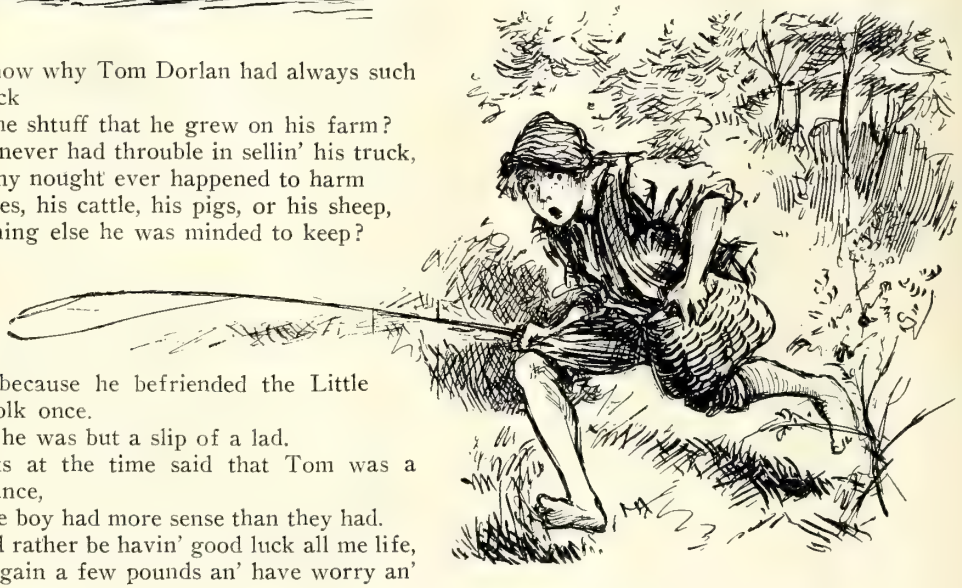


Do ye know why Tom Dorlan had always such luck
Wid the shtuff that he grew on his farm?
Why he never had throuble in sellin' his truck,
An' why nought ever happened to harm
His horses, his cattle, his pigs, or his sheep,
Or anything else he was minded to keep?

'T was because he befriended the Little Folk once.
When he was but a slip of a lad.
An' folks at the time said that Tom was a dunce,
But the boy had more sense than they had.
Sure, I 'd rather be havin' good luck all me life,
Than to gain a few pounds an' have worry an' shtrife.

Now Tommy wan marnin' wint out afther fish
In the sthream that runs down through the glen;
An' just like all childer, he had a great wish
To be meetin' the cute Little Men.
Or a leprechaun, maybe, if wan was about,
He 'd be bringin' back home in the shtead of a trout.

He fished all the pools that there were in the brook,
From M'Call's to the head of the glen,
But never a nibble he had on his hook.
An' he stharted to go home again,
Whin all of a suddent, below on the sthream
From where he was fishin', he heard some wan scream.



Now Tommy was scared, just like all other boys
Would be, if, alone in the wood,
They should hear of a suddent an unwonted noise,
An' he legged it as fasht as he could.
But soon he took courage an' shtopped in his thrack,
Then, boylike an' curious, turned himself back.



As sly as a weasel he crept through the clumps
Of the willows that grew by the brook,
An' his heart in his bosom was givin' great thumps,
An' it 's plenty of time that he took.
Then, partin' the bushes, he saw on a sthone
A sweet little fairy a-makin' her moan:



"I 've losht it forever! me beautiful crown
That it took them a year an' a day
To fashion, the river has swallowed it down!
Oh, what will the Little Folk say?
Such luck as I 'm havin' has never been seen!
Oh, what is the use of me bein' a queen?"

Now, bein' thrue Irish by insthinct, Tom knew
What it was that a man ought to say
To a queen who 's been lettin' a jewel or two
From the top of her head shlip away.
An' he sez, "Ah, Mavourneen, don't cry any more!
It 's meself will be gettin' it for ye, asthore."

The fairy was scared an' was minded to hide,
On hearin' the voice of the lad,
But she yearned for the jewels, an' noted, beside,
The iligant manners he had;
An' she says, "I 'm the Queen of the Fairies in Clare,
An' I 've losht off me crown while a-fixin' me hair.

" 'T was an iligant crown an' became me right well.
I was here on the rock by the shore
A-tryin' it on, whin, kerplumk! in it fell,
An' I never shall see it no more;
For a big trout he rose an' he swallowed it down.
Ochone! ah, ochone! ah, me beautiful crown!"

"Arrah! Missus Quane, don't ye grieve any more,"
Said the lad, aisy-like an' polite,
"It 's I will be havin' the craythe r ashore,
If it 's maybe the spalpeen will bite."
An' he fastened a grasshopper onto his hook,
An' let it float down to the pool in the brook.

Wid a splash an' a swirl, the fish sthruck at the bait,
An' he settled the hook in his jaw.
Tom brought him to shore at a terrible rate—
The finest trout ever ye saw!
He opened him up with his jack-knife, an' down
In the maw of the craythe r he found the losht crown!

"How can I reward ye for all ye have done?
It is gold ye 'll be needin', maybe?"
But the gossoon made answer: "Of gold I 'll have none.
'T was a pleasure to serve ye," says he.
"An' if it may be I have gained your regard,
What more could one ask in the way of reward?"

She put out her hand as she would to a lord,
An' the gossoon he fell to his knee,
An' did her his homage. "Ye 'll get your reward;
Don't doubt it, me laddie," said she.
"It 's luck ye shall have all the days of your life,
An' it's nought ye 'll be knowin' of throuble or sthrife."



An' the fairy spake thrue; so ye 'll learn from this tale
How it pays to be always polite.
Tom minded his manners that time in the dale,
Whin once he got over his fright.
An' ye 'll never be seekin' reward for a deed
Of kindness, or helpin' a person in need.

THE HAPPY VENTURE

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

By the author of "Blue Magic."

SYNOPSIS OF THE TWO PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

SIXTEEN- and fifteen-year-old Kenelm and Felicia Sturgis, and their small brother Kirk, who is blind, are left suddenly in the position of shifting entirely for themselves while their mother recuperates in a sanatorium from the nervous breakdown following the loss of almost all her money. The young people, without consulting their mother's attorney, who has helped them so far, engage, from an advertisement, a "fine old farm-house" near a small bayside village. After the last desolate days in the dismantled town house, the young Sturgises move, with part of their furniture, to Asquam. Their first glimpse of the farm-house is most discouraging, but they hide their anxiety and disappointment from Kirk, and try to make the best of a bad bargain. Owing to poor management of the electric freight-line, none of their furniture has arrived. They spend their first day and night in the house, cooking in extraordinary ways and sleeping on the floor in front of the fire, under their overcoats. But the brother and sister keep up a gaiety of spirits for Kirk, who is an imaginative and impressionable person and whom they adore.

CHAPTER V

THE WHEELS BEGIN TO TURN

KEN walked to Asquam almost immediately after breakfast, and Felicia explored their new abode most thoroughly, inside and out. Corners and steps there were in plenty, as Kirk had said; it seemed as if the house had been built in several pieces and patched together. Two biggish rooms downstairs, besides the kitchen; a large, built-in, white-doored closet in the living-room, — quite jolly, Felicia thought,—rusty nails driven in unbelievable quantities in all the walls. She could n't imagine how any one could have wanted to hang anything in some of the queer places where nails sprouted, and she longed to get at them with a claw-hammer.

Upstairs there was one big room (for Ken and Kirk, Phil thought), a little one for herself, and what she immediately named "The Poke-Hole" for trunks and such things. When Mother came home, as come she must, the extra downstairs room could be fitted up for her, Felicia decided—or the boys could take it over for themselves. The upstairs rooms were all under the eaves, and, at present, were hot and musty. Felicia pounded open the windows, which had small, old-fashioned panes, somewhat lacking in putty. In came the good April air, fresh after the murk of yesterday, and smelling of salt, and heathy grass, and spring. It summoned Felicia peremptorily, and she ran downstairs and out to look at the "ten acres of land, peach- and apple-orchards."

Kirk went, too, his hand in hers.

"It 's an easy house," he confided. "You 'd think it would be hard, but the floor 's different all over—bumpy, and as soon as I find out which bump means what, I 'll know how to go all over the place. I dare say it 's the same out here."

Felicia was not so sure. It seemed a trackless waste of blown grass for one to navigate in the dark. It was always a mystery to her how Kirk found his way through the mazy confusion of unseen surroundings. Now, on unfamiliar ground, he was unsure of himself, but in a place he knew, it was seldom that he asked or accepted guidance.

The house was not forbidding, Felicia decided—only tired, and very shabby. The burdocks at the doorstep could be easily disposed of—it was a wide stone one, as she had hoped. From it, there was not much view of the bay, but there were nice things to be seen. Before it, the orchard dropped away at one side, leaving a wide vista of brown meadows, sown with more of the pointy trees and grayed here and there by rocks; beyond that, a silver slip of water, and the far shore blue, blue in the distance. To the right of the house the land rolled away over another dun meadow that stopped at a rather civilized-looking hedge, above which rose a dense tumble of high trees. To the left lay the overgrown dooryard, the old lichened stone wall, and the sagging gate which opened to Winterbottom Road. Felicia tried to describe it all to Kirk, and wondered as she gazed at him, standing beside her with the eager, listening look his face so often wore, how much of it could mean anything to him but an incomprehensible string of words.

Ken returned from Asquam in Hop's chariot, surrounded by bundles.

"Luxury!" he proclaimed, when the spoils were unloaded. "An oil-stove, two burners—and food, and beautiful plates with posies on 'em—and tin spoons! And I met Mrs. Hopkins, and she almost fainted when I told her we 'd slept on the floor. She wanted us to come to her house, but it 's the size of a butter-box, and stuffy; so she insisted on sending three quilts. Behold! And the oil-stove was cheap

because one of the doors was broken (which I can fix). So there you are!"

"No sign of the goods, I suppose?"

"Our goods? Law, no! Old Mr. Thingummy put on his spectacles and peered around as if he expected to find them behind the door!"

"Oh, my only aunt! They *are* wonderful plates!" Felicia cried, as she extracted one from its wrapper.

"That 's my idea of high art," Ken said. "I got them at the Asquam Utility Emporium. And have you remarked the chairs? Mrs. Hop sent those, too. They were in her corn-crib,—on the rafters,—and she said if we did n't see convenient to bring 'em back, never mind, 'cause she was plumb tired of clutterin' 'em round from here to thar."

"Mrs. Hopkins seems to be an angel unawares," said Felicia, with enthusiastic misapplication.

It was the finding of the ancient sickle near the well that gave Ken the bright idea of cutting down the tall, dry grass for bedding.

"Not that it 's much of a weapon," he said. "Far less like a sickle than a dissipated saw, to quote. But the edge is rusted so thin that I believe it 'll do the trick."

Kirk gathered the grass up into soft, scratchy heaps as Ken mowed it, keeping at a respectful distance behind the swinging sickle. Ken began to whistle, then stopped to hear the marsh frogs, which were still chorusing their mad joy in the flight of winter.

"I made up a pome about those thar toads," Ken said, "last night, after you 'd gone to sleep again."

Kirk leaped dangerously near the sickle.

"You have n't made me a pome for ages!" he cried. "Stop sickling and do it—quick!"

"It 's a grand one," Ken said; "listen to this!

"Down in the marshes the sounds begin
Of a far-away fairy violin,
Faint and reedy and cobweb thin.

"Cricket and marsh-frog and brown tree-toad,
Sit in the sedgy grass by the road,
Each at the door of his own abode;

"Each with a fairy fiddle or flute
Fashioned out of a briar root;
The fairies join their notes, to boot.

"Sitting all in a magic ring,
They lift their voices and sing and sing,
Because it is April, 'Spring! Spring!'"

"That *is* a nice one!" Kirk agreed. "It sounds real. I don't know how you can do it."

A faint clapping was heard from the direction of the house, and turning, Ken saw his sister dropping him a curtesy at the door. "That," she said, "is a poem, not a pome—a perfectly good one."

"Go 'way!" shouted Ken. "You 're a wicked interloper. And you don't even know why Kirk and I write pomes about toads, so you don't!"

"I never could see," Ken remarked that night, "why people are so keen about beds of roses. If you ask me, I should think they 'd be uncommon prickly and uncomfortable. Give me a bed of herbs—where love is, don't you know?"

"It was n't a bed of herbs," Felicia contended; "it was a dinner of them. This is n't herbs, anyway. And think of the delectable smell of the bed of roses!"

"But every rose would have its thorn," Ken objected. "No, no, 'herbs' is preferable."

This argument was being held during the try-out of the grass beds in the living-room.

"See-saw, Margery Daw,
She packed up her bed and lay upon straw,"

sang Felicia.

But the grass *was* an improvement. Grass below and Mrs. Hop's quilts above, with the overcoats in reserve—the Sturgises considered themselves quite luxurious, after last night's shift at sleep.

"What care we if the beds don't come?" Ken said. "We could live this way all summer. Let them perish untended in the trolley freight-house."

But when Kirk was asleep, the note of the conversation dropped. Ken and Felicia talked till late into the night, in earnest undertones, of ways and means and the needs of the old house.

AND slowly, slowly, all the wheels did begin to turn together. Some of the freight came,—notably the beds,—after a week of waiting. Ken and Hop carried them upstairs and set them up, with much toil. Ken chopped down two dead apple-trees, and filled the shed with substantial fuel. The Asquam Market would deliver out Winterbottom Road after May first. Trunks came, with old clothes, and Braille books and other books—and things that Felicia had not been able to leave behind at the last moment. Eventually, came a table, and the Sturgises set their posied plates upon it, and lighted their two candles stuck in saucers, and proclaimed themselves ready to entertain.

"And," thought Felicia, pausing at the kitchen door, "what a difference it does make!"

Firelight and candle-light wrought together their gracious spell on the old room. The tin spoons gleamed like silver, the big brown crash towel that Ken had jokingly laid across the table looked quite like a runner. The light ran and glowed on the white-plastered ceiling and the heavy beams; it flung a mellow aureole about Kirk, who was very carefully arranging three tumblers on the table.

The two candle-flames swayed suddenly and straightened, as Ken opened the outer door and came in.

He, too, paused, looking at the little oasis in the dark, silent house.

"We 're beginning," he said, "to make friends with the glum old place."

There was much to be done. The rusty nails were pulled out, and others substituted in places where things could really be hung on them—notably in the kitchen, where they supported Felicia's pots and pans in neatly ordered rows. The burdocks disappeared, the shutters were persuaded not to squeak, the few pieces of furniture from home were settled in places where they would look largest. Yes, the house began to be friendly. The rooms were not, after all, so enormous as Felicia had thought. The furniture made them look much smaller. At the Asquam Utility Emporium, Felicia purchased several yards of white cheese-cloth, from which she fashioned curtains for the living-room windows. She also cleaned the windows themselves, and Ken did a wondrous amount of scrubbing.

Now, when fire and candle-light shone out in the living room, it looked indeed like a room in which to live—so thought the Sturgises, who asked little.

"Come out here, Phil," Ken whispered, plucking his sister by the sleeve, one evening just before supper. Mystified, she followed him out into the soft April twilight; he drew her away from the door a little and bade her look back.

There were new green leaves on the little bush by the door-stone; they gleamed startlingly light in the dusk. A new moon hung beside the stalwart white chimney—all the house was a mouse-colored shadow against the darkening sky. The living-room windows showed as orange squares cut cheerfully from the night. Through the filmy whiteness of the cheese-cloth curtains, could be seen the fire, the table spread for supper, the gallant candles, Kirk lying on the hearth, reading.

"Does n't it look like a place to live in—and to have a nice time in?" Ken asked.

"Oh," Felicia said, "it almost does!"

CHAPTER VI

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HEDGE.

The civilized-looking hedge had been long since investigated. The plot of land it enclosed—reached, for the Sturgises, through a breach in the hedge—was very different from the wild country which surrounded it. The place had once been a very beautiful garden, but years and neglect had made of it a half-formal wilderness, fascinating in its overgrown beauty and its hint of earlier glory. For Kirk, it was an enchanted land of close-pressing leafy alleys, pungent with the smell of box; of brick-paved paths chanced on unexpectedly—followed cautiously to the rim of empty, stone-coped pools. He and Felicia, or he and Ken, went there when cookery or carpentry left an elder free. For when they had discovered that the tall old house, though by no means so neglected as the garden, was as empty, they ventured often into the place. Kirk invented endless tales of enchanted castles, and peopled the still lawns and deserted alleys with every hero he had ever read or heard of. Who could tell? They might indeed lurk in the silent tangle—invisible to him only as all else was invisible. So he liked to think, and wandered, rapt, up and down the grass-grown paths of this enchanting playground.

It was not far to the hedge—over the rail fence, across the stubbly meadow. Kirk had been privately amassing landmarks. He had enough, he considered, to venture forth alone to the garden of mystery. Felicia was in the kitchen—not eating bread and honey, but reading a cook-book and making think-lines in her forehead. Ken was in Asquam. Kirk stepped off the door-stone; sharp to the right, along the wall of the house, then a stretch in the open to the well, over the fence—and then nothing but certain queer stones and the bare feel of the faint path that had already been worn in the meadow.

Kirk won the breach in the hedge and squeezed through. Then he was alone in the warm, green-smelling stillness of the trees. He found his way from the moss velvet under the pines to the paved path, and followed it, unhesitating, to the terrace before the house. On the shallow, sun-warmed steps he sat playing with pine-cones, fingering their scaly curves and sniffing their dry, brown fragrance. He swept a handful of them out of his lap and stood up, preparatory to questing further up the stone steps to the house itself. But suddenly he stood quite still, for he knew that he

was not alone in the garden. He knew, also, that it was neither Ken nor Felicia who stood looking at him. Had one of the fairy-tale heroes materialized, after all, and slipped out of magic coverts to walk with him? Rather uncertainly, he said, "Is somebody there?"

His voice sounded very small in the outdoor silence. Suppose no one were there at all! How silly it would sound to be addressing a tree! There was a moment of stillness, and then a rather old voice said:



"RATHER UNCERTAINLY, HE SAID, 'IS SOMEBODY THERE?'"

"Considering that you are looking straight at me, that seems a somewhat foolish question."

So there *was* some one! Kirk said:

"I can't see you, because I can't see anything."

After a pause, the voice said, "Forgive me."

But indeed, at first glance, the grave, shadowed beauty of Kirk's eyes did not betray their blindness.

"Are you one of the enchanted things, or a person?" Kirk inquired.

"I might say, now, that I am enchanted," said the voice, drily.

"I don't think I quite know what you mean," Kirk said. "You sound like a *Puck of Pook's Hill* sort of person."

"Nothing so exciting. Though Oak and Ash and Thorn do grow in my garden."

"*Do* they? I have n't found them. I knew it was a different place, ever so different from anything near—different from the other side of the hedge."

"I am not so young as you," said the voice, "to stand about hatless on an April afternoon. Let us come in and sit on either side of the chimney-corner."

And a long, dry, firm hand took Kirk's, and Kirk followed unhesitatingly where it led.

The smoothness of old polished floors, a sense of height, absolute silence, a dry, aromatic smell — this was Kirk's impression as he crossed the threshold, walking carefully and softly, that he might not break the spellbound stillness of the house. Then came the familiar crackle of an open fire, and Kirk was piloted into the deliciously cozy depths of a big chair beside the hearth. Creakings, as of another chair being pulled up, then a contented sigh, indicated that his host had sat down opposite him.

"May I now ask your name?" the voice inquired.

"I 'm Kirkleigh Sturgis, at Applegate Farm," said Kirk.

"'. . I s'pose you know, Miss Jean,
That I 'm Young Richard o' Taunton Dean . ."

murmured the old gentleman.

Kirk pricked up his ears instantly. "Phil sings that," he said delightedly. "I 'm glad you know it. But you would."

"Who 'd have thought *you* would know it?"

said the voice. "I am fond of *Young Richard.* Is Phil your brother?"

"She 's my sister—but I have a brother. He 's sixteen, and he 's almost as high as the doorways at Applegate Farm."

"I seem not to know where Applegate Farm is," the old gentleman mused.

"It 's quite next door to you," said Kirk. "They call it the Baldwin place, really. But Ken happened to think that Baldwin 's a kind of apple, and there *is* an orchard, and a gate, so we called it that."

"The old farm-house across the meadow!" There was a shade of perplexity in the voice. "You live *there?*"

"It's the most beautiful place in the world," said Kirk, with conviction, "except your garden."

"Beautiful—to you! Why?"

"Oh, everything!" Kirk said, frowning, and trying to put into words what was really joy in life and spring and the love of his brother and sister. "Everything—the wind in the trees, and in the chimney at night, and the little toads that sing,—do you ever hear them?—and the fire, and, and—*everything!*"

"And youth," said the old gentleman to himself, "and an unconscious courage to surmount all obstacles. But perhaps, after all, the unseen part of Applegate Farm is the more beautiful." Aloud, he said: "Do you like to look at odd things? That is—I mean——"

Kirk helped him out. "I do like to," he said. "I look at them with my fingers—but it 's all the same."

Such things to look at! They were deposited, one after the other, in Kirk's eager hands,—the intricate carving of Japanese ivory, entrancingly smooth—almost like something warm and living, after one had held it for a few adoring moments in careful hands. And there was a Burmese ebony elephant, with a ruby in his forehead.

"A ruby is red," Kirk murmured; "it is like the fire. And the elephant is black. I see him very well."

"Once upon a time," said the old gentleman, "a rajah rode on him—a rajah no bigger than your finger. And his turban was encrusted with the most precious of jewels, and his robe was stiff with gold. The elephant wore anklets of beaten silver, and they clinked as he walked."



"HE SPREAD KIRK'S FINGERS ABOVE THE KEYBOARD" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

Kirk's face was intent, listening. The little ebony elephant stood motionless on his palm, dim in the firelight.

"I hear them clinking," he said, "and the people shouting—oh, so far away!"

He put the treasure back into his host's hand, at last.

"I 'd like, please, to look at *you,*" he said. "It won't hurt," he added quickly, instantly conscious of some unspoken hesitancy.

"I have no fear of that," said the voice, "but you will find little worth the looking for."

Kirk, nevertheless, stood beside the old gentleman's chair, ready with a quick, light hand to visualize his friend's features.

"My hair, if that will help you," the voice told him, "is quite white, and my eyes are usually rather blue."

"Blue," murmured Kirk, his fingers flitting down the fine lines of the old gentleman's profile; "that 's cool and nice, like the sea and the wind. Your face is like the ivory thing—smooth and—and carved. I think you really must be something different and rather enchanted."

But the old man had caught both Kirk's hands and spread them out in his own. There was a moment of silence, and then he said:

"Do you care for music, my child?"

"I love Phil's songs," Kirk answered, puzzled a little by a different note in the voice he was beginning to know. "She sings, and plays the accompaniments on the piano."

"Do you ever sing?"

"Only when I 'm all alone." The color rushed for an instant to Kirk's cheeks, why, he could not have said. "I 've never heard other music."

Without a word, the old gentleman, still holding Kirk's hands, pushed him gently into the chair he had himself been sitting in. There was a little time of stillness, filled only by the crack and rustle of the fire. Then, into the silence, crept the first dew-clear notes of Chopin's F sharp major nocturne. The liquid beauty of the last bars had scarcely died away, when the unseen piano gave forth, tragically exultant, the glorious chords of the twentieth prelude—climbing higher and higher in a mournful triumph of minor chords and sinking at last into the final solemn splendor of the closing measures. The old gentleman turned on the piano-stool to find Kirk weeping passionately and silently into the cushions of the big chair.

"Have I done more than I meant?" he questioned himself, "or is it only the proof?" His hands on Kirk's quivering shoulders, he asked, "What is it?"

Kirk sat up, ashamed, and wondering why he had cried.

"It was because it was so much more wonderful than anything that ever happened," he said unsteadily. "And I never can do it."

The musician almost shook him.

"But you can," he said; "you must! How can you *help* yourself, with those hands? Has no one guessed? How stupid all the world is!"

He pulled Kirk suddenly to the piano, swept him abruptly into the wiry circle of his arm.

"See," he whispered; "oh, listen!"

He spread Kirk's fingers above the keyboard—brought them down on a fine chord of the Chopin prelude, and for one instant Kirk felt coursing through him a feeling inexplicable as it was exciting—as painful as it was glad. The next moment the chord died; the old man was again the gentle friend of the fireside.

"I am stupid," he said, "and ill-advised. Let 's have tea."

The tea came, magically—delicious cambric tea and cinnamon toast. Kirk and the old gentleman talked of the farm, and of Asquam, and other every-day subjects, till the spring dusk gathered at the window, and the musician started up.

"Your folk will be anxious," he said. "We must be off. But you will come to me again, will you not?"

Nothing could have kept Kirk away, and he said so.

"And what's *your* name, please?" he asked. "I 've told you mine." A silence made him add, "Of course, if you mind telling me ——"

Silence still, and Kirk, inspired, said:

"Phil was reading a book aloud to Mother, once, and it was partly about a man who made wonderful music and they called him 'Maestro.' Would you mind if I called you Maestro—just for something to call you, you know?"

He feared, in the stillness, that he had hurt his friend's feelings, but the voice, when it next spoke, was kind and grave.

"I am unworthy," it said, "but I should like you to call me Maestro. Come—it is falling dusk. I 'll go with you to the end of the meadow."

And they went out together into the April twilight.

Ken and Felicia were just beginning to be really anxious, when Kirk tumbled in at the living-room door, with a headlong tale of enchanted hearthstones, ebony elephants, cinnamon toast, music that had made him cry, and, most of all, of the benevolent, mysterious presence who had wrought all this. Phil and Ken shook their heads, suggested that some supper would make Kirk feel better, and set a boundary limit of the orchard and meadow fence on his peregrinations.

"But I promised him I 'd come again," Kirk protested; "and I can find the way. I *must*, because he says I can make music like that—and he 's the only person who could show me how."

Felicia extracted a more coherent story as she sat on the edge of Kirk's bed later that evening. She came downstairs sober and

strangely elated, to electrify her brother by saying:

"Something queer has happened to Kirk. He 's too excited, but he 's simply shining. And do you suppose it can possibly be true that he has music in him? I mean *real,* extraordinary music, like—like Beethoven or somebody."

But Ken roared so gleefully over the ridiculous idea of his small brother's remotely resembling Beethoven, that Phil suddenly thought herself very silly, and lapsed into somewhat humiliated silence.



"FELICIA EXTRACTED A MORE COHERENT STORY THAT EVENING"

It was some time before the cares of a household permitted the Sturgises to do very much exploring. One of their first expeditions, however, had been straight to the bay from the farmhouse—a scramble through wild, long-deserted pastures, an amazingly thick young alder grove, and finally out on the stony, salty water's edge. Here all was silver to the sea's rim, where the bay met wider waters; in the opposite direction it narrowed till it was not more than a river, winding among salt flats and sudden rocky points until it lost itself in a maze of blue among the distant uplands. The other shore was just beginning to be tenderly alight with April green, and Felicia caught her breath for very joy at the faint pink of distant maple boughs and the smell of spring and the sea. A song-sparrow dropped a sudden, clear throatful of notes, and Kirk, too, caught the rapture of the spring and flung wide his arms in impartial welcome.

Ken had been poking down the shore and came back now, evidently with something to say.

"There 's the queerest little inlet down there," he said, "with a tide eddy that runs into it. And there 's an old motor-boat hove way up on the rocks in there among the bushes."

"What about it?" Felicia asked.

"I merely wished it were ours."

"Naturally it 's some one else's."

"He takes mighty poor care of it, then. The engine 's all rusted up, and there 's a hole stove in the bottom."

"Then *we* should n't want it."

"It could be fixed," Ken murmured; "easily. I examined it."

He stared out at the misty bay's end, thinking, somehow, of the *Celestine,* which he had not forgotten in his anxieties as a householder.

But even the joy of April on the bayside was shadowed when the mail came to Applegate Farm that day. The United States mail was represented, in the environs of Asquam, by a preposterously small wagon,—more like

a longitudinal slice of a milk-cart than anything else,—drawn by two thin, rangy horses that seemed all out of proportion to their load. Their rhythmic and leisurely trot jangled a loud, but not unmusical, bell which hung from some hidden part of the wagon's anatomy, and warned all dwellers on Rural Route No. 1 that the United States mail, ably piloted by Mr. Truman Hobart, was on its way.

The jangling stopped at Applegate Farm, and Mr. Hobart delved into a soap-box in his cart and extracted the Sturgis mail, which he delivered into Kirk's outstretched hand. Mr. Hobart waited, as usual, to watch, admire, and marvel at Kirk's unhesitating progress to the house, and then he clucked to the horses and tinkled on his way.

There was a pencilled note from Mrs. Sturgis, forwarded, as always, from Westover Street, where she, of course, thought her children were (they sent all their letters for her to Mr. Dodge, that they might bear the Bedford postmark—and very difficult letters those were to write!), a bill from the City Transfer Company (carting: 1 table, etc., etc.), and a letter from Mr. Dodge. It was this letter which shadowed Applegate Farm and dug a new think-line in Ken's young forehead. For Rocky Head Granite was, it seemed, by no means so firm as its name sounded. Mr. Dodge's hopes for it were unfulfilled. It was very little indeed that could now be wrung from it. The Fidelity was for Mother—with a margin, scant enough, to eke out the young Sturgises' income. There was the bill for the carting, other bills, daily expenses. Felicia, reading over Ken's shoulder, bit her lip.

"Come back to town, my dear boy," wrote Mr. Dodge, "and I will try to get you something to do. You are all welcome to my house and help as long as you may have need."

It had been dawning more and more on Ken that he had been an idiot not to stay in town, where there *was* work to do. He had hated to prick Phil's ideal bubble and cancel the lease of the farm,—for it was really she who had picked out the place,—but he was becoming aware that he should have done so. This latest turn in the Sturgis fortunes made it evident that something must be done to bring more money than the invested capital yielded. There was no work here; unless perhaps he might hire out as a farm-hand, at small wages indeed. And he knew nothing of farm work. Nevertheless, he and Felicia shook their heads at Mr. Dodge's proposal. They sat at the table within the mellow ring of lamplight, after Kirk had gone to bed, and thrashed out their problem,—pride fighting need and vanquishing judgment. It was a good letter that Kenelm sent Mr. Dodge, and the attorney shook his own head as he read it in his study, and said:

"I admire your principle, my boy—but oh, I pity your inexperience!"

(To be continued)

HOW TO BUILD AND OPERATE YOUR OWN PIGEON-LOFT

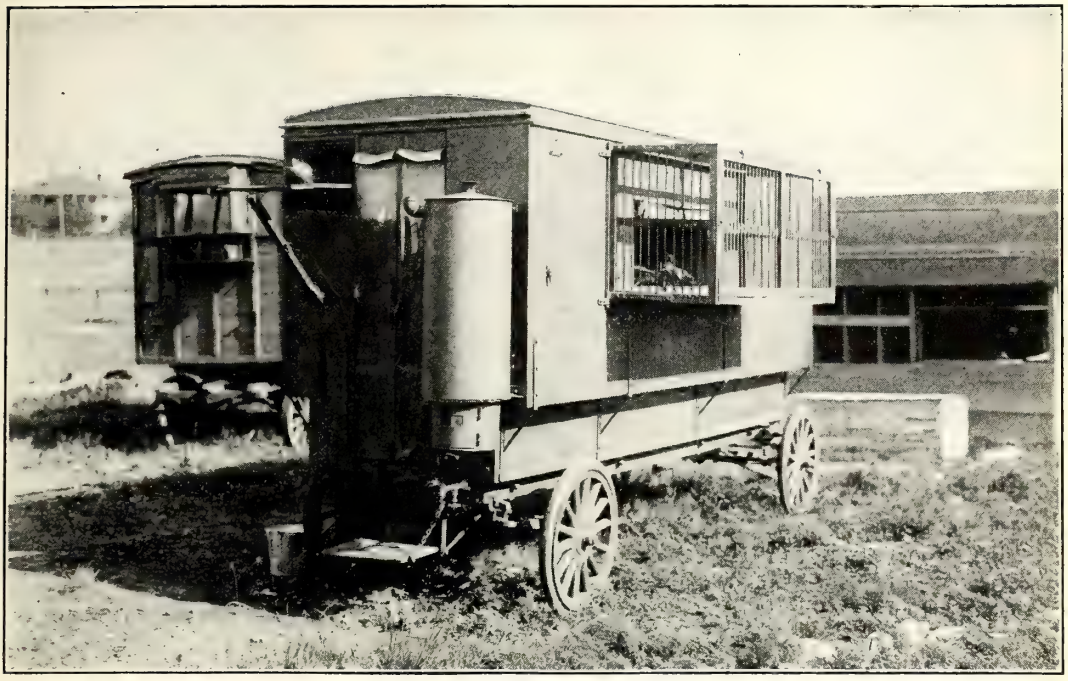
By WILLIAM F. AVERY

ANYBODY who can drive a nail straight and "saw a board off square" can build a pigeon-loft and operate it.

The first thing to do is to select the best place for your loft. If you live in the country, you can partition off a room against the inside wall of a barn. You should try to include a window in that part of the wall which you take for your loft. If you are a city boy, you may have to construct a little board cabin in the back yard or on the roof of the building in which you live. In either case, try to have your loft at least six feet long by six feet wide and from six to eight feet high.

Bear in mind the fact that the worst enemy of health is lack of sunlight and fresh air. Other foes of pigeons are dogs, cats, rats, and weasels. You must, therefore, choose as high a place as possible, where the sun will strike the loft for at least an hour or two during the day. A southern exposure is desirable, but not absolutely necessary. If there are any rat-holes near the place, fill them with plenty of broken glass, the sharper the better. If the "trap" and "aviary" mentioned later are eight feet above the ground, you will have little to fear from dogs or cats.

A person looking at a pigeon-loft from the outside sees little more than a window or two, a shelf fastened to the wall, and a box-shaped



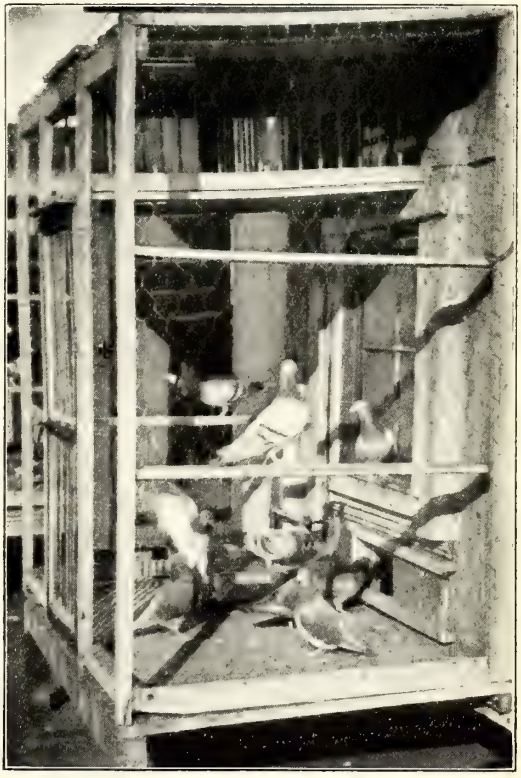
A TRAVELING PIGEON-LOFT

wire cage near it. The window is to give light; the shelf or platform gives the pigeons a landing-place when they fly to the loft. The wire cage is the aviary in which they can take a sun-bath on mild days.

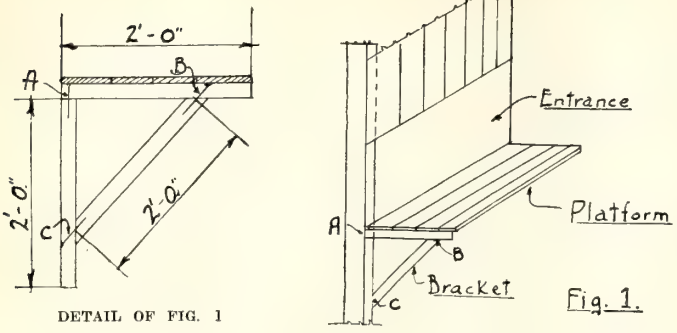
The platform should be at least two feet square; three feet long by two feet wide is better. You can fasten it to the side of the barn or cabin with two shelf-brackets such as any hardware store sells, or you can easily make the brackets of wooden strips. Three nails at *A, B,* and *C* (Figure 1), will make the bracket secure. Fasten the two brackets to the boards which are to be the platform before you nail the brackets to the side of the building. Then cut a hole in the wall, two feet long and one foot high, about three or four feet above the floor inside of the loft. This is the entrance through which the pigeons may pass from the platform into the loft. Nail the brackets, to which you have already fastened the platform, to the side of the building at a point that brings the top of the platform even with the bottom of the entrance you have just cut out.

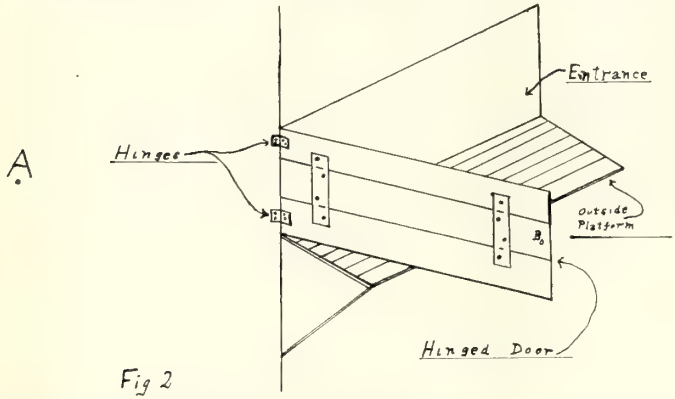
If you put two nails just below *A,* and one just below *C* (detail of Fig. 1), your platform will be solid.

Make a second platform just like the other one, and fasten it inside the loft at the entrance, just opposite the first, but about two inches

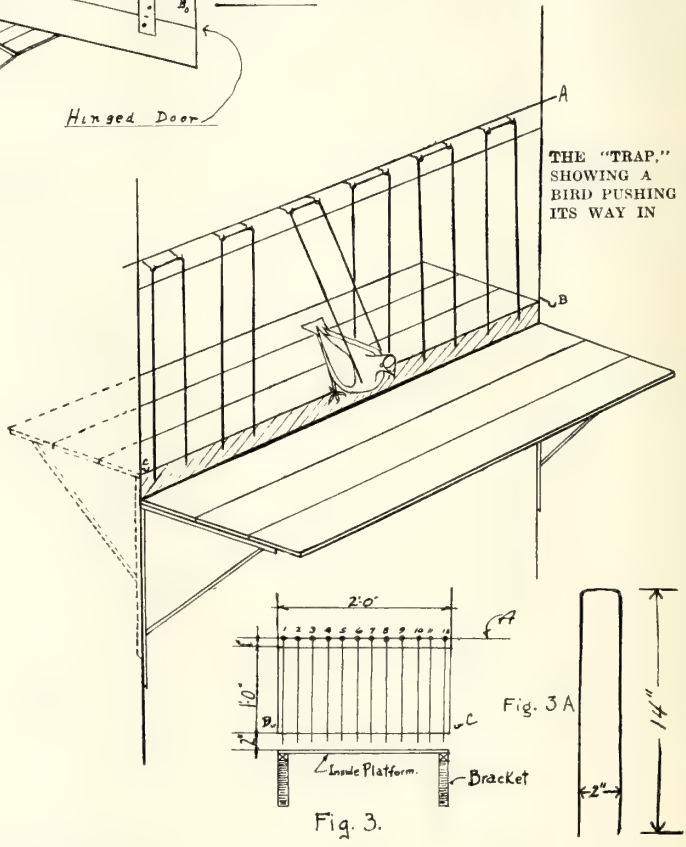


"THE AVIARY, IN WHICH THE PIGEONS CAN TAKE A SUN-BATH ON MILD DAYS"





wires hanging like a curtain in the entrance. This contrivance, called the trap, is so arranged that the birds, although they can go in through it easily, cannot go out. It is very easy to make a good one. Simply get six pieces of wire, thirty inches long. Telephone wire, or any wire about the size of an ordinary parlor-match will do. Bend the six pieces as shown in Figure 3A. Draw a horizontal line on the inside wall one inch above the top of the entrance (Line A, Figure 3). On this line, measure off the first point one inch from the left side of the entrance



THE "TRAP," SHOWING A BIRD PUSHING ITS WAY IN

lower. This will enable your pigeons to hop in easily and look around for a moment before flying to the nest. You can also throw food on the inside platform where the birds can see it easily if they appear reluctant to enter.

Make a door to fit in the entrance and place hinges on the side so that it will swing back against the outside wall. Bore a small hole (*A*, Figure 2) through the wall, slightly more than two feet from the side of the entrance. Pass a cord through this hole and fasten it to the back of the door at B. This cord will enable you to open the door when you are inside of the loft. Attach a second cord to the inside of the door about two inches from the hinged edge. The second cord will enable you to close the door from inside the loft.

Every good loft has a row of perpendicular (See No. 1, Figure 3). From this point, mark off other points every two inches until you reach the other side of the entrance. The

last point (No. 12, Figure 3), will be one inch from the right side of the entrance. Now put screw-hooks or screw-eyes in at all twelve points. If you have n't these, drive in fairly long nails and bend the ends up well with the claw part of a hammer. Pass the wires through the screw-eyes, or hang them over the hooks. You will notice that the ends hang about one inch below the bottom of the entrance. The pigeons can push their way in very easily, as the hanging wires swing inward; but should they attempt to go out through the trap, they will find it impossible to do so, because the lower ends of the wires will be against the wall just below the bottom of the entrance, and will not swing outward. The trap is very much like the ordinary door which swings only one way.

Put in a screw-hook at *B*, Figure 3, and another at *C*, Figure 3, on the inside wall, about one inch from the side of the entrance. Whenever you find it necessary to leave the loft, you can put a wire or stick across these hooks to "lock" the trap and prevent cats or hawks from entering during your absence. As seen from the inside, the trap will appear as in the upper diagram of Fig. 3. Test the wires and see that they swing inward easily and fall back into place as soon as released.

In addition to the trap and the window, you should have an exit, with a sliding door, and, if possible, an "aviary." You will need an exit only when sending the pigeons out for their morning and evening exercise, but you cannot use the trap as an exit, for you must get the birds into the habit of using one place for an entrance and another as an exit *at all times*. For an exit, cut a hole about 18 inches long and 12 inches high, about the same height above the floor as the entrance. Put a platform on the inside wall even with the bottom of the exit. Make the platform about the size of the hole which you have cut. You can use the pieces you took out of the wall to make your platform. In some pigeon-lofts, the door in the exit is merely hung by hinges at the top (See Figure 4). A cord, attached to it by a nail, passes over a pulley or spool in the ceiling and across the loft to another near the door by which the keeper enters. The cord hangs down within easy reach of the keeper. The whole arrangement is very much like a conductor's bell-rope in a trolley-car. It enables the keeper to stand at the opposite side of the loft from the exit and raise the door without scaring the pigeons away from it.

If you prefer a sliding door, you must make it slightly larger than the exit, say 13 by 24 inches. If necessary you can nail two or three boards together with cleats, as in Figure 5, to

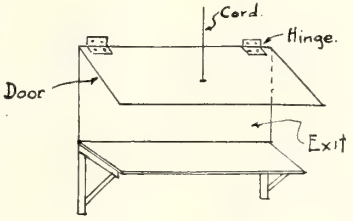


Fig 4

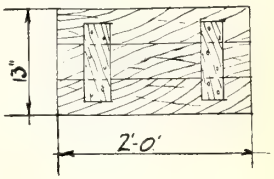


Fig 5.

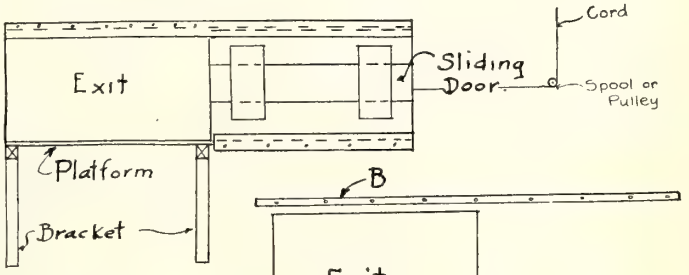


Fig. 6. Fig. 8.

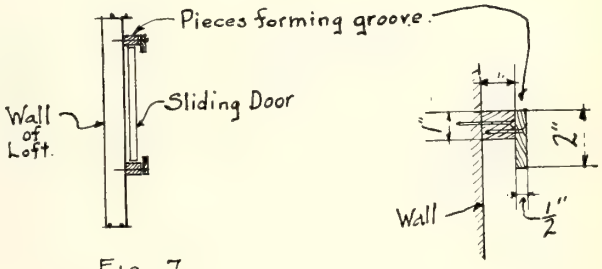


Fig. 7.

make the required width. You will need a groove at the top and at the bottom in which the door can slide back and forth. These grooves must be long enough to hold the door

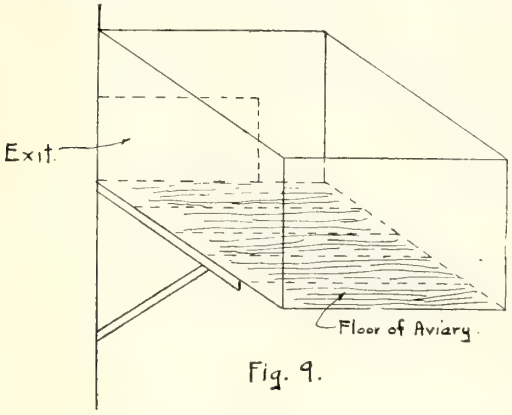


Fig. 9.

in place when it is either open or closed (see Figure 6) and wide enough to permit the door to slide back and forth readily (see Figure 7). If you use half-inch boards for the door, make the groove ⅝ of an inch wide; if ⅞-inch boards, make the groove one inch wide. Let us suppose that you are making the one-inch groove. You will need one strip, one inch by one inch by four feet, and another, one inch by one inch by two feet. You can use several pieces to make the total length. Nail the two-foot strip (A, Figure 8) securely to the wall so that the top is even with the top of the platform and in line with it. Put the door over the exit so that it covers the opening completely.

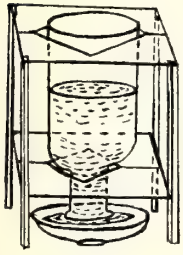


FIG. 10
WATER-TROUGH

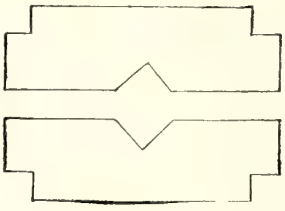


FIG. 11
DETAIL OF ITS CONSTRUCTION

Place the long strip (B, Figure 8) against the wall about ¼ inch above the door and put one nail through it into the wall near the end of the strip. Slide the door wide open, raise or lower the loose end of the strip until it is ¼ inch above the door, and nail it fast. Slide the door back and forth to see that it does not stick anywhere and then drive in a few more nails to make it secure all the way along. Cut a thin strip (¼ in. or ½ in. thick), 2 inches wide by four feet long, and another, two inches wide and two feet long. Place the four-foot strip against B, Figure 8, so that the top edges of the two pieces are even and drive in a few nails to secure it. Place the two-foot strip against piece A of Figure 8, with bottom edges of the two even with each other, and secure it in a similar manner. You can now slide the door back and forth, leave it open or shut, and it will stay in place at all times. As seen from an end view, the result will be much as shown in Figure 7. Attach a cord to the door so that you can open it from the opposite end of the loft without scaring the birds away from the exit (Figure 6).

If you have room for an aviary on the sunny side of the loft, cut a hole three feet long and two feet high. Build a platform about three feet square on the outside. This is the floor of your aviary. Construct a light frame on this floor, as in Figure 9. Stretch a net of chicken wire over the top, front, and two sides of the box formed by this frame, and the aviary is complete. If you live in a part of the country where there are cold winds, make a door to cover the opening between the loft and the aviary.

Along the inside wall of the loft, and about two or three feet above the floor, place several boxes with the open sides facing you. Each one of these boxes is a nest for a pair of pigeons. Some pigeon fanciers, who have a large stock of birds, have to economize space by building two or three long shelves about twelve or eighteen inches apart. They then divide the long spaces between these shelves into square "pigeon holes" with small board partitions. The effect is somewhat like that of a set of mail-boxes in the post-office, on an enlarged scale. The usual custom is to put a swinging screen-door in the front of each nest, so that when one or both of the occupants is away for training or racing, no other bird can enter.

You should have a few roosts about one or two feet below the ceiling. Any round poles about one inch in diameter will do. It is better to hang them by means of solid sticks nailed to the ceiling or to overhead beams than it is to let them swing loosely on cords.

Your pigeons should have fresh, clean water at all times. If you kept it in an open dish, it would be necessary to visit your loft every hour or two to replenish the supply. This would be troublesome and often impossible. Besides, the birds would soon perch on the edge of an open dish and render the water unfit to

drink. It is absolutely imperative, therefore, to devise some such trough as is used in poultry-farms, into which the birds can stick their heads and drink at will, but so arranged that, no matter where they perch, the water will be kept clean.

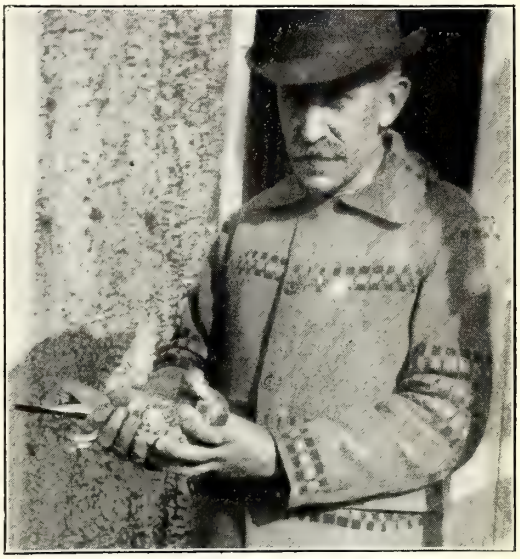
A good water-trough can be made with a quart bottle and a dish about two inches deep. Take two boards, an inch or two longer than the diameter of the dish and half as wide as they are long. Cut a "V" out of each one, as in Figure 11. Fasten them together with cleats near the ends, and cut a notch an inch square out of each corner. Hold this piece above the dish and stick the neck of the bottle down through the hole formed by the two "V's" coming together. Place blocks under opposite sides of the piece until the mouth of the bottle is one inch above the bottom of the dish. Cut four posts, one inch square and long enough to reach from the floor to within two or three inches of the top of the inverted bottle (the end on which it ordinarily stands).

Fit these posts into the notches cut from the corners of the square piece supporting the bottle. Make a pencil mark where each one meets the board, and nail all four posts to the square piece. Cut two more pieces, as in Figure 11,



PICKING UP A PIGEON

but with "V's" just large enough to make a hole that the end of the bottle will pass through easily. Nail the top of the four posts into this last square piece and the water-trough is ready for use. While the bottle is in the frame you have just made, fill it with water. Hold your



A GOOD WAY TO HOLD A PIGEON

finger over the mouth and invert it over the dish.

Notice how the water runs out into the dish until it is just deep enough to reach the bottle and then stops. As the pigeons drink from the dish, the level of the water will sink below the mouth of the bottle, and more will run in. The principle involved is the same one used in constructing the ordinary office water-cooler with the big inverted bottle.

When your loft is finished, it is best to stock it in the spring with birds from four to six weeks old. Get them from two or three different lofts in your section of the country, if possible, so that they may have come of different families.

Feed them a mixture of 50% Canada field peas, 25% corn, and 25% Argentine corn, or dry, clean, marble corn, or English flint corn. Corn is heating and peas are muscle builders, so give the birds a larger proportion of peas in the summer and of corn in the winter. During the summer give them some green stuffs with their other food.

If you stock your loft with birds old enough to fly, keep them inside of the loft for at least ten days or two weeks before allowing them to fly outside, or they will fly back to the loft they came from. If your stock consists entirely of youngsters, you will not have to worry much about their remembering the old loft and flying back to it. When they begin to fly about the

loft, let them out for early morning exercise before feeding. Feed them as soon as they come in. Repeat this about one hour before sunset. If you wish to train them for distance flights, you can follow the method outlined in my story which appeared in the last January number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Give your birds a bath once a week in water that is cool, but not too cold. Place a large open pan or tub in the loft and watch them enjoy it! Be always on the watch for sickness. As soon as a bird stays off in a corner or looks drowsy for a long time, give him a few drops of olive oil and isolate him from the others. If he develops a wing-boil, which looks much like any other boil, paint it with iodine.

While your birds are out for their morning exercise, clean out the loft thoroughly. Do it every day. Do not leave any feathers, or the birds will suck them and get canker.

Have a shallow box of "grit" at their disposal at all times. Make it of two quarts of gravel (sifted small) and sand, and one quart of following mixture: ½ teaspoonful of salt, dissolved in water, oyster-shells and wall plaster, pounded and sifted, charcoal, pounded and sifted, ordinary bone, burned black, then pounded and sifted, brick, pounded and sifted, and one teaspoonful of annis oil. The lime in the plaster is for the shells of their eggs; the brick, sand, and gravel aid in digesting their food.

Don't forget to sift all grain you feed your birds. Don't let them alight on the ground and eat during morning or evening exercise. As soon as they show signs of circling near the ground to alight, call them in. If they disobey, scare them up into the air again.

When you give your birds food after their exercise, scatter it well, so that all may eat at once. When they have stopped eating, gather up all the food they have left, and wash and dry it before using it again.

Move about the loft slowly and never make sudden, startling movements. In this way, the birds will soon get to know you and have little fear of you. If they are hungry, you can easily get them to eat from your hand, alight on your shoulder, and pick kernels of grain from your lips.

The best way to catch a pigeon is to move slowly near him and bring both hands down on him from above. If you separate the fingers well, you will find it easy. To pick him up, put the palm of your right hand on the bird's back. Hold one wing with the thumb and the other with the fingers. If he is facing away from you, turn him around so that he faces you. Slip the palm of your left hand under him and get his legs between your middle and index fingers. If he tries to release his feet, hold them a little more firmly. You can then hold his right wing with your thumb and his left wing with your fingers.

If you wish to pass a bird from the left hand to the right, slip the right palm under the bird with the right middle finger just forward of the middle finger of the left hand. Lower the latter, and let the bird's legs slip forward against the middle finger of the right hand. Then replace the left index finger by the right, slip the right thumb over the back, and bring the ends of the right-hand fingers around far enough to hold the pigeon's right wing in place. You may then take the left hand away entirely, since the other hand now has complete control. Press the middle and index fingers together just enough to hold his legs firmly.

When you take a bird in your hands, hold it gently, but firmly enough to prevent it from getting its wings free. The accompanying picture shows a very good way to hold a pigeon. He rests on the palm of the right hand, facing the keeper, with his legs hanging down between the index and middle fingers. The thumb holds the left wing down and the fingers hold the right wing. If the bird struggles too much, the keeper can hold its breast against his own. A pigeon seems to realize at once that he is helpless in this position and ceases to struggle.

Let the birds have fresh air day and night, but beware of draughts—roup, which is very much like the colds which we ourselves get, comes from draughts. Let them out to sun themselves in the aviary on sunny days when the wind is not too strong.

Members of the "United Homing Pigeon Concourse" often sell young birds to pigeon fanciers. The Secretary of this organization, Mr. F. C. Schmidt, 723 Beck Street, New York City, has kindly offered to answer any inquiries that the readers of ST. NICHOLAS may wish to make about pigeon problems.

BOY SCOUTS IN THE NORTH; OR, THE BLUE PEARL

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness"

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

JIM DONEGAN, the lumber-king, has a wonderful collection of gems. His specialty is pearls. He tells the Scouts that a blue pearl the size of a certain pink pearl which he owns would be worth $50,000 and that he would be glad to pay that sum for such a pearl, but that no such pearl has ever existed. Joe Couteau, the Indian boy, contradicts this and tells him of the strange island he once, when a little boy, visited with his great-uncle, the shuman, or medicine-man, of his tribe. There his uncle found a great blue pearl in a strange stream in the interior of the island, the hunting-ground of one of the great brown bears, the largest of known carnivorous animals. Joe is sure that he can find his way back to his tribe and can go again to the island. The lumber-king agrees, if Joe and his friend Will Bright will make the trip, to finance it. Old Jud Adams, who has trapped all through that region, hears of the plan and insists on going along. Another boy is needed to make up the party, and Will and Joe agree to choose the one who shows most sand and sense in the great Interscholastic Games in which Cornwall is to compete. The day of the games comes, and after a number of extraordinary happenings, everything finally turns on the mile run. Freddie Perkins, of the Wolf Patrol, finally wins this after such a heart-breaking finish that he is unanimously elected to the vacant place among the Argonauts, as the four christen themselves. The boys make the journey to the Pacific coast. At Puget Sound they travel north on the timber-tug *Bear*, and, after many adventures, reach Akotan, the Island of the Free People, where they meet Joe's great-uncle the shuman. At Akotan they live for some weeks in the guest-lodge, and go hunting and fishing in preparation for the tests of courage which they must pass before they can journey to Goreloi, the Island of the Bear. They take part in a sea-lion round-up, and Jud by a cool shot saves Will from a sudden and deadly danger. Will qualifies for the journey to Goreloi by hunting and killing a sea-otter in the midst of a tremendous storm.

CHAPTER VII

THE TESTING OF JUD.

IT was the second day after the otter hunt and Will was still stiff and lame from his stormy voyage to the outer islands. Since he had come back with the otter and wore the bear-claw, he found that the tribe treated him differently. The children followed him in the streets of the village, and braves and squaws alike came to the doors of their tepees to watch him as he went by. Even proud old Haidahn, who ranked next to the shuman himself, showed him much respect. The climax came late one afternoon. As Will came to the tepee, Joe and Jud and Fred, who had been sprawling on the grass outside, jumped to their feet and took off their hats, while old Jud, bowing low, held back the skin-flap that served as a door.

"What 's the matter with you fellows, anyway", shouted Will, wrathfully, as he went through the doorway, giving the bowing Jud a push that made him sit down suddenly.

"Hero!" said Fred, as they trooped in after him, making a low salaam.

"Great Chief!" exclaimed Jud, throwing himself flat on the ground and burying his face in his hands.

"Big Shuman," grunted Joe, standing on his head and kicking his legs respectfully in the air.

It was too much for Will.

"I 'll shuman you!" he yelled, grabbing Joe's waving legs and landing him on Jud with a bump that knocked the breath out of the old trapper. Then he seized Fred, intending to rub his nose on the floor. With a quick tackle, the latter dived under his arms and, grabbing him just back of the knees, tipped him over on top of the other pair. Thereupon all three clutched Will and commenced to roll him over and over on the dirt floor, shouting at the top of their voices, "Hero! Chief! Shuman!"

"Ouch!" shrieked Will. "Leg'go, you 're smotherin' me! Help!"

Just then the flap was pulled to one side and Negouac came in. Seeing his Brother-of-the-Bear seemingly fighting for his life, he seized a heavy war-club which swung from the lodge-pole and started to the rescue. Fortunately, as Will came to the surface on one of his rolls, an unoccupied eye caught sight of the chief and his uplifted club.

"Hi! hold on! Don't kill 'em, Chief," he bellowed, so loudly that Negouac stopped in the very act of bringing his club down where it would do the most good. Thereupon the struggling heap untangled, while Jud tried to explain matters.

"It 's this way, Chief," he began; "we 're just common folks who have n't killed sea-otters, and we were trying to show our respect to this great shuman."

Negouac looked inquiringly at Will, still gripping his club threateningly.

"It 's all right," said the latter; "they don't know any better. Nothing there but the white stuff you get from walrus tusks," and he tapped his head and pointed sadly to the other three. "If they ever get rough like that again," he went on, brushing off his clothes, "you just bump 'em a few with that good club of yours—but don't kill 'em."

It took some time to convince Negouac that this was the way white men played.

"They feel bad," ended Will, "because they 're not brave and handsome and famous like you and me. They want to be Brothers-of-the-Bear, too."

"They have chance," said Negouac, grimly. "To-morrow we go hunt old Three-toes. He man-killer bear," he explained. "Lost two toes in trap many years ago. Ever since, he kill man whenever he find him. Last year we lose three hunters."

The boys looked at each other.

"This is your job," said Will, at last. "I 'll go along and see that you work right."

"Yes," grunted Jud, "a poor little sea-otter is about your limit!"

The next morning on the beach in front of Negouac's lodge they met the two hunters, Tilgalda and Saanak, who, with Negouac, were to go with them. Around the neck of each one swung the same kind of fierce, curved claw which Will and Negouac wore and which the boys had seen around the necks of Alunak and Alnitan before they knew what they meant.

Tilgalda was a wood Indian, probably a Cree or Chippeway. With his brother he had joined the Free People of the island years ago, coming from no one knew where. Although heavily built, he had a lithe look and moved like a flash. His jet-black hair was parted in the middle, and he had far-apart eyes and a broad forehead, with thin lips and a big jaw. His face was terribly scarred and his neck had been twisted so that his head looked uncannily over his left shoulder.

While the two hunters were getting their equipment together, Negouac told the boys the story of Tilgalda. While hunting, a day's journey back in the island, he had been attacked by a grizzly which he had fatally wounded. With one blow, it sent him spinning ten feet through the air and then, springing on him, seized his head and neck in its great jaws and shook him as a dog would shake a rat. Just as its fierce teeth were about to crush together, the bear fell over dead from the effects of its wounds. When Tilgalda at last came to, he found himself under the dead bear, with his scalp and throat horribly torn. When at last the wound healed, his neck and head were twisted and turned and bent for the rest of his life.

He was still laid up with his wounds, when his brother was killed by old Three-toes, the man-killer, while dozing one night in front of his own camp-fire.

From that day Tilgalda hunted bears and nothing else. Twelve grizzlies he had killed single-handed and let them lie as they fell, unskinned and untouched, in part payment for the death of his brother. Many, many times he had trailed Three-toes through the seventy-five square miles of territory in which the old murderer had lived for nearly a generation, but so far, he had never yet been able to corner the fierce, wary animal, which went on taking his toll year after year of the lives and cattle of the Free People.

Saanak, the second hunter, was different from any of the rest of the tribe. His face, broader than his head, looked like that of an Eskimo; but instead of having the seal-brown eyes and black hair of that people, his eyes were blue and his hair and beard of a golden-red. Moreover, instead of being squat and short, like an Eskimo, he was tall and well built.

Years later, Will found out that Saanak was one of the blond Eskimo from Victoria Island far away in the frozen North. A thousand years ago, Eric the Red sailed from Iceland and discovered Greenland. There he founded a colony which flourished on the southwestern coast of Greenland until the black death in the fourteenth century swept the shipping of the world from off the seas and the colony was lost for a hundred years. When it was found again, the people had disappeared, merged in Eskimo tribes which wandered up until they settled on Victoria Island.

Saanak had about him something of the strength and gloom of those Norse vikings whose blood ran in his veins, and the boys noticed two lines of tattooing running from the corners of his mouth to the lobes of his ears. These marks, Negouac told the boys, showed that he had killed a whale single-handed. Both Negouac himself and Tilgalda had faint tattoo marks running from nose to ear. He who was so marked had killed a hostile warrior in fair fight. So Will learned after much questioning of the old chief.

"I thought there was no more fighting up here nowadays," said Will.

"The Free People must always fight," returned Negouac. "Fight to keep free. Sometimes," he went on after a pause, "we fight for

our lives over there," pointing toward the north and touching the bear-claw with his other hand. Nothing more would he say.

Before the Indians started, they went through a curious ceremony which was new even to Joe and Jud. First they painted a cross of red and black on their foreheads, the mark of a war-party. Then Negouac brought from his lodge the skin of a great grizzly and spread it on the sand. Around this all of the hunters walked backward, chanting as they went. Then each one of them in turn took from out of his pouch a crooked copper knife, tempered by an art which has been lost to the white race since the Stone Age. These they laid one after the other on the head of the skin. Then they circled it once more in the opposite direction, chanting all the while. Even Joe, Indian born as he was, could not explain this ceremony. On their way back to the lodge for the guns they asked Negouac what it meant. The old chief was amazed at their ignorance.

"White man know nothing about hunting," he said at last. "Animals stronger and wiser than men. Only let themselves be killed if man give them what they like best. Seals," he went on, "live in salt-water and always thirsty. If Indian kill seal, he pour cup of fresh water in seal's mouth. Other seals hear about it and let Indian kill them. Old man bear, he very fond of crooked knives. Before we hunt bear we promise to hang knives around his skin, so we find bear easy."

At last the party started. Besides the four Indians and the four whites, there were two powerful, broad-chested, white-toothed huskies, or Eskimo dogs, with slanting eyes, who were guaranteed to fight a bear to the death. A couple of Indian ponies were taken along, too, wiry, swift little bronchos, of which there were many in the tribe. One of these was used for a packhorse, the other was ridden by Jud, whose legs were not what they used to be. Jud and the boys wore soft deer-skin shirts and trousers ornamented with beads and stained porcupine-quills, which had been presented to them by admiring Indian friends, and tough, supple moccasins made of the skin of sea-lions' flippers.

It was a strange, grim country which stretched before them after they left the coast. Ledges of jagged rocks, huge boulders, dead tree-trunks and towering trees, deep gorges and crevasses, were jumbled and tumbled together in wild confusion. Through these the party climbed and crawled and slid by paths known only to the hunters. Beyond them in the interior of the island towered snow-covered mountains, to be surmounted only by first passing over vast morasses crossed by secret paths. All day they traveled fast and far, and every hour the country grew wilder and more sinister. At times they would peer over the edges of dizzy precipices flanked by slopes covered with huge rocks, great pines, and masses of tangled thickets. Nowhere was there a sign of life. Yet a sense of menace and a whisper of death seemed to float up from the dark ravines which their path overhung.

Not until the middle of the afternoon was any stop made for food. By this time they had reached a little valley set in the very heart of the mountains. Here Negouac proceeded to make a fire after the fashion of his tribe. Taking a fragment of iron pyrites from his pouch, he spread over a piece of flint a light covering of down. Striking this a few glancing blows with the other stone, he made such a shower of sparks that the feathery tinder kindled instantly with a smudgy smell. With this he lighted the fire about as quickly as Will could have done with a match.

After lunch they followed a dim trail up the valley. Suddenly Negouac, who was leading, stopped and pointed to a track in the soft ground. It was something like the mark of a very broad human foot with a wrinkled fold of skin showing about the middle of the sole and a narrow, pointed heel.

"Nannuk!" whispered the old chief and the Indian-hunters nodded their heads.

"That grizzly-trail," whispered Joe. "Heel comes to a point, while black-bear heel more round and whole foot not as slender."

Suddenly Tilgalda, who had been looking beyond, pointed to a spot far up the trail. There in the long grass was crouched a big grizzly. His coat was a light brown sprinkled with gray, about matching in color an enormous ant-hill which towered up in front of him. Into this he would plunge first one paw and then the other, and, waiting until it was covered with ants, would pull it out and lick off the swarming insects with great relish.

"Leave this chap to me," insisted old Jud in a whisper. "I 'll show you how we used to hunt grizzlies on horseback."

The Indians looked questioningly at Will, whom, since he wore the bear-claw, they seemed to regard as the leader of his party.

"Go as far as you like," he said to Jud. "We 'll stay back and get some points from you."

The wind was blowing toward the hunters, and this overlord of all the animals of the island went on with his feeding, unconscious

that there was anything big enough or fierce enough to attack him. In the late afternoon sunlight he seemed a slow, sluggish, shambling figure. Yet when he stood up and shuffled from side to side, there was a suggestion of enormous power and perfect balance in his movements which should have warned the old trapper to take no chances. Jud rode up to within about sixty yards of the preoccupied bear and then got off his horse, throwing the reins over the pony's head so that they touched the ground. Indian ponies, like the cattle ponies, are trained to stand, no matter what happens, so long as the reins dangle over their heads. With the utmost caution the old man tiptoed about ten yards away from the horse toward the back of the unconscious animal. Taking deliberate aim, he fired, intending to place a soft-nosed, expanding bullet in the very center of the bear's spine just between his bulging shoulders.

Unfortunately for him, just as he pulled the trigger, the bear suddenly leaned forward to sink his paw deeper into the ant-hill, with the result that the bullet cut through the loose skin of the back, making a searing, smarting gash which in nowise interfered with the monster's movements. The bear was sixty yards away, with his back toward the man who had only ten yards to go to reach the safety of his pony. At the sting of the bullet, and almost before the sound of the report reached the ears of the hunters beyond, the great animal leaped and whirled in mid-air, facing the direction of the shot, and with a bawling roar charged down on Jud like an avalanche. With head thrust forward and flattened ears, he champed his teeth until the froth flew in great flakes, while his eyes glared furiously.

"Hough! Hough! Hough!" he roared, like a lion, as he came. His gait was something between a lope and a plunging gallop but carried him over the ground with the speed of a race-horse.

Old Jud took one look at what was coming and instantly saw his mistake. If he had shot at the bear from a distance of a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards, there would have been time to stop this charge. Now, even if he were successful in landing a bullet in the heart or the brain of the rushing animal, yet the fury of his charge would enable him to get his six-inch claws on Jud before he dropped. There was but one thing to do. Jud did it. Dropping his rifle, he started for his horse like a sprinter breaking off his marks. If the pony had stampeded, Jud's life would not have been worth a counterfeit cent. Fortunately for him, the sweating, trembling little broncho was true to his training. Not until the dragging reins were lifted off the ground would he move. Before the man, sprinting for his life, could reach the horse, the terrible rush of the charging bear had carried him so close that the hunters behind dared not fire. Jud had no time even to vault into the saddle. Leaving the ground with a dive, he landed across the saddle on his stomach, clutching the girth with one hand and seizing the reins with the other, while his legs waved frantically as he tried to balance himself. The broncho started with the sudden speed of his breed.

Quick as he was, however, the shambling monster behind him was quicker, and in a second the vast shoulders and the fierce, snarling, frothing jaws were right at the pony's flank. Only the peculiar method of attack of a grizzly saved the lives of horse and rider. A charging grizzly never bites, but depends upon the smashing, ripping blows of its enormous forearms, which it always rears up on its hind quarters to deliver, using its teeth only when its opponent is down. True to form, the old bear reared up on its haunches and struck at the flank of the flying pony with all its power. The tiny tick of time which the bear took to rear back was all that saved the horse. The blow flashed past the springing hind legs of the broncho by a scant inch. Once more the bear rushed up, and, with the same little pause of preparation, struck again. Once more the flashing legs of the pony carried him out of danger, this time with a wider margin of safety. At the third attempt the bear missed the horse by more than a foot. By this time the running broncho had reached his top speed, which was a little faster than the bear's gait. For a hundred yards farther the chase went on. Then the bear, seeing himself hopelessly out-distanced, plunged into a thicket and disappeared in the direction of the nearest mountain.

Throughout the whole race Jud had held on for dear life, keeping his place in the saddle by a miracle, his legs flying and flopping in the air at every jump of the racing horse, while his toes curled convulsively each time that the fierce head of the bear appeared under them. At first the boys were horrified at Jud's danger, but when they saw that he was safe they roared with delight at his acrobatic riding. Even the impassive Indians grinned at the sight of those waving legs. Seeing that the bear no longer followed him, Jud at last managed to climb into the saddle and, recovering his rifle, rode back to the party who were waiting for him.



'HOUGH! HOUGH! HOUGH!' HE ROARED LIKE A LION AS HE CAME"

"That 's the way to do it, boys," he explained kindly as he joined them. "Always make a quick get-away if you find you can't stop him comin'."

"That sure was a quick get-away," agreed Will solemnly, "but none too quick at that."

"What I did n't like," broke in Fred, "was his stopping to play see-saw while the bear was coming. That seemed kind of reckless to me."

"No," joined in Joe, without a smile, "old Jud he like to ride on his stomach. He stay on better that way."

That night they pitched their camp among a clump of spruce trees at the bottom of a deep ravine. The crackling flames leaped up among the shifting shadows, and far away, over the dark peaks behind them, came a long howl, with something of menace in its wailing notes. As it rose and swelled nearer and nearer, the picketed horses snorted uneasily and the two dogs, which had been lying out in the dark, trotted into the firelight and curled up close to the men. Negouac told them that it was the howl of a pack of hunting timber-wolves.

"Gee!" said Fred, sinking his teeth deep into a strip of broiled elk-steak, which they had brought along as part of their supplies, "this is the life! I 've seen a grizzly bear and heard a pack of wolves and am eating a piece of elk. I did n't know that there was so much fun left in the world. Me for camp-fires and hunts and adventures."

"That 's it, boy," said Jud. "You once get a taste of wild life and you 'll never be satisfied with tame life. I 've been a-hikin' and a-huntin' and a-wanderin' for a good many years, and I like it better and better all the time. It beats me how folks can stay cooped up in cities when they might be out in the open."

The next morning they were up before dawn. They breakfasted on broiled, dried northern white-fish, that fish of frosted silver, the pride of the North. It never bites at bait, but must always be netted, and the Indians and the white men who have tasted it agree that there is no fish in the world to equal it for flavor and nourishment. Old Negouac brewed a great pot of fragrant Labrador tea, that plant with the spicy, aromatic, leather-covered leaf which tastes so good when steeped.

The trail led deeper and deeper into the mountains, and by this time they were in the very center and heart of the bear country. Far in front of them against the sky towered a vast snow-covered peak which looked like a mountain of glass under the morning sun. Their trail led through wooded slopes and up and up and up until they reached a point where drifts of snow showed everywhere. All about them were tumbled masses of rocks and slides and clay-covered ridges. Suddenly from all around them sounded a series of shrill policeman's whistles.

"Whistlers," explained Jud, as the boys looked at him inquiringly. A moment later they saw one perched on top of a near-by boulder. It was the hoary marmot, an animal much like the eastern woodchuck, but twice as large and with a silvery-gray fur. A short distance beyond, they came to a place where a grizzly had dug out a colony of marmots. Over two car-loads of rocks and boulders and stone and gravel had been piled up until the digging animal had made a crater some eight feet deep. At the bottom of this he had finally unearthed the grass-lined cave built between two great flat rocks where the marmot family had made their home. Smears of blood and long claw-marks in the clay, with patches of gray fur here and there, showed where the frightened whistlers had been caught and killed one after the other as they tried to scramble up the side of the pit. Five in all had been killed and eaten. A mile or so beyond, nearly an acre of ground was torn and ploughed and pitted as if prospectors had been mining there. The place marked where another grizzly had spent hours in digging up and eating greedily the little bulbs of the spring beauty, or *Claytonia,* which in spring covered the mountain-side in pink-and-white sheets.

Late that afternoon they camped beside a clattering, rushing, foaming stream which had its source in a glacier ten miles away. While the boys were getting the fire ready, Jud strolled away to do a bit of exploring, smoking his pipe and followed by the two dogs. As he walked and smoked, with the dogs sniffing at his heels, he saw in front of him what at first seemed to be a thick black stump. All at once its top seemed to move, and to his astonishment he saw that it was another bear, grubbing up roots. The dogs saw the bear as soon as he, and, with barks and yelps, started for it at full speed. Jud followed, expecting to see the bear take to a tree, as a black bear always does when closely pressed by dogs. This bear, however, neither fought, ran, nor climbed, but moved off with a shambling, effortless gait. Jud was armed with nothing bigger than a jack-knife, but, snatching up a stick, he rushed shouting toward the bear, while the dogs barked as they ran. Instead of taking to a tree, the bear suddenly turned and made a pass at the nearest dog, missing it by scarcely an inch. For the first time Jud noticed that it



"THE TWO DOGS DODGED BACK JUST IN TIME TO AVOID THE DOUBLE BLOWS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

was half again as large as any black bear he had ever seen.

"This climate sure does agree with bears!" he remarked to himself as he hurried on.

After this warning to its pursuers, the bear moved steadily through the brush, with the yelping dogs pressing on it closer and closer. At last it came to where two large trees had fallen one above the other, their crossed trunks making a sort of pen open only on one side. Into this the bear pushed its way, and, seeing its path blocked by the tree trunks, suddenly turned like a flash and rushed directly at Jud. As it turned and Jud caught a sight of

its bared teeth, he realized for the first time what he was "up against." The incisors of the upper jaw were nearly as long as the two pointed canine teeth. This double set of fighting teeth in the upper jaw is the sign and seal of the grizzly bear. If anything more was needed to convince Jud that this jet-black animal was really a grizzly, it was the sight of its claws. No black bear ever had sets of the six-inch, keen, chiseling talons which were so rapidly approaching the old trapper. For the second time that day he started to run, but, before he had gone three steps, caught his foot in a concealed root and plunged headlong. He had just time to turn over on his back and draw up his feet when the bear was almost on him. The great beast heaved itself up to strike.

At that desperate moment the two dogs lived up to their reputation as staunch bear-dogs who would follow and fight until either they or the bear were dead. Just as Jud braced himself to receive what he expected would be his death-blow, both dogs fastened on to either side of the bear's hind quarters. Their keen teeth pierced the tough skin and tore into the living flesh so excruciatingly that the bear turned upon them even in the very act of striking. As it pivoted, the two dogs dodged back just in time to avoid the double blows which it struck at them with either paw. Jud took immediate advantage of his respite and sprang up like an acrobat from where he lay and darted behind the nearest log. With a snarl, the bear backed into the angle and turned and faced the worrying dogs which followed him so closely. In a flash the dogs ranged themselves behind him on either flank. As the farthest dog sunk his teeth again into the bear's hind leg, the harassed animal turned and struck at the dog's head, which showed underneath the farther log inside the pen. As the bear moved, the dog dodged back under the shelter of the log. Jud's eyes bulged out as he saw that two of the toes of the bear's left hind paw were missing.

"Old Three-toes, the man-killer!" he exclaimed, "and me with nothin' but a penknife!"

At that moment the dog nearest Jud presented the bear with an enthusiastic bite. Again the bear turned, and, leaning over the log, struck downward so quickly that the dog had scarcely time to move out of range. Jud, farther down the log, crouched, expecting that the enraged animal would climb over and attack him again. As he waited, he managed to open the alleged penknife, which had a blade nearly five inches long. The farther dog then seized his opportunity and ripped his teeth through the bear's exposed flank until the latter turned with a roar and started to scramble over the log and attack in the open. This was too much for Jud. It was not for him to allow either of those dogs, to which he owed his life, to be sacrificed. Resting his left hand on the log, he leaned forward and with all his might drove the knife in behind the bear's left fore shoulder. The blade slipped in clear to the handle, and, drawing it out, Jud leaped back.

As he felt the stab, the bear whirled around, striking a blow which ripped a great mass of bark and decayed wood from the place on the log where Jud had been lying the second before. Then for a moment, bear, dogs, and man stopped and looked one another over in this three-cornered duel. As his breath came back, Jud shouted for help again and again, but no answer came. The clattering rush of the mountain stream near the rest of the party drowned all sounds farther than fifty yards away, nor had Jud been gone long enough to make them uneasy about his absence. There was no doubt in Jud's mind but that he could escape. There was no doubt too that, if he went, the bear would eventually kill both of the dogs before he could return, for the life of a pack which attacks a grizzly away from the hunter is short indeed.

"I just can't do it!" said Jud, to himself. "Them dogs saved my life. I 've never quit a friend and I 'm not goin' to begin now."

Once more Jud stabbed the bear as it started over the log after the farther dog. Once more it whirled upon him, only to be grabbed by first one dog and then the other. Then began a grim battle. The man stopped his useless shouting; the dogs yelped no more; nor did the bear make another sound. It was such a fight as our far-away ancestors of the Stone Age must often have waged against the beast-folk in the days when the world was young. Human strength and skill were pitted against brute bulk and strength. The controlled fierceness of the human confronted the ferocious blood-lust of the beast. In dog, in bear, and man alike blazed a courage which nothing but death would quench. Never did viking, warrior, or champion among Jud's far-away forefathers for ten thousand years ever clench his teeth more grimly or grip his weapon more bravely for one last long fight than did the old man that day. Time and time and time again he thrust with all his strength. Again and again the maddened beast whirled and started across the log toward him, only to turn back each time to rid itself of the unendurable agony

of the dogs' fanged jaws. Back and forth, around and around in a hurrying, gasping, panting circle the fight went on.

At first the advantage was all with the bear. It seemed to have unlimited endurance, and once, as the near dog was a little slow in getting away, the very tip of the fierce claws caught him back of the shoulder and ripped long, bloody furrows from neck to tail. An inch nearer, and the fighting days of that dog would have been done. Streaming with blood and yelping with pain, he yet fought quite as fiercely as before. At last old Three-toes changed his tactics. Feinting as if to strike at the farther dog, he suddenly swung back as Jud leaned forward for his thrust and sent a blow whizzing at him which ripped clear through the flesh of his right hand, dashing the knife out of his grasp. Jud staggered back weaponless.

Fortunately, the flying knife struck a bush back of him and dropped near enough to be easily recovered. Jud came back into the fight just in time to save the life of the farther dog. The bear was nearly over the log when, scrambling up, Jud sunk another thrust into the black fur, this time with his left hand, with all his strength. It was enough to bring the bear back again into the pen, and the battle went on, apparently a losing one for the man and his allies. Little by little, however, the bear began to show the effects of the constant attack. A full-grown grizzly can endure wounds which would disable nearly any other animal on this continent, but even its vast strength ebbs with its blood. A crimson froth flew from the wide-open mouth, and the great bulk rocked, while, by degrees, the bear's blows were more delayed and slower when they came. The change had come only just in time. The muscles of the dog nearest Jud were stiffening under his wounds. The old trapper himself felt a curious numbness stealing over him, and each time he drove his tired body to the attack with more difficulty.

"I 've got just about one more punch left," he muttered to himself.

In another moment his time came. Rocking backward and forward, the bear for the first time paid no attention to the attack of the farthest dog, which, alone of the four, was uninjured. It was not until the tearing jaws met in the flesh of its side that the great beast was roused to a last desperate effort. Whirling back, it floundered clear over the log and, with its head on the other side, struck far out. Pulling himself stiffly up until he lay across his log, the old trapper leaned out. With all his might, he drove the knife back of the angle of the bear's fore shoulder. Putting his crippled hand above his sound one, he forced the knife in with the last bit of strength he had left until it went out of sight—blade, handle, and all. With a last effort, he pushed himself back and away from the quivering body and dropped from very weakness down back of the log nearest to him. He was not a second too soon. As if this last terrible thrust had released a spring, the great beast sprang clear off the ground and fell across the log under which Jud lay, his fierce claws dangling not a foot above the body of the old man. With glazing eyes he tried to strike a last fatal blow, but even as he raised his paw he fell back—dead!

Then everything went black in front of Jud's eyes. He was roused by the dogs licking his hands. With a tremendous effort, he got to his feet and, followed by the dogs, staggered stiffly back to the camp. The boys were just about sitting down to a steaming meal when they saw the old man come tottering toward them. Grasping their rifles, the whole party sprang toward him.

"What 's happened, Jud?" shouted Will. "Are you hurt?"

Jud grinned weakly as he leaned back against their supporting arms.

"I 've just been killin' old Three-toes with my jack-knife," he announced as he sank down by the fire.

"Poor chap!" said Fred, "he 's out of his head. Something 's bitten him up pretty bad."

Old Negouac hurried to bandage both Jud's wounds and those of the dog with hot water and the antiseptic sphagnum moss, after the Indian fashion. When the boys found that very little of the blood with which Jud was covered was his own, they left him in Negouac's care and, with the other Indians, followed the blood-stained trail along which he had come. There they found the terror of the island for a generation lying dead across the log. They counted seventeen knife-thrusts back and around the vast fore shoulders. In the bottom of the last gaping wound was Jud's jack-knife. The blade had pierced the upper part of the bear's heart, cutting the great central blood-vessels. With enormous effort, they dragged the immense carcass back to the fire. When Negouac saw the black body and the missing toes he said something in his native language to the other two. Immediately they stood up and bowed themselves before Jud with the same gesture which Will had seen Negouac use when he came before the great shuman himself. Then under Negouac's directions the two hunters

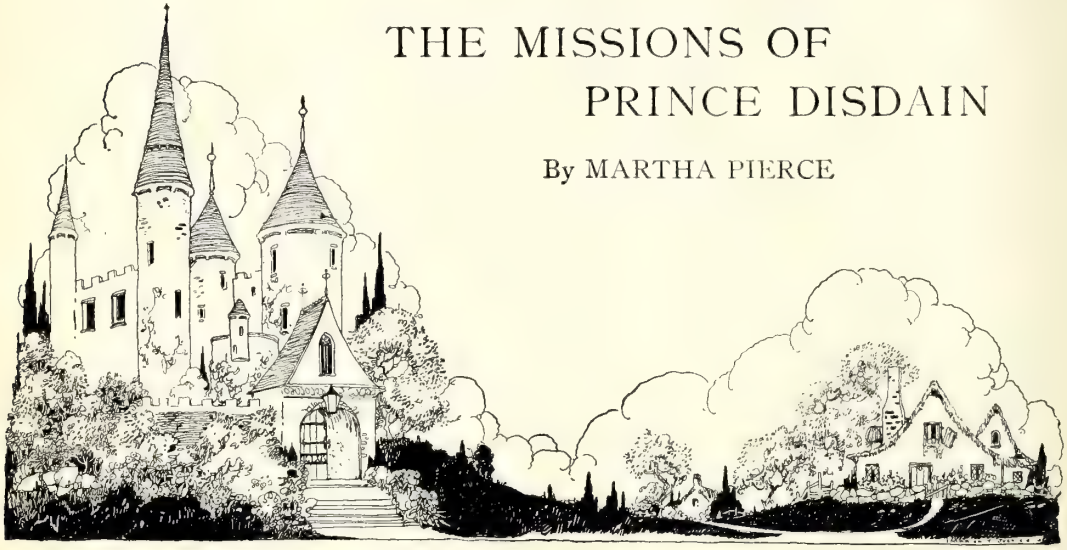
climbed a tall pine standing beside the stream. One by one they lopped the branches to the very top.

"What in time are those fellows doing?" inquired Jud, between bites.

"They make you lop-stick," returned Negouac, respectfully. "Only great chiefs have lop-stick."

To this day beside that lonely stream towers the great pine with a tuft of branches at its top, the lop-stick of Jud Adams, the Slayer of old Three-toes, the man-killer.

(To be continued)



THE MISSIONS OF PRINCE DISDAIN

By MARTHA PIERCE

ONCE upon a time, as all fairy-tales say, there lived a king and queen who ruled over a vast and splendid country. They had one son, who, instead of being their joy, was their greatest sorrow. He was large, strong, and handsome, to be sure, but so insolent, haughty, and such a sluggard that everybody hated him and he had not a friend in the world. His subjects had long since forgotten his name as everywhere he was called Prince Disdain.

Not far from the castle, in which there was so much sorrow, was a tiny cottage, filled to the very doors with happiness. There dwelt a poor old man with his wife and daughter. This young girl was as beautiful as the morning, but it was not for that that every one who knew her loved her. She was so gentle, generous, and kind-hearted that people called her Sunshine.

One day Sunshine went on an errand for her mother. It was very hot, but she walked along bravely, unmindful of the heat and of her aching feet in their wooden shoes, greeting every one with a smile and a cheery word. Among others, she met an old woman, whose gray hair fell down on each side of her face and who leaned heavily on a crooked cane.

This old woman looked at her with sharp eyes and then said suddenly in a high, cracked voice, "Good morning, Sunshine."

Sunshine was much surprised that this stranger should know her name, but she had been taught to be very polite, so she dropped a little curtsey as she answered, "Good morning, madame."

The old woman looked pleased and continued in a kinder tone:

"There is to be a ball at the palace to-night and you are going. When you arrive, the prince will fall in love with you and beg you to marry him." She stopped and laughed a thin, cackling laugh. "Don't marry him, my child, until you have given him the hardest task you can think of to perform." As she finished speaking the stranger vanished, but where she had stood there lay a single scarlet rose. Sunshine picked it up very carefully, for she was sure her new friend must be a fairy.

That night she put on her best dress, fastened the rose in her girdle, and set out for the ball, although she had no hope of being admitted. Just as she reached the palace gates, however, her muslin dress changed suddenly into a

dazzling gown of scarlet satin, while bands of rubies wound themselves into her hair, and her arms were filled with deep red roses. Thus attired she entered the ball-room, and no sooner had the young prince seen this lovely stranger than he fell deeply in love with her. He danced with her all the evening and at parting begged her to marry him.

Now young Prince Disdain had never before been in love with any one but himself. The



"'DON'T MARRY HIM, MY CHILD, UNTIL YOU HAVE GIVEN HIM THE HARDEST TASK YOU CAN THINK OF TO PERFORM'"

change, however, made him so pleasing that Sunshine had begun to love him in return. Nevertheless, she remembered the fairy's advice, and, thinking of the armies that his father had led against the country's enemies while he stayed safe at home, she answered:

"First, bring me the sword of courage from the Land of Bravery."

Then the young Prince, with a new eagerness, ordered his horse, and with one of Sunshine's roses in his buttonhole, rode away upon his mission.

Now as we all know, the Land of Bravery is hard to find, and it was particularly so to this coward prince. Sometimes he became discouraged in his search, but the sight of the red rose, which bloomed in his buttonhole, kept him to the task. At last, after many days of weary riding, he came to the country which he sought. No sooner, however, had he crossed the border, than a great giant, carrying a spiked club and with teeth as large as millstones, came rushing out at him crying:

"No coward enters here!"

Then Disdain drew his sword in sudden fury and fought with all his might until the giant lay dead at his feet. The young prince would then have gone his way, but a lion suddenly came roaring down to do battle with him. Time after time he fought and conquered, each time only to meet a new foe. Sometimes, almost fainting, he was about to give in, but a glance at Sunshine's sweet talisman gave him new strength and new enthusiasm. Thus for a whole year he met and vanquished ogres, dragons, dwarfs, and even armies, until at last a day came when no enemy appeared, but instead a lovely lady all in white who held in her hand a slender sword. Its hilt was encrusted with rubies.

"This is your reward, Prince Disdain," she said, and, giving it into his hand, vanished instantly.

The day after the prince returned to his own people, Sunshine was walking along the road, taking some flowers to a sick child, when just

ahead of her she saw an old woman leaning on a crooked stick, her gray hair streaming around her face.

"Good morning, Sunshine," she said, in a high cracked voice.

Sunshine smiled as she dropped a little curtsey. "Good morning, madame," she replied.

"You took my advice once," said the fairy, "and in consequence the prince has become the bravest man in the kingdom. Take it again, and go to the ball to-night. When the prince asks your hand, set him again the hardest task you can think of." Then the woman was gone, but where she had stood lay a single yellow rose.

That night Sunshine again dressed in her best and went to the ball. At the gates of the palace her dress turned into yellow satin, her hair was bound with strings of topaz, and her arms were filled with yellow roses.

When Disdain gave her the sword of courage, he eagerly begged that the lovely lady would now marry him, since he had fulfilled his mission. But Sunshine, thinking of his lazy, useless life, made answer, "First bring me the Scepter of Achievement from the Land of Industry."



PRINCE DISDAIN CARRYING A BUNDLE OF FAGGOTS



"A GREAT GIANT CAME RUSHING OUT AT HIM"

Once more the prince ordered his horse and, with a yellow rose in his buttonhole, rode forth on his mission.

For many a long day he rode, searching for the Land of Industry. Sometimes he grew discouraged, but the sight of the yellow flower urged him on, until at last he came to the border line of his kingdom. Beyond, lay mills and factories, the throb of machinery filled the air, while great smoke-stacks were giving forth clouds of smoke.

As the prince hesitated, a man approached, who said:

"No sluggard may enter here. There is a machine; get to work."

Thus through an entire year the haughty, lazy young man worked. At times he determined to return home, but each time his lady's flower, unfading and beautiful, kept him to the task. At last one morning he awoke to find that all about him was strangely still. Sitting up, he discovered that he was on a pleasant hillside and that a lady all in white stood beside him with a slender scepter in her hand, richly ornamented with topaz.

"This is your reward, Prince Disdain," she murmured as she disappeared.

On the day that the prince returned, Sunshine was going on an errand for a neighbor when again she met the old, gray-haired woman, leaning on a crooked cane.

"Good morning, Sunshine," said she.

"Good morning, madame," answered Sunshine, not forgetting her curtsey.

"Well, well," said the fairy, "you are a good girl. The prince will make a wise king. Don't forget, when he asks you to marry him at the ball to-night, that he has another lesson to learn!"

As she finished speaking, she seemed to fade into thin air, but where she had stood lay a single pink rose.

That night Sunshine again went to the ball, and as she waited to be admitted, her simple white muslin gown changed to rosy pink, decked with coral and roses. The prince claimed to be rewarded with her hand; but this time she thought of his selfishness and of his power to do good if only he had the will to do so.

"Bring me the Crown of Unselfishness from the Land of Service," she bade him.

And so, for the third time, he set out on his mission.

Of all other lands, that of Service seemed the hardest to find, but with the pink rose in his buttonhole to urge him on, he came at last to the border. He expected to be stopped there, but no one met him and so he rode on. At one side of the road, a woman, bearing a great bundle of faggots, trudged wearily along. The prince was about to ride by, as he would have done in his own country, but suddenly he looked at the little rose. Something he saw there made him dismount and help the woman with her burden. On and on he rode, and on all sides he saw sorrow, poverty, and pain. New experiences were these for the young man, but when he rode home, after a year of service, the lady in white had given him a crown of gold.

As Sunshine walked in the woods on the day after her lover's return, dreaming of him, she met the old fairy, who said to her, "Good morning, Sunshine."

Then Sunshine dropped a curtsey and answered, "Good morning, madame."

"Well," said the fairy, "the prince has learned his lesson, and now when he asks you, at the ball, to marry him, tell him you will do so as soon as he likes." And again she was gone, but there on the path lay a gleaming white rose.

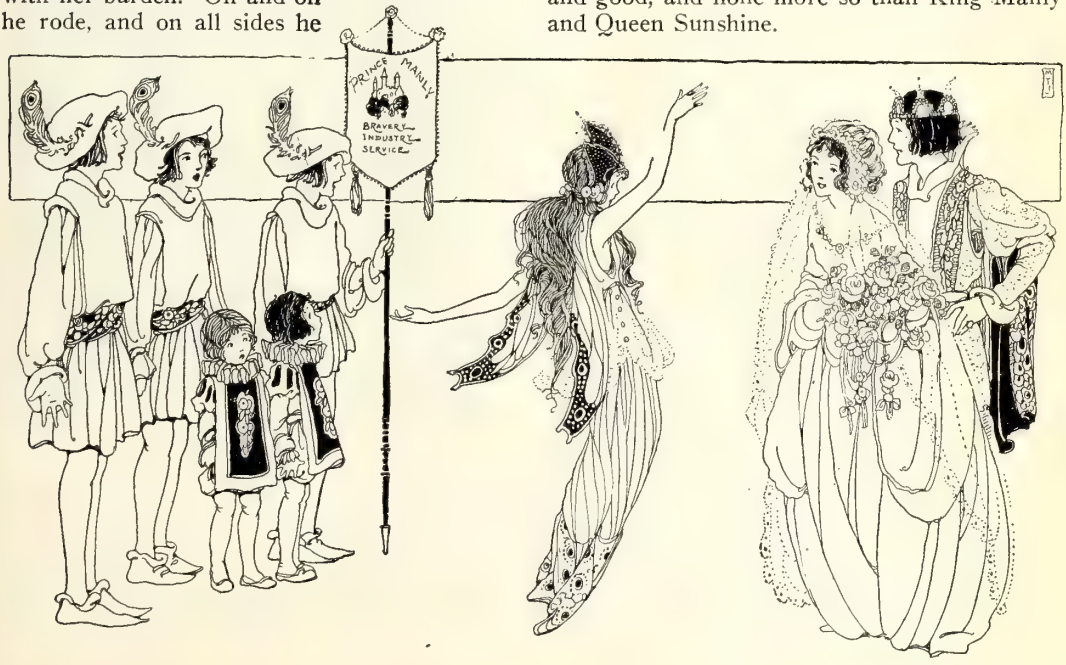
Sunshine went to the ball that night in shimmering bridal white, decked with diamonds and white roses. When the prince saw her, he came eagerly forward and whispered, "Will you marry me, Sunshine?"

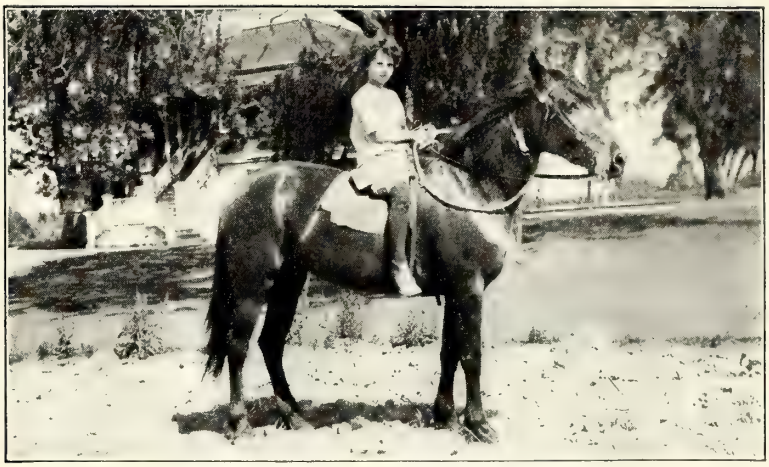
And she answered, very low, "This moment, if you wish."

"Wait, my children," said a voice behind them, and, turning, they saw a bright figure, which Sunshine recognized as her fairy and Disdain as his white lady. "We must change our prince's name," said the fairy, smiling; "shall we call him Prince Manly?"

"Prince Manly! Prince Manly!" shouted the courtiers.

And so Sunshine and the prince were married and ruled over a country where all the people were prosperous and happy, generous and good, and none more so than King Manly and Queen Sunshine.





"STRANGERS OFTEN MISTOOK JANE FOR A BOY"

THE BLUEJAYS' CIRCUS

By HELEN ELLSWORTH

(Mrs. Maurits C. C. van Löben Sels)
Author of "The Bluejays in the Sierras"

JULIET and Jane were riding down the broad levee along the Sacramento River, hurrying a little so as not to be late for their early supper, when their eyes were caught by a huge, flaring poster, pasted on the side of an enclosed shed on one of the boat landings:

THE FLY HIGH CIRCUS
THE GREATEST, GRANDEST SPECTACLE
SEE THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD
THREE RINGS
TAMED ELEPHANTS, LIONS, TIGERS, MONKEYS,
ZEBRAS, GIRAFFES,
SEA-LIONS
MARVELOUS BARE-BACK RIDING
LARGEST CIRCUS TENT EVER MADE
FOURTH OF JULY—SACRAMENTO CITY
DON'T MISS IT!

Fascinated, they rode down the sandy slope to get a nearer view of the flaming "wonders" portrayed,—lightly clad ladies, dancing on the broad backs of their snow-white horses, elephants trumpeting at the command of their midget master, monkeys hanging from the vivid green branches of tall moss-covered trees, a troop of ponies balancing on turning stands, and a group of lions roaring their defiance at their girl trainer.

"Oh, Juliet!" said Jane, with a sigh of ecstasy, "would n't you love to see it? Can't we go? Would n't it be just too wonderful!"

"The Fourth of July"—Juliet shook her head with a little frown. "I 'm afraid we can't. Papa said just yesterday that he would have to be in Oakland the morning of the Fourth—but, oh, would n't it be fun to see all those animals; and the riding—think of it, Jane!"

"I *am* thinking about it," was Jane's response. "It would be just splendid. Let 's hurry home and talk it over with Mama and Papa. Maybe they can find a way."

Slowly, they turned from the gorgeously colored posters and put their horses directly at the steep levee. Leaning forward and clinging to their horses' manes so as not to slip too far back as the ponies climbed, they regained the well-oiled road on top and set off for home at a gallop to make up for lost time.

Juliet and Jane were the oldest of the five Bluejays. The nickname had been given to all the Ver Planck children several years before, for dark-blue denim was the favorite ranch and mountain dress from the oldest to the youngest, and as all their names began with J, it fitted them very well. Juliet was twelve, tall for her age, serious and rather inclined to be shy. Jane, two years younger, was a merry little piece. Her brown hair was short and very curly, and strangers often mistook her for a boy when dressed in her riding clothes.

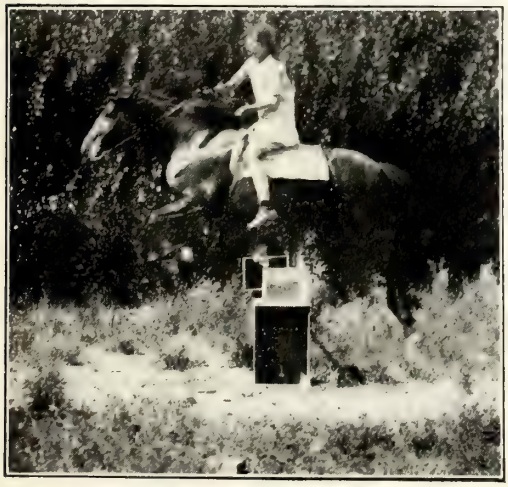
They had two younger brothers, Jan, seven years old, and four-year-old Just, who was almost as big as Jan.

There was one other Bluejay, the baby Jacqueline—Jacky—or "new baby" as Jan still called her, though she was more than a year old.

The children stopped a minute at the post-office, and then rode on. Turning off the levee, they headed inland. As their horses trotted down the long inner slope to the wide, dusty road that cut through their grandfather's ranch, they could look out across the flat, green fields, and, four miles away, between rows of poplar trees, they could see the ranch headquarters. Farther on, their home stood out white against the back levee. On the horizon, Mt. Diablo loomed up from the Coast Range. It needed only a thin spiral of smoke from the summit to make it look like Fujiyama. The road ahead was lined on either side by the ditches that made farming possible on this California ranch. Without them and the high levees built around to keep out the flood water, the land would have been the swamp that their grandfather had found it. Now, instead of the browns and yellows which are California's summer colors, the ranch was fresh and green, with great blocks of fruit trees, dark and soft, the brilliant hue of alfalfa, the light green of onion-seed stands, crowned by their white tops, and great tracts of bean plants stretching out for miles in long, straight rows.

Mr. ver Planck, the children's father, was the ranch manager, and except for their summers in the mountains and occasional visits to other members of the family, the children had always lived there.

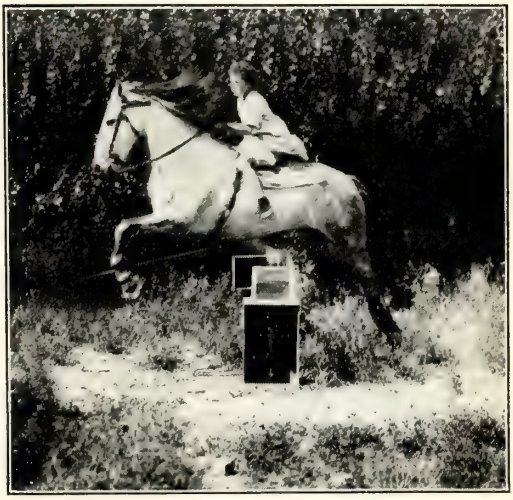
They trotted up to the big barn and jumped



JULIET CLEARING THE HURDLE

off, and leaving their horses with Tom, the stableman, turned down the road toward home. They saw Jan and Just working in their vegetable garden and called to them, "Come on home, you two! it 's almost supper-time," and they waited for the little boys to join them.

"You missed it by not going with us, Jan!" said Jane. "We saw the most wonderful pictures—lions, tigers, elephants, monkeys, hippopotamusses, and the finest riding you ever saw. They were about a circus. We 're going to ask if we can't go."



A PRIVATE REHEARSAL

They burst in on their mother and father, who were having tea on the porch. "There is going to be a circus—" began Juliet.

"A circus—a circus—we want to go to the circus!" chorused Just and Jan.

"A circus, Mama," interrupted Jane, "in Sacramento, on the Fourth of July. Can't we go?"

"On the Fourth—just that one day—oh, children, I 'm so sorry!" and Mrs. ver Planck shook her head. "It would be nice for you to go—but the Fourth— You can't change your Oakland date, Dirk, and take them?" she went on, turning to her husband.

"No—it 's too bad, but that 's the only day I can meet my man. Never mind, children, there will be another along," said their father.

"Oh, Papa," wailed Jane, "this is such a wonderful circus, and it 's years since we 've been to one!"

"No circus!" Just had his mouth open, ready for a howl. "No ice-cream—no cake—no hippopotamusses!"

"Hippopotami," corrected his mother, gathering him up quickly in her lap before the storm could burst.

Papa had put down his tea-cup and was rolling Jan, who was doing his best to get away, up and down on the floor. "What 's all this talk about a circus?" he asked. "It seems to me we have one here every day. There!"—and he included Jane in the tangled heap on the

porch floor,—"from the noise you children make, you 'd think *this* was a circus."

"Papa is right," said Mrs. ver Planck, as soon as she could be heard. "A circus right here—that is the very thing! Why don't you give one on the Fourth of July and do it all yourselves?"

"A circus at home?" Juliet was very doubtful. "But we have n't any wild animals."

"Of course you have!" said her father. "Ever so many—wild and tame. What do you call that team of goats you have been trying to break? Are n't they wild? And there are the donkeys—and the rabbits—your ponies—and Cinders! Why, of course, you can give a circus. Just can be the clown, Jan can be ring-master, and Juliet and Jane can flit through the hoops and dance bareback on Jolly and Gay, and—"

"Oh, Papa!" interrupted Jane, "*could* we?"

"We might," said Juliet; "we might—not a real one, of course, but a sort of a one. It would be better than no circus. We 'd have three weeks to prepare in."

"Why not charge admission," said Mama, "and give the money to the Red Cross? That would make it worth while. It 's a ranch holiday, and it would be a good way to celebrate. Then, after the performance, we could serve ice-cream and cake.

"Better charge for that, too," suggested Mr. ver Planck.

"Oh, Papa! charge for something to eat in our own house!" Juliet was plainly horrified. "But for the circus—that is different. Do you think any one would pay as much as ten cents to see us ride?"

Just then a whistle was blown twice. "We 've talked so long, we 're late again. That 's Mademoiselle—she 'll probably fine us. Come on, you kids," and Juliet started for the door.

That evening, little else besides the circus was discussed. At supper, where the conversation had to be in French, they found the new subject a little difficult, but Mademoiselle, who presided at their table, supplied them with an entirely new set of words and, with her help, they got on famously.

The next day was Saturday, the most precious day of the week. There were no lessons or practice to bother about and, to get the full benefit of the day, they were always up at least an hour earlier than on other days. The circus was still the absorbing topic.

"I don't believe they have anything prettier than Tommy, with his white mane and tail, in a real circus. We 'll dress him up beautifully in that blue bridle of Grandmama's with all the tassels, and Jan will be proud of him; but how are we ever going to make Jan practise jumping?"



THE STAR PERFORMERS AND PART OF THE MENAGERIE

"Oh, if it 's for the Red Cross, he 'll do it, I 'm sure. That will give him a reason—and he 's always insisting on a reason. Now, the first thing we must do this morning is to make a ring somewhere. Come on; we 'll go and choose a place."

They went out to what they called their cabbage-patch, a small field of alfalfa near the house, partly enclosed by a windbreak of Lombardy poplars and cut off from all view of the house by the garage and a small formal garden. In one corner was the "gym," three solid posts which supported a trapeze, a swing, a long rope, and a hanging pole. Around the edge of the playground were a lot of disreputable looking shacks, packing-houses on end, "log-cabins," and sheds, the homes of their innumerable pets and industries. Cinders, their dearly beloved fox-ter-

rier, had a bamboo house to himself that it had taken the children weeks to build. He never occupied it, but they tried to forget this and it was known as Cinder's "palace."

The little girls surveyed their domain, while Jan and Just went off to do their morning chores. "Now," began Juliet, "we could keep our horses and things behind the goat shed and go there in between times; then, if the audience sat over near the gym, they could see it all very well and we could get in some of our stunts. Our circle could be like this," and she demonstrated her plan. "We 'll ask Gardener to plow us up a wide path around it. That will help teach the horses where they belong. Do you suppose they 'll ever learn?"

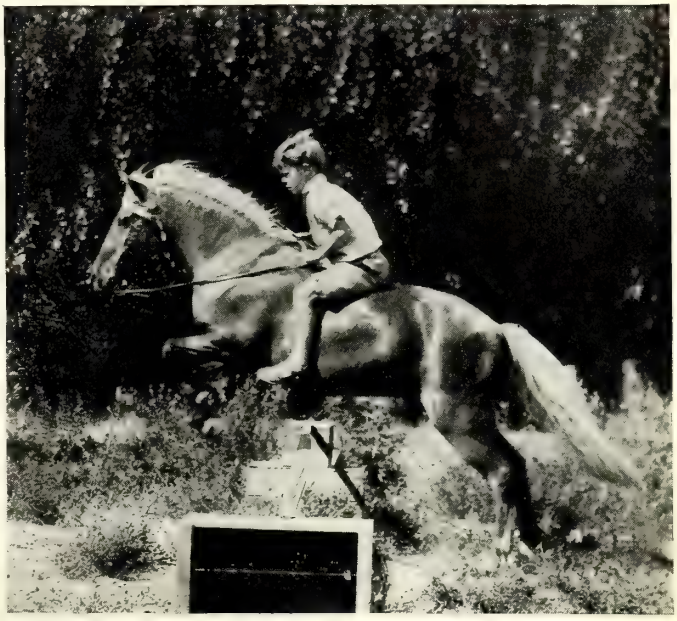
"Of course they will," Jane reassured her. "We 'll get a long rope and begin this morning. There 'll be ever so much to do."

How they worked for the next three weeks! In the first three or four days, they had thought up more events than they could possibly have time for, and it was to Gardener they turned for help in working them out, when they were ready to give up in despair. After attempting over and over again to ride standing up, and invariably slipping off whenever the horses broke into a trot, it was he who suggested that they try it barefooted; and he rubbed some sticky stuff on the horses' backs. It worked like magic; they could stand—well, not with ease, but it could be done. They thought, perhaps, that the stickiness was n't quite fair, but he assured them that all circus ladies used it, particularly in the early stages.

Promptly at three o'clock on the afternoon of the Fourth the audience collected. Large signs near the entrance of the grounds directed them to the garden. There they found a temporary gate which led to the cabbage-patch. On a board, in gaily colored letters across the top of the gate, they read:

THE BLUEJAY CIRCUS
ALL FOR THE RED CROSS
OH, PLEASE COME IN AND LET THERE BE HAPPINESS AND JOLLITY.
—PAY 10 CENTS.

Jane appeared, wearing a big cloak, untied the gate, held out her mother's empty clock-case, and kept an anxious eye on the coins dropping in as the audience filed by. Chairs had been provided for the ladies, boxes and planks and the ground served for the men and some high-school boys, who were working on the ranch in their summer vacation and who were out in full force. Jane saw them all comfortably seated, then disappeared. There was a long wait.



JAN PUTTING TOMMY THROUGH HIS PACES

"Don't you think you had better see if they need help," suggested Mrs. ver Planck to Gardener, who was standing near by. "There seems to be a hitch in the program."

He went behind the shed, but was soon back. "They 're counting the money," he explained. "The show will begin in a minute now."

There was a loud tooting of horns. Jan and Just ran out in clown's costume, accompanied by Cinders with a white ruff around his neck which he was doing his best to tear off. "The grand march!" they shouted, at the top of their voices, then, bowing low,—losing their tall, pointed hats, which Cinders immediately retrieved,—they retreated.

The grand march began; Gardener stood in the background with his fiddle and started in with a merry tune. Juliet appeared from behind the shed, mounted on Gay, leading Merry, then Jane on Jolly, with Tommy beside her. The little girls were dressed in white with huge

bows of gaily colored ribbon in their hair to match the bows in their horses' head-stalls. The horses seemed to realize that it was a festive occasion. With arched necks, champing their bits, they pranced in. Jan came next,



"THE HORSES HAD NEVER JUMPED SO WELL BEFORE"

driving a pair of goats hitched to a little express-wagon. His sisters had urged him to ride in the wagon, but he had absolutely refused. He knew those goats! So a couple of battered dolls were strapped in the seat, and Jan walked beside them, holding back his steeds with all his strength. Just, driving the donkey Duchess, hitched to the pony cart, came next. Just, sad to say, was not what might be called a very skilful driver. Juliet led them all once around the full sweep of the cabbage-patch and then started on a second round, but Duchess turned off in spite of Just's efforts and disappeared behind the shed, and the orchestra had to stop to help straighten out the procession.

The events followed each other quickly. All were announced by Jan or Just; and while the little girls were busy for a few minutes getting ready behind the scenes for the next act, the two clowns held the center of the stage. "Monkeys on a stick," called Jan, and he and Just shinned up the rope and hanging pole in the gym. Cinders was also put through his tricks.

"On and off riding," was announced, with Juliet and Jane vaulting on and off their horses as they galloped around the ring. This had not been easy to learn, and Tommy and Gay were the steeds chosen, as they were the smallest.

There was a dance on stilts,—especially funny as Just found it difficult to navigate on his,—and a ball game between the two clowns, where Cinders came off with all the honors.

"Standing-up riding," came next, and Juliet and Jane covered themselves with glory as they went around and around without mishap.

"Say, this is n't half bad!" said one of the boys looking on; "that 's harder than it looks."

While the girls were performing, Jan and Just walked up and down, selling bags of peanuts and sticky masses of popcorn until the supply gave out.

By the combined efforts of all the performers, Tommy was persuaded to mount on two half-barrels, gaily painted. Just was helped to the top, where he waved an American flag, while Jan held the bridle, and Juliet and Jane grouped themselves in front. "Tableau!" announced Juliet.

It lasted only a minute, for Tommy climbed down in spite of Jan's efforts. Kicking up his heels, he tipped off his rider and trotted away, while Just unconcernedly picked himself up.

The barrels were then piled one on top of the other and Jan mounted them. "A recitation by the author," called Jane.

Jan bowed low and began:

"I had a little dog and his name was Jack.
He laid his tail on a railroad track.
The train came by,
His tail flew high
And hit the conductor square in the eye!
The conductor was mad,
Jack was sad,
And I felt terribly, terribly bad."

"Encore! Bravo! Give it again!" shouted the audience. "Louder, louder!" called the

boys, and Jan, flushed and happy, repeated his "poem" at the top of his lungs.

There was a race between the goats and Cinders, with Juliet, as charioteer, sitting in the wagon, and Cinders in his little two-wheeled apple-box cart, Jane running alongside. And then came the grand finale—"The Jumping!"

The cabbage-patch did n't give much room for a running start, and the horses came so uncomfortably near that the audience retreated, but by this time every one was so interested that they were all standing up to get a better view. Jan started it on Tommy. Tommy did n't want to jump, but he rolled his eyes at the little girls, who were standing near with poplar branches in their hands, and decided that he 'd better, so over he went again and again, each time with a whisk of his white tail.

Then came Jane on Merry, and Juliet on Jolly, sometimes together, sometimes separately, always a little higher as the clowns and Gardener brought out boxes to raise the bar. Excitement had infected the horses and they had never jumped so well before.

The bar and boxes were cleared away by Gardener, and the four children appeared, riding. They circled once, then drew up, facing the audience, jumped off, came in front of their horses, and bowed low.

"There," said Jane, straightening up, with a sigh of relief and satisfaction, "that 's all!" and then she hurried off for her money-box and was back at the gate before any one could go out. "I 'm glad you liked it," she smiled at the congratulations offered. "It will be five cents to get out."

Juliet was helping Jan put Tommy in the cart, and soon he drove up, calling: "Four cents a ride! It 's cheaper to ride out than it is to walk," and he went off with a load of the high-school boys, the only ones who would trust themselves to his care.

They gathered on the cool lawn in front of the ranch house and on the wide porches, and the boys helped the children pass the refreshments. Then, when every one was served, the young people went out under the willow-tree near the pool and enjoyed their own.

"More fun than a real circus," voted the children that evening when all the guests were gone and, tired but happy, sitting with their mother on the porch, they were discussing the party.

"We can have a splendid one next Fourth of July," said Juliet, "with a year to practise in. Maybe we 'll get as far as jumping through a hoop like the lady in the picture."

"Eight dollars and fifty-three cents, Mother, think of it!" said Jane. "Now, how shall we send it to the Red Cross?"

"Give the money to your father, dear," said her mother, "and ask him for a check. Then Juliet can write a letter and send it to the Sacramento branch."

Three days later, Juliet and Jane came in from their afternoon ride, full of excitement. Jane had some letters in her hand and Juliet was waving a newspaper.

"They have sent every one of us a lovely pin," said Jane, "and a letter to say thank you —look Mama!" and she spread out the little Red Cross emblems.

"And oh, Mama—Mama!" said Juliet, who was so excited that she could hardly tell her story; "my letter is printed in the paper—all of it—just as I wrote it! Look! it starts in there —beginning the second column."

Mrs. ver Planck took the paper and read:

"YOUNGSTERS GIVE CIRCUS TO RAISE RED CROSS FUNDS!

"SACRAMENTO CHAPTER RECEIVES $8.53 AS RESULT OF EFFORTS OF SMALL CHILDREN ON JULY FOURTH

"Constantly Red Cross headquarters comes in contact with incidents that touch the heart, such as the accompanying letter. The youngsters are to-day the proud possessors of a bit of paper that designates them as members of the great order of humanity and are also wearing the insignia. The letter is as follows:

"The Red Cross,
"Sacramento Branch.
"Gentlemen:

"We are sending you $8.53. We made a circus in our playground on the Fourth of July. Every one had to pay to enter and to leave.

"We would like to join the Red Cross and have pins, if this is enough to get them. We are Jane, Just, Jan, and Juliet ver Planck. There is a baby, too,—Jacqueline,—but she is so small that she could not do anything, and if this is not enough for her, she won't mind waiting until next time.

"We hope the money will help you along.

"JULIET VER PLANCK."

"Well, children," Mama said as she finished reading, "is n't that nice! Now, are n't you glad you did n't go to the real circus?"

"Oh, Mother, I 'm so pleased!" went on Juliet. "Not just about the letter, you know; but, you see, I know you have written things, and I suppose Papa has too, but I 've never seen them in print, and now, some one of us has had something printed."

Her mother drew her down on her lap with a chuckle and a little hug. "My dear," she said, "behold—the Ver Plancks in print, at last! You have preserved the honor of the family!"

PACKING-BOX VILLAGE—VIII

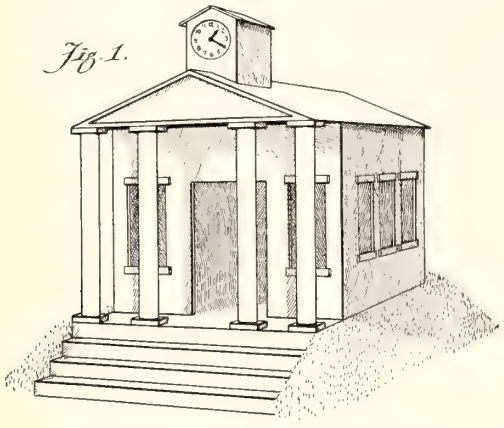
By A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "On the Battle-front of Engineering," "Inventions of the Great War," etc., etc.

THE CITY HALL

THE next task before us is to build a city hall for Packing-box Village, and it must be one worthy of our little town. It ought to be the largest building in the village, and, in order to give it a commanding position, we should set it on a mound two or three feet high. We shall call this "Capitol Hill."

Before we build the mound we must know about how large the city hall is to be. The size will depend upon the boxes we can get hold of. The building shown in Fig. 1 is made of two piano-boxes, each measuring 5′-0″ high, 6′-0″ long and 2′-9″ deep. Piano-boxes are not



THE CITY HALL OF PACKING-BOX VILLAGE

as readily obtained as big packing-boxes; and if they cannot be had without considerable expense, two packing-boxes can be used instead, or we may use four smaller boxes and make our city hall even larger than the one here pictured. A piano-box is usually cut away on a slant at the front, but that is not going to bother us, as we shall see.

In order to have as broad a front as possible, we shall set the two boxes with their cut-away fronts together, as in Fig. 2, and then use one of the six-foot sides for the front of our building. This will make the body of the building measure 6′-0″ by 5′-6″, and by adding 2′-0″ more for the portico the building will have an over-all depth of 7′-6″.

BUILDING "CAPITOL HILL"

FOR our foundations we must drive eight posts into the ground to support each corner of the two boxes and the front of the portico, and it would be just as well to put in a row of four more posts along the center line of the building. These must project two or three feet above the level of the ground, according to the height of the mound we are going to build, and they must all be sawed off to the same level. Then our dumping wagon is called into service to haul loads of earth and dump it around the posts until the mound is built up to their level. As the earth is deposited, it must be tamped down so as to make the pile as solid as possible, and it will be just as well to sprinkle the earth as it is laid. It will take lots of earth and many hauls of the wagon to build the mound, but if we have had enough perseverance to construct the village so far, we are not going to give up on a job like this. After the mound has risen high enough and been smoothed off level with the posts, we may set our boxes on it and proceed with the building. The sides of the mound should be sloped off at an angle not steeper than forty-five degrees; and after the building is completed, they must be sodded, or sown with grass-seed, to keep the earth from being washed away by the rain.

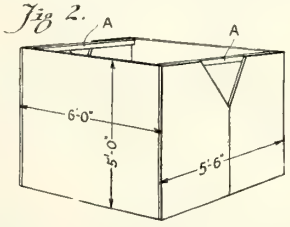
CONSTRUCTION OF THE CITY HALL

THE walls at the adjoining sides of the boxes must be removed, because we are to have a single large room in our city hall. The boxes are then set in place and connected by means of a couple of strips, *A*, Fig. 2, at the top and a similar pair (not shown in the drawing) at the bottom. The tops of the boxes are removed, as usual, to provide more head-room. The beveled fronts of the boxes leave a V-shaped gap in each side wall. The boards at these gaps

must be removed and replaced with others so as to close these openings.

It is hardly necessary to describe the construction of this building in detail, because it follows the lines we have pursued in other structures of the village. However, it should be noted that the roof is very flat. It has a rise of 18″ or 20″ at the peak and an overhang of only 3″ at the eaves.

The columns at the front of our city hall will offer quite a problem. They should be posts 3″ or 4″ in diameter, and we shall have some difficulty in finding such posts. Posts for clothes-lines might be used. Such posts are apt to rot away at the ground line and then they are thrown away, but there should be five feet of

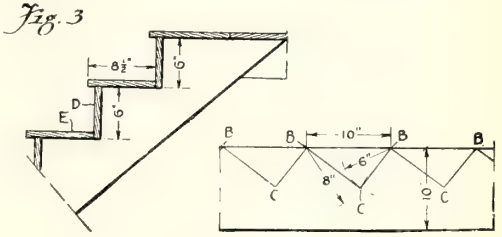


"THE BUILDING IS MADE OF TWO PIANO-BOXES"

good wood in them, which is all we need for one of our columns. Boys who live near the seashore are apt to pick up broken spars which will serve for our columns. If wooden posts are not to be had, we may be able to find old leader-pipes or sections of small stove-pipe in the public ash-dumps. In such case a square post is used for the core of the column and over this the pipe is fitted. When the pipe is covered with a coat of paint, it will make a very presentable appearance. However, if we cannot get round columns, we may use square ones made out of 3″ strips of wood nailed together to form long narrow boxes. Each column should have a cap and base 1″ to 2″ thick and 6″ square. Two boards may be nailed together to give the necessary thickness. There should be a clear space of at least two feet between the two middle columns; and if the posts are 3″ or less in diameter, the space should measure 2′-6″.

THE CAPITOL STEPS

THE steps are to extend across the entire front of the building. The treads should be about 8″ wide and the risers 6″ high. We must take three boards 10″ wide, and along one edge of each, measure off spaces 10 inches apart, as shown in Fig. 3, where the points are marked *B*. Then from each of these points draw an arc with a radius 8 inches long and another with a radius 6 inches long. Where these arcs intersect, mark the points *C*. Then draw lines



THE CAPITOL STEPS

from the points *B* to *C* and saw the board along these lines. This will give us the stringers for our steps, one for each end and one for the middle. At the top they are nailed to the beams of the portico, and at the bottom they are nailed to posts driven into the ground. Boards 1″ thick and 6″ wide are nailed on as risers, as shown at *D*, and 1″ boards, 8½″ wide, are nailed on as treads, as shown at *E*.

THE ELECTRIC CLOCK

THE clock-tower is made out of a box 15″ square and 2′-0″ long. This is cut out at the bottom to fit over the ridge of the roof, just like the chimneys of our cottages. But before setting it in place, we must make the clock; and this is to be no sham clock, but a real one that will keep good time. It will have its time corrected every minute. It will not need weights or mainspring, because it is to be driven electrically by a master-clock, which may be located a hundred yards or more away.

The building of the clock will call for a great deal of patience and exacting work, but it is easily within the power of a careful boy to make. The general scheme is this: We are going to have an hour-hand and a minute-hand geared together so that the minute-hand will move just twelve times as fast as the hour-hand. Then we are going to move the minute-hand forward minute by minute, by means of an electro-magnet connected with our master-clock. For our master-clock we may take any clock, say the alarm-clock in our bedroom. We shall find that one of the wheels in the clock makes a complete revolution every minute, and the magnet will be electrically connected with this wheel, so that at each revolution a current will go through the magnet coils, pulling a ratchet-pawl that engages the teeth or pins of a gear-wheel connected to the minute-hand. All this will be explained in detail presently.

MAKING THE GEAR-WHEELS

THE gear-wheels will give us more trouble than anything else. We are going to use pins for the teeth, and they will be set in the face instead of the edge of the gear-wheels. First we must make some paper patterns such as are shown at *A* and *B* in Fig. 4. Take a sheet of paper and draw three circles on it, all from the same center, one of them 5¾″ in diameter, another 4¾″, and the third ⅝″. Divide the ⅝″ circle into eight parts, making dots to indicate where the 8 pins on this circle are to be placed. These dots will be just about ¼″ apart. Then lay off the big circle into sixty parts. The best way of doing this is to divide it first into six parts with your compass points set 2⅜″ apart. Then divide each of these parts into ten equal parts and mark them with dots, which in this case will be just about ¼″ apart. This must be done very carefully and accurately. Now lay out another circle to the dimensions shown in *B*, Fig. 4. The larger circle will have 48 divisions each about ¼″ apart. In this case the circle is first divided into six parts, with the compass set to 1⅞″, and then these parts are each subdivided into eight. Still another gear-wheel pattern must be made. This pattern is not shown in the drawings, but the wheel may be seen at *C*, in Fig. 6. For this pattern two circles are drawn, one of which is 2″ in diameter and the other 1¾″ in diameter and the smaller circle is divided into sixteen parts with the dots about ⅜″ apart. Now we must get some soft, straight-grained wood ½″ thick, and paste the paper patterns on them.

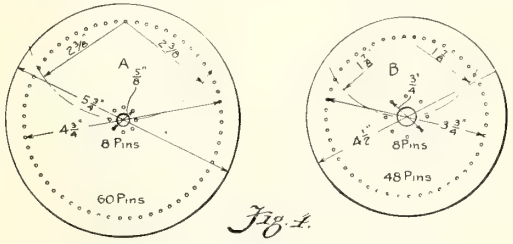


Fig. 4.

PAPER PATTERNS OF THE GEAR-WHEELS

Before cutting the wheels we must bore the holes for the shafts on which they are to be mounted. The wheel *A* is to be attached to the shaft of the minute-hand, and the wheel *C* to the shaft of the hour-hand, while wheel *B* is an idler that will merely carry the motion of the wheel *A* to *C*. The minute-shaft will have to turn inside the hour-shaft, and so we must get two tubes, one of which will fit inside the other. We can use a pair of brass curtain-rods for this purpose. Take two rods that will slide and turn freely one within the other. Cut off a piece of the larger, or outside, rod to a length of 5¾″ and the inner one to a length of 8½″. This can best be done by fitting a plug of wood in the brass tube to keep it from being crushed and then cutting the metal with a three-cornered file. We must carefully measure the diameter of each hollow shaft and bore a hole in the center of the wheel *A* to fit the inner shaft *D* (Fig. 7), and another in wheel *C* to fit the outer shaft *E*. Be sure to have these holes at right angles to the face of the board on which the patterns are pasted. We may use a 2″ piece of the larger tubing of the curtain-rod for the shaft *F* of the wheel *B*, and a hole of corresponding size must be bored in the center of pattern *B*.

Now we may cut out the two wheels *A* and *B* with a scroll-saw, but in the case of wheel *C* the pins are to come so close to the edge that it will be well to drive the pins before cutting out the wheel.

For the pins we must use headless nails. Take thin brads 1″ long and clip off their heads with a pair of cutting-pliers. To drive the nails in evenly and all at right angles to the wheels, we must use a guide, such as shown in Fig. 5. This is whittled out of a block of wood just ½″ thick and the groove *G* must be at right angles to the bottom face of the block. Now drive first the eight nails in the ⅝″ circle of wheel *A*. The guide is placed on the pattern with its groove G, over one of the dots in the circle. Then a nail is set in the groove and held in place with the thumb of the left hand while it is being driven in with a tack-hammer until its upper end lies flush with the upper face of the guide. In this way the nails can be driven in true, and they will all project just ½ inch from the face of the pattern. In the same way the 60 pins of the outer circle are driven. The pins of wheel *C* are also driven with the aid of the guide, but the pins of wheel *B* need somewhat different treatment. The inner row of eight pins are to project only ¼″, which means that we must have a guide of the same shape as that shown in Fig. 5, but only half as thick, and the nails must be cut off to a length of ⅝″. The outer row, on the other hand, must project ¾″, which means that our ¼″ guide must be nailed to the ½″ guide, so as to form one of ¾″ thickness.

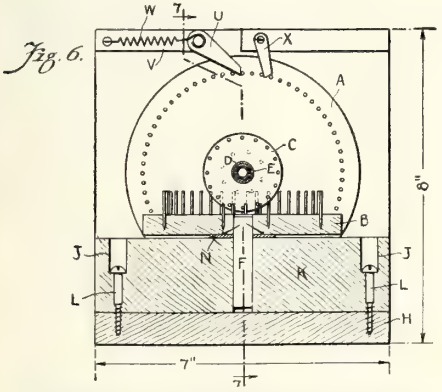
Fig. 5.



THE GUIDE

The nails should be 1⅛" long after the heads have been cut off.

Our gears being finished, we next make a frame for them. This is shown in Figs. 6 and 7. Fig. 6 is a sectional view taken on line



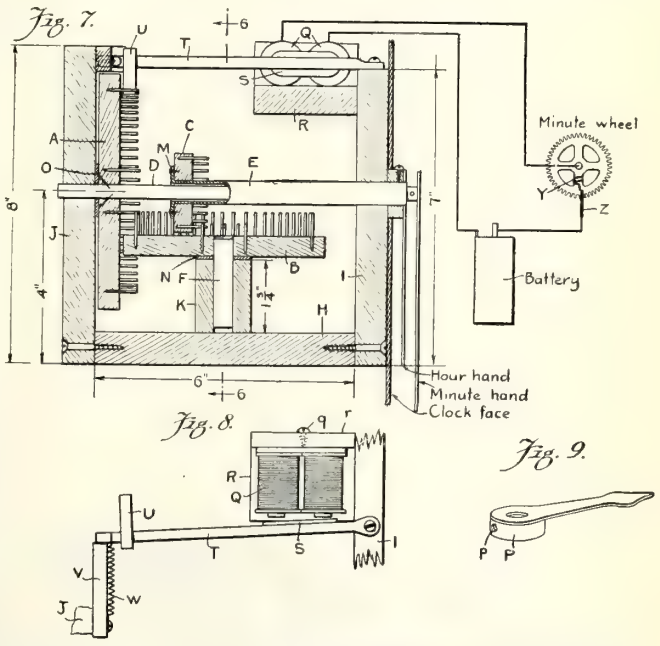
THE FRAME FOR THE GEARS, SECTIONAL VIEW

6-6 of Fig. 7, looking in the direction of the arrows, and Fig. 7 is a sectional view taken on line 7-7 of Fig. 6. The frame consists of a base-board, *H*, and two uprights of ¾"wood, *I* and *J*. A hole is bored in the board *J* just large enough for the shaft *D* to turn in freely, and in board *I* a hole is bored for the shaft *E* to turn in. A block of wood, *K*, 1¾" high and 7" long, is to be fastened to the base-board as a support for the gear-wheel *B*. A hole is bored in the center of this block just large enough to receive the shaft *F*, and two other holes are bored for the screws *L*, as shown in Fig 6. The gear *A* is now fastened to shaft *D*, leaving about an inch of the shaft projecting to turn in the board *J*. A plug of wood is fitted into the hollow shaft, and the gear is fastened on by driving a couple of brads on a slant through the rear face of the gear and through the hollow shaft into the plug. In fitting the plug into the shaft be sure that you do not swell the shaft so that it binds in the hole in the board *J*. The gear *C* is fastened to the end of shaft *E* by slitting the end of the shaft, bending back these slit ends (M, Fig. 7), and driving a couple of tacks through them into the rear face of the gear. The gear *B* is then fastened to its shaft *F* in the same way as the gear *A* is fastened to shaft *D*.

ASSEMBLING THE TRAIN OF GEARS

THE gearing is assembled as follows: First, board *J* is fastened by means of screws to board *H*. Then shaft *E* is slipped over shaft *D*, and shaft *F* is fitted into block *K* with a washer, *N*, spacing the gear *B* from the block. With the gears meshing, as shown in Fig. 7, the shaft *D* is fitted into its bearing with a washer, *O*, spacing the gear *A* away from the board *J*. The board *I* is then fastened in place so as to support the other end of the shafts *D* and *E*. The block *K* is now moved into such a position that the outer circle of pins on gear *B* will mesh with the inner set on gear *A*, and the inner set on gear *B* will engage the pins of wheel *C*, after which the screws *L* (Fig. 6) are screwed into the base-board.

The face of our clock is to be about a foot in diameter, which means that our minute-hand must have an over-all length of 6" and the hour-hand a length of 4½". These hands are cut out of tin or cardboard, or they may be sawed out of thin cigar-box wood. In any case they



ANOTHER SECTIONAL VIEW OF GEAR FRAME, AND ELECTRICAL DRIVING MECHANISM

should be painted black and covered with a coat of shellac to keep them from being injured by the weather. The hour-hand is nailed to

a wooden block, *P*, ½″ wide (as shown in Fig. 9), in which a hole is bored for the shaft and another (*p*) at right angles through the edge of the block for a little wood-screw which will bear against the shaft and hold the hand fast to it. The minute-hand is nailed to a wooden plug in the end of shaft *D*.

ELECTRICAL DRIVING MECHANISM

Now for the electrical part of our clock. First we must get an electro-magnet, *Q*. It will hardly pay to bother winding the coils ourselves. We can buy a double-coil magnet and armature for a small sum. This magnet *Q* is mounted on a little shelf, *R*, fastening the coils down on their sides by means of a screw, *q*, running through a flange, *r*, of the shelf. The armature, *S*, of the magnet is fastened on a rod, *T*, 4¾″ long, which is pivoted to the board *I*. On this rod is pivoted a little pawl, *U*, cut out of hard wood. This pawl engages the pins of the outer circle of gear *A*. It would be better to make both the rod and the pawl out of brass, but wood will do if our village engineer does not know how to work in metals. Do not use iron or steel for the rod.

Near the top of the board a block, *V*, is fastened. A light spring, *W*, holds the rod *I* against the end of the block *V*. The spring is made by coiling a piece of fine, springy, brass or steel wire around a slate-pencil. It must exert only a very light pull. The magnet, when energized, will pull the armature and make the pawl *U* push the gear-wheel *A* around through an interval of one pin. As soon as the current stops flowing through the magnet, the spring will pull the armature and pawl back; the block *V* must be set so that they will only go back ¼″ or just far enough to engage the next pin of wheel *A*. Of course the pawl *U* must swing very freely on the rod *T* so that it will slip over the pin and drop behind it. To keep the gear-wheel from any possibility of turning backward, a dog, *X*, is mounted so that it will engage the pins as shown in Fig. 6.

The face of our clock is cut out of a heavy piece of cardboard marked off in hours and minutes. The numerals should be about 1½″ long. A hole 2″ in diameter is cut in the center of the clock-face, so that it can be slipped into place under the hands without removing them. The clock-face is well coated with shellac and then is nailed to the board *I*, as indicated in Fig. 7.

A hole 12″ in diameter must now be sawed with a key-hole saw out of the front face of the clock-tower and then our clock must be mounted on a bracket in the tower with the clock-face in register with this hole. The tower may then be mounted on the roof of the city hall.

The only thing that remains is to make our connections with the master-clock. Having found a wheel in the clock-train that makes one complete turn per minute, a piece of brass wire is wound around one of the spokes of the wheel, as shown at *Y* in Fig. 7. This must be done without interfering with the rest of the train of gears. One end of this wire projects from the face of the gear; and as it goes around with the wheel, it engages a second wire *Z* of light spring brass that lies in its path. The wire *Z*, which must be carefully insulated from the clock by wrapping it with tire tape, is connected to one pole of a battery, while the other pole runs to one terminal of the magnet *Q*. The other terminal of the magnet is connected by a wire with any metal part of the clock. The battery should consist of one or two dry cells, depending upon the resistance of the coils and the distance of the clock-tower from the master-clock. You may keep the master-clock in your own bedroom, if you like.

Once every minute the wires *Y* and *Z* will come together, energizing the magnet *Q* and pushing forward the minute-hand of the tower clock one minute. The clock may be slightly slowed down by the friction of the wires *Y* and *Z* when they come together every minute, and it should have its regulator moved toward "Fast" to make up for the retardation.



A TREASURE HUNT ON AN ISLAND

By GEORGE TASKER MILLER
Assistant Dean, Division of Industries, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pa.



NYTHING mysterious will hold a boy's attention. This is also true of older people as well, because they are just children grown up, and usually what will interest children will attract their elders as well. Any one who has had much to do with boys, especially in the way of directing their various activities through the period of a summer in a boys' camp, or similar enterprise, will agree that by presenting something out of the ordinary, something new, or something mysterious, a very definite and satisfactory result may be obtained if, with tact and discretion, it is offered in the form of an activity.

I have long been of the opinion that the imagination plays a very important part in our recreations and enjoyments. That this is true seems to be proved by the success of the treasure hunt which took place in a boys' camp situated on an island in Lake Winnepesaukee in that fine old State of New Hampshire.

Can you imagine a group of about a hundred copper-tanned, bright-eyed, happy boys, between the ages of nine and seventeen, camping on a five-hundred-and-nineteen-acre island during the balmy months of July and August? There they live in tents and wigwams, just as the Indians did; in the daytime, fishing, swimming, diving, canoeing, playing water baseball, hiking through the White Mountains, rowing on the lake, building shacks and shanties in the pine woods, playing tennis and baseball on the hilltop; and in the evening gathering about the great open fire for some of good old "Joe" Lorraine's stories, reading from the bounteous library placed there especially for boys, or taking part in some amateur entertainment.

And is it any wonder that parents place their sons in such an environment as this, where such a great variety of activities tend to build their boys up bodily, mentally, and spiritually, under councilors chosen from college men, who act as "big brothers" to the boys and are in on everything that a boy loves?

So it was into such a life as this that our treasure hunt was introduced as simply another activity to add to the variety—for every careful camp-director craves variety for his camp, and when such an activity is sprung on the crowd as a surprise, it acts, as you will see, like magic.

It was on one of those gorgeous, sunshiny New Hampshire—I should have said New England—days, when all nature seems to be demanding the very best that is in you, that one of the camp boys came puffing into camp carrying in his hand a very interesting and, in fact, a very precious looking document that he had found in the woods.



THE MYSTERIOUS ROLL

Of course this had been placed there on purpose, and the thing worked just like a charm—but listen!

Yes, he went straight to "M'Dick," that veteran camp-leader, who has been "Grand-dad" to a thousand boys, and who acquired his nickname because a stuttering boy could not say Mister Dick—he said "M'Dick," and it is the same to-day after these many years.

So he went straight to "M'Dick." Now the whole camp was in the dining-hall, grace had just been said, and the entire crowd was about to launch themselves on one of "Chef's" sumptuous meals, when the carefully prepared parchment was slowly undone, as the eyes of a hundred over-anxious boys fairly popped from their heads. Can you picture the dismay and curiosity of a crowd like that, as the following weird and strange tale, as from a bygone age, was read aloud from an old and worn-looking document? And here is the text of it, written by "John o' the Lance," First Mate of the good ship *Wasp*:—

"An account be this of ye goode Shippe "Walrus," which, being sent out in ye year 1742 by his Divine Majesty, John V of Portugal, Son of Pedro II. Ye fateful voyage wherein a mutiny arose Lat. 34° 33′ 21″ South., Long. 51° 21′ 33″ West, being in mid-ocean bente for ye colony of Bunea Ayres wi a kargo o' linens, fine cloth an lace. Be it sayd in ye book of history that it were a bloody rebellion. So be it. Ye man of letters, he being First Mate, ye man of ye thikke head, the same being my companion Salvadore of the Burke, whom we called Grimy Hands, yes, he being ye steward, and a steavadore by ye name Karro of ye Kutless, whom we call Slimy. Yea, we were all of ye crewe who escaped alive ye bullets and fierce cuttings.

"Now, we landing in Spain, having been drifted by ye wind of great fury, picked other shippe mates and out to ocean with ye Walrus, which we named the Wasp—Yea, an a better shippe never blew before a gale, Selah!

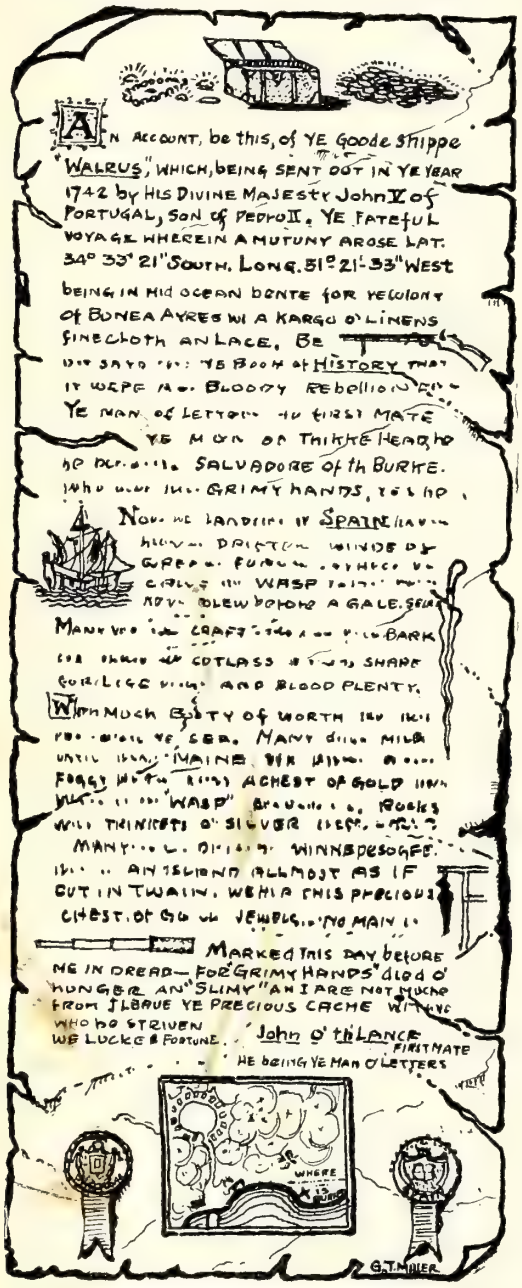
"Many were ye crafts an many ye barks we overplenty. Ye gold and ornaments we salvaged and laces and adornments, jewels of greatte coste and worth came into our Pirate brig and we scorned ye law of men and God.

"With much booty of worth we sailed ye sea, until a storm of ye like these eyes have never seen swept us to a newly made land where we found law and order much to our dislike.

"Ye shore of Maine we reached one foggy morn and with ye chest of gold which we saved from the Wasp—she beating on ye rocks, we traveled inland West of North, lest ye officers of law woulde take us. Many dreary mile we spent until a lake called Winnipesogee, with many islands was reached—on an island almost cut in twain we hid this our precious chest of gold, jewels of worth, and trinkets o'silver, a place were no man knoweth the place thereof, but for this ye document herewith. Ye race and findings is but to ye slow deliberate minde who thinketh well all details, and deliberateth muche—to ye slow of speech and quick to thinkke.

"Marked this day before me in dread—for Grimy Hands died o' hunger, and Slimy and I are not muche from—I leave ye precious cache to ye who be striven wi lucke an fortune.

"JOHN O' THE LANCE,
"First Mate.
"He being ye man o' letters."



THE DOCUMENT FOUND IN THE WOODS

rid, and ye hangings and droppins from ye foward beam to the brine were well numbered, and ye bullet and cutless did its share, for life was cheap an blood

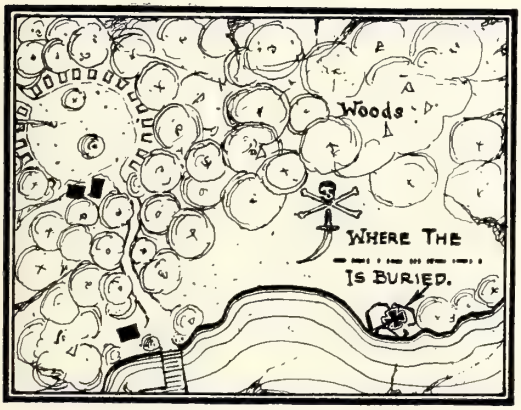
No, I hardly think a crowd of sparkling-eyed, rosy-cheeked American boys ever "registered" more merriment—the whole dining-hall was a Babel; and it was indeed a task for the boys, and, I may add, the councilors as well, to observe the strict rest-hour which takes place just after the noonday meal, when all are supposed to be inactive for the period of an hour. It was announced that the curious-looking seal which was attached to the bottom of the document would be broken just after the bugle blew announcing the end of the rest-hour.

And how those boys gathered about the front piazza of the lodge as the seal was broken! "What?" "Why, it 's a map." "Yes," added "Jimmy" Parker, "and it 's of the Pickerel Cove too." "Pickerel Cove nothing!" said "Bus" Greer; "it does n't have a coast-line like that." "Looks to me like the back wharf." "Come on!" "Hurry up!" "Give us a look!" "Let me see it!" echoed a crowd of other boys who had not as yet had a chance to examine it. "Why, it 's the front wharf—sure as you live!" said Pat Malan; and "Yes, for there 's the manual-training shop!" "But what do those dots mean?" asked Eddie Boynton. "Oh, those! Why those are dots and dashes, and they say T-R-E-A-S-U-R-E!" "Sure! and they say that 's where the treasure is hid," said Payne Sebring; and off they were down the rocky path to the front wharf, "Fatty" Blair, the "Toledo Bear-cat," "Terrible" Kimball, of Pittsburgh, "Young Edwards, the Mattress King of West Virginia," "Kanuck" Stewart of

Montreal, and all of them, following, pell-mell, after. Now when they arrived there, however, a new problem met them—it was this: Just what is the treasure and where is it? Is it an old carved sea-chest overflowing with great strings of pearls, precious stones, red rubies, old worn coins of silver; is it a brace of Portuguese pistols, a relic of some chivalrous period, a plumed Roman helmet set with sapphires? Or is it a bag of rich yellow Spanish coins?

Now the search was on in earnest, and it did not take a great while until Freddy Reeder found a curious little package, well done up in birch-bark, tied with a leather thong. And it was found just where the map indicated by a cross, near the big rock.

"Hey, let 's open it, quick!" "Yes, hurry



MAP OF THE BURIED TREASURE

up!" added "Ghostie" Allen, all excited. "What is it?" "Why, it 's another of those papers!"

And this is how it read:

"Ye searche be not to a lazy manne, nor the sluggard. Proceed from this point in the Southwestern Direction hugging at all times ye northern coast of ye island until a [semaphore figures which were made out to be] Jolly Shack is reached. [Algebra problem being solved and the result found to be] fifteen paces from it is buried treasures such as no man hathe seen the like nor no hand hath feltte—Hearken ye to ye task—Men of mettle and worth. Be ye diligent in thy search for the Wasp's Treasure.

"JOHN O' THE LANCE."

"Hooray!" and away they were again off toward Jolly Shack, a small shanty built in the woods a few years ago by a crowd of boys.

A long search took place around Jolly Shack, and some of the weaker and less patient chaps were about ready to give up, but "Breakfast Food" Miller finally happened on something well hidden under an old stump. "Sure, that's it!" he said; "and it 's a small cache. And in it was—another message! It ran as follows:

"An it must be sayed—and that well putte, that ye have done well and deserving, and the search for the Wasp's Treasure is not yet ended. Proceed from this point on ye coast to an ancient Elm monarch of many, yea, mark ye, of many, many years, standing at a point directly two places North of North North East from ye Southernmost point of ye island called Sandy [Semaphore]. Here find ye treasure—

"Aye ye search be but to ye strong o' heart.—
"JOHN O' THE LANCE."

"Gee, this is great!" said Billy Farrell. "Well, I say so, too!" echoed Bob La Fort. "Bet your life," added little "Waddy" Swoope. "I 'm going!" And away they were again—this time to the old elm-tree, where another note took them to Little Sandy Cove. The document found there chased them still farther on to the "Old Round Tower," then to "The Seventh Steppe of ye olden Holland House on the Hill"; from there they were guided to the isthmus by a map. Here the message was found under a skull away back in a dark cave. Then they were directed to the other side of the island, where finally, toward evening, that wonderful old swimming-hole, Gory Gulch, on the northern end of the island, was reached.

Now the day had been warm, and the boys had traveled a distance of about eight miles, down valleys, up over hills, through undergrowth, so at a signal, in they went.

Do you want an hour of real sport? Just go bathing in a northern lake on a warm August day. There you will find clear, clean water, just right for diving, and a breeze just warm enough to keep you comfortable and a sun just hot enough to drive you into the water again.

So in the course of their swimming, some one of the boys chanced to find a floating, sealed cache that looked promising, and, boylike, just *had* to pry it open. Inclosed, as you may suspect, was another, and the last, message of the trail to the *Wasp's* treasure.

This message called for the searchers to "blow three loud blasts upon their whistles," which they had brought with them. Behold! As if called by the magic pipes of Pan, a mystic boat, which of course was the good old launch, came *chug-chugging* around the bend; and as it drew nearer, the large and spacious form of "Chef" was surely visible. With him he had a plenteous supply of Boston baked beans, rich brown johnny-bread, strawberry ice-cream, and cake. I can indeed vouch that it was an exceptional supper that took place that night on the shore of the lake under the pine

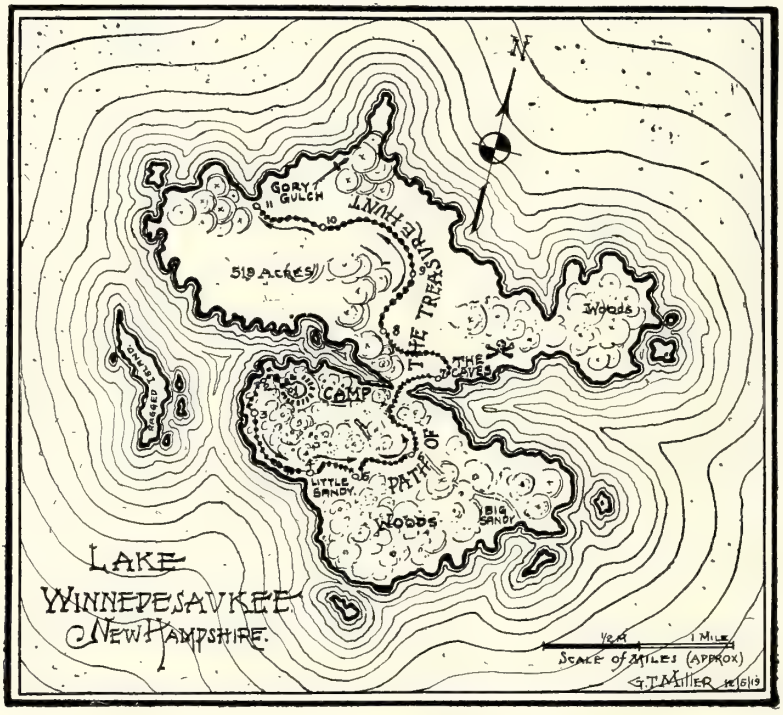
and birch trees, and few of those present will ever forget the Indian and *"Sherlock Holmes"* stories told around the birch fire that night by that past-master yarn spinner, "Joe" Lorraine.

Have you smelled wood smoke at twilight?
  Have you heard the birch log burning?
Are you quick to read the noises of the night?
  You must follow with the others, for the young
    men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight.
KIPLING.

And as we slowly wended our way back to camp that night,—slowly, I say, for it was a tired lot of boys, indeed,—one chap was heard to say, "Gee! I never knew what was coming next, nor where we were going next, but I always wanted to be first there." "Same here!" "Me, too!" echoed the others.

So the thing mysterious and the surprise and novelty of it all had captivated them as it had captivated all the others that day. They had been pleased and were happy, and all were tired and ready for bed.

And thus endeth the account of the treasure hunt, as planned and carried out early in August on an island in Lake Winnepesaukee, in the State of New Hampshire, in the year nineteen hundred and nineteen.

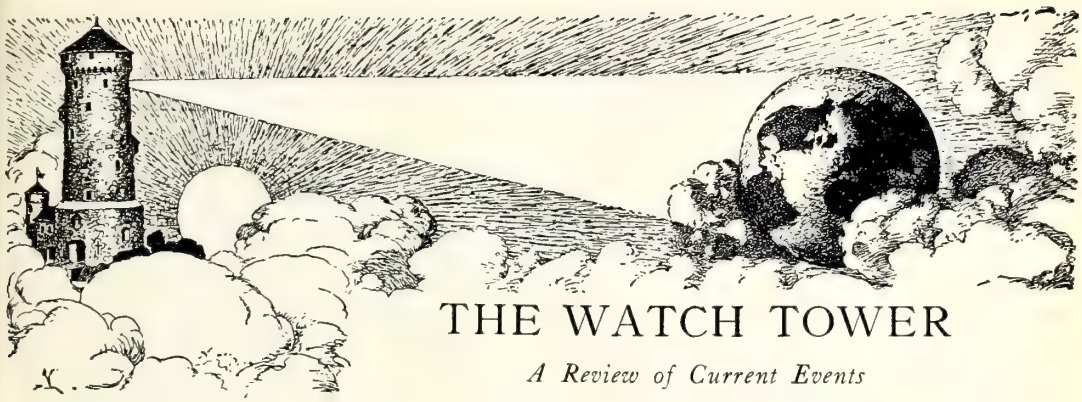


BY NIGHT AND BY DAY

By EMMA PEIRCE

GLEAMING alabaster columns,
  Roofed o'erhead with malachite,
Sudden loomed upon our vision
  Through the mystery of night,
As o'er country roads we motored
  Toward our home-fires and the light.

But when brilliant morning sunshine
  Lighted all the sylvan scene,
Basking on the near-by hilltops,—
  And all things that lay between,—
They were only silver birches,
  With their leafy crown of green.



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

THE CHURCHES JOIN FORCES

A FINE constructive program for the churches was opened in the week of April 25 to May 2. The Interchurch World Movement embodies a determination to organize the forces of religion for resistance to the forces of disorder. Revolutionists have attacked religion as well as political powers, and in so doing they have paid the churches a high compliment, recognizing them as a mighty influence on the side opposed to them.

Intolerant religion is bad. Mawkish religion is bad. The churches have a tremendous responsibility in these days of disturbance. In that responsibility lies their opportunity. By joining forces, they greatly increase their power and effectiveness.

Some people, who perhaps do not think very deeply, or think off the straight track, say that religion has "failed." What nonsense! Religion cannot fail, because the world cannot do without it.

The Interchurch World Movement is one of the many hopeful "signs of the times."

LOYALTY DAY

MAY 1 has always been the day for Socialist demonstrations. This year it is to be Loyalty Day. The first week of May will be Boys' Week.

John Philip Sousa, the famous band-master, has charge of the music for New York's celebration, and he has been trying to get a hundred boys' bands in line for the parade on Loyalty Day. That is "some" program! One hundred bands of boys, with the brass tooting and the drums rolling—no "Red" orator could make himself heard within a hundred miles of New York against opposition like that.

Is n't that a good idea, though—to turn the agitators' day into a day for Constructive Patriots? That 's what you may call an aggressive defense. It is n't enough to be strong in the field; what you want is a heavy hitting team. Keeping the other fellows from crossing the plate helps, but you win by the runs your own side makes.

A PROGRAM FOR INDUSTRY

NEWS of a great battle in France was easily recognized as "tremendous," but the report of an industrial conference does not move us to the use of such an adjective. The report published in March, however, had at least tremendous possibilities. It went to the bottom of the labor problem—and that 's where the solution lies. Now if Congress—

The report was signed by such men as Secretary of Labor Wilson, Mr. Hoover, Thomas W. Gregory, Samuel W. McCall, Oscar S. Straus, George W. Wickersham. Its recommendations make a complete schedule of constructive legislation. (If Congress—!)

The report urges that in all shops and plants an organization shall be established in which employees and management join. If employers knew men as well as they know materials, and if workmen had a more individually personal place in the system, there would be a better understanding, a better "spirit" all around, and disputes would be nipped in the bud. The report declares that organization should begin with the individual plant, rather than with whole industries. Good will cannot be created by law, but it can be encouraged.

For the settlement of disputes a plan is proposed that begins with a district, or regional, board, then passes on to a national board, with an agreement that, while the case is being worked out, production shall be continued. This plan is said to be distinctly American in character. It provides a national machinery,

but is not concentrated in a Federal commission. It works up to a final authority in much the same way as our legal system does.

A new system of food marketing is urged. The present system, with its army of middlemen, gives too much opportunity for speculation and profiteering. You can't legislate the middleman out of existence, but perhaps a system of coöperative buying and selling of food products can be organized, laid out effectively on straight lines, instead of the present tangle of shipments back and forth before the Ultimate Consumer is reached.

A minimum wage is recommended. Employers will have to be reformed, for it 's human nature for them to regard the minimum as a maximum. Fixing hours of labor is also advised; and discouragement of over-time work.

Other improvements suggested are: prevention of child labor; better conditions for women and equal pay for equal skill and production; better housing; discouragement of profit sharing as a remedy for all troubles, and of intentional holding back on production by discontented workers.

Organized labor has constantly insisted on the right of collective bargaining, but stands for organization by industries instead of single plants. While some of the recommendations are ideal and may be hard to bring about by law, this vital matter is decidedly practical and distinctly subject to legislative control. If employers openly and honestly recognize the right of labor to a voice in the conduct of industry, it seems as though labor ought to accept the suggested form of organization. It would protect the individual, without creating groups with political power.

This report to Congress, while not perfect (or, perhaps, too perfect for this imperfect old world!), may be made the beginning of a thoroughly American "drive" for restoration of the good old American standards of "hoss" sense.

POLAND AND RUSSIA

ON March 26 the Polish Legation at Washington announced the conditions on which Poland offers peace to Soviet Russia. Poland insists upon restoration of all the territory taken from her by the partition of her territories, long ago, among Prussia, Russia, and Austria.

Russia is required to recognize the independence of the small states on her frontier which have established working governments; to carry on no propaganda against Poland; to pay an indemnity for war damage done since 1914; to return all railroad rolling-stock taken from Poland in the war, or pay for it; to supply trains for the return of the Polish army in Siberia; to return all the public and private records and works of art taken from Poland since 1772. Polish troops will occupy



Times Wide World Photos

FRENCH TROOPS IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE OF DANTZIC WELCOMED BY THE INHABITANTS



Times Wide World Photos

VON KAPP'S SOLDIERS ENTERING BERLIN, WHICH THEY HELD FOR TWO DAYS

Smolensk till all the conditions are fulfilled under direction of a duly elected Russian Diet.

Pretty stiff terms! But they are explained, if not justified, by the many decades of humiliation inflicted upon the proud people of whom freedom's friend Kosciuszko was one.

IN GERMANY

UNABLE to conquer the civilized world, the Huns amused themselves with civil war. In March they "ran true to form." Mr. von Kapp marched his army into Berlin. Mr. Ebert marched out. Then Mr. von Kapp and his Iron Division moved out, and the constitutional Government came back. And the rest of Germany treated itself to strikes and battles and staged an extremely realistic imitation of Red Russia.

There is n't much to say about it all. Germany is n't sorry, and nobody cares very much whether she is or not. The rest of the world is waiting for her to show not penitence, but good sense. Somehow or other, to us the picture of French soldiers lined up near the Kaiser's statue in the public square in Danzig seems to have some logical connection with recent events in Germany.

We WATCH TOWER people are n't fire-eaters, but we can't help thinking a little capable policing by Ally troops might be the best thing for Germany. She has got to begin at the bottom and work up. We are sorry for France, with nothing but this No Man's Land between her and Bolshevikia!

"POOR OLD TREATY!"

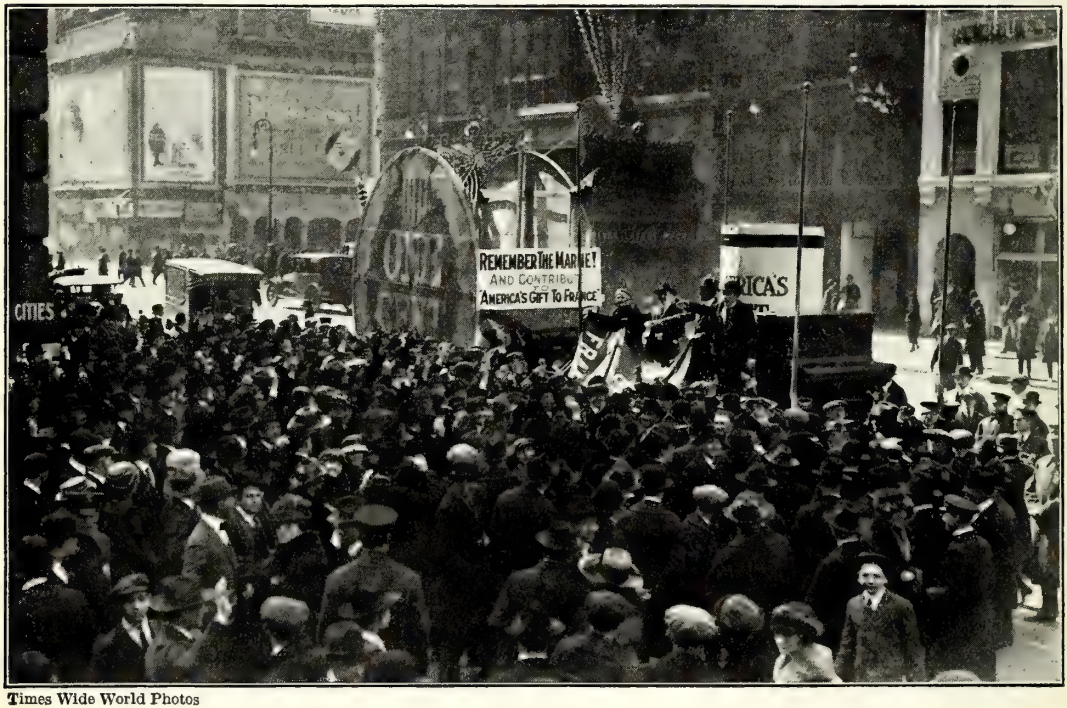
ON March 19, the Senate again rejected the treaty. The vote was 49 to 35. Twenty-three Democrats stood by the President, and twenty-one voted against him. On the Republican side, twenty-eight supported Senator Lodge, and twelve voted against his resolution for ratification with reservations which the President has refused to endorse. A vote of 56 to 28 would have been the closest by which ratification could have been effected.

So it seemed pretty sure that the next vote on the treaty would be made by the people at the polls. That fact gave special interest to the primary election in Michigan, April 5. In that election there were candidates representing every shade of opinion on the treaty: A. Mitchell Palmer, Hoover, McAdoo, Governor Lowden, and General Wood.

If the treaty becomes a campaign issue in the fall, there won't be much for the party orators to say that has n't already been said; but what the voters say on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November will be mighty interesting!

THE MARNE PENNY

THE WATCH TOWER is not going to tell the story of the collection of pennies for the Marne Monument, America's gift to France. You have all followed it; you are all, no doubt, "in on it." But the word Marne sets us going!



Times Wide World Photos

GIANT PENNY IN NEW YORK CITY OPENING THE MARNE MEMORIAL CAMPAIGN

Do you remember when you read about Cantigny? It was the first American blow—only a little one, as the military men measure such things. A minor action; but—it marked the beginning of the end. The Battle of Princeton, in the Revolutionary War, was a small engagement, too, yet it was really one of the "decisive battles of the world." The discouraged Americans began to "buck up" when they heard about it; everybody took a fresh start. And so the little action at Cantigny told the Allies that the Yanks were at last really Over There, and in it—"for keeps." It carried the news to Germany, too!

Well—a little later came Château Thierry, and glory. Then, the wonderful weeks when Foch used our American army as the head of the hammer with which he smashed from the side into that terrible Soissons-Rheims salient, pointing at Paris. Don't you thrill as you recall the recession of that tremendous German drive: back over the Ourcq, the Vesle, and the Aisne? This all bulks up together as the Second Marne.

At the Marne the crest of the onrushing Teuton tide broke. At the Marne the soldiers of France and America stood with their backs to the wall and said, as the French said at Verdun, "They shall not pass!" And there, beside the troubled river, many a son of *La Belle France* and many a lad from the States, many a Yank, gave their lives for freedom. What wonder that the name of Marne seems no longer France's word, but a part of our own good Yankee speech!

If I am not mistaken, the beautiful tower of the Graduate School at Princeton, reared as a monument to the memory of Grover Cleveland, was paid for by the pennies of the people. A beautiful, democratic means of commemoration! Equally fitting is it, when this nation seeks to give lasting expression to its friendship for France, that the message should come from many of us, not a few; and through

the support of individual contributors and not by means of an appropriation from the public treasury.

The huge penny in Times Square is a splendid symbol.

UNCLE SAM, TAX-COLLECTOR

First payment on Federal income taxes for 1919 was made in March. As the first instalment is likely to be larger than the others, because a good many people make full payment when their reports are turned in, the receipts of $908,800,000 are probably more than one-fourth of what will go into the treasury. Experts accept the figures as an indication that the total will amount to more than three billion dollars. Last year collections in the first quarter were more, running over a billion dollars.

New York city had paid, up to March 15, more than $150,000,000. By States, the payments were, in part: New York, nearly $215,000,000; New Jersey, nearly $26,500,000; Pennsylvania, $93,712,953; Illinois, $83,274,600; Ohio, $63,029,667; Massachusetts, $50,780,867. No other State paid more than forty millions. Between thirty and forty were California and Michigan; between twenty and thirty, Missouri and Texas; between fifteen and twenty, Connecticut, Indiana, Maryland; between ten and fifteen, Minnesota, Rhode Island, Washington, Wisconsin.

It takes a lot of money to run a business as big as Uncle Sam's! He will have to try to cut down expenses.

WOMEN AS VOTERS AND OFFICE-HOLDERS

On March 22, Washington ratified the Suffrage Amendment; the thirty-fifth State to do so. On the same day President Wilson sent to the Senate the nomination of Mrs. Helen H. Gardener to the office of United States Civil Service Commissioner.

In her letter of acceptance Mrs. Gardener said that women must enter fully into the benefits of suffrage. That means that, as they take part in the election of public officials, they must not themselves shirk the duties of office.

Mr. Roosevelt once pointed out very plainly the fact that a man might be a good man, and not be a good citizen. Citizenship carries duties as well as privileges, responsibilities as well as opportunities. Mr. Roosevelt considered it every citizen's imperative duty to take part in public life. To him, voting was no light matter, and an invitation to office something not to be easily dismissed. Mrs. Gardener applies the same rule to women.

Through the long years of the battle over suffrage, there has been a lot of discussion not only over woman's right to vote and hold office, but as to what she would do with her ballot when she got it. The answer to the second question will follow pretty closely upon the answer to the first.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

Here's a good, practical, working plan, presented in few words: "If you can plan so as to increase production, improve transportation facilities, bring about better relations in industry, increase and improve retail trade, and better living, educational, and recreational conditions, you will have done your part." The author of this well-packed little paragraph is Mr. Calvin B. Brown, of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

Some business men are inclined to go slow because "it is a Presidential year." They say business is bad at such times, and so they defer new projects and, to a greater or less extent, mark time on old ones. Certainly it is true that a change of administration is a pretty serious matter; and if a crew of Reds were to be sent to Washington, there would be good reason for holding back. But, as things are, the one thing that can be said positively to act as a slowing-up force is this belief by some business men that trade is bound to go slow at such times. Trying to escape an imaginary difficulty, they turn it into a real one.

The next Olympic games will be held at Antwerp. Too bad that international rivalries can't all be settled in so pleasant a way!

There will be contests in almost every form of competitive sport, and not all for the men, either. In the European countries the women go in for gymnastic drill and calisthenic exercises, and regiments of them will exhibit their skill and endurance.

A recent picture shows Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, riding through the streets of Budapest, the people throwing flowers before him. He certainly has a mighty big job on his hands. Hungary was not happy while hitched up with Austria. She is less happy now, for her humbling has been complete. Yet it may be that the future bears better possibilities for her than ever before. Her fate is now in her own hands.



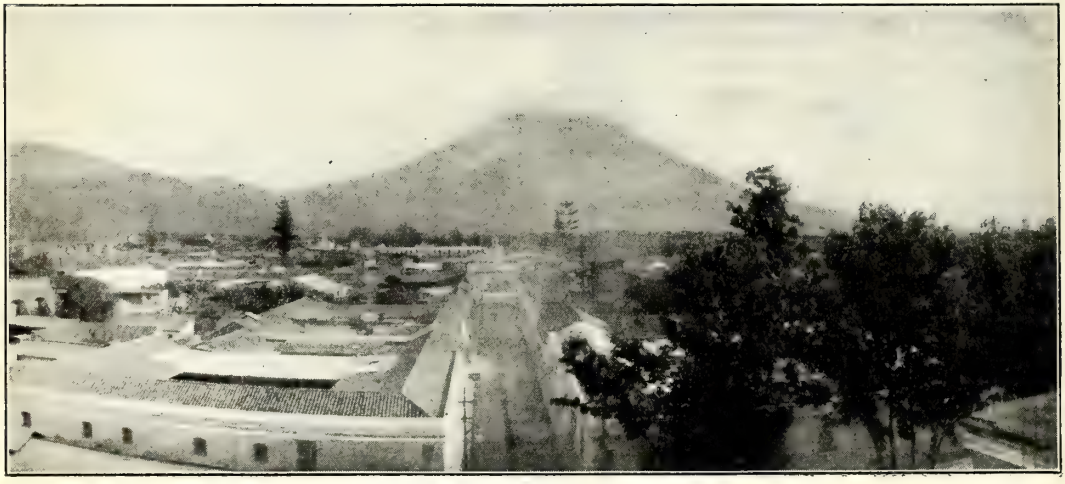
MT. AGUA, TOWERING ABOVE THE CITY OF ANTIGUA

CENTRAL AMERICA'S LIVE MOUNTAINS

Draw a line from Costa Rica, which is just this side of the Republic of Panama, through Nicaragua and El Salvador (rocked by an earthquake not long ago), through Guatemala, and into Southern Mexico, and your line passes through a succession of live mountains. Here is the greatest volcano and earthquake zone in the world. Some of the peaks are belching forth flame and ashes; some are throwing up mighty geysers of hot water; some are slumbering now, but no one knows when they will start up.

Hardly a village or town in this top of the world but has been shaken to pieces half a dozen times. One hundred and ninety-one earthquakes have rocked Antigua, Guatemala, since it was first overwhelmed by the eruption of Mt. Agua on July 29, 1773.

This is the most unruly of all Central America's live mountains. It has taken more lives than any other. It lies about thirty miles northwest of Guatemala City, the capital of the republic, and can plainly be seen from there as it towers above the intervening ranges. Natives boil eggs, dye wools, and extract the juices from medicinal plants with the hot water that issues from its sides. There are hundreds of these boiling springs and streams. In the winter, ice forms



THE RECONSTRUCTED CITY OF ANTIGUA

on the top of the mountain. This is wrapped in moss and saved. Thus from Mt. Agua the natives get both hot and cold water. At the foot of Mt. Agua, like a modern Pompeii, lies the city of Antigua, the ancient capital of the republic. In its zenith it had 60,000 people, and only two cities on the western hemisphere,—Lima, Peru, and the city of Mexico, — could compare with it. Pedro de Alvarado, a warrior, who came down from Mexico in 1527, founded the city in the name of the Catholic King of Spain; but fourteen years after he founded it, there came a rush of sand and hot water from the peak, which buried the garrison and most of Alvarado's soldiers and his wife, the gentle Doña Isabella. The doughty warrior then started a new capital, three miles distant. This is the present ruined city of Antigua, now a busy town among gigantic ruins, with a population of 35,000 persons. Antigua came to be the seat of Spanish power in Central America. Then, in 1773 came the earthquake destroying fifty-eight monasteries and churches (some of them covering seven or eight acres), the governor-general's palace, and the cathedral. More than one third of the people lost their lives. The capital was then moved to Guatemala City. Since then, there has hardly been a year when Antigua has not had its earthquake, some of them being very violent and resulting in serious loss of life.

HAMILTON M. WRIGHT.



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A BAMBOO FOREST

THE MYSTERY OF THE BAMBOOS

A VERY curious fact has been recently discovered in connection with bamboos. These giant grasses occur widely in tropical and sub-tropical regions, where they form a very distinctive feature on account of their singular habits of growth. The rate at which the bamboos develop, when they are first coming up, is simply amazing. Some of the stories which travelers bring home from the tropics about the rate of growth are doubtless exaggerated, but the fact remains that the stems shoot upward at the rate of several feet in twenty-four hours. There is, however, a still stranger thing about the bamboo than its rapidity of growth. For long it has been noted that bamboos very rarely blossom. When they do produce their flowers, the plant almost always dies directly the seed is set. A French explorer passing through a bamboo forest in Brazil, where the plants had shot up to the height of fifty or sixty feet, noted that they were in full bloom. Returning the same way in

four months, all the bamboos had disappeared. Of course the new generation would be carried forward by means of the seeds which followed the blossoms.

These facts are remarkable, but the most mysterious thing about the bamboo remains to be told. When the time comes for a certain species to produce its flowers, the event occurs at precisely the same period all over the world. For instance, one particular kind that has been grown extensively in botanical gardens in many parts of the world blossomed at exactly the same time in various localities throughout Europe, Africa, and India, and after flowering, the bamboos died. This happened in the case of all the plants, no matter what their age might be. Just what it is that gives the world-signal for this flowering of the bamboo plants has never been satisfactorily explained.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.

THE END OF THE ESKIMO CURLEW

WHILE much has been said and written about the wanton slaughter and final extinction of the passenger-pigeons, which our grandfathers remember in swarms that fairly darkened the skies, the disappearance of another American bird, almost as numerous as the pigeons once were, the Eskimo curlew, has been little noticed.

Boys who lived in Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, and Iowa in the early '80's knew the curlew as "prairie pigeons." In Massachusetts and elsewhere in New England they were called "dough-birds." In both regions they came in enormous flights, to fall helpless victims to a bloodthirsty wish to kill, every bit as shameful as that which characterized the destruction of the passenger-pigeons. The passenger-pigeon has entirely disappeared, but a few curlew still exist, survivors of the hundreds of thousands that once crossed the United States in their annual spring migrations. It is doubtful if these scattered individuals can ever bring the species back to its original numbers, even if absolutely protected from the hunter; but bird-lovers are urging such protection in the faint hope that a miracle of nature might result and the curlew so multiply as again to darken the prairie skies.

It is a provincialism to call the Eskimo curlew an American bird. He really was a cosmopolitan, a citizen, if not of the world, at least of a hemisphere. He ranged from Patagonia and the Falkland Islands, just outside of the antarctic circle, to the arctic coast at the mouth of the Mackenzie River. No condor of the Andes had a range so free and magnificent as his. The curlew lived in the eternal spring, following it from pole to pole.

The flight of the original swarm was something to thrill the imagination. The curlew came up to the United States through South and Central America and across the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico. The flock traveled on a schedule more accurate than that of most sailing-ships. They could be expected in Texas and Louisiana about the middle of March; in northern Texas and Oklahoma from March 17 to 25; Kansas in mid-April; the Dakotas early in May; the great lakes of northern Canada about June 1.

The barren grounds of the Mackenzie River, within the shadow of the arctic circle, formed the breeding-grounds for the curlew. Here, scattered in pairs over a great territory, which perhaps extended as far east as Labrador, they nested and reared their young. Early in August they began congregating again in vast flocks, moving steadily southeastward as they collected their numbers, until they were massed in immense swarms on the eastern coast of Labrador. Audubon observed them there in 1833 in such dense flocks that he was reminded of the flight of the passenger-pigeons. They reached Labrador about the middle of August, and for a fortnight gorged themselves with food, which they found there in great plenty.

Then in late August the curlew crossed the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and from there they set out to sea, bound for their winter home in South America. The southeastern islands of the West Indies—Trinidad, Barbadoes, and the other Lesser Antilles—formed an intermediate station in the long air-voyage. From these islands the swarm flew to Brazil, and thence down the South American Atlantic coast to the prairies south of Buenos Aires, where they remained during our winter and the Argentine summer. Then they began the long migration back again.

Normally this route did not carry them to the New England coast; but it frequently occurred that northeast gales would blow them ashore on Cape Cod and elsewhere in that vicinity in great numbers. Sometimes, too, they encountered westerly storms, which would drive them to Europe. They have been shot at several places in the British Isles.

The killing of these birds by hunters was accomplished on a scale that would be incredible in these days of game protection if we did not already know of the similar destruction of the passenger-pigeon, the buffalo, and other wild creatures which formerly lived in great numbers. The curlew were singularly stupid in the presence of hunters. They would huddle to-

gether on the ground, or fly compactly in the air, presenting an easy mark for the gun. As many as twenty-eight birds have been killed by a single discharge of a shot-gun, while hunters with pump-guns have been able to bag nearly forty curlew at one rise. Moreover, the birds would remain in a field while hunters shot into them again and again. More singular still, year after year they continued to return to the regions where the slaughter had been heaviest.

A plump curlew weighed about a pound; and



ESKIMO CURLEW, FROM A MUSEUM SPECIMEN

since the flesh was excellent food and brought a good price in the markets, the birds were pursued relentlessly. The slaughter began in Labrador and Newfoundland, where the fishermen hunted them at night with lanterns and clubs and salted down the slain in barrels. When the curlew were driven ashore in New England, they would frequently be so exhausted from battling against the storm that they could be killed with clubs. In the early days these storm-bound flocks appeared so densely on Nantucket Island that the soft whistling of the individuals in flight sounded like wind in the rigging of a ship. At such times they were pursued until the ammunition supply ran out, and then the slaughter ceased until new shot could be obtained from the mainland.

But this butchery, shocking as it was, scarcely compared with that practised by hunters in the prairie States during the spring flights. Professional market-hunters followed the flock across each State. Hunters used to drive out from Omaha in farm wagons with side-boards on and actually fill their wagons with dead curlew. And according to one credible writer, if the flights were unusually heavy, the wagons would become full too soon to suit the hunters, so the loads were dumped out in piles "as large as a couple of tons of coal" and allowed to decay, while the hunters refilled the wagons with fresh victims.

Under such conditions, it is no wonder that the species was virtually destroyed. The great flights ceased about 1885. In 1890 a large flock was observed on the Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. After that the groups were small and scattered, and lately they have been seen only as rare pairs or individuals.

Now that the curlew have disappeared, the farmers of the prairie corn-belt realize that the economic loss has been heavy. The birds arrived there just at the plowing season, in time to consume vast quantities of white grubs, cutworms, ants, grasshoppers, and other destructive insects. ROBERT F. WILSON.

TWO LITTLE WEATHER-PROPHETS

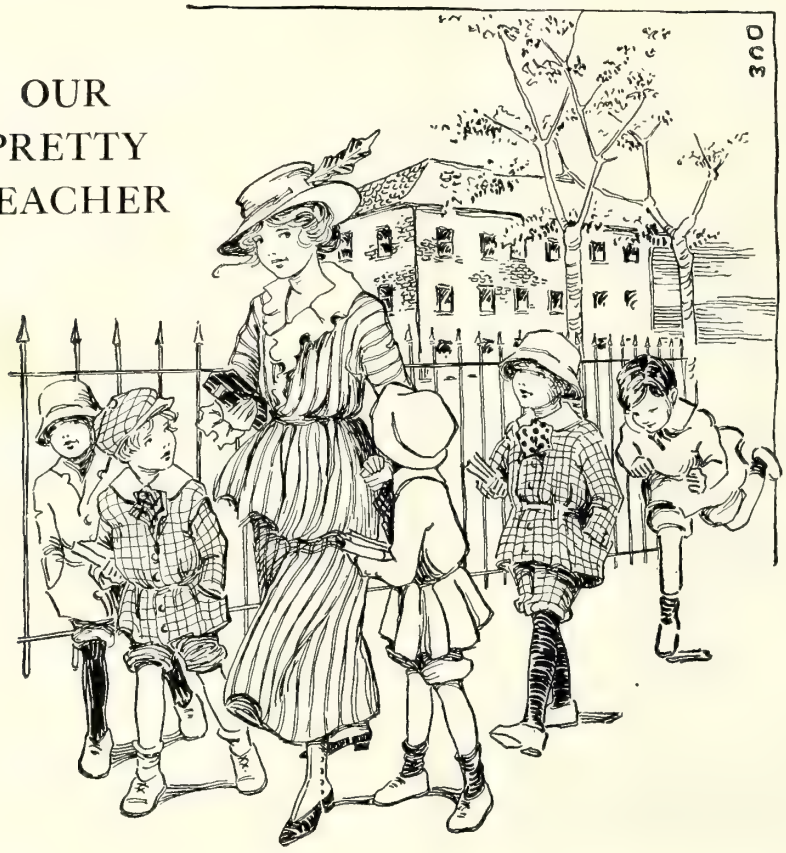
THERE are many simple little devices for foretelling the weather. One of the simplest is an ordinary gingersnap or ginger cooky. Make a hole in the middle, draw a string through it and knot it so that it will not slip out. Then hang it up on the porch or outside your window or door, but sheltered from rain. If it is brittle and hard, the weather will be fair, but if it becomes soft and pliable, look out for wet weather, because the air is then full of moisture which we cannot feel, but which the gingersnap quickly absorbs.

A plummet makes a good weather-prophet. Any little metal weight will serve, attached to a piece of leather whip-cord. Or a straight strip of rawhide will do. You must wait for a moderate day, when it is neither raining nor extremely bright and hot. When such a day comes, hang up your plummet by the cord. Fasten a card securely behind it, and make a line just where the bottom of the weight touches. Above this line write, "WET", and below the line write "DRY." When the air is damp, the cord will shrink and this will haul up the plummet above the line into the "wet" half. When it becomes dry and hot, or when it is going to remain so, the cord will stretch out and the weight will fall below the line into the "dry" half. PETER JOHNSON.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

Verses by Mattie Lee Hausgen

OUR PRETTY TEACHER



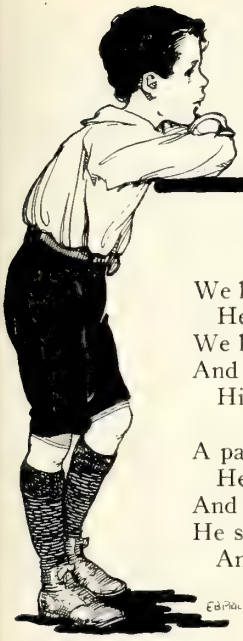
Her sweethearts are so many
She cannot count them all;
There 're Tom and Will and Benny
And Jim—and Robbie tall.
They 're so glad to be with her
You often hear them say:
"It 's a fine day, Miss Mary;
Do, please, walk hŏme our way!"

HER NEW HAT



The hat is leghorn—I suppose;
Once in a while a tiny rose
Peeps out from wreath of green leaves small;
But—guess what *I* like best of all?
The streamers—made of ribbon blue!
They hang from loops and bow-knots true
Down on my neck, a yard or half.
Sometimes they tickle and I laugh!

EBENEZER.



By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

We have a pet that 's very sweet;
He roves around the room;
We hear the patter of his feet,
And very frequently we meet
Him scuttling through the gloom.

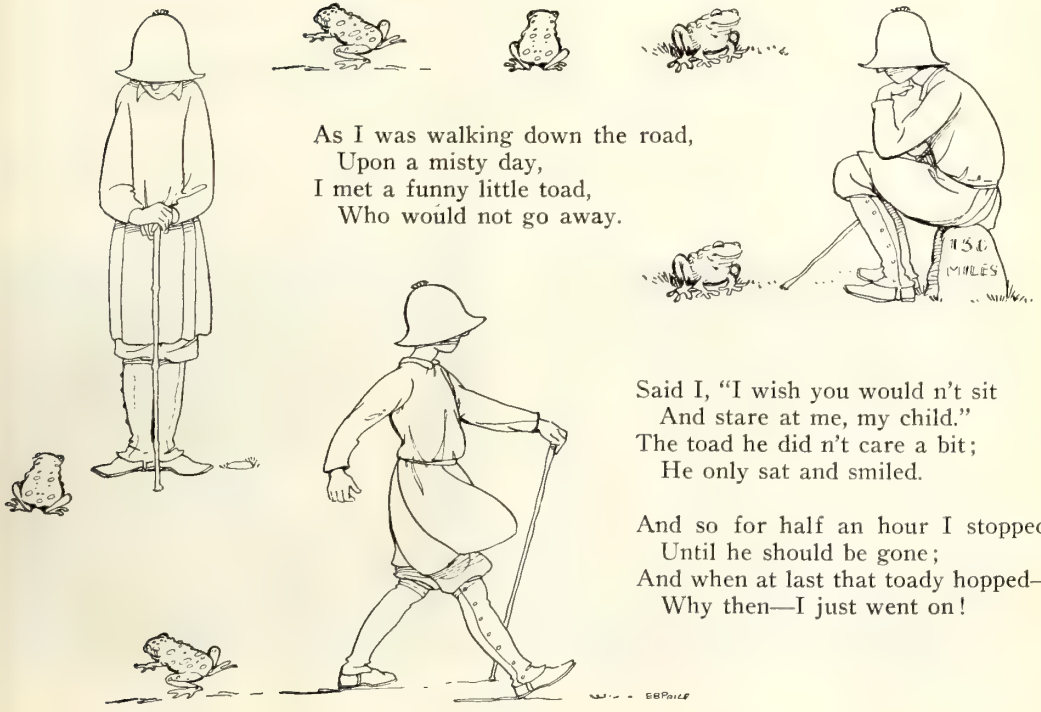
A paper bag is now his home;
He likes to hear it crinkle;
And when he 's not inclined to roam,
He sits inside it like a gnome
And makes his forehead wrinkle.

We call him Ebenezer, though
I don't know why, exactly.
His pace, at best, is rather slow;
And if he does not want to go,
He shuts up quite compactly.

He has a mild, inquiring eye;
His brain is far from fertile:
You can not guess, not if you try,
What kind of pet he is—for why?
Because he 's just—a *Turtle!*

THE FRIENDLY HOP-TOAD

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE



As I was walking down the road,
Upon a misty day,
I met a funny little toad,
Who would not go away.

Said I, "I wish you would n't sit
And stare at me, my child."
The toad he did n't care a bit;
He only sat and smiled.

And so for half an hour I stopped,
Until he should be gone;
And when at last that toady hopped—
Why then—I just went on!

St. Nicholas League



"A BIT OF LIFE." BY CARY LEE WESTON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

BEAUTIFUL as the LEAGUE pages are pictorially this month, and charming as are the timely spring-songs with which our young poets welcome the birds' return, yet the major portion of our space simply had to be accorded to the prose writers. For in response to the subject, "My Happiest Memory," the contributions came with a rush that would not be denied and in scores of varied forms—clever little essays founded upon some historic or biographical incident, storiettes of every-day life at home or school, tales humorous or fanciful, bits of pleasurable description far afield or amid loved, familiar scenes—each with a deep significance and all admirably written. Many of these welcome offerings, ranging from grave to gay, await your eager attention in the following pages, and many more are represented in the "Special Mention" honor-list, which is of quite unusual length. And our tribute to this month's prose applies also to every one of these, and to the verse, drawings, and photographs as well. By the time you have reached the end of the feast, you will surely agree that ST. NICHOLAS may well be proud of its great army of boys and girls who are capable of turning out, month by month, compositions and pictures of such uniform excellence, and many of them showing a touch of mastery that promises great things for these young authors and artists—and for all the rest of us—in the years to come. It is still further to their credit that, in this instance, many of the contributions were written at short notice, because the issue in which the subjects were announced was delayed far beyond the usual date of publication by the printers' strike.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 242.

(In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.)

PROSE. Gold Badge, **Miriam MacKay** (age 17), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, **Anne Waldron** (age 14), California; **Jean M. Tod** (age 16), New York; **Margaret D. Reese** (age 16), District of Columbia; **Marion Mitchell** (age 14), California; **Elizabeth Thomas Nelson** (age 13), Virginia; **Isabel Redmond Stafford** (age 16), Ohio; **Israel Block** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Helen Grace Davie** (age 15), California.

VERSE. Gold Badge, **Dorothy M. Patty** (age 17), Nebraska. Silver Badges, **Ernestine Jean Dunaway** (age 12), Nebraska; **Roma Kauffman** (age 14), Iowa.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **Alice C. Braislin** (age 13), New York; **Emmie Lou Washington,** (age 16), South Carolina. Silver Badges, **Katherine T. Conway** (age 12), District Columbia; **Ruth Alden** (age 14), New York; **Eugenia Van Kammen** (age 14), Michigan.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver Badges, **Cary Lee Weston** (age 13), California; **Elsie Persbacker** (age 13), New York; **John G. Longley** (age 8), Maine; **Frances Herendeen** (age 12), New York; **Helen Perry** (age 13), California; **Grace Holbert** (age 15), New York; **Marion M. Fricke** (age 15), New Jersey; **Agnes H. Barnard** (age 15), California; **Esther L. Cottingham** (age 12), Washington.



BY ELSIE PERSBACKER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY JOHN G. LONGLEY, AGE 8. (SILVER BADGE.)

"A BIT OF LIFE"

THE BIRDS' RETURN.

BY DOROTHY M. PATTY (AGE 17)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December,* 1919)

Away up high in a maple-tree,
Hid from the eyes of you and me,
Is a little brown elf with a book of gold,
Wherein he records, as I 've been told,
The story of each little bird that flies
Back from the South and its sunny skies.
To him they come over hedge and fern,
And he keeps the tale of the birds' return.
And he will tell them (if they 've been good,
And have done the things that he thinks they should)
Where they will find the best of seeds,
The coolest streams and the sunniest meads;
And he 'll teach them new little trills to sing
To herald with joy the approach of spring.

So, if some day you are out to view
The beauty of spring with its skies so blue,
Stop a moment and try to see
That little brown elf in the maple-tree.

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY.

BY MIRIAM MACKAY (AGE 17)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won May,* 1917)

As I sit dreaming of the past, one afternoon stands out as perhaps the happiest that I ever spent.

It was late afternoon of a spring day that I started out in search of wild roses. I walked gaily over the plowed ground until I came to a hill, where I found a ragged hedge of wild roses growing along an old fence. After filling my arms with roses, I stopped to enjoy the beauty of approaching twilight. The sky was brilliant with reds and yellows in the west, fading to opal tints in the east.

Suddenly, from the next field a brown speck shot into the air. Higher and higher it soared until it was lost from sight. Then the most wonderful song burst upon the still air—the vesper song of the horned lark. The notes tumbled in mad profusion from his silver throat. Everything stopped to listen. Now his song was sad and pensive, as though he were singing of past sorrows and weariness, now it was gay and lilting, as though he had never a care in the world. It came down through the still air so distinctly, yet so softly, that I strained my ears to hear every note. Then, through the gathering dusk, he fell like a clod of earth and I thought he would be dashed to pieces, but as he neared the ground his little feet shot out and he hopped nimbly away. Again and again he arose. Each time his song seemed more beautiful. At last he fell for the last time. For a moment the air was painfully quiet. Then the crickets and frogs started their nightly program and I went dreamily home.

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY.

BY ANNE WALDRON (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

I, Ictinus, am old, lad. I have a train of memories of those early days when, due to Pericles, the state was restoring the Acropolis. But you do not wish to be bored. Indeed, and so my tales do not bore you? My happiest memory? It is easily told, for it is my happiest and my proudest memory.

It was a warm spring day when Pericles came to me and asked if I thought I could design a temple worthy of our great Athene. He told me he had faith that I could build a temple worthy of standing on the Acropolis of Athens. Aye, lad 't was my proudest day, for 't is admitted that in all the world there is no place to rival the Acropolis, and I, Ictinus, was to contribute to its beauty. So I made my plans, and when the people approved them, I began to build. See! the result stands there upon the Acropolis; and it is of my planning! But the marvel of the Parthenon is not my work. It is the sculpture of Phidias. He has made it the most beautiful building of the world.

Aye, aye, that was the time to live! Now, Pericles is gone, and, with him, the supremacy of Athens. We are now ruled by such as Cleon the tanner. Aye, those were the days of Athens' glory!



"PLAYMATES." BY EMMIE LOU WASHINGTON, AGE 16
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON DECEMBER, 1917.)

THE BIRDS' RETURN.

BY PHILIP TAPPERMAN (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

Long months ago the earth was covered o'er
With whitest ermine. E'en the stately trees
Stood garbed in glistening snow. We heard no more
The winged warblers' cheery melodies,
For all had flown from winter's frigid air
To balmy southlands, where the skies are fair.

Now joyous spring comes dancing with a song,
Transforming nature to a living green;
The crystal brooklet once more flows along;
The trees sway grandly 'gainst the summer scene.
From leafy limbs a thousand tiny throats
Send forth their gladsome greeting to the earth;
And what is better than those welcome notes
To fill mankind with pleasure, love, and mirth?

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY.

BY JEAN M. TOD (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

At last! The gates of Monticello loomed up in front of us, and, breathless from our long climb, we eagerly awaited the old darky, who presently came out of the lodge to admit us.

Inside, thick woods surrounded the shady drive, and it was in the midst of these that we came upon the tomb of Thomas Jefferson, almost hidden under ivy. Tall trees arched over it, while little patches of sunshine trembled here and there. I wonder what stories *they* could tell of their illustrious owner. We stood silent a moment looking through the rail-

ings at the old headstone, "Sacred to the memory of Thomas Jefferson."

Soon we emerged from the woods, and there, across a wide lawn, stood Monticello! A stately colonial house with pillars, and two stone lions crouched below. The house was built of gray stone, one story high, with a small attic above.

It stood on a terrace, and from here we had a fine view. Below stretched orchards as far as the eye could see, bright in the sunshine. In the valley lay Charlottesville, half hidden by trees, while away in the distance the Blue Ridge Mountains were faintly distinguishable against the horizon.

On one side of the house, overshadowed by the terrace, was a row of whitewashed cabins. These were the slaves' quarters. It was as if we were walking in the past. But all too soon the lengthening shadows told us our happy afternoon was over.

Our last glimpse of Monticello was on our way homeward. The sunlight had touched the windows and they sparkled like stars, as if immortalizing the memory of Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence.



"A BIT OF LIFE." BY FRANCES HERENDEEN, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE BIRDS' RETURN.

BY ERNESTINE JEAN DUNAWAY (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

"CHEER up! Cheer up!" called the red-breasted robin,
As he swung on the bough of the old apple-tree,
"*Tru-al-lee! Tru-al-lee!*" trilled young Mrs. Bluebird,
And she sang just as sweetly as ever did he.

"Spring 's here! Spring 's here!" chirped red-breasted robin.
If not, why these notes from the old apple-tree?
All nature is joyful to hear the glad tidings
Of the dear birds' return—and "Cheer up!"
"*Tru-al-lee!*"

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY.

(*Being a Story Michael Angelo Might Have Told*)

BY MARGARET E. LIPPINCOTT (AGE 13)

WHEN I was a boy I was very fond of art, and so, even against my father's will, I took it up as my life work. First I became a painter, but in time I could correct my master's pictures. When I was thirty-five years old I was asked to turn to sculpture and make the tomb in which Julius II was to be buried. But that is not my happiest memory.

My happiest memory is when I was called forth to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. How great was my joy then, for I knew that I had succeeded in my work. I hated to have people look at me while I did this, and so the chapel was closed until I had finished. It took me four years to paint this great ceiling and also the walls. I often wonder if people will ever feel the joy that I felt during those days. Yes, that is my happiest memory.



"A BIT OF LIFE." BY HELEN PERRY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY.

BY MARY OTEY MCKELLAR (AGE 12)

I AM a little girl who lived in Kentucky. Not long ago we moved into Ohio, and my heart was like to break at having to part with my only pet, Rex, my collie.

"We cannot take him with us," my father told me gently, "but I will get you another dog."

"Oh, but I don't want another dog!" I sobbed, with my face buried in Rex's hair. "Please, Papa—"

"Come, darling, we are ready to go," called Mother, and I stumbled blindly to my feet, with a last farewell pat.

About three weeks later, after we were settled in our new home, I observed the figure of a dog walking slowly down the street. He was dejected looking, dirty, and thin.

"Why, he looks like Rex!" I thought to myself. "Rex! Rex!" I called. He turned and came bounding up the walk to me—and it *was* Rex!

How he reached me I 'll never know, but I am sure that when I threw my arms around his neck and he thrust his grimy muzzle into my face is my happiest memory.

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY.

BY MARGARET D. REESE (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

IT was the habit of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, while he was President, to take a horseback ride every Sunday afternoon, the weather permitting. He would drive through the city to meet his horses, which had been taken to the outskirts, but, as he drove, he made many friends among the children.

These Sunday afternoon rides will long be remembered by the children of Washington, for he had more friends among the little folks than he could count. He would wave and smile at every youngster he saw on the streets or who, as I did, stood on the steps to see him pass. Whenever he passed our house he would look up, wave, and smile so pleasantly that those occasions stand out in my mind as my happiest memory.



BY VIRGINIA BEAN, AGE 13.



BY LOUIS JEAN MILLER, AGE 13.



BY GRACE HOLBERT, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

"A BIT OF LIFE"

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY.

BY MARION MITCHELL (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

It all started on the thirteenth. Of course, the missus raised a fuss 'cause I had a little fun with her party slippers. Did n't hurt 'em any—look much better *without* bows, anyway. But, just the same, it happened on the thirteenth of the month. Poor Bob had to let me go to the pound. All the begging I could do was useless. I only weakened my barking power. Just to think: I—I—Jiggs—was to go to the pound! Yes, *I, Jiggs,* was to go to the pound!

I went, leaving my little master crying (in secret, naturally), but he was helpless in all concerning me. Puppy as I was, I knew he loved me. I showed him that I did the same by a wag of my tail and an attempt to put my feelings into my eyes—or rather express them in my eyes. (Being Jiggs, I mix up my language slightly.) But the pound men took me! I 'd heard they only keep dogs a little while and then they—they—well, they dispose of them, Bob's father said. And—*I* was to be disposed of? Well, I was n't; I would make my get-a-way somehow, was my decision.

After three days at the pound, I saw my little master come running to get me, I was sure. And he *was!* Maybe you don't think that is my happiest memory—when my master came after me, I mean—but it was. How did it happen my master could have me again? I don't know—I don't care.

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY.

(*A True Story*)

BY LOUISE CORCORAN (AGE 13)

It was my birthday, and when I woke up in the morning I was very happy and expectant. Mother gave me a pretty sweater she had made for me, and when I went down to breakfast I found several other presents. They were nice, but it was n't anything like my former birthdays, and I went off to school feeling a little disappointed. When I came home at noon the cook had made a lovely cake for me with eleven candles around it, and in the center was a silk flag with the good old Stars and Stripes.



"A HEADING FOR MAY."
BY JEAN McINTOSH, AGE 14.



PLAYMATES

EUGENIA VAN KAMMEN, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"PLAYMATES."
BY ALICE C. BRAISLIN, AGE 13.
(GOLD BADGE, SILVER BADGE WON JANUARY, 1920.)



"A BIT OF LIFE." BY HERBERT HARWOOD. AGE 16.

When I came home from school in the afternoon Mother said: "Louise, it seems to me your flowers are n't doing as well as they should. Let 's go out and look at them." So we went out to the garden, and one of our neighbors, of whom I was very fond, said: "I think your flowers need watering. Go in the garage and get the hose." I started for it, and when I opened the door, right in front of me stood a lovely new bicycle. Tied to the seat with a wide pink ribbon was a card on which was written, "This bicycle belongs to Louise Corcoran."

I was so surprised and happy that for a moment I could n't say a word, for this was the thing I had wanted the most, but had least expected to have. As soon as I could realize that it was mine, I jumped on it and rode off, for I had learned how to ride a bicycle before. This was my very happiest memory.

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY.

BY ELIZABETH THOMAS NELSON (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

ONE entering our kitchen in the mellow sunshine of an October morning, eight years ago, would have seen a small woeful figure crouched sobbing in the arms of our kind cook. Unspeakably lonely and miserable in the greatest sorrow my five careless years had ever known, I came in my dumb grief to faithful Agnes, who understood and sympathized. Though I did not know it, my adored mother, who had gone farther south in search of health, was battling courageously with death, lonely and heart-sick. I only knew that she was gone, and that my baby heart was filled with aching longing for her.

The photograph of her fine, tender face that hung above my bed to watch over me, as her brave spirit did, was smudged with the sticky kisses I pressed on it each night when I knelt to say my prayers with her understanding eyes gazing upon me. "Don't cry, dear," they seemed to say, "but pray that I may come back to you."

Kind Agnes did her best for me, and every one was kind, but oh, I wanted my mother! I sobbed miserably.

A small pink-ginghamed form in a little old-fashioned rocker that just fitted me, a few days later I was poring over a quaint green primer that had been Daddy's, when a shadow fell across the page, and the arms I had longed so for enveloped me with yearning tenderness. I forgot everything—the long, lonely weeks past, the consciousness of anything other than Mother's presence and the exquisite bliss of having her.

A hot tear fell on my cheek, and I looked up to see the dear hazel eyes brimming over.

"Why, Mother!" I cried in my baby surprise. "You 're back—why are you crying?"



"A BIT OF LIFE." BY MARY ELIZABETH PERKINS, AGE 11.



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY NANCY RIGGS, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE ROBIN'S RETURN.

BY LISABETH O. BUELL (AGE 15)

HASTEN, little Robin, from the Southland far away.
Can't you hear us calling you to come back here to-day?
For the woods are all so lonely and we 're longing so for spring,
Can't you hurry, little Robin, and be soon upon the wing?
Can't you bring with you the sunshine of the South, so bright and dear,
That will melt the snow and ice and fill the woods with warmth and cheer?
Can't you wake the merry echoes to resound through field and lane?
Can't you hasten, little Robin, and bring back the spring again?

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY.

BY ISABEL REDMOND STAFFORD (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

WE left our house on the desert six miles east of Phoenix at about ten o'clock one bright sunny morning in October. There were seven of us in a big motor-car. We were going to Roosevelt Dam, and were very much excited over our trip. After an hour's ride we came to the mountains and the real Apache Trail. Those mountains are the most beautiful things I have ever seen. They are all covered with wonderful yellow, gray and red lichens;



BY MARION M. FRICKE, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY AGNES H. BARNARD, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY ESTHER L. COTTINGHAM, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

"A BIT OF LIFE"

and the shrubs and trees have such fine foliage. In the afternoon we came to the wonderful Fish-Creek Hill that we had all heard so much about. It is so steep that many people are very much afraid to go down it.

Shortly after four o'clock the trail began to wind up a mountain and we wondered where it would end. We kept getting higher and higher, till it made one dizzy to look over the side of the car.

Suddenly, looking down, we saw the beautiful dam, 450 feet below us! Then we descended the mountain and drove across the dam to a little hotel on the bank of the lake, where we spent the night.

The next morning when I awoke I could look out of my window and see the moon and morning star in the sky and the lights twinkling on the dam. Though it was only five, I dressed and hastened out to see the sun rise over the lake. I shall never forget that exquisite pink glow on the water and the mountains.

We reached home late in the afternoon, with a very happy memory of our trip.

THE BIRDS' RETURN.

BY ROMA KAUFFMAN (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

'T is April twilight, and the golden sun
Is sinking to his rest, his day's work done.

A recent shower has freshened all the air.
The birds come back again by pair and pair.

And now in thought I walk the wide world o'er,
And view all lands through Fancy's golden door.

But hark! is it the note of flute I hear,
Or fairy voices calling crystal clear?

Ah, thence it comes! The robin, brave and gay,
Is chanting vespers at the end of day.

That tiny messenger of sweet good cheer,
Who bids my heart be still and never fear.

THE BIRDS' RETURN.

BY ROSAMOND EDDY (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

The night was strange with a thrill of joy,
And the dim mists crept and swayed,
As I listened there in the damp, still dark
To the sound that the fog-drops made—
Drip, drop, as they slipped from the trees,
Where no whispering wind tune played,—
Drip, drop, drip, drop,—
No wandering night song strayed.

Then suddenly, out of the pattering dark,
Like part of the spring's refrain,
There came one small caressing lilt,
A haunting, broken strain;
Like something heard in a far-off dream
Of the flower-bright, breeze-swept plain.
And I knew why the night held a thrill of joy,
For the birds had come again!



"A BIT OF LIFE." BY HELEN LANG. AGE 14.

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY.

BY ISRAEL BLOCK (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE sun was shining brightly and an ocean breeze gently fanned my face as I stood on the good ship *Haverford's* deck, while she sped swiftly westward.

My mother, two sisters, two brothers, and I were among the hundreds of immigrants that the *Haverford* was taking to America.

The thought that my father was waiting for us on the other side of the ocean, fired me with enthusiasm, and every day I stood on the deck of the vessel watching for signs of land.

As I was standing near the bow one day, with my eyes fixed straight ahead, I espied a very small object appear in the distance.

The vessel swept steadily on. As it drew nearer and nearer to the object of my scrutiny, my heart began to beat more rapidly, for I recognized the object to be a fishing-smack. I knew from experience that when such boats as these were around, land was not far away.

More and more fishing-smacks and boats of all descriptions kept appearing, so that in less than half an hour they were to be seen all around us.

The day was drawing to a close, when the ship's horns began to toot, the men to shout and cheer, and women began to hug and kiss one another for joy. Land had been sighted, and the captain told us that we were soon to be in the United States.

The sun, sinking in the west, saw me looking at my future home, the United States, where freedom, equality, justice, and humanity stretched forth their arms to those who sought them.



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY KATHERINE T. CONWAY, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY.

BY HELEN GRACE DAVIE (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

MY happiest memory is of a "Sunset Sing" at Asilomar—Asilomar, "Retreat-by-the-Sea", that Y. W. C. A. conference ground on the Pacific Coast, "where true ideals are formed and lived by, and new friends are discovered every day."

We sat on the top of a high, milky-white sand-dune, the tents and buildings hidden in the dusky green of the tall pine-trees behind; on either side, vast stretches of sand blending into the ever-darkening sky; and before us the rolling, surging ocean danced and sparkled in the red-gold splendor of the setting sun.

Then our song-leader rose. "What shall we sing, girls?" she asked. I don't remember what the choice was—probably some lively camp song. This was followed by a second and a third. Gradually the beauty and impressiveness of the scene communicated itself to the merry group, and the singing changed. Now it was hymns that we sang, hymns which, here at home again, seem to me almost symbolic of the spirit of Asilomar.

Suddenly there was a low exclamation; the singing ceased, as all gazed spellbound at the great round disk of orange sinking into the ocean, even as we watched. Then the clear voice of our leader rang out:

"Day is dying in the west,
Heaven is touching earth with rest,"

and the little group, deeply moved, took up the strain. The sound, low at first, gradually increased in volume and feeling as the girls caught more and more the spirit of it all. As the last note died away, the sun disappeared in a rose-hued cloud; the sky rapidly paled to gray. The girls sat hushed by a feeling of indefinable awe. A cool wind murmured in the trees; the day was done.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Louise Palmer Johnston
Oril Irene Brown
Jeannette Bailey
Muriel Ward
Charles Gardner Bennett
Alice C. Strawser
Dorothy Weeks
Margaret S. Noyes
Jean H. Morganstein
Seymour Offutt
Samuel H. Martin
Jane Buel Bradley
Ellen Ehret
Silvia Wunderlick
Wilmar A. House
Dorothy Mitchell
Dorothy R. Burnett
Elizabeth Sanderson
Emily Brittingham
Edith Lynch
Catherine Inman
Catherine Viets
Betsey Green
Dorothy E. Musgrove
Eleanor C. Johnson
Floy Jane Norwood
Gertrude Wollaeger
Mary Jane Carrier
Minnie Pfeferberg
Florence Lidz

VERSE

Helen F. White
Caroline Rankin
Janet A. Henry
Elizabeth Wilcox
Selma Fruhauf
Constance Witherell
Anne Spottswood Harrison
Cecilia Parsons
Naomi Doan Furnas
Mary Edith Schwab
Josephine Rankin
T. Turner Rose
Elizabeth Guerrant
Henry Alfred Bettman
Alta Mae Kane
Irene Renk
Ellen M. Ryan
Natalie C. Hall
Priscilla Fraker
Mollie L. Craig
Margaret Humphrey
Mary Frances Kiely

DRAWINGS

Hope Crouch
Phyllis Harroun
Jeannette Washburn
Betty Cunningham
Mary E. Stonebarger
Laurine Allen
Elizabeth E. Clarke
Ethel R. Thayer, Jr.
Ralph Travis
Marjorie Henderson
Hilda F. Wanker

PHOTOGRAPHS

Mary M. Stiness
John Barry Parker
Jeannette Stevens
Isabelle D. Roberts
Dorothy Tuska
Marguerite Merrill
Elizabeth Wightman
Helen Rush
Katharine Matthie
Brewster Ghiselin
Marion Reissenweber
Louise Worthington
David S. Gifford
Martha Wood
Ruth E. Knapp
Junia Bright
Gertrude W. Dole
Winifred Wise
Doris E. Rigby
Elizabeth Jane Adams

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Katherine L. Mead
Mary C. Bergman
Constance Marie O'Hara
Gloria Hellar
Fannie Moeller
F. R. Martin
Catharine Houwenhoven
Margaret B. Walton
Edgar V. Best
Thomas M. Rutherford
Elsa Adolphsen
Jessica Louise Megaw
Frances Wasse

Margaret Mackprang
Martha Smith
Betty Kuck
Mary Inman
Dorothy M. Jones
Malcolm Stark



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY RUTH ALDEN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Elizabeth Sussman
Margaret Traylor
Jean Haynes
Salvatore Leland Casano
Lucy W. Norton
Helen Whitwell
Edward M. Fuller
Elizabeth Gilbert
Louise Allard
Burnette M. Bernheim
Marjorie Cox
Betty Niven
Frances Polk Spilman
Anne E. Worden
Estelle Osborne

VERSE

Wm. Brewster Groves
Dorothy Hetzel
Madge Carolyn Child
Elizabeth Boulton
Jane K. Kluckholn
Helen Reigart
Mary Flagg
Joseph A. Evans
Charlotte Reynolds
C. Ladd Prosser
Shirley Carter Cordill
Eleanor Blum
Jean Harper
Katherine Curran
Mary Garlock
Dorothea Scudder
Frances Perry
Louise Holt Baker
Jean R. Weiller
Walter C. Eisenbach
Edna M. Deiss
Margaret E. Burrows
Dorothy Blakey
Helen F. Mitchell
Katherine Foss
Elizabeth M. Patterson
Betty Browne
Jane Warner
Ina Peebles
Helen Christensen
Isidore Katz
Marjorie B. Gibson
May W. Wilson
Frances M. Garriott
Phoebe Paxton
Elizabeth M. Haslach
Janet L. Bullitt
Kenneth R. Shupp
Alice Lord Coonley
Ruth Renk
Edwin W. Folsom
Elizabeth Cattele
Carol Joy
Erminie Huntress
Daisy Dean
Gladys Lull
Dorothy D. Ryder
Olive M. Hahn
Leroy Lichliter
Agnes McGavran
Mary C. Pope
Edmee C. Baur
Carleton Green
Katherina Merritt
Maury Fry
Walter C. Green
Alice Mills
Harriet Elizabeth Ahearn
Dorothy Free
Alice W. Moss

DRAWINGS

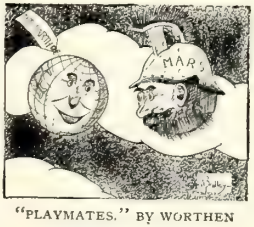
Jared B. French
Gladys Relyea
Harriet Street Downes
Beatrice Parvin
Celia White
Katharina C. Swan
Julius Slutzkin
Lola Burrall
Elizabeth Muir
Ruth Hungerford
Eddeline Mussell
Alison Farmer
Louis M. Ross
Caroline Gilbert Johnson
Edith Bullen
Laura Margaret Haley
Ruth Douglas Keener
Frances S. Badger
Anne O. Porter
Johanna Gross
Hilde Graf
Rowland Lyon

PHOTOGRAPHS

Mildred L. Woodworth
Henry Sullivan
Marjorie Cohen
Katharine Nash
Katharine Perry
Kathryn Edith Jones
Lester N. Towner
Charlotte White
Caroline E. Rogers
Constance Pardee
Barbara Lamb
Theodora Machado
Benjamin S. Westcott
Rollo Silver
Muriel Ward
James C. Perkins, Jr.
James Pardoe
John H. Rowe, Jr.
Martha Dukes
Duane Carnes
John E. Underwood
Joy E. Loughead
Margaret Sainz
Elizabeth Estes
Eleanor Coryell
Leon R. Mears
E. R. Rogers, Jr.
Edgar S. Donning
Margaret Dill
William Quayle
Julian Ellis Mack
Elizabeth Ferris
Gertrude Moakley
Ruth Carolyn Knell
Helen Symonds
Sara Sweeney
Jean Gearing
Ann Stanton
Emma Epler
Ruth Kellum
Agnes G. Hammer
Elizabeth G. Frothingham
Dorothy Burns
Dally Childs
Louise M. Howland
Sarah Jamieson
Janet Atwater
Katherine Dines
Elin Macartney
Natalie M. Burggraf
Helen May Martien

PUZZLES

Nina S. Skidmore
Rita Salomon
James Lister
Tom Jenks
Adelaide R. Haley



"PLAYMATES." BY WORTHEN BRADLEY, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Ilonka Roberts
Elizabeth Freeland
Ruth Beaudry
Kathleen Scudder
Norma Stiner
Mary Louise Butcher
Ursula P. Hubbard
Mary E. Townes
Paul Monroe
Julia Adams
William Moore
Thomas Radway
Dorothy M. Swan

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of the readers of the St. Nicholas Magazine.

The League motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

The League emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

The League membership button bears the League name and emblem.

The St. Nicholas League, organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now believed to be one of the greatest artistic educational factors in the world.

The St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 246

Competition No. 246 will close May 30. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in St. Nicholas for September. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Song of the River."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "Making the Best of It."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "Ready for Action."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Friendly Critic," or "A Heading for September."

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of St. Nicholas. Must be addressed to The Riddle-box.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

Any reader of St. Nicholas, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

CHRISTCHURCH, N. Z.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl who lives in an island in the middle of the sea, called New Zealand. We live in a town called Christchurch. It is an inland town. When you want to come here by a ship, you have to get off at Lyttelton and take a train to Christchurch. Last Christmas holidays we went to a place in South Westland, "Waiho Gorge," near the Franz Joseph Glacier. We often used to go on the glacier. All the ice looked so pretty, with the blue sky reflecting on it. There was a blue cave of solid ice—it looked so beautiful on a fine day! There were great crevasses and waterfalls.

One day we walked seventeen miles to the Fox Glacier. It was such a lovely walk over the mountains! Lord Jellicoe and the *H. M. S. New Zealand* arrived here in September. One of the officers asked us to go on board. There were eight great big guns and many small ones. He showed us how to fire the big gun. We had tea in the commodor's cabin.

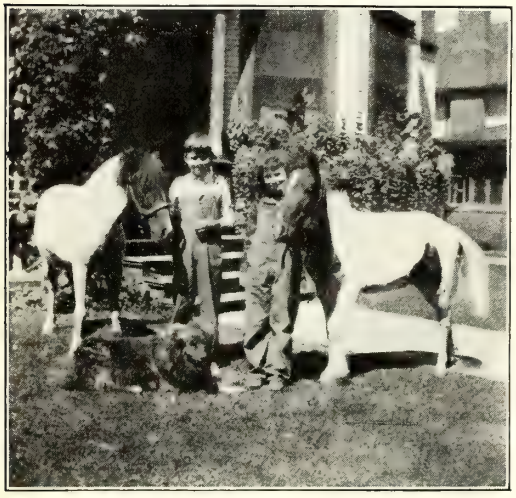
Love from

LOIS LORD (AGE 11).

FARGO, N. D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a picture of us and our ponies and our dog. We have had them for some years, and this is our yard and house.

JACK AND INEZ AROTY (AGE 11 AND 8).



BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written you a letter, but as I have taken you for a long time, I am writing to you now. I am really writing this letter for my sister Elinore. And this is the reason: About six weeks ago she was riding Happy, her horse, when he shied and threw her. Her right shoulder was dislocated and her arm was broken, so you see she can't write yet.

We want to tell you how much we like you. Mother took you when she was a little girl; and when she grew up, her little brothers and sisters (there were fourteen in the family and Mother was the oldest) took you. Now Elinore gets you, but all of us read you. We have every copy of ST. NICHOLAS since 1873. Mother says she does n't think there are many volumes before that.

We were in Europe when the World War began. Everybody in Germany said, "Oh, it will only last six months." Thinking this was true, we stayed on in Berlin.

But we very soon found out it would be a long six months before the war would be over. Father, as a citizen of the United States, expected that all he would have to do would be to show his passport and they would let us through the lines into Holland or even Switzerland. How different it was, though!

First they asked Father what he was doing in Germany; then why had n't he gone home right at the beginning of the war, and hundreds of other questions. Then when they had finished questioning him, he had to go through a lot of red tape before he could have a passport out of Germany. We finally got out and went to Holland. Here we had a terrible time.

Very few boats were running then, because of the submarines, and those that were had every berth taken weeks in advance. At last Father went to the American consul in Holland and as he is a naval doctor and was over on government business, the consul managed to get us two staterooms. We landed in the United States safely, but exactly four months after we had left Germany. I don't remember much about it, as I was only seven; Elinor and Lawrence have been dictating this part of the letter to me. Lawrence is my big brother. He is eighteen and is a Freshman at Cornell.

Your loving reader,

LLOYD SUMNER (AGE 12).

MAUMEE, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I never can tell you how very much I do love and enjoy your magazine. It certainly is lovely.

My daddy is the superintendent of Lucas County Children's Home, three miles from the suburbs of Toledo, Ohio. I read the LETTER-BOX, but I have never seen anything about a children's home, so I thought I would tell you about this one.

The home covers about seventy-five acres, including the farm land. Altogether there are nine buildings on the place. There are about three hundred children in the home and fifty or sixty employees. We have a swimming-pool in the summer, and each child who wants it, from the fourth grade on up, has a garden. All the children go to school here in the school building except seven who are in the eighth grade and high school. They go to Maumee, two miles away, to school.

Up in the nursery there are lots of cute little babies.

We have a dandy big, long hill and plenty of sleds, so that means lots of fun coasting. And then we are right on the banks of the Maumee River, and a canal is not far away, and that means skating. I guess they all (including me) have a pretty good time all the year around. At Christmas we all have a jolly good time all Christmas week.

Your devoted reader,

ORIL IRENE BROWN (AGE 11).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER

DIAGONAL. Delaware. Cross-words: 1. Damascus. 2. Kentucky. 3. Illinois. 4. Arkansas. 5. Windward. 6. Marshall. 7. Theodore. 8. Campeche.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Maine.

GEOGRAPHICAL TRANSPOSITIONS. Lawrence. 1. Mail, Lima. 2. Roan, Arno. 3. Weak, Wake. 4. More, Rome. 5. Robe, Ebro. 6. Bone, Nebo. 7. Cane, Caen. 8. Bale, Elba.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE. I. 1. H. 2. Fee. 3. Hedge. 4. Egg. 5. E. II. 1. E. 2. Axe. 3. Exile. 4. Ell. 5. E. III. 1. Eagle. 2. Anear. 3. Gecko. 4. Lakes. 5. Erose. IV. 1. E. 2. Hem. 3. Eerie. 4. Mix. 5. E. V. 1. E. 2. Ode. 3. Edify. 4. Eft. 5. Y.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Augustus; third row, Caligula. Cross-words: 1. Archduke. 2. Unawares. 3. Gallipot. 4. Universe. 5. Signally. 6. Thursday. 7. Unlawful. 8. Standard.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Talaria. 1. Baton. 2. Swans. 3. Ruler. 4. Frame. 5. Three. 6. Child. 7. Chair.

HIDDEN PROVERBS. A stitch in time saves nine. The early bird catches the worm.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Red Cross. 1. Marks. 2. Meets. 3. Model. 4. Mocks. 5. Dares. 6. Moors. 7. Fasts. 8. Masks.

CHARADE. Pump-kin.

FINAL ACROSTIC. Sphinx. Cross-words: 1. Atlas. 2. Sheep. 3. Crash. 4. Khaki. 5. Grain. 6. Index.

BACK AND FORTH. Argonne. Cross-words: 1. Apple. 2. Poker. 3. Goose. 4. Pedro. 5. Norse. 6. Onion. 7. Eagle.

A DOZEN "CANS." 1. Candy. 2. Candituft. 3. Candle, 4. Cannibal. 5. Canteen. 6. Cannon. 7. Candidate. 8. Canal. 9. Canada. 10. Canopy. 11. Canter. 12. Canyon.

HOLLOW DIAMOND. I. 1. A. 2. Orb. 3. Samoa. 4. Its. 5. Are. 6. Yeast. 7. Sit. 8. R. II. 1. I. 2. Sty. 3. Oases. 4. Arm. 5. Air. 6. Boast. 7. Art. 8. E.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES were duly received from Fred Elich, 9—Allil and Adi, 9—Charlotte R. Cabell, 9—Elizabeth Faddis, 9—Ruth M. Willis, 9—Robert V. Beals, 8—Dorothea Maier, 8—Harriet L. Rosewater, 7—Doris Howe, 7—Jean Ridley, 5—Samuel M. Brooks, 4—Mary Isabel Fry, 4—Jessica Heber, 4—Hortense A. R. Doyle, 3—Florence Hodel, 3—Richard Goldfrank, 2—Effie Leland, 2—Adele Dunlap, 2—Isabel Crawford, 2—Jessie Danford, 2—Marian Hayes, 2—Margaret Cameron, 2—Dorothy Smith, 2—A. H. Barnard, 1—S. Sudderth, 1—R. Cooper, 1—F. Du Barry, 1—M. E. Schmidt, 1—J. Pyle, 1—S. Lewis, 1—A. R. Becker, 1—D. Hoagsted, 1—S. C. Moody, 1—M. Keam, 1—M. McKellar, 1—F. Hartley, 1—L. J. Duncan-Clark, 1—F. Wilkie, 1—C. G. Duncan-Clark, 1—E. Hart, 1—M. Estes, 1—M. C. Graves, 1—H. Hammel, 1—M. McDonald, 1—M. Keenan, 1—M. H. Monroe, 1—C. Dougherty, 1.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonals (from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, and from the upper, right-hand letter to the lower, left-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous writer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A precious stone. 2. One who travels in strange lands. 3. A popular means of locomotion, some years ago. 4. A bundle. 5. A necessary part. 6. Perceiving. 7. Females who have the same parents.

VIRGINIA PALMER (age 15), *League Member.*

CHARADE

MY *first* is hated everywhere
Because its bark is rough;
For him who likes a major share
My *last* were scarce enough.
Because a tongue was wisely held,
My *whole* was never told;
And thus was danger soon dispelled
By maiden true and bold.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

TRANSPOSITIONS

EXAMPLES: Transpose a kind of food and make a pair of horses. ANSWER: Meat, team.

1. Transpose a title, and make contemptible.
2. Transpose to surfeit, and make a point of the compass.
3. Transpose certain head-coverings, and make a spar.
4. Transpose painful, and make crude metals.
5. Transpose unusual, and make to erect.
6. Transpose the edge of a surface, and make certain days in the ancient Roman calendar.
7. Transpose a box and its contents, and make certain daring aviators.
8. Transpose a soothing application, and make a young sheep.
9. Transpose to peruse, and make beloved.
10. Transpose sailors, and make crafts.
11. Transpose a vehicle, and make a measure of length.

When these transpositions have been rightly made, the initials of the new words formed will spell a certain holiday.

LILLIAN BRONSTEIN (age 14), *League Member.*

TRIANGLE

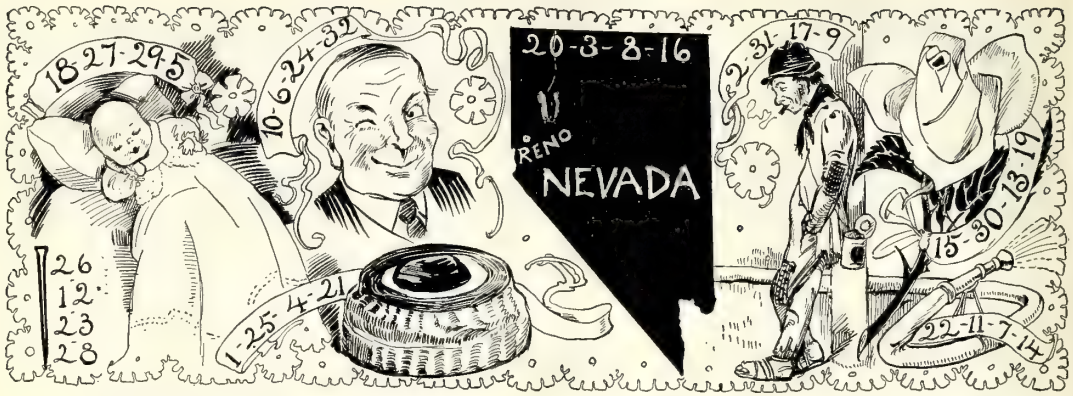
. . . . . 1. A geometrical figure. 2. Pleasant
. . . . anticipation, or a desire of some good,
. . . with the belief that it is obtainable.
. . 3. To disclose. 4. A personal pronoun.
. 5. In Bab-el Man-deb.

CATHERINE SWEENEY (age 12), *League Member.*

SOME CURIOUS BERRIES

1. What berry is an arm of the sea?
2. What berry is a dried stalk of grain?
3. What berry is a light moisture?
4. What berry is in mourning?
5. What berry is a popular color?
6. What berry is a game?
7. What berry is a harsh sound?
8. What berry is a pretty thin material?
9. What berry is a fowl?
10. What berry is more advanced in years?

JEANNE OFFNER (age 14), *League Member.*



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

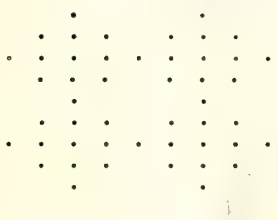
In this enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-two letters, is an Italian proverb.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in wren, but not in sparrow;
My second, in sparrow, but not in grouse;
My third is in grouse, but not in catbird;
My fourth is in catbird, but not in heron;
My fifth is in heron, but not in lark;
My sixth is in lark, but not in woodcock;
My seventh is in woodcock, but not in eagle;
My eighth is in eagle, but not in osprey;
My ninth is in osprey, but not in oriole.
My whole is a holiday.

MIRIAM HART (age 12), *League Member.*

CONNECTED DIAMONDS



I. Upper, Left-hand Diamond: 1. In brand. 2. A club. 3. A breakfast dish. 4. A measure of weight. 5. In brand.

II. Upper, Right-hand Diamond: 1. In brand. 2. Vicious. 3. That point in the heavens opposite the zenith. 4. Uproar. 5. In brand.

III. Lower, Left-hand Diamond: 1. In brand. 2. To procure. 3. At no time. 4. A number. 5. In brand.

IV. Lower, Right-hand Diamond: 1. In brand. 2. A quadruped. 3. Furious. 4. To bind. 5. In brand.

JACQUES ACH (age 12), *League Member.*

WORD-SQUARES

I. 1. A simpleton. 2. To frisk. 3. Interior. 4. A large body of water. 5. Certain aquatic birds.

II. 1. To shut. 2. A South American ruminant. 3. A fertile spot. 4. To strike. 5. A support for a picture.

III. 1. An apparition. 2. To contrive or plot. 3. An animal. 4. Spectacle. 5. A number.

RHODA HELLMAN (age 10), *Winner of Silver Badge.*

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, their initial letters will spell the name of a chain of islands.

1. A country of Asia. 2. An old name for the desert of Sahara. 3. Certain islands not far from Samoa. 4. The name of a Russian province and its capital. 5. A Mediterranean seaport. 6. An ocean. 7. A continent. 8. A city of the Bahama Islands. 9. A famous city of ancient times. 10. A great country. 11. Another great country nearer to the United States. 12. A city of Palestine. 13. The peninsula embracing Spain and Portugal. 14. A country of Western Asia. 15. A grand division of a continent. 16. A great city of to-day. 17. An Italian seaport. 18. A famous country of ancient times. 19. The seat of a famous English university.

WILLIAM SMITH (age 12), *League Member.*

ANAGRAM

The letters in the five following little words may be so arranged as to spell the name of a President.

ALL, LID, FOR, RIM, ELM.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE

1 N	2 E	3 U	4 P	5 O	6 J	7 U	8 P
9 S	10 A	11 L	12 C	13 R	14 S	15 A	16 P
17 H	18 P	19 R	20 R	21 E	22 N	23 I	24 T
25 R	26 E	27 S	28 N	29 P	30 D	31 E	32 E
33 E	34 E	35 E	36 R	37 O	38 I	39 R	40 H
41 C	42 P	43 A	44 R	45 M	46 N	47 Y	48 C
49 T	50 U	51 Y	52 E	53 C	54 R	55 A	56 S
57 N	58 E	59 R	60 U	61 S	62 A	63 M	64 P

Begin at a certain square and move to an adjoining square (as in the king's move in chess) until each square has been entered once. When the moves have been correctly made, the names of ten mythological characters may be spelled out. The path from one letter to another is not continuous.

DOROTHY JEANNE MILLER (age 14).

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.
NEW YORK

Look Alive, Scouts!

Follow the lead of boys who know Firestones. They get most miles per dollar because Firestones are made strong and long-wearing for scouts who use their bikes hard for work or play.

"Look alive," scouts, when you need tires. Go see the Firestone dealer. He will show you the handsome Firestones in black, red, and gray, with non-skid treads just like the famous Firestone auto tires. They are priced according to your needs.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Firestone Park Akron, Ohio

Branches and Dealers Everywhere



Firestone
Bicycle Tires



Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. A great baby doctor says she knows more about babies than a lot of physicians do. Write to her about your baby.



Baby's Chauffeur

Dear ALICE:

If you won't misunderstand me, I think you overdo your devotion to baby, wheeling the carriage up and down the Park by the hour. It really is neither necessary nor wise.

For the first year, anyway, Baby will be perfectly satisfied if you will place the carriage on the quiet back porch or anywhere in the open air, with a few toys hanging from the top to play with after his nap when he is taking his bouncing exercises. Put off as long as you can introducing Baby to automobiles and street sights and noises. It is better for his nervous system and saves you a lot of trouble.

He will be on the streets soon enough in all conscience.

Anyway it isn't excitement that Baby craves. He'll be happy and good just as long as he is comfortable. A change of diapers is more welcome than a change of scenery. Plenty of talcum on little chafed legs will still his cries more quickly than jolting him over curbs.

You can see from the familiar blue can below that I mean Mennen Borated Talcum. When mothers ask me about Mennen's, I just say it is safe.

Of course anyone who has used it at all knows that it is wonderfully soothing to irritated skin, but what gives me such absolute confidence in its purity is the fact that for over forty years a majority of mothers, doctors and nurses have sworn by Mennen Borated. Incidentally, I use it myself. I couldn't live through this hot weather without a talcum shower after my bath. It makes even tight corsets feel like a Greek dancer's costume.

Lovingly,
BELLE.



THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK. N.J. U.S.A.

Laboratories: Newark, N. J.—Montreal, Quebec.

Sales Agent in Canada: Harold F. Ritchie & Co. Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF



THE GIRL WHO GOES TO CAMP

Just a few more days to wait—and then Camp!

PACKING is on full sway, and Mother is putting in middies, stockings, bloomers, and sneakers—and don't forget the swimming suit.

In the little compartments of your trunk are put a goodly supply of soap, talc powder, cold cream for those first sun-burns, and *plenty* of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Plenty because it is such a calamity if one of the girls forgets to pack hers or hasn't enough, and Colgate's is one thing they all "want when they want it", which is twice-a-day regularly.

"Good Teeth" mean "Good Health," and Good Health means more fun at camp—no wonder the girls and boys at camp brush their teeth morning and night all summer as well as winter, for who wants to miss any swimming, hikes or tennis? *NONE*—that is why Colgate's is so popular. It's the pleasant tasting, *safe* dentifrice that *cleans*, without harm to your teeth or your system.

Makers of Coleo Soap and Charmis Cream

COLGATE & CO. *Established 1806* 199 Fulton St., New York



Watch the Toy Windows

You boys and girls who have been waiting to join the American-Made Toy Brigade can start now to form your local club. Get your friends together. Every child who plays with American-Made Toys can be a member.

Your toy store will show the club emblem in its window as shown in this picture. They will also have the beautiful buttons to distribute free to all boys and girls who want to belong.

Wearing a button will show that you are a loyal American, that you believe American-Made Toys are the best toys and that you want to help American industries.

As soon as you see these buttons displayed be sure to go inside the store and ask for yours.

This space is contributed to the cause of American industries by the Toy Manufacturers of the U. S. A.

TOY MANUFACTURERS OF THE U. S. A.

FLATIRON BUILDING
NEW YORK

American-Made TOYS



The Converse "Big Nine"

"BIG NINES" are real pals. No strain is too great, no punishment is too severe for them; they just keep on wearing, day in and day out.

They are light, fast and comfortable—not only for "gym" work and camp, but for hard use every day.

They are the shoes you've been looking for, with the genuine horse-hide trimmings, ankle patches and heavy gum toe-caps.

"Big Nines" are comfortable—they are made over the Converse foot-form last, and real cork insoles prevent foot-burn. They are durable—the thick soles are made of fine, "tempered" rubber. They fit because the sturdy duck uppers are cut in two pieces, like leather-shoe uppers.



"Big Nines" are so durable and economical that your folks will be glad to get them for you—they outlast leather shoes and cost about half as much.

But be sure you get "Big Nines"—either brown or white—with the big "C" on the sole. If you don't find it, write to us.

Nine Big Points of "Big Nine" Supremacy

(1) Leather ankle patch (originators).
(2) Real Horsehide Trimming.
(3) Double stitching.
(4) Leather Lacings.
(5) Cork innersole — cool in any weather.
(6) Fine Duck uppers and lining.
(7) Footform last.
(8) Big C sole of tempered rubber —and *plenty of it.*
(9) Reinforced toe and foxings.

Converse Rubber Shoe Co.

Factory: Malden, Mass.

Service Branches:

New York—142 Duane St.
Chicago—618-626 W. Jackson Blvd.
Philadelphia—20 N. Third St.

Healthy Babies Laugh and Play

Health in babyhood comes from proper digestion—by regulating the stomach and causing the bowels to move as they should.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator

for this purpose produces most remarkable and gratifying results. Best of all children's remedies to relieve constipation, flatulency, wind colic, diarrhoea, and other disorders.

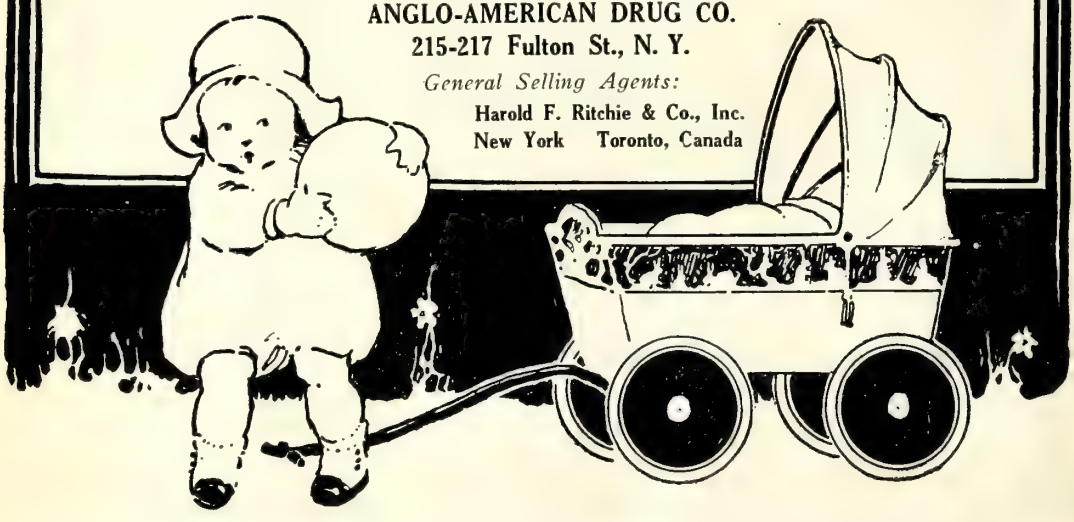
This health giving preparation is purely vegetable—contains no opiates, narcotics or alcohol—just an agreeable, highly beneficial and potent remedy, made of the very best harmless ingredients obtainable, as the formula below shows—

Senna	Sodium Citrate	Oil of Anise	Caraway	Glycerine
Rhubarb	Sodium Bicarbonate	Fennel	Coriander	Sugar Syrup

ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO.
215-217 Fulton St., N. Y.

General Selling Agents:

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
New York Toronto, Canada



Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

OH boy, don't you wish't you had a slice? All the fellers like bread spread with Beech-Nut Peanut Butter better'n pie or cake or *anything*. When you get home from school, *just starved*, Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sure tastes *good*. Ask your mother to get a jar of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter today, and keep it where you can reach it. She'll let you have it, 'cause she knows its good for you.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
Canajoharie, N. Y.

"Foods of Finest Flavor"



©1919, B.-N.P. Co.



Why Father likes his Parker

1 *it's always clean*

2 *it's always ready*

3 *it's handy*

4 *the Parker clip is the best ever*

5 *and it just suits him*



No. 24



No. 20

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

Janesville, Wis.

New York Chicago San Francisco

PARKER

LUCKY-CURVE

SAFETY-SEALED

Fountain Pens



This is the sign that identifies dealers showing the Eveready Daylo $10,000 Contest Picture. Look for this sign on dealers' windows

$3,000.00 for Somebody. YOU?

THREE thousand dollars in cash for one person; a thousand dollars for another; five hundred for each of three other people and ninety-nine other cash prizes from two hundred to ten dollars. ***Ten thousand dollars*** in all! How much for YOU?

This latest Eveready Daylo Contest will break all contest records. Anyone may enter—it costs nothing; there is no obligation of any kind. Men, women, boys and girls all have equal chances for any of the 104 cash prizes.

On June 1st, Daylo dealers throughout the United States and Canada will display the new Daylo Contest Picture in their windows. Go to the store of a Daylo dealer and study the picture. Secure a contest blank, which the dealer will give you, and write on it what you think the letter says. Use 12 words or less. For the best answer that conforms to the contest rules, the winner will receive $3,000.00 in cash.

Get an early look at the picture. Submit as many answers as you wish. Contest blanks are free at all Daylo dealers. All answers must be mailed before midnight, August 1st, 1920.



1 First Prize		$3,000.00
1 Second Prize		1,000.00
3 Prizes	$500.00 each.	1,500.00
4 Prizes	$250.00 each.	1,000.00
5 Prizes	$200.00 each.	1,000.00
10 Prizes	$100.00 each.	1,000.00
10 Prizes	$ 50.00 each.	500.00
20 Prizes	$ 25.00 each.	500.00
50 Prizes	$ 10.00 each.	500.00
104 Prizes		Total $10,000.00

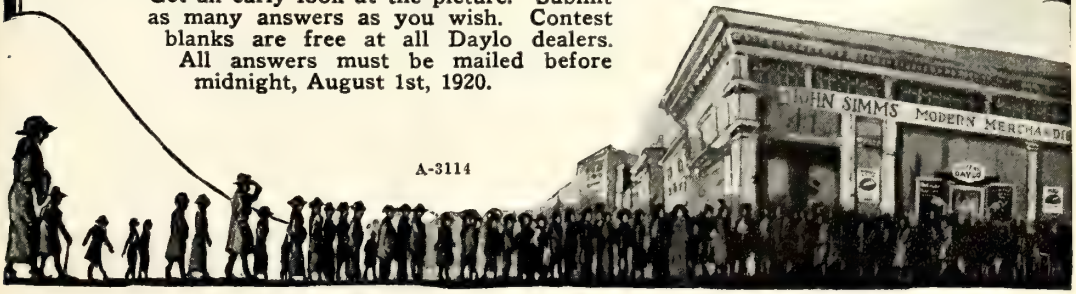
Answers will be judged by the editors of "LIFE" and contestants must abide by their judgment.

If two or more contestants submit the identical answer selected by the judges for any prize, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each.

Contest begins June 1, 1920, and ends Midnight, August 1, 1920. Postmarks on letters will determine if letter was mailed before close of contest.

Answers must contain not more than 12 words. Hyphenated words count as one word.

Complete Contest Rules are printed on Contest Blank. Ask Daylo dealers for them.



A-3114

Welch's

"THE NATIONAL DRINK"





Welch's Grapelade

the pure grape spread

For bread, toast, crackers and muffins. Just pure, whole ripe grapes and sugar, made into a smooth, delicious spread. Order Grapelade from your grocer.



FOR boys and girls, it is especially important they should have a drink that is pure and wholesome as well as refreshing.

Welch's is pure as pure can be. It is the juice of fresh, ripe Concord grapes—nothing added—nothing taken away. Welch's is rich in natural grape sugar. It promotes health and strength as well as satisfying thirst.

In these days of so many questionable "concocted" drinks, you cannot be too careful. Tell the children to ask particularly for Welch's at the Fountain. Be sure that Welch's is ordered in bottles for your home. Your grocer or druggist can supply it.

Write for a handsome illustrated Booklet "Welch Ways" which contains 99 recipes for serving Welch's in attractive drinks and for making desserts. Mailed free.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

WRIGLEY'S

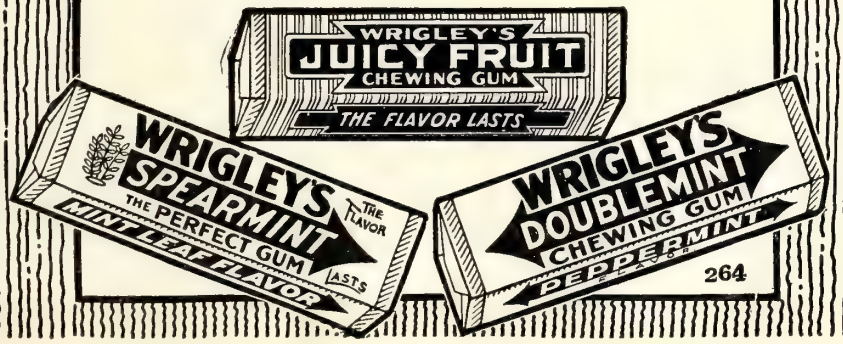
Sealed Tight



Kept Right

This
sealed wrapper
keeps the gum clean
and full of flavor always.
The **WRIGLEY** quality is protected by the **WRIGLEY** package.
and <u>you</u> are protected from inferior imitations by the name **WRIGLEY** on the package.

"THE FLAVOR LASTS"









The shoes that make the other fellows w-w-whistle



High outing shoe in brown or black or white. Light and springy. The same long wear that all Keds are famous for.

THE sportiest shoes they ever saw. Heavy white canvas with brown leather ankle patches. Reinforcements and rubber toe caps to match, and the thickest, solidest kind of rubber soles.

The other fellows will crowd around you the first day you wear these Keds. They will all want to get a pair just like them.

You know just the kind of shoes you need for sports and games and everyday wear. You can tell as soon as you see these Keds that they won't wear out. You will appreciate the loose lining and the fibre inner-sole that makes them so cool in hot weather. They have smooth soles, suction soles or corrugated soles. They are light on the feet and light also on father's purse.

This is only one of the many Keds for boys. There are many other models, and also various models for men, women and for children. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. Their careful craftsmanship is recognized all over the world.

All the boys in town will wear Keds this year. Be the first to start the style. Be sure to ask for them by name and look for the name Keds on the sole.



These Keds are the most popular outing shoes the country over. This model also comes in white or brown or black.

Keds

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — US — RUBBER SYSTEM

United States Rubber Company



HEARTS are always young when NABISCO, ANOLA, and RAMONA Sugar Wafers appear and disappear with the other refreshments. Surprising how readily everyone's "sweet-tooth" responds to them. Yet not so surprising, either, when you consider how good they are. Keep a supply handy.

Sold in the famous
In-er-seal Trade Mark package

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



3153—D



Unless stamped EDUCATOR on the sole, it is not an Educator.

Misses', Children's, and Infants, Patent Colt Educator

Look at Your Bare Foot

WHICH of the above pictures does your foot look like? If it is beginning to be shaped like the one on the left, you've been wearing the wrong-shaped shoes.

Growing feet like yours need the shoes that "let the feet grow as they should"—Educator Shoes. They're shaped to fit the foot.

Shoes with pointed toes bend the toe bones as shown in the X-Ray picture at the left, and cause corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, fallen arches, callouses, and other foot troubles.

Tell Mother that *you* want Educators. She and Dad will want them, too, when they learn about them.

Ask her for a postcard. Then send for the Free Book, "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet." Tells how to have feet that will always be well.

Rice & Hutchins, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

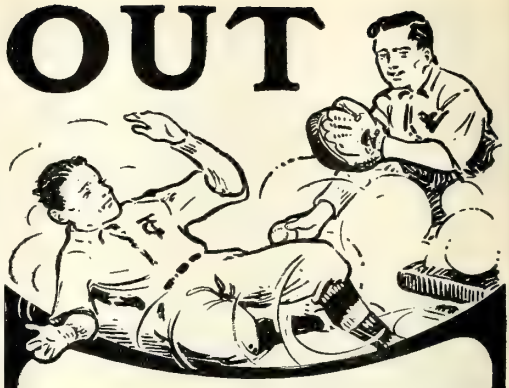
RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

OUT



Boys — the catchers' and fielders' gloves hold the ball best when oiled now and then with 3-in-One. Keeps 'em soft. Prevents rotting and ripping. Use

3-in-One Oil

too, for bicycles and roller skates. Also on guns, pistols, pocket knives and tools. Makes everything go easy—prevents rust and tarnish. 3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz., and 8-oz. bottles and 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.



FREE—Sample and Dictionary of uses.

Three-in-One Oil Co.
165 QM. Broadway, New York

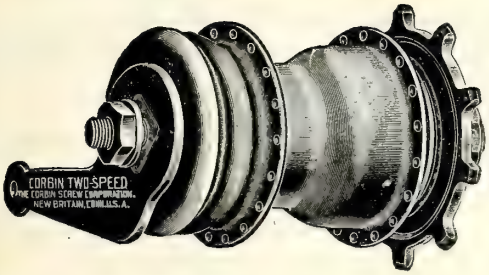


For Cuts and Scrapes

A neglected cut may lead to infection. Safety first calls for the prompt use of New-Skin.

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

NEWSKIN COMPANY NEW YORK



Ride ONE-Third of the way Coast TWO-Thirds of the way

There is no reason on earth why there should be the slightest fatigue in riding a bicycle if it is equipped with a

CORBIN TWO-SPEED COASTER BRAKE

It is the *only two-speed* coaster brake on the market, permitting an instantaneous change of gears from *low* in climbing hills and riding against strong head-winds to *high* for smooth, speedy headway over the level stretches.

Simple yet highly efficient, flexible, positive in action in emergency, with powerful but easily regulated grip and complete ball bearings.

Ask your dealer for a *Corbin* Brake on your new bicycle and *insist on getting it.*

Fred St. Onge's new book, "The Art of Bicycle Riding," sent on request. Also ask for Corbin Coaster Brake Catalog.

CORBIN SCREW CORPORATION,

American Hardware Corporation, Successor,
214 High Street, New Britain, Conn.
Branches: New York Chicago Philadelphia

Ride a Bicycle





One Long Chain of Fun!

Say, fellows, you begin to live when you get a bicycle!

All the places you want to go to, the scenes you want to see most, the spots where you find loads of fun—all are only a step away if you have an Iver Johnson Bicycle.

Iver Johnson Bicycles

No trouble with an Iver Johnson. All our bicycles are built to give good, long service under all conditions. Iver Johnson Juvenile Bicycles embody Iver Johnson adult construction throughout.

Seamless steel tubing, perfect 2-point bearings, drop-forged parts, one-piece hubs, superb enamel and nickel finish, and the best equipment — all make Iver Johnson the King of Bicycles — unbeatable for good looks, easy riding, speed, strength, and durability.

Iver Johnson Bicycles are world famed for easy riding, strength and durability. Models and prices to suit everyone.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS

Write today for Free Bicycle Catalog "B"

358 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers Street, New York
717 Market Street, San Francisco

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION FOR

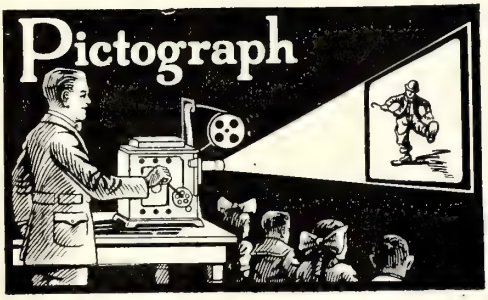
CROUP OR WHOOPING COUGH

120 Years of Successful Use. Relieves Promptly and Safely.

ALSO FOR BRONCHITIS, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM

W. EDWARDS & SON
157 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.,
LONDON, ENG.

ALL DRUGGISTS OR
E. FOUGERA & CO., Inc.
90-92 BEEKMAN ST., N. Y.



IN THE PLAY-ROOM

the PICTOGRAPH motion picture projector is the favorite toy.

With its exclusive mechanical action the PICTOGRAPH shows *actual moving pictures.*

Standard size films, the same as the theaters use, are shown by the PICTOGRAPH. Films may be exchanged for new subjects as often as desired.

The PICTOGRAPH outfit contains, besides the machine;—three reels of film, a spare reel, special screen, film cement and admission tickets for the play-room show. Price complete, $15.00.

The PICTOGRAPH is made for electric light attachment.

Ask your department store to demonstrate the machine or write to—

SALES DEPARTMENT
American Pictograph Company
4-6 Alden Court Boston, Mass.

A breath of the great outdoors

THE BLUE JAYS IN THE SIERRAS

By HELEN ELLSWORTH

CAMPING experiences of a wide-awake family of young folks in the Sierra Mountains, near Lake Tahoe in California. There are horseback rides, fishing excursions, tramps, and even three "lost" children who are finally returned safe and sound to a somewhat distracted camp.

A BOOK that will give pleasure to boys and girls and also prove to fathers and mothers (especially mothers) that camp life, sleeping in the open and roughing it generally are good things for growing children.

12mo., 208 pages, 16 illustrations.

Price $1.65.

At all Bookstores
353 Fourth Avenue
THE CENTURY CO.
Published by
New York City

"Books for Everybody"

A plan to provide opportunities for self-education through libraries to millions of Americans who are without it.

A movement to create a better citizenship through good books.

The American Library Association—a powerful organization representing the libraries of the country—has launched this movement.

It needs financial help to carry it through. Will you help?

"Ask Your Library" or Write

AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
"BOOKS FOR EVERYBODY" FUND
24 West Thirty-ninth Street New York City



READ THIS GREAT STORY OF ALASKA

IN the old Klondike gold rush days, Jack, a full blooded Airedale Terrier, followed his master up from the States, to Dyea and Skagway, to Dawson—and to Nome. Up back of Nome he died—to save the life of the master he loved.

On much of the trip he had helped pull the sledge, through the bitter cold and ice and snow. This great story is the talk of the day and is one of the most truly realistic animal stories ever written. It will bring tears to the eyes—yet gladness to the heart; and it is impossible for anyone to pick up the book without reading it from cover to cover.

The Story of Jack



By J. Horace Lytle

Don't Miss This Book!

Besides the lead story, there are six others—seven in all—and every one a wonder story of heart-gripping interest.

The book is very handsomely and attractively bound in cloth, and extensively illustrated with interesting scenes of the North—and the various settings where the other stories are laid. If you love dogs, you **must** not miss Mr. Lytle's remarkable book. The same is equally true if your chief interest is purely from the standpoint of heart-gripping fiction.

Don't delay getting your copy of THE STORY OF JACK. Ask your Book Dealer to order it for you if he does not have it in stock. The price is only $1.50. Add 10c for postage and order direct from us if your dealer cannot give you prompt service.

The Pettibone-McLean Company
PUBLISHERS
Dayton, Ohio

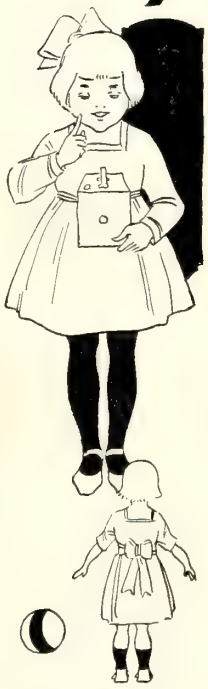


Big Band Catalog sent free

Whatever you need—from a drumstick to the highest priced cornets in the world. Used by the Army and Navy. Send for big catalog; liberally illustrated, fully descriptive. Mention what instrument interests you. Free trial. Easy payments. Sold by leading music stores everywhere.

LYON & HEALY
JACKSON BOULEVARD, CHICAGO

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY



Sturdy Hose for Girls and Boys

Busy youngsters need stockings that will stand lots of wear. Active little knees keep mother mending all the time unless hose are strong.

Holeproof Hosiery lasts much longer than other hose. After months of wearing and washing it seems just as good as new. Holeproof is also made for men and women in pure Silk, Silk Faced and Lusterized Lisle.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write for illustrated booklet and price list.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Limited, London, Ont.
Holeproof Hosiery Co., 50 York Street, Sydney, Australia

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

WATER-MARKS

THERE are many details of stamp-collecting which are confusing to the beginner; details that are new to him and which require an explanation. One of the very first things which trouble him is "water-marks." What is it, why is it, and how can one detect it. A water-mark is a series of letters, words or designs which, in the process of making the paper, is impressed or worked into the substance of the paper. Without going too deeply into the process of making paper, we will say that at a certain stage of the process the wet pulp, which is eventually to become paper, passes over a wire screen. If the manufacturer places upon this screen a solid letter or series of letters or a design, the imprint of these will appear in the finished paper. This imprint is called a "water-mark." Now, why is this put upon the paper? The reasons vary. A manufacturer likes to do it because it identifies his goods. If one purchases a paper which he likes and he wants more of the same kind, he can identify it by the water-mark. The water-mark indicates exactly what grade and weight is desired. When, however, water-marked paper is used for postage-stamps, it is with the idea of rendering counterfeiting somewhat more difficult. Briefly now, we know a little bit about the why and wherefore of the water-mark. Now, how may one see it—what does it look like? What do we look for, and how shall we know what it is when we do see it? In determining these points, practice is a great help. A water-mark shows readily upon plain white paper. Let us get several sheets of different-sized paper and hold them toward the light. Before long we shall find a sheet that will show a word or design, or both, in the texture of the paper. This is the water-mark. Try a number of different kinds of paper and become a bit familiar with the matter of water-marks, and then we will turn to our own stamps.

But where most of the paper is covered with a printed design, often it is not possible to distinguish the water-mark simply by holding it toward the light. Because of this, there have been invented, as helps to the collector, what are called "water-mark detectors," or "benzine cups." These are small glass cups with glass covers, the bottom of the cup being painted black. (For those who do not care to go to the expense of purchasing one of these prepared cups, a fairly satisfactory substitute may be had in a sheet of tin-type metal, using of course the black side. First we fill the cup about one third full of a good grade of benzine (being first sure that no fire or burning gas-jet is in the room, as benzine and the vapor arising from it are very inflammable), and then we are ready to search for the elusive water-mark. Each stamp, however, before it is tested, should be carefully examined on the back. If it is a canceled stamp, any paper or parts of hinges still adhering should be soaked off and the stamp carefully dried. A stamp that is wet will not act well in the benzine—the water-mark will not show clearly. With everything ready for the experiment, let us fix clearly in our own minds what we hope, or think we are likely, to find. That is, get clearly in mind the size and shape of such water-marks as may appear upon each stamp we are about to test. Here our copy of Scott's Catalogue will help us. Not only does it tell us what different water-marks this special stamp may have, but at the end of the book it illustrates practically all of the foreign water-marks. The most common water-marks on British Colonial stamps are the "Crown, C. C.," the "Crown C. A.," and the "Multiple Crown C. A." By the way, C. C. stands for Crown Colonies, and C. A., for Crown Agents. Supposing we are trying to find the water-mark of a British colony. We look at the illustration of all three types and fix in our mind about what they look like. Note the difference between the letters of the C. C. and C. A., and the smaller crowns and letters of the multiple type. Now, with a pair of stamp-tongs or tweezers take the stamp by one corner and immerse it, face down, in the benzine, watching it carefully. If you have no tweezers, use your fingers, but it is best to have the tweezers, as they keep the stamp from getting soiled by the fingers. As soon as the stamp touches the bottom of the cup, a more or less clear outline of the crown and letters will appear. Also, alas! it may almost instantly vanish, due to its being printed on what is known as "chalky" paper. If it goes too quickly for you to have seen what it was, dry the stamp, and try over again. After practice, the knack will come to every one. It is a good idea to take the stamps of several countries to practise upon. Begin with a country like India, where the water-marks are either an "elephant's head" or a "star." These two cannot be confused. And as a rule the star shows up readily and in a most encouraging manner. Practise quite a while on various foreign stamps; first, because the water-marks are pictured for you, and secondly, because they are fairly easy to find. Then we come to the stamps of our own country. These are the ones we want to know about most, but they are also the most difficult, the most discouraging. The paper upon which our stamps are printed is either without water-mark or is water-marked U. S. P. S. in rows across the sheet. Two kinds of letters are used. The first is called double-lined capitals and looks like this: 𝕻. The second is single-line capitals, like this: P. Theoretically, one letter should appear on each stamp. But if the stamp is not fed carefully into the press (and probably this is not usually done), only a portion of a letter may appear. At first this did not bother a collector, as there was only one water-mark and, if the stamp showed any of it at all, it must be that one. But now, with the two types of letters, it is difficult. Still, if you bear carefully in mind the differences between the two types of letters, you can nearly always determine what it is. Make up your mind, however, to try at least twice for it. The first time you dip the stamp into the cup, try to see on what part of the stamp the water-mark, if any, shows. Of course, if it happens to be plain, you are in luck; but if not, let the stamp dry thoroughly, and then try again. Knowing upon what part of the stamp the water-mark is, one can, in the second try, usually catch it. If not, a third try almost always will do the trick.

The different kinds of water-marked paper, both in our own and in foreign stamps, play a very large and important part of stamp-collecting. Often the value of a stamp is greatly increased or decreased by the kind of water-mark it has, so that every one who collects stamps should keep on trying to identify them until he has mastered the mystery.

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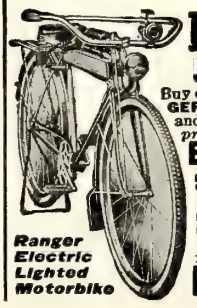
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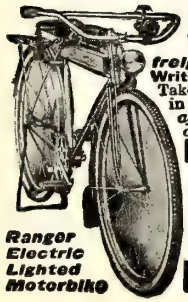
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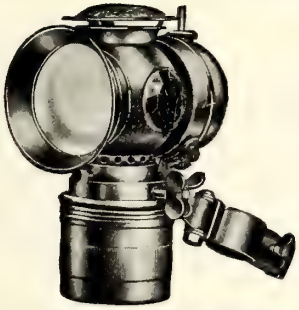
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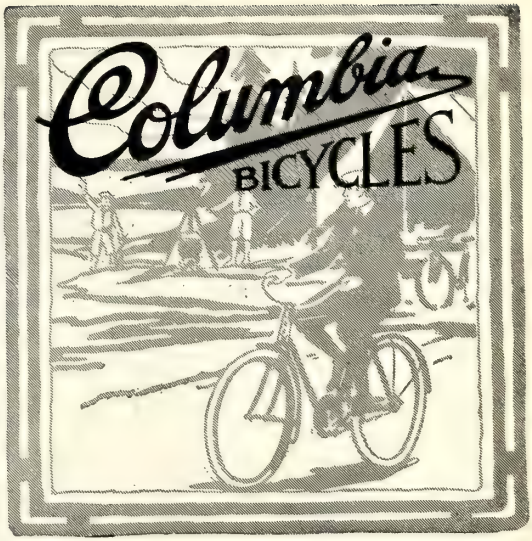
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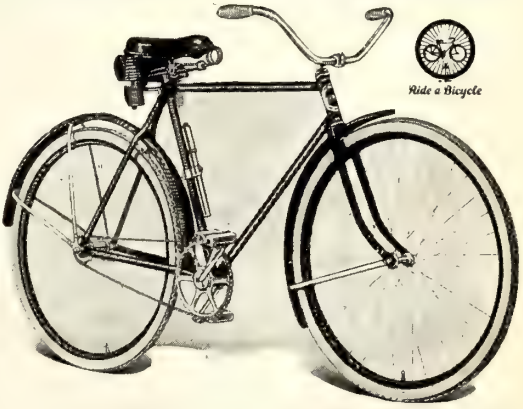
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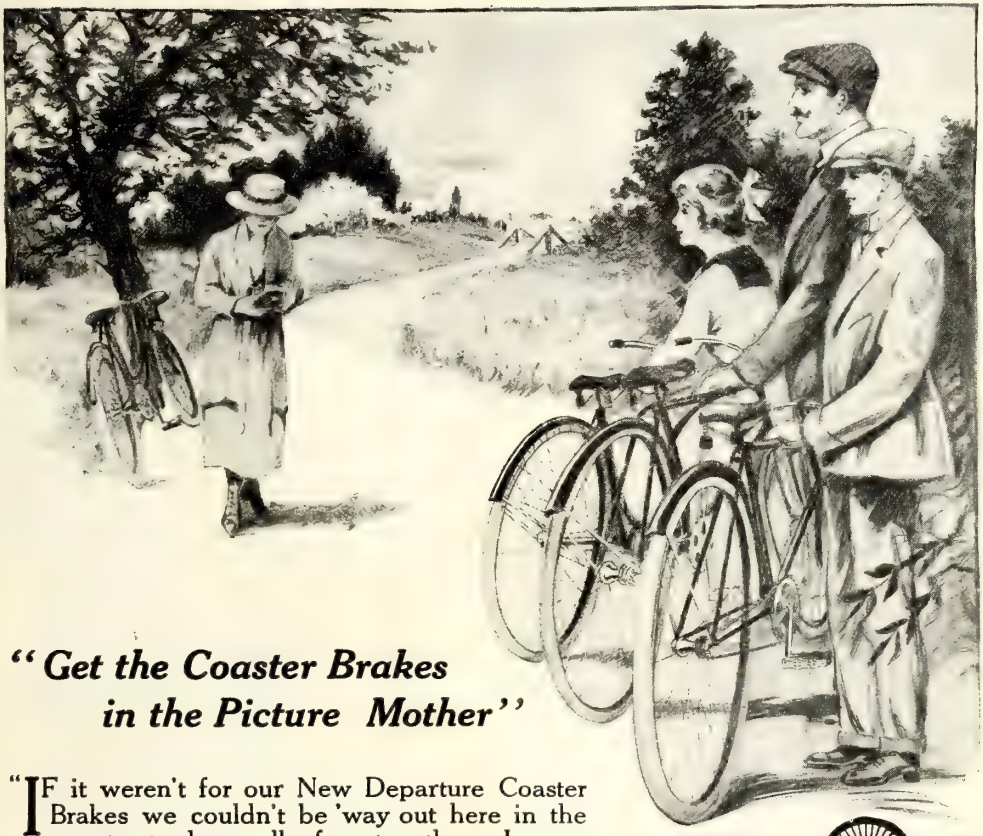
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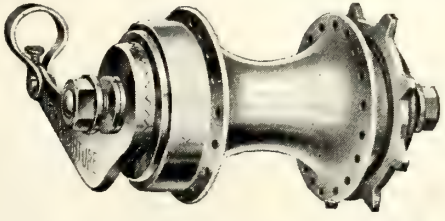
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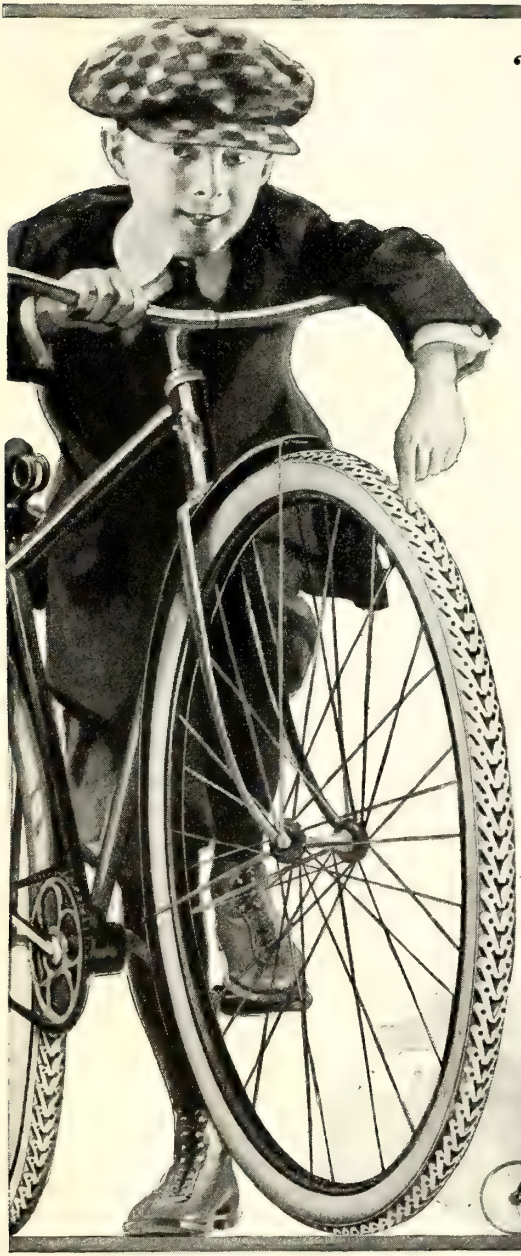
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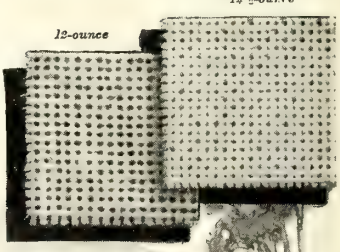
Ask your dealer to show you a Vitalic Tire. Then put the proposition up to dad.

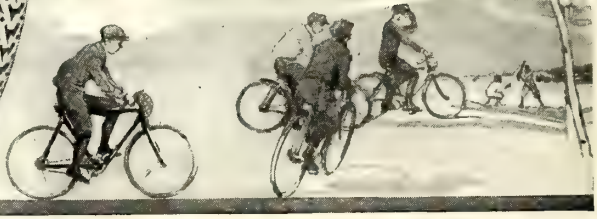
Some Inside Information

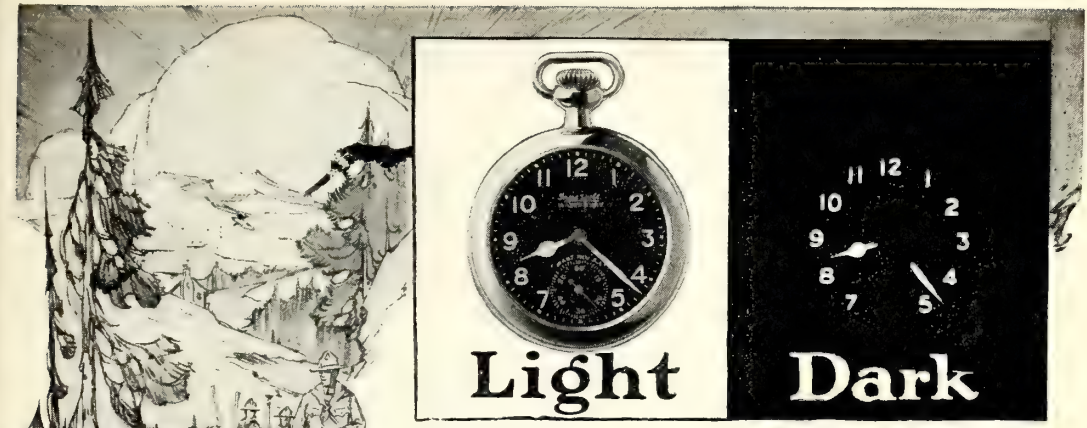
All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra-strong 14½-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in most bicycle tires is 12-ounce—and as a rule bicycle tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric.

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
Erie, Pa.









BOY Scouts and Ingersoll Radiolites are great pals. Ingersoll Radiolites make good in the Boy Scout Service, the same as they made good in the Great War. In every service, in every country, Ingersolls have proved that they stand up and give accurate timing under the hardships that would ruin a delicate time piece.

Ingersoll Radiolite

Every live, active boy needs a watch that tells time in the dark—a watch that will stand the hardships of active outdoor life. This is why Boy Scouts nearly all carry Ingersoll Radiolites.

Some Boy Scouts carry the Ingersoll Radiolite, wearing it on a chain or strap. Others prefer the smaller Midget Wrist Radiolite—the most popular, most used wrist watch in the Great War. And there are several other Ingersoll watches, priced up to $11.50. An Ingersoll dealer will gladly show you the entire line.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.

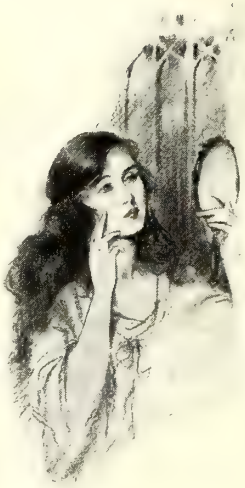
New York Chicago San Francisco Montreal

Midget Wrist Radiolite

The most popular wrist watch in the world — a small size watch whose reliability was thoroughly proved in the Great War. Price $6.25.

Why a bath at Night for your Face is important

TINY, invisible dust particles — always, always, falling on your unprotected face!



Indoors — outdoors — all day long, while you are playing or working—the delicate skin of your face is exposed to millions of unseen enemies.

That is why a thorough bath *at night* for your face is so important.

Men who have spent their whole lives in study of the skin say that most of the commoner skin troubles such as blemishes, blackheads, etc., are caused by bacteria, which are carried into the pores by dust and fine particles in the air.

To keep your skin free from these troubles —wash your face thoroughly every night with warm water and a cleansing, antiseptic lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. This will free the delicate pores from the dust and dirt that have accumulated during the day—will give them a chance to rest and to breathe.

If through neglect, or the wrong method of cleansing, your skin has lost the flawless clearness it should have—if it is marred by blemishes—by ugly little blackheads—begin, tonight, to change this condition. You *can* make your skin as clear, as smooth, as radiant with color as you would like to have it. For every day your skin is changing—part of the old skin dies and new skin takes its place. By giving this *new skin,* as it forms, the proper treatment, you can make it as lovely as it *should* be.

Look in the little booklet that is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—find the treatment for *your particular type of skin*—then use it every night, faithfully and persistently. You will be surprised to see how much clearer and lovelier your skin will become after a week or ten days of this care.

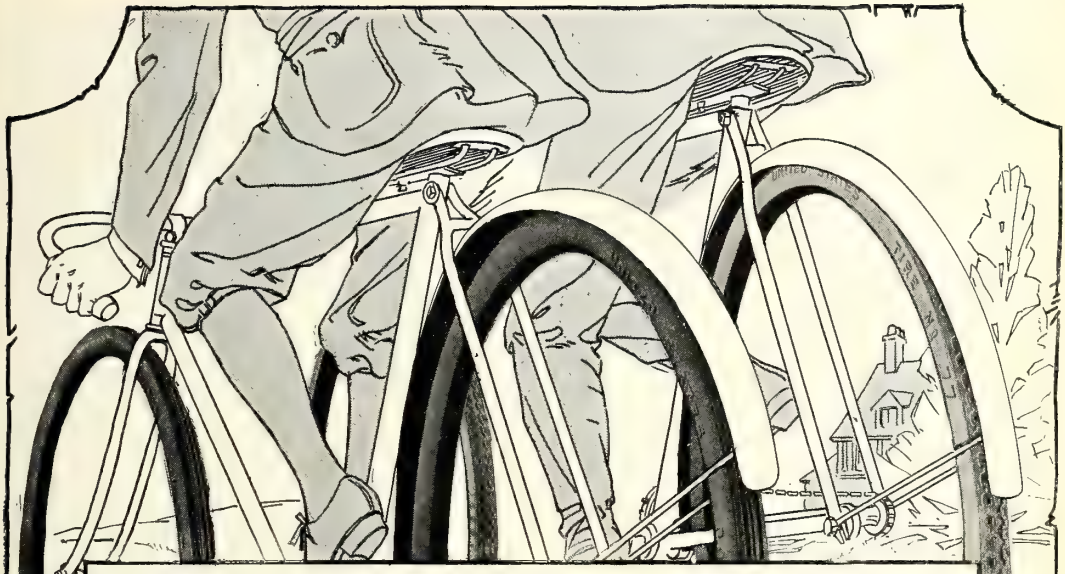
Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Get a cake today—begin using it tonight. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks.

We will send you a trial size cake

For 6c in stamps we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury treatment), together with the booklet, "A Skin You Love To Touch," containing advice on the care *each type of skin needs.*

Or for 15c in stamps we will send you the booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 2005 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2005 *Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*



Bicycle Owners Have Tire Problems the Same as Car Owners

NO CAR owner would buy a new car that had tires he knew nothing about. Bicycle owners are feeling the same way, these days, too.

They are picking out their tires on *reputation*.

The same organization, oldest and largest in the world, that builds U. S. Automobile Tires and U. S. Truck Tires, gives the same care and attention to building U. S. Bicycle Tires.

The U. S. Tire idea of building tires that solve the users' *tire problems* holds true of bicycle tires the same way it does of every tire that bears the name "U. S."

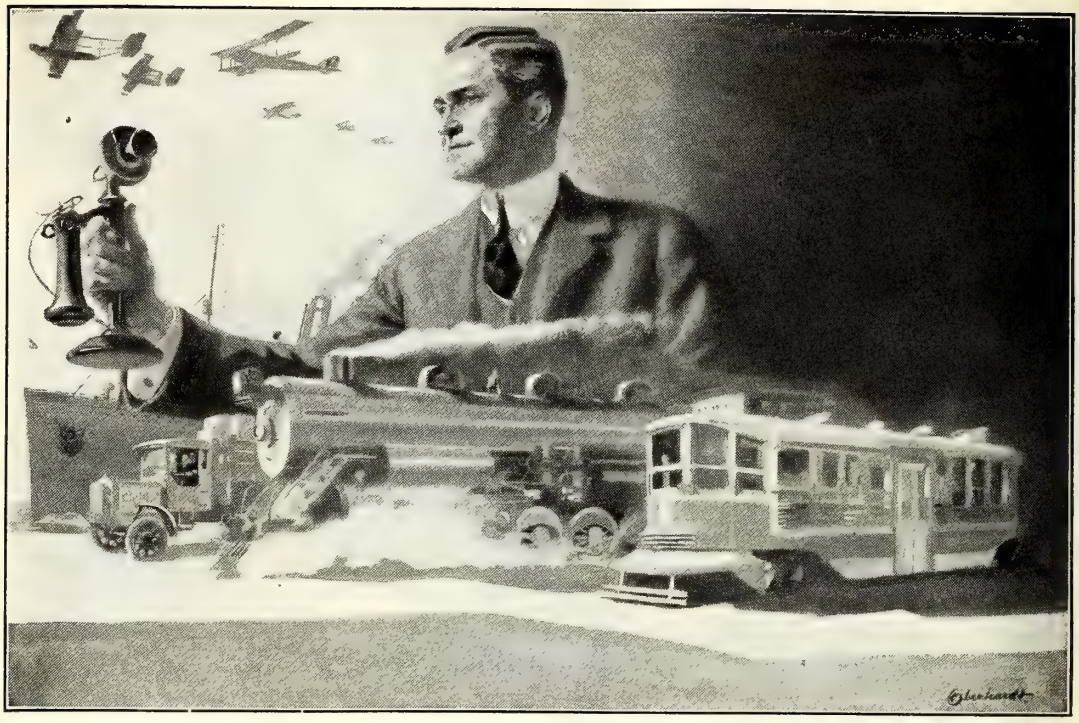
Find the dealer who sells good bicycles and U. S. Tires—the two go together.

There are nine styles of U. S. Bicycle Tires, both clincher and single tube. Choose the tread that suits you best: U. S. Cords, U. S. Chain Treads, Giant Stud, G&J Corrugated, G&J Chain Tread, G&J Herringbone, Heavy Service, Overland Thornproof and Nonpareil.

If you want to know about the rubber that goes into U. S. Bicycle Tires, write for a copy of the graphically illustrated and ascinating book: "Rubber—A Wonder Story." Address U. S. Rubber Company, Bicycle Tire Division, New York.

United States Tires

United States Rubber Company



The Measure of Progress

The progress of the past, as well as that of the future, is measured by criticism—for criticism exists only where there is faith in ability to improve.

We do not criticise an ox cart or condemn the tallow dip, for the simple reason that they are obsolete. During the reconstruction period through which our country is now passing, if the public does not criticise any public utility or other form of service, it is because there seems little hope for improvement.

The intricate mechanism of telephone service is, under the most favorable conditions, subject to criticism, for the reason that it is the most intimate of all personal services.

The accomplishment of the telephone in the past fixed the quality of service demanded today; a greater accomplishment in quality and scope of service will set new standards for the future.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

THOSE *husky, safe*-on-skiddy-pavements, *long-est*-wearing Vacuum Cup Cord and Fabric Tires you see on so many autos are now

Scaled down to a size to fit your bicycle!

A HIGH-GRADE wheel and the wonderful sport and fun you get from riding a bicycle are made even *more* enjoyable when you know the Vacuum Cup Autobilt Bicycle Tires with which your mount is equipped are practically *puncture*-proof, *stone-bruise*-proof, and *trouble*-proof.

HIGHLY resilient, lightning-swift, and snappy looking. *White* sidewalls on *all* of them, the Cord type having a *jet black* tread, the Fabric type tread being *red*.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO.
Jeannette, Pa.

Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada
Export Department, Woolworth Building, New York City



YOU will find the 1920 line of Autobilt Bicycle Tires complete in everything—tread design, quality, and prices that you feel justified in paying for the *high quality* you get. Ask your dealer to show them to you. All built in one universal size to fit either a 28" x 1⅜", 28" x 1½", or 28" x 1⅝" rim. Also Juvenile sizes.



Ride a Bicycle

Pennsylvania
VACUUM CUP
AUTOBILT
BICYCLE TIRES



Chapter V.
THE GENIE

AFTER that fracas with the witch our heroes all consulted on many most important things and this is what resulted. *First*, they concluded that the moon was not green cheese at all. *Next*, that they all liked caramels, and *last* that pies were small.

"But pumpkin pies to butterflies," commented Peter Pig, "look like a barn door, so *I* say that pies are therefore *big*." Said Billy, "That's just like a pig. What wouldn't Peter give to prove the size of brains and pies is merely relative." "*Whose* relative?" snozed Peter Pig. "Not *yours*," Bill Goat replies, "or he would never multiply the natural size of pies."



"Oh, children *please* stop quarreling," said Betty, with a sigh, "there are much more important things than measurements of pie. See, here's a letter I've received, dropped by a monstrous Roc, 'tis from a giant *genie* and it gives me quite a shock. If what the genie says is true, our only help and hope is in the *bravest* bravery and in our IVORY SOAP."

"Oh, read it QUICK!" our heroes cried. "Yes, *read*," said Billy, strutting, "then I'll prepare some special butts to do some spicy butting." So Betty read—

HO, BRAZEN BRATS!
It has been said and seen that ye go forth most brazenly a-making people clean. 'Tis furthermore reported that a recent horoscope shows you are cleaning up the world by using IVORY SOAP. AVAUNT, ye villains, let the dirt, and dust, and grime and cinders remain to ruin things or I will whack you all to flinders. BEGONE, I say, or in five winks I'll come and wallop you. I am the Genie Carelessness. BEWARE!
Ben-bosh-biff-booh.



"By sudsy soap!" cried Billy Goat, "his anger almost spatters, and we're in trouble thick if we get mincy over matters."



Yes, even then our heroes heard a distant warning rumble; it was the Genie's angry voice and echoes of his grumble. "To arms, to arms!" called Gnif the Gnome. "Pete, do not stop to mope. Who cares for *forty* Genies when we have our IVORY SOAP?"

Dear Little Readers, I regret
To stop right here and now,
But IVORY SOAP will win the day,
And I'll soon tell you how.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS - EST. 1837 -

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS 99 44/100% PURE

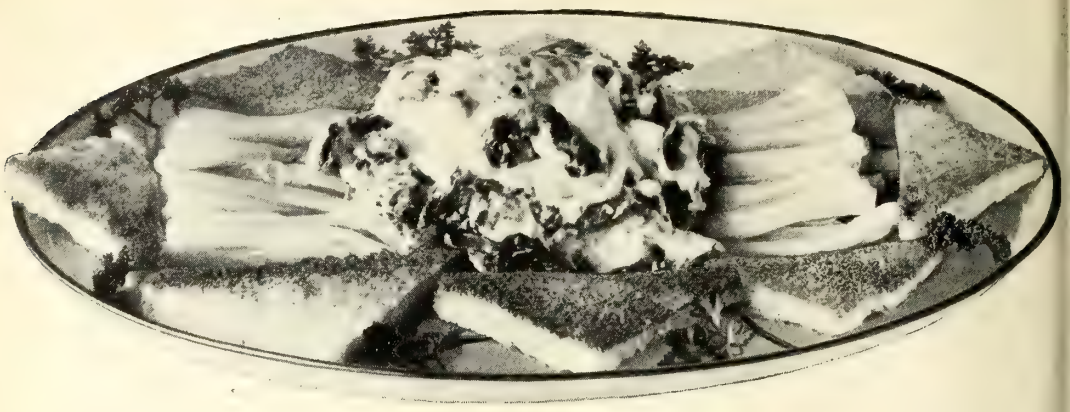
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ST. NICHOLAS

FOR BOYS and GIRLS



UNE 1920



Plan the dinner to match the weather

Dried beef—a perfect food for sunny days

Early summer, with the outdoor voices calling—bees humming, sun shining!

And you—longing to be out of doors, longing to be playing. And work to do in the kitchen, dinner to get for a family that has no hankering for heavy foods.

Creamed dried beef with boiled spring onions—here is the dinner you are looking for. It is quickly prepared—and the fresh taste of the onions with the mild flavor of the beef is a change and rest from rich, overseasoned dishes. It is the perfect hot weather food.

Firm, tender beef with that nut-sweet flavor found only in fine meat smoked to perfection over a hickory fire, Libby's Dried Beef is exceptionally delicious and satisfying.

It is prepared in Chicago, the meat center of the world, and is a real tribute to the Libby ideal—to package foods where they are found at their finest.

Order a supply of Libby's Dried Beef today. Your grocer has it or will gladly get it for you.

Libby's



Libby, McNeill & Libby

906 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Chatham, Ont., Can.

Fresh and Spotless

Walls
Floors
Woodwork

Makes Housecleaning Easy



Acts like magic in keeping painted walls, woodwork, doors and furniture clean and spotless. Makes linoleum look like new.

Old Dutch saves time and labor and gives better results. Economical and efficient for all household cleaning.

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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR JUNE, 1920.

Page

Frontispiece: "The Force of the Blow Threw the Man into the Air." Drawn by C. A. Federer

Our Great Possessions. Sketch. — Hildegarde Hawthorne — 675

In June. Verse. — Sophie E. Redford — 677

"Veronica." Picture. Painted by Ralph Peacock — 678

Old and New Views of Golf by Boys and Girls. Sketch. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea — Francis Ouimet — 679

Mother's Song.—Sisters. Verse. — Clinton Scollard — 683

The Sign-Post's of the Sky. Sketch. Illustrated from photographs. — T. Morris Longstreth — 683

The Loving Cup. Verse. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea. — Emma Peirce — 688

The Pink Silk Lady. Verse. Illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham — Margaret Widdemer — 690

Boy Scouts in the North; or, The Blue Pearl. Serial Story. Illustrated by C. A. Federer — Samuel Scoville, Jr. — 691

A Forgiveness of the Desert. Story. Illustrated by George Varian — Agnes Danforth Hewes — 697

Funny Mr. Flicker. Verse. Illustrated by Bertha Corbett-Melcher. — Elizabeth Gordon — 700

The Happy Venture. Serial Story. Illustrated by the author. — Edith Ballinger Price — 701

A Wish. Verse. — Bertha Gerneaux Woods — 708

Jimmy the Conquering Hero. Illustrated by Conrad Dickel — Belle Weir Wallace, Lulu Coon Shuff — 709

The Mystery of the Sea-Lark. Serial Story. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea. — Ralph Henry Barbour, H. P. Holt — 714

Princess Moonlight. Story. Illustrated by the author. — Hanano Inagaki Sugimoto — 721

To a Dandelion. Verse. — Ethel Raymond Cragin — 725

My Hollyhocks. Verse. Illustrated by Eugenie M. Wireman. — Althea A. Ogden — 725

Little Stories of Dogs. — 726

Bob, the English Fire Dog (George F. Paul)—Old Shep Set the Lights (Harrie A. Baxter)—Sailor, the Dog Watch—(Elizabeth E. Elliott)—The Trick Dogs of Brighton (Press Illustrating Co.).

For Boys Who Do Things. Packing-Box Village—IX. Illustrated with diagrams. — A. Russell Bond — 728

The Musical Pedometer. Illustrated by Marion Foster. — A. Russell Bond — 732

One-, Two- and Three-Post Bridges. Illustrations from photographs and diagrams — Charles K. Taylor — 733

The Baby Tank. Illustrations from diagrams. — W. M. Butterfield — 736

America, the Beautiful—Democracy's Goal. Pageant. — Margaret Knox, Anna M. Lutkenhaus — 738

How a Baseball is Made. Sketch. — Billy Evans — 745

What the Little Bird Said. Verse. — Harriet Winton Davis — 746

The Watch Tower. Illustrations from photographs. — Edward N. Teall — 747

Nature and Science for Young Folks: Illustrations from photographs — 752

Queer Seed-Pods (J. Smeaton Chase)—A Very Lonely B'oy (Wm. R. McDowell)—The Devil's Post-Pile (George Burbank Shattuck)—A Correction.

For Very Little Folk: "Just Like You." Illustrated Verse. — R. B. Kirby — 756

St. Nicholas League. With Awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs, and Puzzles. Illustrated. — 758

The Letter-Box. — 766

The Riddle-Box. — 767

St. Nicholas Stamp Page. Conducted by Samuel R. Simmons — Advertising page — 36

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Boys! Get This Book—*It's Free*

THE Boys' Book of Sports. Thirty-two pages chock full of information about all the leading athletes, and big athletic events of the year, records of the champions and all kinds of valuable dope on baseball, football, swimming, track, basketball, tennis, golf, hockey, skating, polo, yachting, auto racing, motorcycling, bicycling, aeroplaning, boxing, wrestling, and other sports.

This book was sponsored by Norman Rockwell, the famous artist whose pictures of boys appear on the front covers of magazines. Norman Rockwell knows boys better than anyone else in America. The book is a real boys' book from cover to cover—so interesting that you'll want to carry it around in your pocket all the time.

Get it today from your nearest Goodrich Bicycle Tire dealer or write to

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
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Three Treads
One Quality
One Price

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NEXT MONTH

ST. NICHOLAS FOR JULY

PARTIAL TABLE OF CONTENTS

The July number will contain, among other notable features, the following:

Golf Tips for Young Players

FRANCIS OUIMET

An invaluable article for every student and player of the game of golf, whether young or old, since its suggestions embody many special bits of wisdom, learned from actual experience, that have helped to make its author one of the most famous golfers in the world. Many of the present-day devotees of the game, from fifteen-year-old beginners to seventy-year veterans, may be rather startled by Mr. Ouimet's statement that he considers *imagination* as "representing about eighty per cent of the game of golf"! He offers the statement by way of sober advice and proceeds to prove it. Every golfer should read this article.

Your Best and Hardest Job

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

One of the best of the admirable and illuminating papers that Miss Hawthorne is contributing to current numbers is this inspiring talk about that truly noble and intelligent love of country which far transcends the mere hurrahs and excitements of our glorious Fourth, or of political campaigns. It will quicken in every American boy and girl the resolve to become a *real* lover of our country.

Patriotism appropriately comes to the fore this month in several other contributions also, such as:

Uncle Sam's Birthday

FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

A stirring ballad of Independence Day.

The Conquering of Pike's Peak

MABEL A. SPICER

Colorado celebrates this month the hundredth anniversary of the discovery of her great mountain, and ST. NICHOLAS recounts the stirring story with many vivid incidents that will be new, also, to most grown-up readers.

Baldy

JACQUELINE M. OVERTON

A beautiful tribute to a little mascot in a hospital where our boys had their own special pets and mascots which were cherished "as never pets were cherished before."

Getting Up a Band and How Would *You* Plan a City?

CHARLES K. TAYLOR

Two brief sketches narrating the actual achievements of boys in performing the tasks designated by these titles.

The number will include, besides, absorbing installments of three serials; special short stories that will grip the interest of every young reader; the well-known departments, "The Watch-Tower", (a review of current events), "Nature and Science", "For Boys Who Do Things", "The St. Nicholas League", etc., and the usual array of rollicking verse, amusing pictures, and rhymes and jingles—which the young folk count upon in their favorite magazine.



A "corking" good story

Boys' clothes have usually been a continued story; no sooner did you get one suit well going, than you had to have another Boys were "hard on their clothes;" the clothes were hard on father

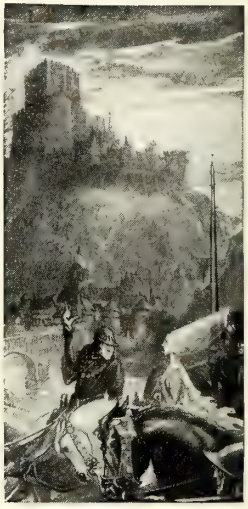
We're making boys' clothes now; as good as father's; same fine, all-wool fabrics; same high-class tailoring The economy is in the way they last Satisfaction guaranteed, or money back

Hart Schaffner & Marx

The kind of story that Dumas and Stevenson wrote

LUCA SARTO

By CHARLES S. BROOKS
Author of "Chimney-Pot Papers," etc.



THIS is a thrilling tale of adventure in the manner of the great romancers. It is set in the fifteenth century, and the reader sees the Paris of Villon, the dungeons of Louis XI. He is involved in conspiracy and plot and danger. He hears hoofs clacking in the night and sees the flash of swords. He is involved in plot and counterplot. He is thrilled with the courage of the hero, the beauty of the heroine and the diabolical ingenuity of the villains. It is a tale to put to rout heavy gloom and carking care. And it is beautifully done, beautifully done.

Frontispiece *Price $1.75*

COGGIN

By Ernest Oldmeadow
Author of
"Antonio," "Susan," etc.

An exquisite story written with charming simplicity and kindly humor, and radiant with fine sympathy. It has already received a flattering reception in England, where it has recently been published. It is about a big-souled little boy, the son of a rags-and-bone man, and a great-hearted minister, who is the rector of a fashionable English parish, and the struggle to bridge the chasm which separates these two splendid personalities. It is a story that will live in your memory long after you have turned the last page and closed the book.

Price $1.75

THE FARMER OF ROARING RUN

By Mary Dillon

This is the latest delightful romance by the author of "The Rose of Old St. Louis," etc. It is the kind of a story that most Americans like; a story that is fresh, wholesome, full of humor and lively dialogue and adventure, about many different types of people and with a setting in wild woods and picturesque open farm lands. It is about a fearless and pretty widow, a Virginia farm, a wealthy financier, a red-headed, sullen farm-hand and a "peck of trouble."

Price $1.75

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BOOKS *For Children*

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Stories for Every Holiday

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

"These twenty stories, for as many holidays, are bright and lively, just such as the boys and girls are sure to relish, and just such as are good and wholesome for them. The idea of the book—a story for each holiday—is an excellent one, and has been worthily wrought out."—*The Hartford Courant.* ***Net, $1.75,*** postpaid.

Tourbillon; or, The King of the Whirlwinds

By Estelle R. Updike

"Tourbillon" is the French word for "whirlwind," and Tourbillons are whirlwind fairies with heads that resemble electric light bulbs. Pierre Renaud is a manly little French boy, with soft dark eyes. He came from a beautiful home in France, was ship-wrecked off our eastern coast and his parents drowned. "Tourbillon" is the story of his rescue by the fairies from Poole, the cruel peanut-vendor. Illustrated with beautiful, full-page drawings and Tourbillon decorations.

Net, 35 cents, postpaid.

Wonder Oak

By Bertha Currier Porter

Illustrations by May Aiken

Something new in the way of a fairy story, for it is the history of a little fairy princess. The fairies are here made representatives of flowers and birds, and the stories are descriptive of outdoor life. Thus, interwoven with the story of the fairy princess Crystal and her little fairy companion Grobbo, who has the gift of winning smiles from everyone, there is much real information concerning the flowers, insects, and birds. Imaginative children will delight in the stories and have their curiosity stimulated to know more about the flowers whose fairy guardians flit through these pages, and the insects and birds who do such interesting things.

Illustrated. ***Net, $1.25,*** postpaid.

Red, Yellow, and Black

By Sophia Lyon Fahs

"A book about children, missionary work and strange lands, told with a full sense of dramatic and educational values. The first is about a negro, John Stewart, who lived in Virginia a century ago and went as a missionary among the Wyandot Indians. Historically true, and a wonderful thing besides. The others are Chinese and African babies, children, men and women."—*Daily Fresno Republican.*

Illustrated. ***Net, 75 cents,*** postpaid.

Chel. A Story of the Swiss Mountains

By Johanna Spyri, author of "Heidi," etc.

Translated from the German by Helene H. Boll

This story deals with the rude and uncultivated life of a remote village in the Swiss Alps. How that life was bettered and enriched, and how Chel, the misunderstood and much maligned orphan boy, developed into a youth of gentleness and genius under the touch of a teacher who realized her opportunity, is the scheme of this story. There is an atmosphere of remoteness and mystery which, with the quick movement and play of incident, keep the interest and attention to the end. It will delight the children.

Frontispiece. ***Net, 75 cents,*** postpaid.

Little Folks in History (In Four Books)

In "Little Folks" Series

By Dorothy Donnell Calhoun

"A collection of charming stories written down for the little people in charming style, and bound in dainty volumes for supplementary reading in the small classes. There are The Little Heroes, The Little Heroines, The Little Folks on Thrones, and the Little Folks Who Did Great Things. Whether the stories be the sad ones of those who wore crowns and lost them, and also their heads, or the useful ones, or the brave ones, or the artistic ones, these stories are full of life and spirit, and afford pictures which the children will retain better than any chronological record."—*School, New York.*

Illustrated. Per book, ***net, 50 cents,*** postpaid.

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The
Democracy of Boarding Schools

SOMETIMES the contention is made that private schools tend to make snobs of their boy or girl students—that family social position and financial background are the gauge of the students' standards. It has been said that these children are petted and coddled by their school masters into something soft and weak-kneed—that discipline is let down to conform to the spoiled wants of the child.



Now to me that is almost the silliest bit of reasoning I have ever heard. And the boy that has had his taste of both private and public school life knows that the man who paints a boarding school in snob colors is a false prophet.

Private schools are the most democratic places in the world. Here it is that merit wins by itself. Individuality is fostered and developed so that only the real worth of the boy or girl shines out. And because these children need not stand in the reflected light of their parents' wealth or position in the community, the winning of individual honors or rewards makes for self-reliance and respect. What their parents are financially worth or how high they may stand socially is not of the importance to these children that it is to boys and girls who go to schools where so many various classes are bound to be represented.

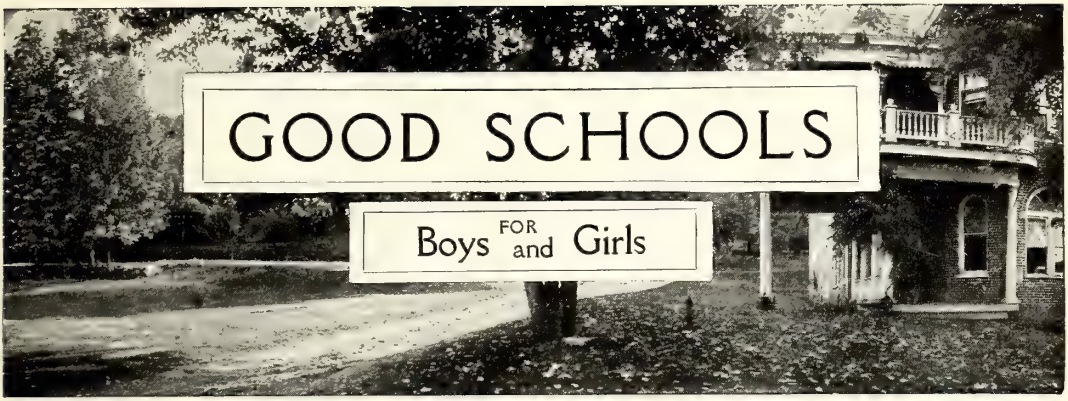
Here, too, are found instructors whose examples are a constant source of inspiration, whose precepts mean a higher appreciation of moral stability, and mental fineness for the boy or girl. There is no doubt that such instructors do more to kill snobbery than all the reading a child could do.

It is not to be inferred that our public schools are without value. They are, and very much so. But in class rooms where it is a physical impossibility to give all the individual attention necessary to the student, the field becomes ripe for a harvest of things which private schools have the opportunity to pull out before they are grown.



Self-control grows best where refinement is found. And it is only to be expected that the homes of boarding school pupils are homes of refinement. Snobbery does not thrive in such an atmosphere.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of ST. NICHOLAS

published monthly *at* New York, N. Y.

For April 1st, 2020

COUNTY OF NEW YORK } *ss.*
STATE OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a *Notary Public* in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared W. MORGAN SHUSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the *President* of The Century Co., publisher of ST. NICHOLAS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

	Name of	*Post-Office Address*
Publisher,	THE CENTURY CO.	353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Editor,	WILLIAM FAYAL CLARKE,	Scarsdale, N. Y.
Managing Editor,	NONE	
Business Managers,	NONE	

2. That the owners are: (Give name and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

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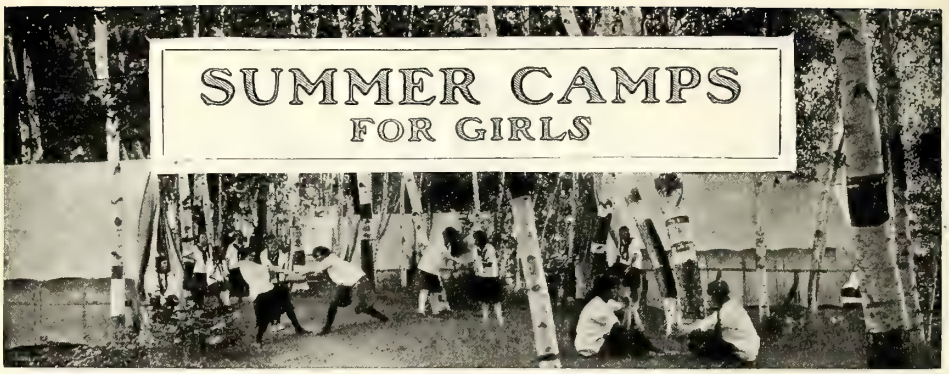
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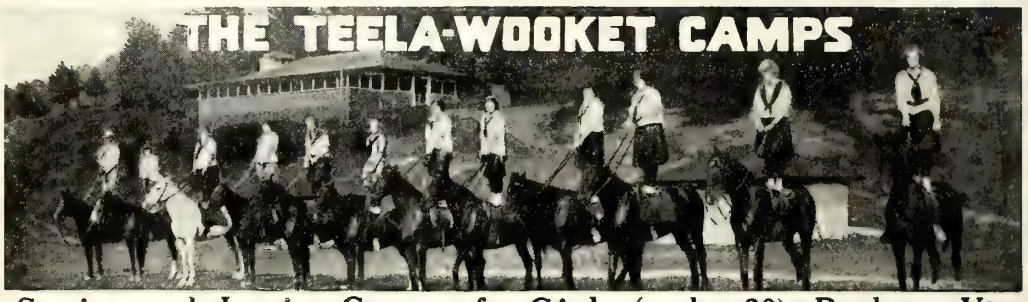
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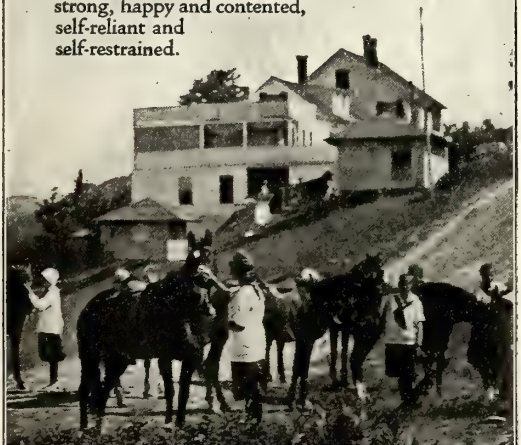
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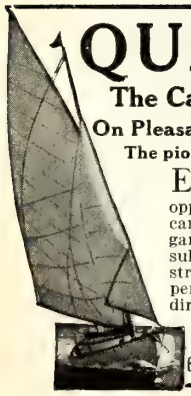
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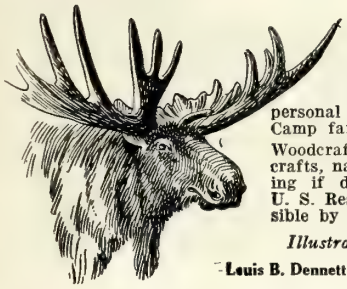
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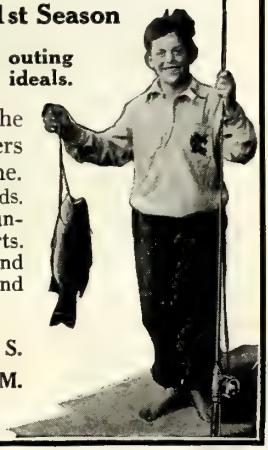
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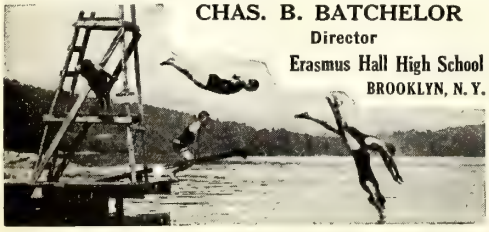
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"THE FORCE OF THE BLOW THREW THE OLD MAN UP INTO THE AIR AND OUT INTO THE GRAY WATER" (SEE PAGE 695)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVII JUNE, 1920 No. 8

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OUR GREAT POSSESSION

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

YOU all remember how, in fairy stories, the young goatherd or shepherd who loves the princess and seeks to marry her is usually asked, among other difficult deeds, to guess some puzzling conundrum.

Suppose this were the conundrum that was asked you:

What is that valuable possession which, the greater the number of people who own it, the more valuable it becomes, and the more you use it the more you have it? It is at once the ugliest and the most beautiful thing. It is your enemy's surest weapon and your friend's finest offering. Good and Evil both find it their greatest help. Although it is as invisible as air, it has color, form, and substance. Joy and grief live in it, yet it itself knows neither. Though it is eternal, it is always changing. Though you could not get on without it, it is useful to you only because it is useful to others. The wise man and the fool both depend on it.

After thinking a minute or two you step up boldly to the foot of the throne where the king is waiting for your answer, feeling very sure he has you stumped. And you reply:

"Nothing, Sire, could be simpler. The answer is *Language.*"

And the king has to admit you are right, while the princess smiles upon you happily.

Language, speech. Where should we be without it? With the animals. And there are some who assert that even animals and birds have at least some rudimentary form of speech to help them along in the business of living.

But language, though it is so important, so precious, is also so common that we fall into the habit of treating it rather badly, of neglecting it, of failing altogether to make it as useful or as beautiful for ourselves as we should. We have no other means of really understanding anything and everything, nor of getting ourselves understood, than through and by language. There are hundreds of thousands of words waiting for us to use them, each expressing some tiny portion or some immense portion of thought or feeling or ideas. And we leave many and many of these words idle all our lives long, and are just so much the poorer, just so much less our full selves, by that lack.

Think of the power of words to touch, to inspire! Think of Lincoln's great Gettysburg Address, and what that simple choice and arrangement of words has meant to us all. Suppose he had been content to go through life with a few slang phrases, with slipshod grammar and ill-chosen words that did not really translate his thought. How much poorer we should all have been; how much that makes us Americans we should have lost!

The English language is one of the very great things of the world. It is so rich that not all the riches of Solomon's mines can equal it. You can dig and dig in that great mine of words and continue to bring up priceless wealth—wealth that grows with use, wealth that adds to your own worth, to the world's worth, and remains as rich as it was.

Sensible people hold a contempt for misers, and rightly enough. A man who will not use his gold to get for himself the lovely and noble things of life, who exists in poverty, dirt, and

distress rather than touch the little pieces of money that are only worth anything as you change them to something quite different from themselves, that man is not to be envied. And yet there are many of us who are misers when it comes to language. We use only the merest, poorest bits that can get us along, half starved, as it were, amid plenty.

Ideas only become real as you put them into words. If you don't know the right words, the words that are going to express exactly what you have in your mind, then your idea dies inside you. It never reaches real life. You are part dumb. And it is a pity to be at all dumb, when you have speech and language as your instruments, ready to serve you so fully.

Many of us get into the way of using a few easy phrases or slang expressions for pretty much all we say. Of course, this is terribly tiresome to other people, and then it shuts your mind up in a sort of box, so small that it only just gives it breathing-space, keeps it half stifled. We have at times seen people struggling for words to express some thought or emotion much as they might struggle for breath in a room where there was not sufficient oxygen. But the words are there—only there has never been an attempt made by the sufferer to make them his.

Vulgar, cheap, and careless language will cheapen, vulgarize, and dissipate the mind. For language has a strange power. You would hardly believe that words could affect human beings, could alter and coerce them, but they can. You live among words every moment of your life. Even in silence, words are forming inside your brain, even in sleep they exist for you. If they are silly or common, they will master you in time. They are the shells of ideas, and ideas flow into and fill them, take their shape. If you use only the poor and wretched words, your ideas will finally fit themselves to these.

The French people have a passionate love of their language. Even little children can express themselves beautifully and fully, even the simplest sort of folk in the villages and rural communities take pleasure in studying words and in finding the right word for what they want to say. I know one old house-painter in a tiny French village who used to talk with me about the controversies regarding a new word in the French Academy, and he was deeply interested in the decision as to whether some such word was really worth taking into the language and making a part of it, or as to whether it should be thrown out as unnecessary or stupid or inexpressive.

"A good clear word is like a good clear act," he would say. "You can tell a man by the words he uses as well as by the things he does."

The English language is quite as magnificent as the French; in some ways it is even richer and more expressive. You ought to love it. If you study it at all, you will love it. It has a music as strong and sweet as a finely played symphony; it has shades of meaning so delicate that they escape anything but the very closest attention, just as the feathers on a butterfly's wing are lost to anything but the microscope. Our language has a force and a directness as powerful as the stroke of a sledge-hammer, and yet there are little dear words in it that will make a baby smile, smiling words to answer that baby with when it smiles.

Slang is very good in its way, and if you use it with sense, and to help, not to crowd out, legitimate words, it is often amusing and hits the bull's-eye with astonishing success. One of the ways a language grows is by slang, and slang that is not merely stupid and meaningless is going, before long, to be adopted right into the language as a real word.

But to use a slang term to express everything you want to express, to answer virtually every question with "I 'll say so," for instance, is a silly, tiresome thing to do. An expression like that gets stale so soon, and it makes your mind seem stale, too. It really does keep you from thinking, from being yourself. It is just the wearisome copy of something some one else said; it has no meaning. It is lazy, slovenly.

Our country is becoming, even more than it has long been, the meeting-ground for innumerable foreigners, who come here to make America their future home. They do not speak our language, and as they have very little chance to learn it properly, they usually never speak more than a broken and distorted form of it. Their children will make it their own, but as they hear only a poor version of it at home, they must depend on outside sources to speak it well. Often these sources are pretty bad. The result is that in all our cities and in many of our rural districts you hear a very messy, badly pronounced, and ungrammatical English spoken. The beauty of the beautiful tongue is utterly lost. It is degraded and cheapened almost beyond recognition.

Now if we Americans do not care enough for this, our great possession, to guard and use it well, to pronounce it fitly, not sloppily, to speak it correctly and use it fully, who is going to care? You youngsters, who are grow-

ing up now, are the persons who must safeguard and develop and treasure our language. It is your splendid heritage, and as it is itself noble, so you should treat it nobly.

I think it was Longfellow who said that he found reading the dictionary as thrilling as reading a romance. It is wonderful to trace a word back to its origin and see how it has reached its full meaning, often through many changes. Curious, too, to see how some words drop out of the language without any good reason. And then the new words that have entered. Take electricity, for instance. Think of all the new words it brought along with it. And the same with the aëroplane, and flying as a profession instead of a dream. You read the history of a people in reading a dictionary, or at least a large part of its development.

Of course I don't imagine for a single moment that you are going to drop your story reading for the dictionary, but I just wanted to hint to you that words have a real life, a beginning and a growth, a history, and that this links up with ourselves in a way that is very interesting. Naturally, writers pay more attention to words than do other people, because words are their special stock in trade.

But you young folk owe your language allegiance and service. For your own sakes, because clear and correct and varied speech means a fit and fine expression of your thoughts, gives your brain a proper and satisfactory means of putting itself at your service, of reaching its full power. And also for the sake of your race and your country, that uses this wonderful language in its great work in the world. The English language is spoken more extensively than any other. It is a world instrument of enormous potency. It has drawn on many other tongues, ancient and modern, for its expansion, and is based on mighty foundations. It will continue to grow and will continue to spread over the world if it is given free opportunity in the future as in the past. But there must be some to love it and cherish it, to keep it pure, to speak it with distinction and accuracy. Grammar may seem dull when you study rules in a book, but grammar is a sort of skeleton, and unless it is straight and true, the whole body is deformed. Why should you be content to use a deformed thing when a little thought and trouble will put you in possession of something fair and strong?

Your language is part of your country; it is your country's voice. Be proud of both, love both. Be among those who really care, who care enough to give something of themselves, some of their time, some of their effort, to keep both country and language up to the mark. It is always, in the end, your job. It is you who must do what is to be done, if any one is to do it, you yourself!

IN JUNE

By SOPHIE E. REDFORD

Welcome the dewy mornings!
Welcome the sultry noons!
The storm-cloud with its warnings,
The gentle rain that croons
A lullaby to the drowsy day,
And drenches meadows of new-mown hay!
For this is the fragrant June-time!
The rose-red June-time!
The joy-bell June-time, bedecked with bridal gems
When fields of grain begin to promise golden diadems!

When plaintively the dove sings,
And the lark sings, and the heart sings
Of the joy that summer brings!
Oh, the harps of Heaven must be in tune
With the glad old earth in June!

Welcome the ripe red cherry!
Welcome the close of school!
The luscious-lipped strawberry,
The shaded swimming-pool!
It 's fishing time, and the angleworm
In the old tin can begins to squirm,
For this is the vagrant June-time!
The barefoot June-time!
The sun-tanned June-time that laughs and laughs to scorn
The glimmering heat that dallies with the rustle of the corn!

When roguishly the brook leaps,
And the frog leaps, and the heart leaps!
With the ecstasy that keeps
In the soul of man the eternal tune
Of his boyhood days in June!



Photograph by Henry Dixon & Son, London

"VERONICA." PAINTED BY RALPH PEACOCK



OLD AND NEW VIEWS OF GOLF BY BOYS AND GIRLS

By FRANCIS OUIMET



GOLF is slowly, but surely, coming into its own as a great American sport. Yet less than ten years ago nearly everybody was inclined to look upon it as a game suitable only for those of ripe age. This opinion was formed because it lacked the strenuousness so noticeable in football, baseball, and tennis.

Quite evidently all this has changed. To-day thousands of boys and girls play the game. I take keen delight in this fact, all because I happened to be one of the first boys to adopt golf as his favorite game while attending school, instead of following the usual paths leading to diamond and gridiron. At the time I decided in favor of golf, it was no simple and easy choice to make. For one thing, I was subjected to a lot of pressure from my schoolmates to continue with the nine, and, for another, rather felt the censure they sometimes placed upon me for forsaking this sport for golf. Perhaps an incident that occurred during a recent trip to Pinehurst, where so much golf is played every winter, will best explain the position of golf among boys of to-day and among those of yesterday.

While playing there this past spring, I had the good fortune to meet an old school-friend of mine. He had recently become an ardent golf enthusiast, one who rarely misses creating an opportunity for playing. We had both attended the Brookline High School at the time when he was the unquestioned leader in athletics. Incidentally, he was captain of our baseball nine.

I was particularly fond of baseball in those days, although I must confess I never could play it when a golf match was in sight. Nevertheless, I was persuaded to try for a place on our school nine, and, in the course of the practice, seemed to have a fine chance of making it at second base. About this time I was elected captain of our golf team. That put the question up to me of giving up one or the other of these games. I could not hold down the two positions without making a failure of each one. After thinking the matter over for a short time, I decided in favor of golf. Immediately I was sought out by both the coach and captain of the nine, who argued with me to change my opinion. One of their favorite points was, as I clearly recall it now, that golf was an old man's affair and that I was somewhat silly, to put it mildly, to forsake a corking good game like baseball for it. But their entreaties and arguments failed to make me retract my first decision. This caused me to be the butt of many uncomplimentary remarks for a long time thereafter.

Now the reason why I had chosen golf was that I felt, once my school-days were over, baseball would be a thing of the past, whereas with golf I could continue to play that game long after I had set aside my books for a business career. It seemed to me that the best time to fit myself for the game that I could play during most of my life would be during these school-days I was then enjoying; and I did want to play the game well. That is the only way to play any game or to do anything in this world, for that matter. Good golf meant nothing to me but keen outdoor enjoyment in the years to come. And now that I look back to the time when I made this decision, I am more than satisfied that I "guessed right."

Nothing brought this point to my attention more clearly than meeting my old school-friend at Pinehurst—the baseball captain of the Brookline High School nine the year we were in that school together, the one who had argued so strongly with me to forget all about golf because it was an old man's game and for this reason to stay out for the ball nine. He told me that he recalled the whole incident most clearly, and could now say with all frankness

that I was right in having decided as I did. Furthermore, he was of the opinion that he had wasted golden opportunities to improve his golf game by not taking to golf, instead of to baseball, when we had been in school together.

Not long ago I talked with a Princeton graduate who was there in the days of Heyniger, their great baseball pitcher. He recounted for me a story quite similar to my own in connection with Heyniger. The latter, he said, liked golf better than any other game he had ever tried, but was unable to give much time to it while at college because he was virtually compelled by the pressure of the college to pitch on the nine. Heyniger did rank as a star boxman, but since his college days he has never risen to a very high rank in golf. Indeed, he may not be playing at all well. I am inclined to think this man misses a lot of enjoyment to-day because he did not follow his favorite game earlier in life and at the time when he could more readily have learned to master it. But our colleges are now beginning to see matters differently, if we read aright. They are coming to realize that it is a waste of time to instruct students along lines that are of no future value, whether the course be in athletics or in scholarship. One college that I know of in my home State, Massachusetts, is even teaching its students the art of golf-course construction. Rather a sign of progress, I should say.



"THE COACH AND CAPTAIN ARGUED WITH ME"

Perhaps the outstanding proof that golf is at last being recognized as a sport worthy of the consideration of every boy of athletic inclination is that the list of young golfers is increasing by leaps and bounds all over America. Boys and girls are taking up the game with equal satisfaction and enjoyment. That they can boast of being equal to any competition is rather clearly proved by the careers of Bobby Jones and Miss Alexa Sterling of Atlanta, who are right at the top in amateur circles.

Last summer, when I went to the Oakmont Country Club at Pittsburgh to play in the amateur championships, I received one of the most pleasant surprises of my life. It has been my good fortune to attend seven of the last eight of these events, and I can say that, with an occasional exception, the favorites were always the stars of former years— all seasoned golfers and men. Thus, when I started for Pittsburgh, I thought that, with an exception or two, I would be one of the youngest players to enter, this in spite of the fact I now can boast of twenty-six years of age. But let me say I was destined to receive a great surprise, for, after looking over the field of prospective champions, I felt like a grizzled veteran. There seemed to be dozens of fine players entered not then twenty years of age.

That tournament, as you probably remember, was won by S. Davidson Herron, a youth of but twenty-two, and the runner-up was that star of stars, little Bobby Jones, of Atlanta, just seventeen years old at the time, while three of the four semi-finalists averaged twenty years.



"IT TAKES ONE OUTDOORS WHEN NATURE IS MOST BEAUTIFUL"

All of which leads one to the conclusion that golf, rather than being an old man's pastime, is the game of youth. As I figure it out in my own case, I expect to play good golf for the next twenty-five seasons, but I can see no chance for any one over forty taking an American title.

A word or two about Bobby Jones, this youngest of golf stars, to illustrate how he has won such a high position in the golfing world, though but seventeen years of age. Perhaps you remember that in the amateur event at Merion, in 1916, he was finally defeated by Bob Gardner, of Chicago, who had several times held the title. Bobby Jones learned much of his game from Stewart Maiden, a splendid professional teacher. But with due credit to Maiden for his remarkable ability at imparting his own knowledge to others, I doubt if Jones would have been as successful had he not been a fine imitator. An imitator is usually a good player. In fact, there is scarcely an exception to this rule. I know that I picked up a lot of golf by this method, and I can remember the time when I could imitate the strokes and play of almost any golfer I saw play. And I have seen Walter Hagen, our wonderful professional champion, demonstrate in succession the golf swings of such stars as Barnes, Brady, Hutchinson, McNamara, and others with such exactness as to detail that, had you been far enough away to be unable to recognize him, you would instantly have thought that the man being imitated was playing a round on your course.

There are many ways of learning golf, but the most expedient is to get in touch with a professional who knows the game and can adapt you to it. Although practice does tend to make one perfect, there are certain aids to practice which will save you time in your quest of a knowledge of this game. The professional who knows the game can give you these schemes, while quickly checking any tendencies on your part to develop bad habits, otherwise not easily eliminated, once they are allowed to go on. But under no conditions forget to watch the swings and styles of good golfers. One can get a ready, first-hand knowledge of all that goes to make up a good game by doing just that. You catch the ideas of golf and see the reasons for them by following this method, and you certainly can learn how the strokes should be played.

I, for one, would not advise a boy or girl to play golf if he or she does not like the game. One cannot enjoy a sport he does not like, nor ever become proficient in it. It takes an unbounded enthusiasm in whatever you attempt to make a success of it. Good golfers love golf. They are enthusiastic over it. My own thought is that one of the main reasons for this strong love for the game is that it takes one outdoors during the three seasons—spring, summer and autumn—when nature is most beautiful. True, one could walk about the woods and gentle slopes and get much pleasure and recreation from it. But golf gives one both a reason and a cause for being abroad in the sunlight that no other sport quite supplies. Unconsciously, you drink deep of health and happiness because the quest of the game keeps you keenly at play, rarely tiring. This is because your mind is occupied.

Boys who have been trout-fishing know what I mean. Far from camp and tired, one frequently wonders if he will ever get back. Then the trout begin to strike, and, before you know it, you are again at the camp-fire, having never once thought of the long walk down stream

as the fish were taking the fly. That is the kind of exercise doctors tell us is most beneficial. Indeed, golf is a game unlike any other sport.

Golf itself affords more pleasure to its followers than any other. Next to it, I think tennis will take rank, because it may also be played for so many years. Yet tennis, great game that it is, must yield to golf in the matter of age. Golf, enjoyable golf, is yours for a lifetime if you so wish. Children may play it, and many is the golfer of skill I know to-day who has passed the seventy mark in the span of life. What other game offers you such constant companionship?

Boys and girls too frequently make the mistake of thinking that they can never rank high as golf players. I believe this is untrue, all because the reverse has been proved quite frequently. If they have enthusiasm for the game and will give the time to practice when they are young, good play becomes almost automatic. Perhaps one cannot rise to championship ranks, but that is certainly not the real test of the game, else but few of the millions who play it each year would get any fun out of it.



"A KEEN ENJOYMENT WHETHER YOU BE SIXTEEN OR SIXTY"

To my way of thinking, the lure of golf rests in your ability to play a fair game, one that averages well with that of your friends. Once you reach that state, you have arrived in golf at that delightful period when each round holds for you a keen enjoyment whether you be sixteen or sixty. That, I take it, is the real test of any sport.

POEMS

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

MOTHER'S SONG.

When I have come to the end of day,
And feel too tired to romp and play,
And am weary with everything,
Then it's "Over the hills and far away"
I love to hear Mother sing!

For the fairy pipers seem to play,
And the fairy dancers swing and sway
On the banks of laughing streams,
As "Over the hills and far away"
I drift to the land of dreams.

SISTERS.

Said Green-o'-the-Grass to Green-o'-the-Bough,
"Sister, it is our season now!"
Said Green-o'-the-Bough, with a burst of glee,
"Oh, how happy we two shall be!"

And so these sisters went frolicking
Hand in hand o'er the hills of Spring.

THE SIGN-POSTS OF THE SKY

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

It was in the Moon of Many Fish that Essex Lad and I closed in the storm-shutters of Wilderness House, adjusted our packs, took up our rods, and followed the first ray of spring sunlight into the forest. The day before, we had sent Prunier, our guide, across the Sentinels to our cabin on Evergreen Lake, where he would have much wood cut and the floor swept out (unless he got to thinking) by the time that E. L. and I should have fished down the wide-wandering Evergreen Brook and around to him.

We set out in light fishing formation—that is, without tent and with but one blanket apiece, a very little food, and an ax as reliable in the handle as a woodsman is at heart.

"I suppose you won't mind being rained on," I said to the Lad, knowing that he would n't. Essex Lad is five feet eight now, and as lusty for adventure as Mr. Hudson of Hudson's Bay ever was. Also he has developed that fine balance the woods life gives—a tough hide and a tender heart; and I have seen him as quietly cheerful after a day's soaking as a robin in a snow-squall who has just *got* to sing for the joy of "better coming."

"Rained on! Why, Lucky, it can't rain for days. Look at that sky!"

It was deeply clear and a more beautiful blue than ten Pacific Oceans. But still I had noticed a white arrow of cloud which had shot half-way up from the western horizon, drawing fine threads of silken feathers after, and I knew a change was due.

"I 'll wager we are poured on before we reach the lake to-morrow night."

"How do you know?"

"By the sign-posts on the wind's highway," and I pointed to the white arrow. "Read that."

"There 's just one word written there," he said smiling, "and that is CLEAR."

"That wisp of cloud says one thousand miles to rain," I affirmed; "and as a spring storm is able to do a thousand miles in twenty-four hours, I 'll give you this holiday free (E. L. is reading "Cæsar" with me) if we get to Prunier with a dry stitch on our backs."

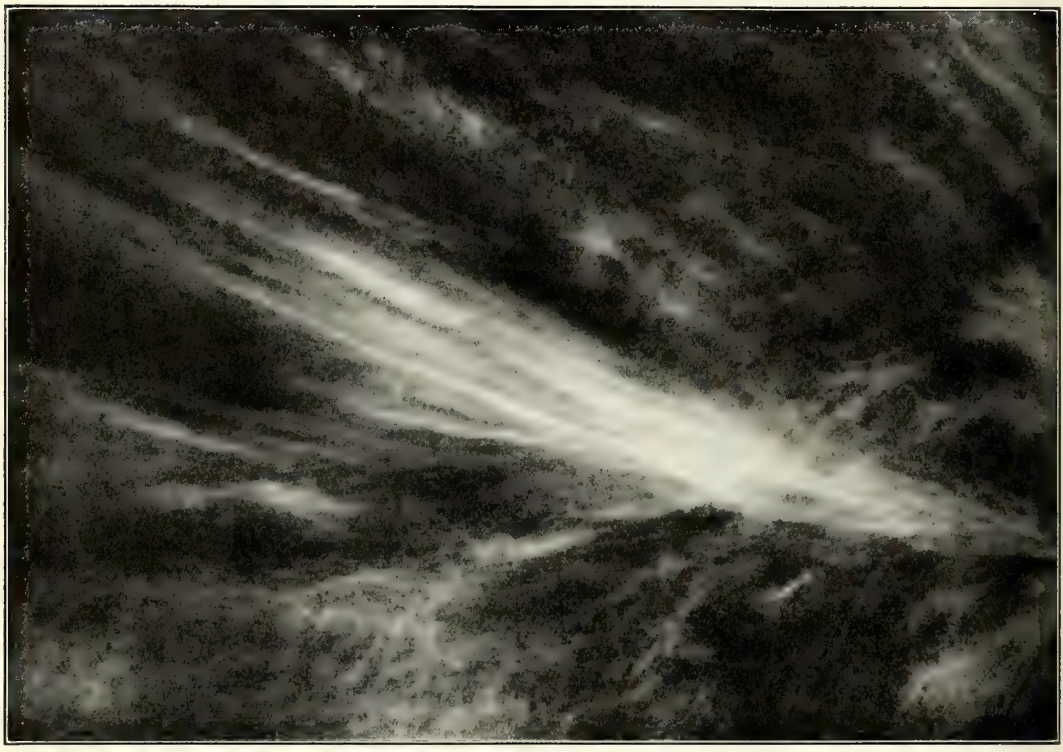
"That 's a go," he said; "and I 'll chop a cord of birch if it rains." And he laughed again, looking into the vast sun space, so beautiful in its wind-washed freshness of mid-May.

We came out then upon the brook, brawling between pools, and instantly we were fishermen, with no thought for anything but the first cast of the season. We had trout for lunch, which we cooked in a tree-surrounded spot, with the sun pouring cloudlessly upon us.

"Nothing to read," said E. L. pointing aloft. "You 're out of luck for once, Lucky, with your storm. I 'm enjoying my vacation."

I made no reply at once, as I was paying attention to a new leader (which is best limbered in the mouth), but later said: "He crows safest who crows last, my dear student. A day like this is called a weather-breeder because the atmosphere is poised between two tides. The air is a vast ocean a hundred miles deep and thrown into great waves. These waves travel across our country from west to east. When one is over us, the currents are running strong from the upper levels where all is dry

and cold. Then the wave passes, and the trough, which is warmer and moister, is upon us. The trough has whirlpools in it, sometimes as broad as our land; and the nearer the center of the whirl gets to us, the cloudier it gets, the warmer it grows, and the stronger blows the wind. From the center of the whirl, the air is



CIRRUS: FIRST BANNERS OF A STORM

revolving upward into the colder regions, where it condenses, is caught by the perpetual current of wind that flows from west to east at a hundred miles an hour, and blown ahead of the slower storm. That is why, E. L., when I see white arrows of ice-crystals that have been shot up from the cradle of the storm, I know that in about twenty-four hours, if all goes right, the storm will be upon us."

"If all goes right," he repeated ponderingly; "but who can tell?"

"The clouds, which are the ever-changing, ever-sensitive sign-posts on the storm road."

"Are they sure signs, Lucky? For if they are, I want to know them."

"They rarely deceive, but one has to be as sensitive as they, for the storm course changes, and many a thing happens behind the veil which we cannot see and so blame it on the cloud. There are only four main sorts: cirrus, stratus, cumulus, and nimbus. Roughly, these four stand for successive stage of the storm's advance. Cirrus says, Coming; Stratus says, Sure; Cumulus, Quickly; and Nimbus, Now."

"Cirrus, Coming; Stratus, Sure; Cumulus, Quickly; Nimbus, Now," he repeated.

"In winter we rarely have cumulus, which is oftenest caused by a quick uprush of hot air—the thunderhead cloud; and in summer, many a day will half fill the sky with white squadrons of cumulus when there is no likelihood of storm. Indeed, they are called fair-weather clouds, as well as thunderheads; but you can tell by the breadth and blackness of the base whether it will rain from them or not. It all depends on your eyes, Lad. You are learning the use of your eyes daily."

"I sure was blinking blind when I came to Wildyrie," he said solemnly. "Are n't you sorry for the people who have nothing around them to look at?"

"The same clouds float over the city," I said sternly, thinking of the myriad eyes who had no desire to see and so saw nothing.

"But it 's hard to see them through three layers of window-curtain and the cracks in the elevated."

Just then a long sigh of the wind sounded in the great pine near by. "Hullo, so soon!" I cried, noticing that the breath came out of the east; and I made up my mind to tell E. L. of the winds that evening. He was busy over his tackle and had not heard my exclamation, and soon we were tossing up to see who should have the first try at the green-gray pool below the falls."

"We won't need a tent to-night, anyway," said E. L., when I had caught up to him; "your storm must be two thousand miles away by now. Look at it!"

Indeed it was a lovely evening, and the strands of cirrus that had been swimming across the zenith all day had been absorbed. But certain signs told me that I need not fear for the outcome of my prophecy; it was overwarm for the usual May evening; the little breeze blew fitfully from the south-east; and while the sky was clear, the sun was setting in a level sea of lurid color.

"There is sign-post number two," I pointed.

"Sky red at night is the sailor's delight;
But red in the morning, the sailor's warning,"

quoted Essex Lad, who was cleaning his catch.

"There are as many kinds of red as there are ways of missing trout," I said, explaining that this fiery, disturbed hue was a danger-signal, and quelling any sarcasm on his part by reminding him of an incident of the afternoon when his hat was floating down the brook, his line was hung in an alder-bush, the fish that had been on it had returned to the fresh water, and he had involuntarily followed.



STRATUS: LOWER SIGNALS OF THICK WEATHER

"Oh, well," he said gamely, "it was a small one."

"The trout may not mind being tied up in a tree after it begins raining," I said, laughing.

"I just can't wait for that rain," he said; "for it certainly looks like a drought now, and I 'd hate the fishin' to dry up."

Supper was made of the same materials as lunch; but this time the fish were broiled instead of fried, and the cornmeal was fried instead of boiled, and we stewed the prunes instead of eating them raw. We spread the rubber blanket on a thick layer of balsam boughs at the fringe of a wide-reaching old white pine; and while little whispers from the wind-talk above reached us lying there, I began to question E. L. on the little I had told him already.



CUMULUS: WHITE SQUADRONS OF THE WIND

"There are four kinds," he said; "the silky cirrus, which is the warning-cloud; the stratus, which is a fine, whitish veil or haze that thickens as the center nears; the scale-like mackerel-sky, which is part cumulus and part cirrus or stratus, depending on the height; and finally, the cumulus, meaning heap-cloud."

"You left out one."

"I don't see why you need count the nimbus. Nobody needs to be warned when it is already raining."

"But when you see that smooth blue curtain trailing behind a cumulus, you know that it is going to rain soon. Then there are variations of it, like the 'scud' at sea, that mean immediate wind and rain. All these are signs, and the wind is the sign-poster. Each wind hangs out a different sign, E. L., and you 'll know them all some time if you live at Wildyrie long enough."

"Is a lifetime long enough?" he asked softly.

"Those who live at Wildyrie live many lives in one, Lad, as you know; and you remember how the Talking Trees let you into theirs? Well, when I have spent a spring night like to-night beneath the Soothsayer Tree on the Peak of the Eight Winds, I have often heard messages from far away."

"Tell me some, Lucky."

"The sleep-giving balsam is in my nostrils, Lad."

"The Peak of the Eight Winds? Which are they?" he asked drowsily, himself.

And between yawns and listenings to the breeze-whispers above, I told him the chief characteristic of the eight winds that blow on the little isolated peak and loiter in the great Soothsayer Tree at its base; how the northeast is the chief keeper of the snow; how the east brings moisture from the sea; how the southeast hurries the ragged nimbus clouds from the warm Gulf Current inland; how the south is the spring wind on which the first bluebirds ride over the ranges; while the southwest divides the cumulus clouds and is the wind of summer; and the west brings us our mountain showers; the northwest flows from the upper sky and always means clearing; and lastly, the north is the keeper of the cold. Each of these winds brings picture-tales of sea and southern swamp, of prairie and northern plain; but Essex Lad was in No Man's Land before I had got well started, and, indeed, in a moment I caught myself rising on my elbow and staring strangely at the new-risen sun. It was morning.

E. L. blinked as I stirred, and began to



NIMBUS: THE RAIN-WAKE OF THE WHITE SQUADRON

laugh. "Where 's your rain? Of all the little liars, those flimsy cirri are the worst. I 'm plumb scared of forest fires it 's going to be so dry."

"Until about three this afternoon," I said. He looked at me to see if I was serious. "I 'm real worried about your going blind, E. L. Perhaps you don't notice it 's about twice as hot as it ought to be at sunrise. Perhaps one ought n't to expect a blind man to see that fine, muslin-like gray-white that 's creeping so evenly over the blue. It 's called cirro-stratus, because it 's a very high stratus. And those little regular puffs are cirro-cumulus."

"The sun *is* getting dimmer," he admitted; "but there 's not much danger of being struck by lightning yet."

But I held my peace, for I was sure now of my storm. In winter the process is more completely visible. Then the stratus thickens momently, until the sun, that once had strength to make a ring of color about it, grows weaker and goes out in a gray gloom, after which it is only a question of a few hours until the first snow falls. But in late spring the air is warmer and the first stage is less noticeable; the final comes quicker. In midsummer all the preparation is cut short, and in an hour the first big thunder-drops announce the middle of the cycle.

At noon the sun was a ghost, and by three of the afternoon I caught Essex Lad looking slyly, but none the less anxiously, at the sky. The stratus had become a gray cloud pavement, and in the west a line of sullen blue had formed above the tree-tops. We were still an hour away from Prunier and shelter.

"Is n't it rather early in the year for a thunder-storm?" he asked, winding in his line.

"What are you going to do?"

"Save myself cutting a cord of birch. We have all the fish we can eat in three days, anyhow. We 're not more than an hour from the shack, are we?"

"No, but the rain is n't ten minutes off."

He stepped out and looked up quizzically. The flagstone-colored stratus was being ridden over by the advancing cavalry of cumulus. A growl of thunder, like the roll of many hooves, came to us; and behind the line of tumbled blue, an even gray of rain-dust obscured the neighboring mountain. Suddenly a ring of water widened dancingly over the waiting pool where the first drop had ended its long journey.

"Well!" exclaimed the boy, with a short laugh, "I guess I'm a—wood-chopper!"

The Loving-Cup

By Emma Peirce

I

Through the land one summer day,
By close-cut fields of fragrant hay,
The king went on his royal way.

II

And now he nears a crystal spring,
Where hayers are wont their cups to bring,
As at their work they cheerily sing.

III

Of the water the king would fain partake,
So he bade his followers halt to make,
And all prepare their thirst to slake.

IV

The king made sign to a rosy lass,
And the courtiers smilingly bade her pass.
As she lightly tripped across the grass.



"SHE FILLED HER CUP WITH THE LIQUID CLEAR. . . . SHE RAISED IT UPWARD WITHOUT FEAR"

V

She filled her cup with the liquid clear,
Then, holding the handle, curved and queer,
She raised it upward without fear.

VI

The king was charmed with her modest way,
Nor had he a word in rebuke to say,
But pondered it as he rode away.

VII

Then he ordered a cup with handles twain,
And, trusting the hint would not be in vain,
He took it when riding that way again.

VIII

But the maiden, filling it up to the brim,
Grasped it by both the handles trim,
And smilingly held it up to him.

X

But he had a cup with three handles made,
And ordered it sent to the simple maid,
That she might benefit by its aid.



"GRASPED IT BY BOTH THE HANDLES TRIM,
AND SMILINGLY HELD IT UP TO HIM"

IX

The king, as on the previous day,
Could not find in his heart to say
Aught in disparagement of her way.

XI

It proved a very successful way;
And this is the origin, so they say,
Of the "tig," or loving-cup, of to-day.





THE PINK SILK LADY

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

When the lesson's very long,
And the figures all come wrong,
And the teacher sits and sighs,
Then I always shut my eyes
And forget the stupid sums—
And the Pink Silk Lady comes.

She has yellow hair, I think,
But her cheeks and lips are pink;
She can tell I want to play,
So she takes me far away
Where there 's nothing hard to do,
And the things you want come true.

There we play for hours and hours
In a garden full of flowers—
Pink silk roses, growing tall,
And she lets me pick them all.
Always on the tallest tree
Hangs a pink silk dress for me!

Then she takes me way upstairs,
Where we sit on pink silk chairs.
Music-boxes fill the halls,
And I see around the walls
All the toys I 've ever known
Waiting just to be my own.

Then I hear the teacher's foot
Close to where my desk is put,
And I hear her laugh, and say,
"Is the work all done to-day?"
Then my lovely time is through
And the sums are there to do.

But the teacher cannot know
Of the lovely place I go,
Where the pink silk roses bloom
All around the pink silk room,
And the Pink Silk Lady stays
All the lovely pink silk days!

BOY SCOUTS IN THE NORTH; OR, THE BLUE PEARL

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness"

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

JIM DONEGAN, the lumber-king, has a wonderful collection of gems. His specialty is pearls. He tells the Scouts that a blue pearl the size of a certain pink pearl which he owns would be worth $50,000 and that he would be glad to pay that sum for such a pearl, but that no such pearl has ever existed. Joe Couteau, the Indian boy, contradicts this and tells him of the strange island he once, when a little boy, visited with his uncle, the shuman, or medicine-man, of his tribe. There his uncle found a great blue pearl in a strange stream in the interior of the island, the hunting-ground of one of the great brown bears, the largest of known carnivorous animals. Joe is sure that he can find his way back to his tribe and can go again to the island. The lumber-king agrees, if Joe and his friend Will Bright will make the trip, to finance it. Old Jud Adams, who has trapped all through that region, hears of the plan and insists on going along. Another boy is needed to make up the party, and Will and Joe agree to choose the one who shows most sand and sense in the great Interscholastic Games in which Cornwall is to compete. The day of the games comes, and after a number of extraordinary happenings, everything finally turns on the mile run. Freddie Perkins, of the Wolf Patrol, finally wins this after such a heart-breaking finish that he is unanimously elected to the vacant place among the Argonauts, as the four christen themselves. The boys make the journey to the Pacific coast. At Puget Sound they travel north on the timber-tug "Bear," and, after many adventures, reach Akotan, the Island of the Free People, where they meet Joe's great-uncle the shuman. At Akotan they live for some weeks in the guest-lodge, and go hunting and fishing in preparation for the tests of courage which they must pass before they can journey to Goreloi, the Island of the Bear. They take part in a sea-lion round-up, and Jud by a cool shot saves Will from a sudden and deadly danger. Will qualifies for the journey to Goreloi by hunting and killing a sea-otter in the midst of a tremendous storm; and Jud, by killing old Three-toes, the man-eating grizzly bear.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LION OF THE NORTH

FOR some days after Jud's adventure the Argonauts lay by and rested. Even the iron endurance of the old trapper felt the effects of his fight, and for three full days he did little but lie around the tepee and tell wonderful stories in English and Chippewa to the many who crowded around to hear the words of wisdom that fell from the mouth of the slayer of old Three-toes.

Then one evening after Jud felt entirely himself again, the Argonauts decided to pay Haidahn a visit. As the long twilight deepened, they all climbed up through a little grove on one of the slopes where the chief's lodge stood somewhat apart from the others. The trail wound here and there through the underbrush and up among the trees. Fred had started with them, but had gone back to the guest-lodge after a spare knife which he had intended to present to the chief as a token of his regard. As he knew the trail well, the others went on without him.

About the middle of the slope, where the path led through thick underbrush, there was almost utter darkness. At one place it made a sharp bend. As Will, who was leading, reached this point, he suddenly gave a spring backward and clutched Jud's arm. Right in front of them on the ground a whole log seemed to be ablaze and aflame with a curious, luminous fire which wavered and moved and seemed so real that the boys almost expected to hear the crackling of the flames. Yet there was no sound nor any feeling of heat. In a strange, ghostly pallor, the flame wavered up and down the side of the rotting log, while the end of it was seemingly a mass of lambent coals.

"Fox-fire!" cried Jud, "the best I ever see, too!" he went on.

At first, Will could scarcely believe that the old man was right. He had seen patches of fox-fire before, that strange phosphorescence which sometimes shows in decayed wood, but never anything like this. It was like the Burning Bush, which flamed with fire, but was not consumed. Only by an effort of his will could he bring himself to touch the mass of cold flames without snatching his fingers back to avoid being burned. Yet he felt only the cool dankness of rotting wood, although every fiber of the log was lighted up by this strange ghost-fire.

It was Jud who thoughtfully prepared a surprise for Fred. Swiftly knocking off the end of the log, which seemed a mass of flames, he thrust this into a crotch of a near-by tree, so that it stood about six feet from the ground and directly faced the trail around the bend. Taking a handful of moist earth, he made the end of the log into what looked like a human face. The eyes were two patches of the earth surrounded by flames, and he made a black

nose and a black, gaping mouth filled with flaming teeth. When it was finished it looked like the face of a fiend afire with lambent flames and gaping and threatening from the tree-top all who might come that way. It was no more than finished when they heard Fred's whistle, and had just time to hide in the underbrush when he reached the bend.

As Fred hurried along the winding path, he turned the curve and stepped out of the darkness of the thicket and almost ran his face into a threatening, fiery, fearful mask that glared down at him with dead-black eyes from a flaring face. The sight was too much for his nerves. With a yell, he turned and sprinted back along the trail at full speed.

There was silence for a moment among the three.

"That boy looks to me like a quitter," at last remarked Jud. "He ought n't to run like a rabbit at a jack-o'-lantern."

Will started to answer, when his quick ear caught the sound of returning footsteps.

"Wait a minute, Jud," he whispered. "Fred 's no quitter."

The three lay quiet without a sound. The steps came nearer and nearer, and suddenly, into the circle of the uncanny firelight, strode the boy. The cold sweat of fear stood in drops on his forehead; his eyes glared aghast at the flaming face; but his teeth were clinched and he carried a big club which he had caught up on his way back. Panting with fright, by sheer will-power he forced himself on until he was within striking distance of the apparition. Heaving up his club with a gasp, he brought it crashing down, and the face disappeared in a cloud of flaming fragments. As Fred stood bewildered, his three comrades stepped out from the underbrush. For a moment he looked at them, and then, for the second time that night, turned and started off along the back trail, with something very like a sob in his throat as he realized how he had been tricked and shamed by his best friends.

The three looked at each other without speaking. The joke had suddenly become serious, as jokes have a dangerous habit of doing. Then Jud ran after the disappearing boy.

"Fred, Fred!" he called; "don't go off like this! It was only a fool joke of mine to square myself for those yellow-jackets."

Fred stopped as the others came running up.

"That 's all right, Jud," he gulped; "I 'm not sore at you a bit. I 'm only sorry that I scare so easy."

"Forget it," counseled Jud, while Will and Joe patted him reassuringly on the back. "Any one can be brave when he ain't scared," went on the old man. "It 's the fellow who 'll come back after he 's run away who 's really brave—an' that 's what *you* did."

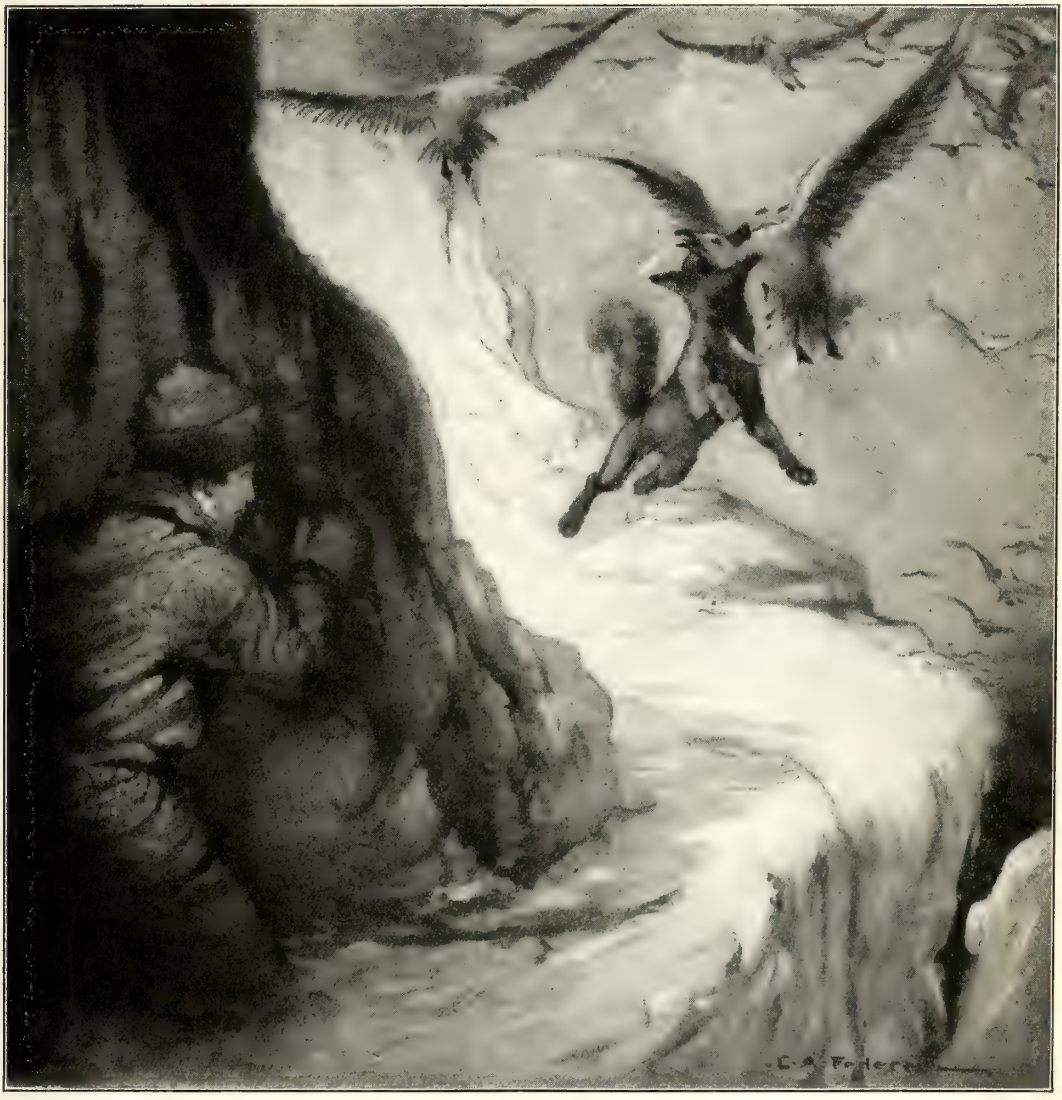
In spite of all reassurances Fred decided to go back to the guest-lodge.

"Someway I kind of don't feel like visiting to-night," he told them.

The next day Fred wandered off by himself. Right after breakfast the rest of the party had started for the fishing-grounds to angle with the great wooden hooks and kelp lines of the Indians for huge, flat, white-fleshed halibut.

"I 'm liable to get seasick in those jumpy bidarkas," was the reason Fred gave to Will for not going. But there was another reason. He wanted to get off by himself and think things out. Noon found him far inland, on a great treeless table-land from which he could see the sullen, smoky, emerald green of the sea far below. In front of him, as he walked, rippled silver-white waves of the plumed grass, with silky white feathery tassels, broken here and there with russet-green patches of wild raspberry. Although it was midsummer, there were patches of snow and ice on the slopes and in the gullies, while, a foot below the surface, the ground was still frozen. Beyond the plumed grass were other grasses of such a brilliant green that the shadows across them showed blue in contrast with the varying russets, reds, lemon-yellows, and grays of the lichen-covered rocks. Beyond, Fred found patches of berries. Will, the botanist of the party, had told him that there were no poisonous berries in the far Northwest. Accordingly, Fred sampled all that he met. Besides the raspberries and huckleberries, he found a kind like a black currant, and another one, the "baked-apple berry", which looked like a decayed raspberry, but had a most delicious flavor and fragrance.

Beyond the plateau, from the side of one of the encircling peaks, hung a river of shining ice, one of the many glaciers which crept down the mountains to the bay below. From where it touched the table-land, a mad stream rushed down to meet him, frothing and raging as it ran. At the edge of the ice were fields of flowers such as Fred had never imagined. Some of them were strange to him. Others he had learned while botanizing in the East. The brilliant coloring of most of them was in vivid contrast with the stunted, withered growth of the rest of the wind-swept plain. There were masses of crimson and gold where red and yellow poppies grew, and sheets of wild forget-me-not, the color of the summer



"THE FOX SHOT UP FIVE FEET INTO THE AIR AND ITS NARROW JAWS CLOSED ON THE GULL'S NECK" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

sky. Wild phlox made patches of wine-red and pure white, and clumps of gentian formed pools of dark, vivid blue. Here and there, devil's paint-brush stained the ground an orange-tawny, and tangles of the wild sweet-pea trailed everywhere their fragrant blossoms, tinted with every pastel shade of pink and blue. Nearer the stream, the soft green grass was scarlet with the strange, blood-dipped leaves of the painted-cup, and purple, white, and gold with iris.

For long and long Fred drank deep of the sheer loveliness spread out before him. Under his careless, happy-go-lucky ways the boy hid a great love for color and beauty as well as a sensitiveness which few of his friends suspected him of having. No one, to watch Fred teasing Jud and joshing with Will and Joe, those inveterate jokers, would ever have realized that he had left them all to-day because he felt hurt and shamed. Within a short time was due the trip to that mysterious island of enchantments and delights which no one might visit who had not proved his courage by some special deed of daring. Will and Jud had already won their way into the Order of the Bear, and Fred had no doubt that Joe would prove his courage at the first opportunity that offered. Fred thought bitterly to himself of his own performances: only last night he had run from a jack-o'-lantern; he had been pitched head foremost into the air

before a lot of grinning Indians by a sea-lion; and had been scared by a harmless hair-seal even before they had landed on Akotan.

Lately he had noticed that Negouac and all the other Indians, especially those who wore a bear-claw, seemed to treat him with a certain indifference.

"I guess they all think I 'm a quitter," he remarked to himself bitterly as he climbed along through the ice and rocks, following one of the sides of the glacier. As he ascended he suddenly saw far ahead of him a fox. It was smaller, chunkier, and far more heavily furred than the red and gray foxes which he had known back in the East, and its color was a strange, smoky blue. Fred recognized it from Jud's description as the rare blue, or Pribyloff, fox, a color variety of the arctic white fox, just as the black or silver fox is a color variation from the ordinary red fox. Fred crouched behind an ice-covered boulder and watched the little animal, which came trotting toward him along the edge of a cliff. Around him circled a cloud of screaming birds, for the most part cormorants and gulls, from whose behavior Fred deduced that the fox had been doing a little egg-collecting. It was evident from the hungry way that he watched them as they screamed and circled close and closer that he had not yet satisfied his hunger. As Fred saw the fox eye the screaming birds hungrily and follow their circles with his head, unconsciously his mind turned back to what he had been thinking about.

"I 've got just about as much chance to go to Goreloi," he reflected, "as that fox has to catch one of those birds."

Then something happened which Fred regarded as an omen. The fox backed farther and farther away from the cliff as it continued to watch the circling birds intently. Suddenly it seemed to lose all interest in them. Curling up in the bright sunshine, it apparently fell asleep, a fluffy mass of wind-blown fur. The inquisitive birds began to circle closer and closer. All at once the soft thick brush of the fox was thrust up, gently moved back and forth, and then dropped back into the huddle of fur. Again and again this was repeated, and each time the circling birds dropped nearer and nearer, screaming with curiosity as to what that waving fluffy plume might be. At last a herring-gull approached within the danger limit. The fox shot up five feet into the air, and its narrow jaws closed on the gull's neck with a death-grip. Swinging his victim over his shoulder with a quick flirt of his neck, the fox trotted off to enjoy his meal.

"That fox *did* catch a bird," Fred exclaimed aloud and awed. "Perhaps that means that I 'll get to the Island after all."

Down from the heights, back from the crystal glacier, and away from the jeweled flower-fields he hurried. Someway, the stillness and the beauty and the sight of the wild folk had soothed and comforted him. He found, as so many other people have done, that if one is worried or tempted or burdened, the hills are full of help for those who will but climb them.

Just as the halibut fleet returned, he reached the village. The bidarkas were coming back in pairs. The bow paddlers of each bidarka had crossed paddles, so that the craft made a kind of catamaran. Between the two they towed the vast, flat, struggling halibut.

"Ook! Ook! Ook!" grunted Will, as he came within hailing distance.

"Ook! Ook! Ook!" grunted Joe, a moment later, with both hands pointing straight downward from his chin.

"What 's the matter with them?" inquired Fred of Jud, who came in next.

"They 're tryin' to tell you, Injun fashion," explained Jud, "that we 've sighted a herd of walrus. Big hunt to-morrow."

Before daybreak the next morning the little fleet of the walrus hunters set forth in the thick fog that so often covered that coast. This morning they all went together in one of their long dugouts, fashioned from a single cedar log with fire and little adz-like hatchets and which had taken a full year in the making. In spite of their rude tools, the boat was beautifully made, with long, waving, serpentine lines. To-day it was manned with eight paddles. Old Negouac sat in the stern, steering with probably the largest paddle in captivity. Through the fog they glided noiselessly along the coast.

Suddenly, as they rounded a long point, they felt the icy breath of the glacier, while through the mist sounded a strange, unearthly noise, half-way between the hoarse bellowing of a herd of bulls and the grunting of enormous pigs. It was the walrus herd, which had come down from beyond the arctic circle. As they came nearer and nearer to the sound, like the rising of a great drop-curtain the mist rolled back, leaving the shore clear while the bidarkas were still shrouded in the fog. Through the thinning wisps and wreaths of curling fog showed a scene that the boys never forgot. In the foreground, in a great glare of vivid yellow from the low-lying sun, a vast glacier stretched down from a gap in the encircling mountains. On one side of the glacier were a

series of flat basalt rocks, over which the surf boomed and broke. There were grouped a herd of animals so gigantic that they seemed as if they must be monsters from some other age. Their bodies were vast, shapeless masses of flesh that might weigh from a ton up to a ton and a half and were covered with naked, wrinkled, warty hides of a yellowish-brown color. Some of the largest were a full thirteen feet in length and fourteen feet in girth and might weigh three thousand pounds. It was the face of the great brutes which seemed most alarming and uncanny to the boys. Set deep in the wrinkled skin were small, bulging, flecked eyes of light brown, which rolled back and forth and around and around in every direction. Long gray bristles set thick on the upper lip made them seem like grim, mustached ogres, while the gleaming, two-foot ivory tusks gave a peculiarly menacing appearance to their huge, uncanny faces. In a long line they lay upon the basalt rocks. At one end lay an old bull, a monster whose size exceeded anything that Jud had ever seen before. Even old Negouac gave an exclamation of surprise when he saw the vastness of his girth.

"That 's the great granddaddy of the whole walrus nation," muttered Jud. "I 'm goin' to have a shot at him before he gets away!" And in spite of a warning whisper from Negouac, he threw up his rifle, and, taking quick aim at the monster's head, fired.

The bullet struck the thick skull and, glancing off, made only a slight wound, but one which was enough to infuriate the old bull. With a gurgling roar, he shot off the rock into the water, followed by the whole herd. They swam concealed, like submarines. Suddenly, all around the canoe, a ring of grim heads showed, throwing up the water like a herd of geysers as they came to the surface. Then, snorting with rage, the whole herd charged down upon the boat. For the first time, the boys saw the Indians excited. None knew better than they what it meant for a walrus herd to run amuck. They pounded on the gunwales of the boat and shrieked and yelled like madmen to scare them off.

"Shoot! shoot!" bellowed old Negouac to the boys from the stern, waving his steering paddle. At the word, the four repeating-rifles went off in volleys that sounded like the rattle of machine-guns; but the dugout was curveting and bucking and prancing in the choppy waves, so that many of the shots went wild. Some of the expanding bullets, however, reached their mark, and the ring of hideous heads that approached the boat showed gaps here and there. Still they came nearer, and just as the last shot in their magazines was fired, the great bull burst up from the depths right beside Jud, throwing the water over him in sheets, and hooked his stout, gleaming tusks in the edge of the gunwale.

"Shoot! Shoot!" shrieked Negouac again, like a siren-whistle from the bow.

"*Awick ook*—big devil-walrus!" groaned Akotan, whacking him over the nose with his paddle.

The bull only snorted and pushed his tusks forward on the gunwale. Two inches further, and they would hook over the edge of the boat and the ton of walrus weight would capsize the boat. Crunching through the soft wood, the fatal tusks slid slowly and grindingly forward. There was no time to reload.

It was then that Jud and his pipe saved the day. As the wind was offshore, the old trapper had been smoking some of Big Jim's peculiarly penetrating Perique. No walrus can bear smoke. The reek from a camp-fire or the smoke from a passing steamer will drive a walrus herd from its floe and away from shore for days. Bending down until he looked right into the bleared, blood-shot, sinister eyes of the monster, Jud puffed a mouthful of tobacco-smoke directly into the gaping nostrils, which were set in the top of the head of this ogre of the sea. The effect of that one puff was instantaneous. Closing his pop-eyes tight, the old bull wrinkled his great muzzle, and, with a snort of disgust, tipped backward until the tusks tore their way out, and, with a tremendous lurch the boat went free.

For a moment the ring of attackers gave back. Then Tilgalda, from his end, suddenly began to shout with all the force of his leathern lungs, "Back, back!" As the others bent to their paddles, they caught a glimpse of something passing far under the boat. It was the outraged walrus, who had returned to the attack with a new plan, which had evidently come to him under water. Instead of trying again to hook his tusks over the boat's side from the surface, he passed clear under the craft and, turning over on his back, ripped his thick tusks through the bottom of the boat. He chanced to start his drive directly under where Negouac was sitting, and the force of the blow, backed with all the driving-power of the monster's weight, threw the old man up into the air and out into the gray water toward the ring of tusked heads that were closing around the boat. Without a sound, Negouac disappeared under the water; for like all Eskimos, he could not swim. The water

rushed into the dugout, and the Indians began to bale frantically with their hands, while Jud, Will and Joe tore off their shirts to calk the leaks.

Far out beyond where Fred was sitting, the old man came to the surface, held up for a moment by his buoyant, bird-skin parka. His face, wizened and shriveled with the fear of death, seemed suddenly unutterably old, while his eyes stared mournfully into Fred's, as if pleading for the last of his life, doubly dear because so short. As Negouac struggled in the water, one of the bulls gave his battle-cry and swam slowly toward him.

For a moment Fred stared horrified at the sight. Although a good swimmer, he was afraid, terribly afraid, to plunge into that icy water. Even if he could hold the old man up, it seemed certain that they would both be pierced by the tusks of some of the walrus herd. Suddenly there flashed into the boy's mind the memory of the other times when he had yielded to his fears. He remembered, too, how one of the greatest of our Presidents had once written that the best way for a boy to become brave was always to act as if he were not afraid. Slowly, slowly, the old man's face sank. Shivering and half-sobbing, the boy threw off his coat, kicked off his heavy sea-boots, and sprang into the sea. The water was death-cold, and the chill of it ran like ice through Fred's veins, until he felt as if an icy hand had clutched at his heart. With a few quick strokes he reached Negouac.

"Keep quiet!" he gasped, "or you 'll drown us both." The old man only grunted, but never moved a muscle as Fred turned him over on his back and, holding up his head with both his hands, began to swim on his own back slowly and heavily toward the boat. As he swam, he could watch the approach of the walrus. It had been slow at first; but when the great beast saw that the swimmers were retreating, he started toward them at full speed with a series of terrifying *"Ooks."* The boat was not far away, but Fred never would have made it except for Jud.

Nearer and nearer came the glaring eyes of the walrus, and, in spite of his desperate efforts, Fred seemed hardly able to move. At last he could feel the thrill of the water driven before his pursuer and hear his snorting breath. The boy started to turn over and dive desperately, with Negouac in his arms.

Suddenly, from what seemed a long, long distance away, he heard Jud's voice say: "Keep a-goin', boy! I 'll tend to the bull." The old trapper had managed just in time to slip a cartridge into his rifle. Only a bullet driven through the eye of the walrus into his brain would stop his rush in time. The old man waited as long as he dared and steadied his rifle until the ivory tip of the farther sight stood full against the mottled brown of one of the walrus's glaring eyes. As the beast's muzzle grazed Fred's foot, Jud squeezed the trigger. There was a crack, a spurt of fire, and a soft-nosed bullet passed upward through the eye and, expanding, tore its way through the very center of the great beast's brain.

Like a ton of lead the walrus sank, while the rush of its great body passed harmlessly under Negouac just as Fred's shoulders touched the boat. Half a dozen strong hands seized him and pulled him and Negouac into the boat. Over their shivering bodies, the Indians threw all the coats which were not being used to calk the leaking boat. There was no time to pay them any further attention. The boat was filling fast, and the infuriated herd was closing in on them again. With two men unable to help, guns unloaded, and the whole crew bailing and calking alternately, there seemed but little chance to stave off the attack.

Then it was that Tilgalda, who was paddling bow, saved the day. As one of the largest of the herd circled his end of the canoe, the great Indian stood up to his full height and drove his native bone-tipped harpoon deep into the broad back of the swimmer. At the rankling stab, the vast body of the walrus plunged forward like a torpedo-boat. The braided seal-skin rope fastened to the harpoon hissed and smoked over the gunwale. It finally brought up with a jerk that pitched the whole crew forward as the end of the line was reached, which was knotted around a solid support set deep into the bow of the canoe. Instantly the long boat, heavily loaded as it was, whizzed through the water toward the village and whirled away from out of the very midst of the ominous crowd of threatening heads. The maddened rush of the wounded walrus never ceased until the boat was right opposite the village. Then the walrus floated to the surface in his death-struggle. Tilgalda quickly fastened to the carcass a walrus-float, made of a whole, inflated sealskin, and helped the others paddle in the sinking boat. As they landed, old Negouac, shivering with cold and weakness, removed from his neck the vast curved claw which hung there and without a word, in front of the tribe who had come down to meet them, tied it around Fred's neck!

(To be continued)

A FORGIVENESS OF THE DESERT





AGNES DANFORTH HEWES

No one knows the exact limit of Syria's eastern boundary. Just where the desert sand ceases to be Syria, no man has determined. The borderland which lies thus indefinitely between Syria and the former inland possessions of the Ottoman Empire is inhabited by nomadic Arab tribes.

These tribes arrogate to themselves rights which they base on the very uncertainty of the territorial boundaries. One of their rights is to demand tribute of merchants who cross the desert over which the nomads roam.

Syrians claim the right to pass freely through the region in question. The Arabs insist that the undecided boundary may be a point in their favor as well as in Syria's, and, accordingly, demand tribute of Syrian merchants.

The dispute often becomes hostility which flares into a quarrel that finds a swift and sure settlement by that most ancient of laws: an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life.

For in the desert, decision is quick, and the conduct of life is simple as life itself is simple. The pettiness and intricacy which go hand in hand with cities and crowds are the accompaniment of man's civilization. In the desert's fearless spaces, the Bedouin, unhampered by small prejudices and selfish expediencies, acts as the need of the moment demands. If his anger takes a swift course, so also does his generosity.

Zahleh is a Syrian town in the Lebanon Range. It is the largest and richest of the mountain towns and has gained its prosperity through its trade in sheep and wool and the fruits of its luxuriant orchards and vineyards. Its merchants must pass, in their trade journeys, through the desert borderland of Syria. Their relations are, on the whole, friendly with the Bedouins, to whom they pay tribute for the sake of gaining their own prosperity in the shape of a rich and undisturbed trade.

Some twenty years ago, Shaheen Haddad, a citizen of Zahleh, set out from his native town in the Lebanon with two donkey-loads of raisins and almonds. He expected, later, to pick up a flock of sheep which a friend had purchased for him in northern Syria and had driven down to a small plains town to await Shaheen. These sheep were the real business Shaheen had in hand. The raisins and almonds he would exchange for luscious, tawny dates, but the sheep he would sell for gold liras at a substantial profit in some town of eastern Syria.

The journey across the B'kaa, Syria's rich central plain, and over the southern spurs of the Anti-Lebanon Range went well. Even the desert borderland brought no mishap. Tribute, indeed, was demanded of Shaheen Haddad by a Bedouin tribe. He paid it without protest and went on his way in peace.

At a hot, sandy town he sold his sheep for a large sum, and then, without delay, he turned his face toward the rich vineyards and the cold waters of his mountain home.

He had accomplished most of the journey through the unsettled region claimed by the Arab tribes and had, so far, escaped paying tribute. Suddenly his march was halted by the

unexpected appearance of a young Bedouin, whose dress and bearing denoted superior rank. He came instantly to the point and demanded tribute in the name of his tribe.

Shaheen Haddad had always paid tribute, as had his father before him, and in return he had received from the Bedouins safety and protection. Now, for the first time in his life, Shaheen felt hot within him an inexplicable anger against the desert people and their arbitrary demands. He had completed a business transaction whose success had outrun his hopes. The measure of that success lay in heavy gold coins in the folds of his girdle and in other parts of his clothing. Not a coin of that golden treasure would he unsew for the Bedouin—not a concession would he make!

"No, by all the saints! not a lira, not even a piaster!" he cried.

"And by Mohammed and the Kaaba you *shall* pay!" was the young Bedouin's instant retort.

Then did Shaheen Haddad forsake discretion and judgment, and, hot with the love of gold and the desire of revenge, he flung himself on the Arab.

He could never recall the details of what followed; neither could he ever forget the confused yet vivid impression of the whirlwind of ferocity into which he and his opponent were swept, helpless against those primitive passions that sometimes seem the rulers rather than the servants of man.

Then came a sudden lull, and from that moment all that happened was written as clearly on Shaheen's memory as black letters on white paper. On the sand at his feet lay Death and in his heart was the fear that always treads on the heels of anger. As anger had controlled him a few moments before, so now did fear direct him.

With fear icy in his heart and clammy on his skin, Shaheen cast his eyes about him, saw that no one had witnessed the quarrel, and ran as one runs only when Death pursues.

The fact that the Bedouin had been without companions, that daylight was fading even as the struggle took place, and that Shaheen was within only a few hours of a Syrian town, all combined to favor his escape from the desert. Once in Syria, he was safe. Another twenty-four hours and he would be in Zahleh, he and his gold liras, and there, thought Shaheen Haddad, the matter would end.

His friends at home, however, heard him relate his experiences with open disapproval. Trouble would come of the matter yet, they predicted; and they were not mistaken.

In a week's time rumors began to drift into Zahleh that caused uneasiness among the citizens. An oath had been sworn, report said, by a certain Bedouin tribe, that every Zahleh merchant who attempted to cross from Syria into the desert would be killed. Zahleh blood should pay for the life that Zahleh hands had taken.

Rumor followed on rumor, insistent, terrifying. One or two merchants went down toward the borderland to investigate the truth of these reports. They brought back unmistakable evidence of the Bedouins' determination. The desert border was patrolled by bands of their horsemen. Furthermore, it was learned that the young Arab whom Shaheen Haddad had killed was none other than the son of a sheik. Just how it had been discovered that Shaheen was a native of Zahleh was known only to the Bedouins. The desert, it seemed, had eyes and ears.

When Shaheen realized the wide consequence of his deed, and into what straits he had plunged his native town, the old fear possessed him, icy in his heart, clammy on his skin.

That he must reckon with the desert, must reap in blood what he had sown in blood, was as inevitable as that night should follow day. What he must do, Shaheen knew. The plain fact was that Zahleh was bottled up. His hands alone could free the outlet for her prosperous trade. That he should delay to take on his own head the burden of his guilt under which Zahleh now groaned was not in his mind or heart, and within the hour all Zahleh knew that Shaheen Haddad was gone to give to the desert full satisfaction.

On the fertile plain of the B'kaa, Shaheen filled his eyes with the sight of Lebanon's goodly mountains. In the face of their enduring glory, man's anger suddenly seemed puny, insufficient. "Vengeance is *mine; I* will repay," those majestic heights seemed to say to Shaheen's silent farewell.

Anti-Lebanon rose at last behind him and he faced the desert. To the first band of Bedouin horsemen that he saw he stated his name and the cause of his presence and demanded conduct to the sheik he sought.

At the sheik's tent he stopped only to tie about his neck a white handkerchief, the token of his desire to atone with his life for the life he had taken. Without raising his eyes, Shaheen bowed himself to the ground then prostrated himself before the sheik.

"I am Shaheen Haddad, son of Rasheed Haddad, of the town of Zahleh," he said. "I am he who slew in anger your son. Here is my life; with it I pay for the life I took."

The sheik listened to this confession with the



"'SHAHEEN HADDAD', SAID THE SHEIK, 'I ACCEPT YOUR LIFE, AND TO YOU I NOW RETURN IT'"

calm which comes only to the dwellers in solitude. To him the law of the desert cried to be avenged: an eye for an eye, a life for a life. Yet here, prostrate before him, was confession full and free, surrender unconditional.

The spirit of *noblesse oblige* belongs to no age and to no people. Its home is the heart of man, on the fields of chivalry, or in the desert's silences.

"Shaheen Haddad," said the sheik, "I accept your life, and to you I now return it. Rise, and eat with me my bread and my salt, that peace may henceforth be between us."

A meal was laid before the two men; and when they had eaten, the sheik called a guard and placed Shaheen in his care.

"Go," said the sheik, "proclaim to our tribe that this man is forgiven and that peace is henceforth between us."

Out into the open went Shaheen and the horseman.

As they came to the first encampment of the tribe the Bedouin paused, and then did Shaheen hear the extent of his pardon, limitless as the desert itself:

"All ye who hear, listen!" cried the Bedouin. "Here is Shaheen Haddad, son of Rasheed Haddad, of Zahleh. For that he slew the son of our sheik and has confessed, is he now forgiven. If ye see him hungry, feed him; athirst, give him to drink; in need, clothe him.

"Thus commands our sheik, and thus do ye henceforth."

Several times did the Bedouin repeat these words, until the entire tribe had heard and had understood.

Then, in safety and assurance, Shaheen Haddad set his face toward the majestic heights of Lebanon, and toward the rich vineyards and the cold waters of his mountain home.

Thus did the desert bring peace out of anger, and out of revenge, forgiveness.



THE HAPPY VENTURE

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

By the author of "Blue Magic"

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

When Mrs. Sturgis loses almost all her money and has to go to a sanatorium to recuperate from the nervous break-down following her loss, her children, Kenelm and Felicia, aged sixteen and fifteen, and eight-year-old Kirk, who is blind, are suddenly left to shift for themselves. They move from the expensive town house to a ramshackle farm in Asquam, on the bay, where at first they are lonely and discouraged, though they joke a great deal over their mishaps. But little by little all the wheels begin to turn together, and "Applegate Farm," as they dub the place, begins to bloom and expand and become friendly and livable. Over the hedge across the meadow lies a wonderful, tangled, half-formal garden, and an apparently deserted house. There Kirk, wandering alone, meets the marvelous old musician whom he calls "The Maestro," who lives in the still house, and who opens for Kirk the doors of a new world of music and romance. It is soon after this meeting that Ken finds, on the bay's shore, an abandoned motor-boat hove up on the rocks in an inlet. And it is at that time, too, that the young Sturgises receive word from their mother's attorney saying that virtually all the money—except that which is paying for the sanatorium—is now gone, owing to another bad investment.

CHAPTER VII

A-MAYING

The City Transfer bill was paid; so were the other bills. Ken, on his way out from Asquam, stopped with a sudden light in his dogged face and turned back. He sought out the harbor master, who was engaged in painting a dory behind his shop.

"Wal, boy, want to get a fish-hook?" he queried, squinting toward Ken with a preoccupied eye. (He sold hardware and fishing-tackle, as well as attending to the duties of his post.)

Ken disclaimed any desire for the fish-hook, and said that he wanted to ask about a boat.

"Ain't got none for sale ner hire, just now," the harbor master replied.

Ken said, so he had heard, but that was n't it. And he told the man about the abandoned power-boat in the inlet. The harbor master stood up straight and looked at Ken, at last.

"Wal, ding!" said he. "That's Joe Pasquale's boat, sure 's I 'm a-standin' here!"

"Who," said Ken, "is Joe Pasquale?"

"He is—or *woz*—a Portugee fisherman—lobsterman, ruther. He got drownded in Febrerry—fell outen his boat, seem 's so, an' we got *him*, but we never got the boat. Could n't figger wher' she *had* got to. He was down harbor when 't happent. Cur'ous tide-racks 'round here."

"Whom does she belong to, then?" Ken asked. "Any widows or orphans?"

"Nary widder," said the harbor master, chewing tobacco reflectively. "*No* kin. Finders keepers. B'longs to you, I reckon. Ain't much good, be she?"

"Hole stove in her," Ken said. "The engine is all there, but I guess it 'll need a good bit of tinkering at."

"Ain't wuth it," said the harbor master. "She's old as Methusaly, anyways. Keep her—she 's salvage if ever there woz. Might be able to git sunthin' fer her enjine—scrap iron."

"Thanks," said Ken; "I 'll think it over." And he ran nearly all the way to Applegate Farm.

Kirk did not forget his promise to the maestro. He found the old gentleman in the garden, sitting on a stone bench beside the empty fountain.

"I knew that you would come," he said. "Do you know what day it is?"

Kirk did not, except that it was Saturday.

"It is May-day," said the maestro, "and the spirits of the garden are abroad. We must keep our May together. Come—I think I have not forgotten the way."

He took Kirk's hand, and they walked down the grass path till the sweet closeness of a low pine covert wove a scented silence about them. The maestro's voice dropped.

"It used to be here," he said. "Try—the other side of the pine-tree. Ah, it has been so many, many years!"

Kirk's hand sought along the dry pine-needles; then, in a nook of the roots, what but a tiny dish, with sweetmeats, set out, and little cups of elder wine, and bread, and cottage cheese! The maestro sat down beside Kirk on the pine-needles, and began to sing softly in a rather thin, but very sweet, voice.

"Here come we a-maying,
All in the wood so green;
Oh, will ye not be staying?
Oh, can ye not be seen?

Before that ye be flitting,
When the dew is in the east,
We thank ye, as befitting,
For the May and for the feast.

Here come we a-maying,
All in the wood so green,
In fairy coverts straying
A-for to seek our queen."

"One has to be courteous to them," he added at the end, while Kirk sat rapt, very possibly seeing far more garden spirits than his friend had any idea of.



"KEN FOUND THEM, RAPTUROUSLY EMBRACING EACH OTHER"

"I myself," the maestro said, "do not very often come to the garden. It is too full, for me, of children no longer here. But the garden folk have not forgotten."

"When I 'm here," murmured Kirk, sipping elder wine, "Applegate Farm and everything in the world seem miles and years away. Is there really a magic line at the hedge?"

"If there is, you are the only one who has discovered it," said the old gentleman, enigmatically. "Leave a sup of wine and a bit of bread for the Folk, and let us see if we cannot find some May-flowers."

They left the little pine room,—Kirk putting in the root hollow a generous tithe for the garden folk,—and went through the garden till the grass grew higher beneath their feet, and they began to climb a rough, sun-warmed hillside, where dry leaves rustled and a sweet, earthy smell arose.

"Search here among the leaves," the maestro said, "and see what you shall find."

So Kirk, in a dream of wonder, dropped to his knees, and felt among the loose leaves, in the sunshine. And there were tufts of smooth foliage, all hidden away, and there came from them a smell rapturously sweet —arbutus on a sunlit hill. Kirk pulled a sprig and sat drinking in the deliciousness of it, till the old gentleman said:

"We must have enough for a wreath, you know—a wreath for the queen."

"Who is our Queen of the May?" Kirk asked.

"The most beautiful person you know."

"Felicia," said Kirk, promptly.

"Felicia," mused the maestro. "That is a beautiful name. Do you know what it means?"

Kirk did not.

"It means happiness. Is it so?"

"Yes," said Kirk; "Ken and I could n't be happy without her. She *is* happiness."

"Kenneth is your brother?"

"Kenelm. Does that mean something?"

The old gentleman plucked May-flowers for a moment. "It means, if I remember rightly, 'a defender of his kindred.' It is a good Anglo-Saxon name."

"What does my name mean?" Kirk asked.

The maestro laughed. "Yours is not a given name," he said. "It has no meaning. But—you mean much to me."

He caught Kirk suddenly in a breathless embrace, from which he released him almost at once, with an apology.

"Let us make the wreath," he said. "See, I 'll show you how."

He bound the first strands, and then guided Kirk's hands in the next steps, till the child was fashioning the wreath alone.

"'My love's an arbutus
On the borders of Lene,'"

sang the maestro, in his gentle voice. "Listen, and I will tell you what you must say to Felicia when you crown her Queen of the May."

The falling sun found the wreath completed and the verse learned, and the two went hand in hand back through the shadowy garden.

"Won't you make music to-day?" Kirk begged.

"Not to-day," said the old gentleman. "This day we go a-maying. But I am glad you do not forget the music."

"How could I?" said Kirk. At the hedge, he added: "I 'd like to put a bit of arbutus in your buttonhole, for your May."

He held out a sprig in not quite the right direction, and the maestro stepped forward and stooped to him, while Kirk's fingers found the buttonhole.

"Now the Folk can do me no harm," smiled the old gentleman. "Good-by, my dear."

Felicia was setting the table, with the candlelight about her hair. If Kirk could have seen her, he would indeed have thought her beautiful. He stood with one hand on the doorpost, the other behind him.

"Phil?" he said.

"Here," said Felicia. "Where have you been, honey?"

He advanced to the middle of the room, and stopped. There was something so solemn and unchancy about him that his sister put a handful of forks and spoons on the table and stood looking at him. Then he said, slowly:

"I come a-maying through the wood,
A-for to find my queen;
She must be glad and she must be good,
And the fairest ever seen.

And now have I no further need
To seek for loveliness;
She standeth at my side indeed—
Felicia—Happiness!"

With which he produced the wreath of Mayflowers, and, flinging himself suddenly upon her with a hug not specified in the rite, cast it upon her chestnut locks and twined himself joyfully around her. Phil, quite overcome, collapsed into the nearest chair, Kirk, May-flowers and all, and it was there that Ken found them, rapturously embracing each other, the May Queen bewitchingly pretty with her wreath over one ear.

"I did n't make it up," Kirk said, at supper. "The maestro did—or at least he said the Folk taught him one like it. I can't remember the thanking one he sang before the feast. And Ken, he says *your* name 's good Anglo-Saxon, and means 'a defender of his kindred'."

"It does, does it?" said Ken. "You 'll get so magicked over there some time that we 'll never see you again; or else you 'll come back cast into a spell, and there 'll be no peace living with you."

"No, I won't," Kirk said. "And I like it. It makes things more interesting."

"I should *think so,*" said Ken—secretly, perhaps, a shade envious of the maestro's ability.

As he locked up Applegate Farm that night, he stopped for a moment at the door to look at the misty stars and listen to the wind in the orchard.

"'A defender of his kindred'," he murmured. *"H'm!"*

Hardly anything is more annoying than a mysterious elder brother. That Ken was tinkering at the *Flying Dutchman* (as he had immediately called the power-boat, on account of its ghostly associations) was evident to his brother and sister, but why he should be doing so, they could not fathom.

"We can't afford to run around in her as a pleasure yacht," Felicia said. "Are you going to sell her?"

"I am not," Ken would say maddeningly, jingling a handful of bolts in his pocket; "not I."

The patch in the *Flying Dutchman* was not such as a boat-builder would have made, but it was water-tight, and that was the main point. The motor required another week of coaxing; all Ken's mechanical ingenuity was needed, and he sat before the engine, sometimes, dejected and indignant. But when the last tinkering was over, when frantic spinnings of the flywheel at length called forth a feeble gasp and deep-chested gurgle from the engine, Ken clapped his dirty hands and danced alone on the rocks like a madman.

He took the trial trip secretly—he did not intend to run the risk of sending Phil and Kirk to that portion of Davy Jones' locker reserved for Asquam Bay. But when he landed, he ran,

charging through baybush and alder, till he tumbled into Felicia on the doorstep of Applegate Farm.

"I did n't want to tell you until I found out if she 'd work," he gasped, having more enthusiasm than breath. "You might have been disappointed. But she 'll go—and *now* I 'll tell you what she and I are going to do!"

CHAPTER VIII

WORK

ON a morning late in May, a train pulled into the Bayside station, which was the rail terminal for travelers to Asquam, and deposited there a scattering of early summer folk and a pile of baggage. The Asquam trolley-car was not in, and would not be for some twenty minutes; the passengers grouped themselves at the station, half wharf, half platform, and stared languidly at the bay, the warehouse, and the empty track down which the Asquam car might eventually be expected to appear. It did not; but there did appear a tall youth, who approached one of the groups of travelers with more show of confidence than he felt. He pulled off his new yachting-cap and addressed the man nearest him:

"Are you going to Asquam, sir?"

"I am, if the blamed trolley-car ever shows up."

"Have you baggage?"

"Couple of trunks."

"Are you sending them by the electric freight?"

"No other way *to* send them," said the man, gloomily. "I 've been here before. I 've fortified myself with a well-stocked bag, but I sha'n't have a collar left before the baggage comes. As for my wife—"

"I can get your luggage to Asquam in a bit over an hour," said the businesslike young gentleman.

The somewhat bored group lifted interested heads. They, too, had trunks doomed to a mysterious exile at the hands of the electric freight.

"I 'm Sturgis," said the youth, "of the Sturgis Water Line. I have a large power-boat built for capacity, not looks. Your baggage will be safe in a store-room at the other end,"—Captain Sturgis here produced a new and imposing key,—"and will be taken to your hotel or cottage by a reliable man with a team at the usual rate of transfer from the trolley. My charges are a little higher than the trolley rates, but you 'll have your baggage before luncheon, instead of next week."

A murmuring arose in the group.

"Let 's see your vessel, Cap," said another man.

Ken led the way to a boat skid at the foot of the wharf, and pointed out the *Flying Dutchman*, unpainted, but very tidy, floating proudly beside the piles.

"I have to charge by bulk rather than weight," said the proprietor of the Sturgis Water Line, "and first come, first served."

"Have a license?" asked a cautious one.

Ken turned back a lapel and showed it, with the color rushing suddenly to his face.

But the upshot of it was, that before the Asquam car—later than usual—arrived at Bayside, the *Flying Dutchman* was chugging out into the bay, so loaded with trunks that Ken felt heartily for the Irishman, who, under somewhat similar circumstances, said "'t was a merrcy the toide was n't six inches hoigher!" Out in the fairway, Ken crouched beside his engine, quite thankful to be alone with his boat and the harvest of trunks—so many more than he had hoped to have. For this was the first trip of the Sturgis Water Line, and its proprietor's heart, under the new license, had pounded quite agonizingly as he had approached his first clients.

Down at Asquam, the room on the wharf under the harbor-master's shop stood waiting to receive outgoing or incoming baggage; at the wharf, Hop would be drawn up with his old express-wagon. For Hop was the shore department of the Line, only too glad to transport luggage, and in so doing to score off Sim Rathbone, who had little by little taken Hop's trade. He and Ken had arranged financial matters most amicably; Ken was to keep all his profits, Hop was to charge his usual rates for transfer, but it was understood that Hopkins, and he alone was shore agent of the Sturgis Water Line, and great was his joy and pride.

Ken, on this first day, helped the old man load the trunks, rode with him to their various destinations, saw them received by unbelieving and jubilant owners, and then tore back to Applegate Farm, breathless and joyful. Having no breath for words, he laid before Felicia, who was making bread, four dollars and a half (six trunks at seventy-five cents apiece), clapped the yachting cap over Kirk's head, and cut an ecstatic pigeon-wing on the kitchen floor.

"One trip!" gasped Phil, touching the money reverently with a doughy finger. "And you 're going to make two round trips every day! That 's eighteen dollars a day! Oh, Ken, it 's a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week! Why, we 're—we 're millionaires!"

Ken had found his breath, and his reason.

"What a little lightning calculator!" he said. "Don't go so fast, Philly; why, your castle scrapes the clouds! This time of year I won't carry *any* baggage on the up trips—just gasolene wasted; and there 's the rent of the dock and the storeroom,—it is n't much, but it 's quite a lot off the profit,—and gas and oil, and lots of trips when I sha'n't be in such luck. But I *do* think it 's going to work—and pay, even if it 's only fifteen or twenty dollars a week."

Whereupon Felicia called him a lamb, and kissed him, and he submitted.

That night they had a cake. Eggs had been slaughtered to produce its delectable golden smoothness, and sugar had not been stinted.

"It 's a special occasion," Felicia apologized, "to celebrate the Sturgis Water Line and honor Captain Kenelm Sturgis—defender of his kindred," she added mischievously.

"Cut it!" muttered Ken; but she took it to mean the cake, and handed to him a delicious slice.

"All right," said Ken. "Let 's feast. But don't be like the girl with the pitcher of milk on her head, Phil."



" 'ONE TRIP!' GASPED PHIL, TOUCHING THE MONEY REVERENTLY"

If you suppose that Miss Felicia Sturgis was lonely while her brother, the captain, was carrying on his new watery profession, you are quite mistaken. She had n't time even to remember whether she was lonely or not. She had no intention of letting Applegate Farm sink back to the untidy level of neglect in which she had found it, and its needs claimed much of her energy. She tried to find time in which to read a little, for she felt somewhat guilty about the unceremonious leave she had taken of her schooling. And there was cookery to practise, and stockings to mend, and, oh dear, such a number of things!

But Kirk's education filled the most important place, to her, in the scheme of things at Asquam. If she had not been so young, and so ambitious, and so inexperienced, she might have faltered before the task she set herself, temporary though it might be. Long before the Sturgis Water Line had hung out its neat shingle at the harbor-master's wharf; before the maestro and music had made a new interest in Kirk's life; while Applegate Farm was still confusion—Felicia had attacked the Braille system with a courage as conscientious as it was unguided. She laughed now to think of how she had gone at the thing—not even studying out the alphabet first. In the candlelight, she had sat on the edge of her bed—there was no other furniture in the room—with one of Kirk's books on her knee. Looking at the dots embossed on the paper conveyed nothing to her; she shut her eyes, and felt the page with a forefinger which immediately seemed to her as

large as a biscuit. Nothing but the dreadful darkness, and the discouraging little humps on the paper which would not even group themselves under her fingers! Felicia had ended her first attempt at mastering Braille, in tears—but not altogether over her own failure.

"Oh, it must be hideous for him!" she quavered to the empty room; "simply hideous!"

And she opened her eyes, thankful to see even the good candlelight on bare walls, and the green, star-hung slip of sky outside the window. But somehow the seeing of it had made her cry again.

Next day she had swallowed her pride and asked Kirk to explain to her a few of the mysteries of the embossed letters. He was delighted, and picked the alphabet, here and there, from a page chosen at random in the big book. The dots slunk at once into quite sensibly ordered ranks, and Felicia perceived a reason, an excuse for their existence. A unit of six dots arranged in pairs in an upright oblong—that was all there was to it. Every letter symbol was composed of not more than five of these dots, different combinations of them, keeping their relative positions in the original oblong. Felicia learned half the alphabet in an hour. She picked out *b* and *h* and *l* joyfully from page after page. Three days later she was reading, "The cat can catch the mouse"—as thrilled as though she had discovered a new principle of physics. Kirk was thrilled, also, and applauded her vigorously.

"But you 're looking at it, and that 's easier," he said. "And you 're growner-up than me."

Felicia confessed that this was so.

And now what a stern task-mistress she had become! She knew all the long words in the hardest lessons, and more too. There was no escaping school-time; it was as bad as Miss Bolton. Except that she was Felicia—and that made all the difference in the world. Kirk labored for her as he had never done for Miss Bolton, who had been wont to say, "If only he would *work*—" The unfinished sentence always implied untold possibilities for Kirk.

But Felicia was not content that Kirk could read the hardest lessons now. They plunged into oral arithmetic and geography and history, to which last he would listen indefinitely while Phil read aloud. And Felicia, whose ambition was unbounded,—as, fortunately, his own was,—turned her attention to the question of writing. He could write Braille, with a punch and a Braille slate,—yes, indeed!—but who of the seeing world could read it when he had done? And he had no conception of our printed letters; they might as well have been Chinese symbols. He would some day have a typewriter, of course, but that was impossible now. Phil, nothing daunted by statements that the blind never could write satisfactorily, sent for the simplest of the appliances which make it possible for them to write ordinary characters, and she and Kirk set to work with a will.

On the whole, those were very happy mornings. For the schoolroom was in the orchard—the orchard, just beginning to sift scented petals over the lesson papers; beginning to be astir with the boom of bees, and the fluttering journeys of those busy householders, the robins. The high, soft grass made the most comfortable of school benches; an upturned box served excellently for a desk; and here Kirk struggled with the elusive, unseen shapes of A, B, C—and conquered them! His first completed manuscript was a letter to his mother, and Phil, looking at it, thought all the toil worth while. The letter had taken long, but Felicia had not helped him with it.

DEAR MOTHER
IAM WRITING THIS M
YSELF A ROBIN IS SING
NG NEARME BECAUSE HE H
AS THREE EGGS WHICH FI
L FOUND YESTERDAY. I H
OPE YOU AREBETTER DEAR
AND CAN COME BACK SOON
YOUR KIRK XXXXXXXXXXX

Mrs. Sturgis's feelings, on reading this production, may be imagined. She wept a little, being still not herself, and found heart, for the first time, to notice that a robin was singing outside her own window.

There is no question but that Kirk's days were really the busiest of the Sturgis family's. For no sooner did the Three R's loose their hold on him at noon, than the maestro claimed him for music after lunch, three times a week. Rather tantalizing music, for he was n't to go near the piano yet. No, it was solfeggio, horrid dry scales to sing, and rhythm, and notation. But all was repaid when the maestro dropped to the piano-stool and filled a half-hour with music that made Kirk more than ever long to master the scales. And there was tea, always, and slow, sun-bathed wanderings in the garden, hand in hand with the maestro.

He must hear, now, all about the Sturgis Water Line, and Ken's yachting cap with the shiny visor, and how Kirk had taken the afternoon trip three times, and how—if the maestro did n't know it already—the sound of water at the bow of a boat was one of the nicest noises there was.

"There are those who think so," said the old gentleman. "Kirk, tell Ken not to let the sea gain a hold on him. He loves it, does he not?"

"Yes," said Kirk, aghast at the sudden bitter sorrow in the gentle voice. "Why?"

"The sea is a tyrant. Those she claims, she never releases. I know."

He stood among the gently falling blossoms of the big quince-tree by the terrace. Then he suddenly drew Kirk to him, and said:

"I spoke of the garden being filled, to me, with the memory of children; did I not?"

Kirk remembered that he had—on Mayday.

"A little boy and a little girl played here once," said the maestro, "when the pools were filled, and the garden paths were trim. The little girl died when she was a girl no longer. The boy loved the sea too well. He left the garden, to sail the seas in a ship—and I have never seen him since."

"Was he your little boy?" Kirk hardly dared ask it.

"He was my little boy," said the maestro. "He left the garden in the moonlight, and ran away to the ships. He was sixteen. Tell Kenelm not to love the sea too much."

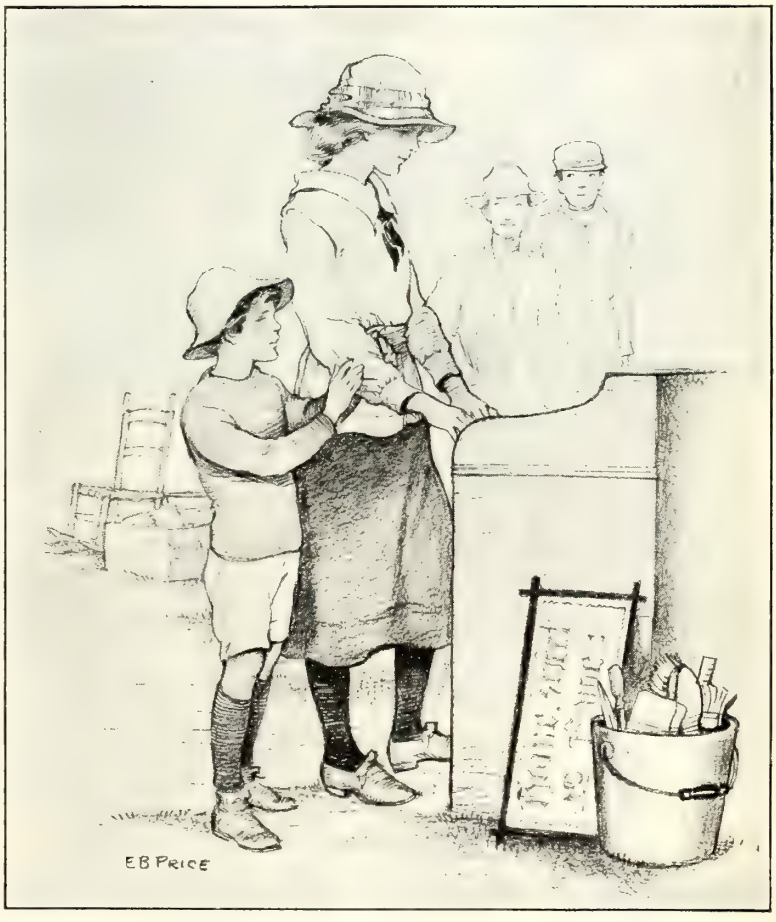
"But Ken would n't go away from Phil and me," said Kirk; "I *know* he would n't."

Kirk knew nothing of the call that the looming gray sails of the *Celestine* had once made.

"I thought," said the maestro, "that the other boy would not leave his sister and his father." He roused himself suddenly. "Perhaps I do Ken injustice. I want to meet the gallant commander of the *Flying Dutchman*. It seems absurd that such close neighbors have not yet met. Bring him—and Felicia, when you come again. We 'll drink to the success of the Sturgis Water Line. And don't dare to tell me, next time, that you never heard of the scale of A flat major, my little scamp!"

Kirk, to whom the maestro's word was law, delivered his message very solemnly to Ken, who laughed.

"Not much fear of my cultivating too strong an affection for Mud Ocean, as navigated by the *Dutchman*. If I had a chance to see real water and real ships, it might be different."



"THE ORGAN HAD A RATHER SWEET OLD TONE"

"But how horrid of his son never to let him know—poor old **gentleman!**" said Felicia, who was putting on her hat at the window.

"Probably the old gentleman was so angry with him in the beginning that he did n't dare to, and now he thinks he 's dead," Ken said.

"Who thinks who 's dead?" Phil asked. "You 'd never make a rhetorician."

"I should hope not!" said her brother. "Why, the sailor thinks his father 's dead. Get your hat, Kirk."

"We 're going to an auction," Felicia explained.

"A 'vandew'," Ken corrected. "You and Phil are, that is, to buy shoes and ships and

sealing-wax, and a chair for my room that won't fall down when I sit in it, and crockery ware—and I guarantee you 'll come home with a parlor organ and a wax fruit-piece under a glass case."

Phil scoffed and reproved him, and he departed, whistling "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," lugubriously. His brother and sister caught up with him, and they all walked together toward Asquam, Ken bound for his boat, and the others for the "vendu," which was held at an old farm-house where Winterbottom Road joined Pickery Lane.

Many ramshackle old wagons were already drawn up in the barn-yard and hitched to trees along the cart track. Their owners were grouped in the dooryard around the stoves and tables and boxes of "articles too numerous to mention," chattering over the merits and flaws of mattresses and lamps, and sitting in the chairs to find out whether or not they were comfortable. A bent old farmer with a chin-beard, stood chuckling over an ancient cradle that leaned against a wash-tub.

"There 's one most 's old 's I be!" he said, addressing the world at large; "fust thing I 'member, I crawled outen one like thet!"

The auctioneer was selling farm tools and stock at the other side of the house, and most of the men-folks were congregated there—tall, solemn people, still wearing winter mufflers—soberly chewing tobacco and comparing notes on the tools. Felicia and Kirk, though they would have liked well enough to own the old white horse and the Jersey heifers, felt themselves unable to afford live stock, and stayed in the dooryard. Among the furniture so mercilessly dragged from its familiar surroundings to stand on the trampled grass, was a little, square, weathered thing, which Felicia at first failed to recognize as the inevitable melodeon. It lacked all the plush and gewgaws of the parlor organ of commerce; such a modest, tiny gray box might easily have passed for a kitchen chest.

Felicia pushed back the cover, and, pressing a pedal with one foot, gave forth the chords of her favorite, "How should I your true love know?" The organ had a rather sweet old tone, unlike the nasal and somewhat sanctimonious drone of most melodeons, and Felicia, hungry for the piano that had not been brought to Asquam, almost wished she could buy it. She remembered Ken's prophecy—"you 'll come home with a melodeon"—and turned away, her cheeks all the pinker when she found the frankly interested eyes of several bumpkins fixed upon her. But Kirk was not so ready to leave the instrument.

"Why don't we get that, Phil?" he begged. "We *must* have it; don't you think so?"

"It will go for much more than we can afford," said Felicia. "And you have the maestro's piano. Listen! They 're beginning to sell the things around here."

"But *you* have n't the maestro's piano!" Kirk protested, clinging very tightly to her hand in the midst of all this strange, pushing crowd.

(*To be continued*)

A WISH

By BERTHA GERNEAUX WOODS.

We cannot find an empty house—
We 've hunted everywhere.
Apartments all are taken, too,
And Mama 's "in despair."

I heard her say so, and I thought
How very nice 't would be
If we were like some folks I chanced
Down by the brook to see.

One was a caddis-worm—he took
His house where e'er he went.
'T was made of sticks and bits of leaves,
And like a little tent.

And then I saw a turtle, and
His house was built so well!
The roof and floor were nice and smooth,
And made of yellow shell.

Then next I watched a little snail
That left a shiny track
Upon the sand. *His* pearly house
He carried on his back.

They were so happy—all those three—
No troubles and no fuss!
I sat and watched and watched, and wished
A house would grow for us!



Jimmy the Conquering Hero

By BELLE WEIR WALLACE AND LULU COON SHUFF

"Gee, I wish I had a gun!"

There, it was out at last, and Jimmy looked quickly over his shoulder to make sure Mother had n't heard. Then he remembered that Mother had gone to the school-house to stay all day doing Red Cross work.

Jimmy was ten years old and had never had even an air-gun. He had wanted one ever since he could remember, but it had n't reached the point where he simply had to have one until a few weeks before, when a boys' squad had been formed from the Boy Scouts to train just like real soldiers.

Of course, the drill-master had said that they would use wooden guns, and Jimmy had cheerfully whittled out his own; but the very first day, Eddie Sawyer, the editor's son, came with a real gun. That started it, and it spread like wild-fire, until at the last drill Jimmy's wooden gun was the only one there. To make it worse, they had been asked to give a public drill on the Fourth of July.

Jimmy had to choke back some very hot tears on his way home, but he soon dried them and began to plan how he could earn money to buy one.

He could catch fish and sell them in the village if only so many people did n't catch their own fish. It was the same way with strawberries. His meadow was full of them. He had a basket of them now, covered with burdock leaves, ready to take to the village, but he would have hard work selling them when nearly every one had their own berries. It was going to take a long time to earn enough, but Jimmy was a very determined little fellow and willing to work long and patiently.

Between Jimmy's house and the river stretched a lovely green meadow, with a margin of white road on one side and a deep fringe of willows on the other.

The blossoming timothy and clover, now grown tall and thick, waved in the soft summer breeze like a beautiful scented banner.

Jimmy loved the meadow and had worn a narrow little path straight through to the river, where the fishing was good.

He was running along this path now, swinging a good-sized string of trout, and wondering if he would have the good luck to sell them. He meant to ride Galatea, the old mare, over to the village that afternoon and sell his fish and berries, if he could.

There was Galatea now, lifting her head and looking at him with her mild, patient eyes. She was n't a beauty—Galatea was n't. She was very old, and her teeth were so poor that, even though she was turned loose in that lovely field of clover, she could n't eat enough to keep her every rib from showing. Her joints were stiff and her tail scrubby, and she was blind in one eye. But Jimmy loved her, and many a good time he had with her, and often he played that he was a brave knight on horseback, like the knights he and Mother read about on winter evenings from his "Child's History."

Only Dilse knew how badly he wanted a gun and how eager he was to earn the money to buy one. Mother, who asked so little for herself, must not be told. But he could tell Dilse. Dilse was a friendly little collie. Jimmy told him everything, for he had no brothers or sisters to whom to tell things,

That was another great sorrow to Jimmy—that he had no brothers or sisters. If there was anything in the world he wanted more than a gun, it was a brother to play with.

He had told Dilse about that, too, one rainy day in the barn loft, and Dilse had run excitedly about the haymow, barking furiously into every corner, trying his best to bring out the wanted playfellow.

But Jimmy was n't the kind to feel bad about anything very long. It was a glorious June day, and there was no school. Who could be sad, even if he did n't have a gun or a brother?

So he whistled shrilly for Dilse, for, of course, Dilse could n't go fishing because of that habit of his of barking.

Soon there was a joyful meeting between boy and dog, and then began a race for the house, with Dilse in the lead, and Galatea looking mildly on.

But suddenly Dilse stopped stock still and began to bark very excitedly. Jimmy stopped, too, for he knew well enough that Dilse was telling him to stop, look, and listen.

Sure enough! there was something to see—the like of which had never before been seen on that quiet country road.

Straight down the road it was coming—a gorgeous, glittering procession of armored knights on horseback, men-at-arms on foot, archers, heralds, trumpeters, glistening spears and shields, feathers and brilliant streamers.

"Circus!" cried Jimmy, and Dilse pricked up his ears. It did n't take many seconds to reach the fence and climb to the topmost rail.

But it was n't a circus. As it came nearer, that was plain to be seen. Jimmy rubbed his eyes. Could it be possible he was back in the sixteenth century, and this was Francis I on his way to the Field of the Cloth of Gold?

By this time the leaders of the procession were opposite Jimmy and Dilse, and—O wonder of wonders!—they were stopping before his very gate. He felt his heart beating faster, and Dilse began to bark furiously.

"Anybody home?" shouted a voice from a motor car that shot out from behind somewhere.

From the way Jimmy stared and forgot to answer, the man must have thought there was n't anybody home. He tried again. "Who owns this place?"

By this time Jimmy had found his voice "My mother does," he managed to say.

"Well, my boy, go ask her if we may rent her meadow for the day. We are moving-picture people and we want just such a setting for our picture. I 'll pay her well for it."

"She—she is n't home—but—but—you can have it—she won't care." Jimmy found it hard to talk with all those grand people looking on.

Then they all turned into the meadow. Jimmy holding the gate open as if in a dream, and Galatea lifting her mild eyes in wonder.

There were two horses decked out more richly than the rest. On one was a beautiful little girl with golden curls. She was dressed in a deep-blue velvet riding-suit, and wore a little blue velvet cap with a long curly white feather which swept her shoulders, and was, Jimmy soon learned, the princess in the play.

On the other horse rode the prince. He was about Jimmy's own age. He was dressed in crimson velvet, and he, too, wore a long white feather in his hat.

As the two rode through the gate, the little princess lifted her face and wrinkled up her royal little nose and said, "I smell strawberries."

In they poured, the horses making a bee-line for the fresh green clover, while poor Galatea backed politely away.

Then some one proposed eating their picnic dinner at once. It was n't noon yet, but whoever waited for noon to eat a picnic dinner?

Jimmy was called on to choose the place to eat. He led them to the river bank under the shade of the willows. Then he built a fire and ran for the water. On the way he thought of his strawberries and ran and got his basket and offered it to them. But they would n't take them without paying for them, so—O joy!—he sold his berries then and there for more money than he had ever dreamed of getting.

Then some one thought of fish, for a picnic dinner beside a stream just naturally makes one think of fish. So Jimmy brought out his string of trout, and they bought them quicker than he could think.

Such a feast as they had! But at last it was over, and Dilse got all the chicken bones.

Then all hands set to work. In fact, all the while some were getting the dinner ready, others had been unloading trucks and doing strange things to the old meadow. Among the trees a beautiful palace suddenly rose as if by magic, while some distance away appeared a low log hut.

Jimmy, filled with sandwiches and curiosity, stood around first on one foot, then on the other, trying to keep out of everybody's way.

Seeing every one else on horseback, he ran and caught Galatea; and mounted on her and followed by Dilse, he rode around, nobody taking any notice of him.

And now everything was ready. The camera-

dashed, carrying in his arms the little princess, who held out her arms and cried frantically for some one to save her. Every one dashed after them, the prince leading, but the robber's horse was the swiftest and he got away.



"THE ROBBER CAME STAGGERING UP TO THE HUT"

man said the light was fine, and the big man, who seemed to be the manager, called out in his big voice: "Everybody ready for the 'Capture of the Princess?' Now—everybody—go!"

And the camera began to click, and away went horse and rider in what seemed to Jimmy a real battle.

Suddenly out from the midst of it all a rider

Then they all went over to the hut, which, Jimmy discovered was the robber's hut. He hid himself in the bushes and watched.

The camera began to click again, just as the robber, with the princess in his arms, came staggering up to the hut. Some more robbers came out of the hut and dragged him and the princess inside. Jimmy could hear her scream

as the door closed on them, and he clenched his fists. But just then the prince came riding up—he would surely save her!

But it took him a long time even to see the hut; and when he *did* see it, he did n't seem in much of a hurry. He leaped down from his horse as if he meant to rush right in, but he did n't. He took a step or two, and then turned around to look at the others. In fact, it seemed to Jimmy, hiding in the bushes, as if he cared more to be seen than he did to save the princess. To be sure he doubled up his fists and waved his sword very fiercely and pretended he was going to be very brave, but he kept turning and looking at the rest until Jimmy just could n't stand it any longer.

"Get a move on you!" he shouted, as he dashed out of the bushes on Galatea, who truly looked quite wild. "Are you going to let them kill her?"

He did n't look exactly like a warrior knight in his bare feet, his patched blue jeans, and his tattered old straw hat, with a long rip in it through which a lock of his tow hair had thrust itself in his excitement. But he did n't know that, and it was the true spirit of knighthood that spurred him on. In a second he was off his horse and had burst into the hut—and the camera went on clicking.

Inside the hut, Jimmy found to his amazement that there was n't any killing going on at all. The robbers were standing on the far side of the room, laughing and talking and rolling cigarettes, while the princess seemed to have lost all her fear, and was doing some kind of a fancy dance all by herself.



"JIMMY WAS SWEEPING THE GROUND WITH HIS OLD STRAW HAT"

But she must be saved, so he rushed to her, and seizing her by the arm, he half carried, half dragged her to the door, just in time to meet the prince, who, instead of looking pleased, was very angry.

"Here she is all safe—take her and get out while I hold the door—"

But the prince did n't move. "You stupid—you 've spoiled the picture!" he cried.

Picture? Jimmy had forgotten that it was a picture! In a flash it came over him what he had done. By this time the robbers had come out, and the others were crowding around, all angrily shouting that he had spoiled the picture.

Then the manager came up. "Go on—go on—" his big voice boomed out.

"No use—this kid here, he 's butted in and spoiled everything!"

"Spoiled nothing—it 's the best picture we ever got—"

"But—but—" began several, but the manager waved his fat hand for silence.

"It is n't exactly the picture we set out to get, but it 's better—a thousand times better. Why, boys, it 's got a laugh in it now, and you know every laugh in a picture is worth a thousand dollars."

"Laugh?" cried some one. "I don't see anything to laugh at."

"You will," went on the big voice. "Country boy cuts in ahead of the prince and saves princess. How 's that for something new in the movies?"

"But look at that old plug of a horse—that won't do in our picture."

"All the funnier," declared the manager.

Then they began to see.

"Say, that *is* funny," agreed some one; then another saw it, and then another, and another, and pretty soon they all fell to laughing—all except Jimmy and the prince. The prince could n't see anything funny in losing the part of hero, and Jimmy did n't know that everything he did was funny just because he himself, in his bare feet, blue jeans, and old straw hat with a rip in it, was funny in the midst of all that gorgeous company.

Of course they had to change some of the other scenes because of the new idea, but everybody worked with a will, and by the time the sun was getting low, the film was made.

The last picture was in front of the palace, when the princess was restored to her father and mother. Jimmy had to be in this picture, too, though he would much rather not have been. The little prince bent gracefully on one knee before the king and queen, and swept the ground with his plumed hat. Jimmy was to do the same, but he had n't had months of training as the prince had. He made a very grand bow, to be sure, but he forgot to take off his hat. So he had to try again, and he was getting along fine, sweeping the ground with his old straw hat, when Dilse, who was close to his heels, thinking his master was playing with him, nabbed it and ran off with it.

But Jimmy did n't forget that he was in a picture this time. Without so much as a glance at Dilse, he stood up very straight, brought his heels together with a click, and raising his right arm, saluted just as he had been taught by the drill-master. He forgot they did n't salute that way in the sixteenth century and wondered why every one laughed.

But at last it was over, and they were packed up as quickly as they had unpacked. And then the procession began to move on, with everybody calling good-by and the princess waving her white hand.

Jimmy was so excited, he had forgotten all about the pay for the meadow. But the manager had n't. He called Jimmy to him and asked his mother's name. Then he wrote something on a slip of paper and handed it to Jimmy, saying: "This is for your mother, and this—is for our hero in the play," and O joy! he dropped into his hand two crisp fifty-dollar bills. "And I think we 'll call our picture 'JIMMY THE CONQUERING HERO'," he called back, as he rode away.

My, what a story Jimmy had to tell Mother that night! She could scarcely believe her ears, but she had to believe her eyes when he placed in her hands the two fifty-dollar bills.

"I 've often paid to go to the movies, but gee! this is the first time the movies ever paid to come to me," laughed the excited boy.

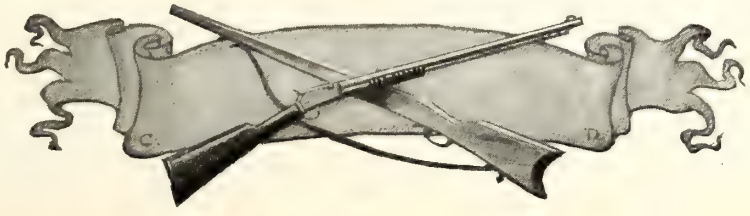
"And now, what do you want most of all?" asked Mother, as she tucked him in bed that night.

Jimmy hesitated just a moment. "I think it is a gun, so I can be in the drill."

"A gun it shall be. But there 'll be a lot left. Oh Jimmy boy! how would you like to add it to my check and bring a little boy from France to live with us always? The terrible war has left so many children homeless, fatherless, motherless, yes, and brotherless. I heard all about them at Red Cross to-day."

"Oh, Mother, both my wishes are coming true! How did you ever guess that more than anything else in the world I 've wanted a brother?"

Mother only smiled as she bent over him to kiss him good night, and Jimmy fell asleep wondering if Dilse could have told.



THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA-LARK

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR AND H. P. HOLT

Authors of "Lost Island," "Fortunes of War," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

THREE years prior to the beginning of the story, Mr. Samuel Holden, owner with Simon Barker of the fishing-schooner *Grace and Ella,* is robbed of a bag of money drawn from the bank to pay off the crew. A terrific gale is raging, and in the darkness the thief escapes. Simon Barker suggests that Mr. Holden has connived at the robbery, and, to clear his honor, the latter makes good the loss by selling his home in the little New England town of Greenport and becomes a bookkeeper for a fishing concern. Mr. Holden's son Jack, when the story begins, is eager to earn money during the approaching summer vacation to help his father. Buried in the sand a few miles from town lies the dismantled sloop, *Sea-lark,* one of many craft missing after the gale of three years before. Jack and his chum, George Santo, get the *Sea-lark* afloat, refit her, and start a ferry across the harbor. They rescue from drowning a boy whose canoe has overturned, and he proves to be Rodney Farnham, son of a wealthy summer visitor and the former owner of the *Sea-lark.* Rodney "signs on" as crew. A mysterious stranger, who gives the name of Martin, tries unsuccessfully to buy or rent the sloop. Cap'n Crumbie, watchman on the wharf, hails the boys as they return from a trip across to the Point with the announcement that "Something's up!"

CHAPTER V.

TO THE RESCUE.

"WHAT?" George demanded.

"Pretty near everything, except blue murder!" replied Cap'n Crumbie. "After you left, Martin was hanging around here as usual, when another chap came down to the wharf. I was standing at the door o' my cabin and he did n't see me. He walked down all peaceful-like, as though he had the whole day to himself. Martin did n't see him coming, 'cause he was leaning up against one of the piles, at the edge o' the wharf. Number Two had his hands in his pockets and was as happy as a May morning, till all of a sudden he saw Martin. He whipped his hands out of his pockets, leaned forward a bit, and said something which sounded to me like 'Whitey.' Martin swung round as though he 'd heard a rattlesnake.

" 'Hegan!' he says, looking mighty surprised. 'What are you doing here?'

" 'Same thing as you, I s'pose,' says Hegan. 'Did n't expect to see me yet, eh?'

" 'Well, you' re too late,' says Martin.

"And that started it. What they were talking about, I did n't understand exactly. All I could make out was that Hegan did n't believe he was too late for something or other, and Martin got so het up he come near to having a fit. Hammer and tongs they went at it, but Hegan did n't lose his temper as much as the other chap. He 'd made up his mind about whatever it was, and did n't mean to give way.

"All of a sudden, Martin spotted me, and as quick as a wink he calmed down. He muttered something to the other feller so low that I could n't hear, and next thing Number Two produces a cigar-case and they both lights up and walks away as calm as if nothing had happened."

"Mysteriouser and mysteriouser!" commented Jack. "I 've got a feeling that something is going to happen to some one somehow!"

During the next forenoon, Jack, in view of what the cap'n had told them, was not surprised to see the man who called himself Martin appear on the dock with a companion. And from the mysterious and yet eloquent signs which Cap'n Crumbie made, Jack realized that the companion was none other than Hegan.

Hegan was no more like the popular idea of a detective than his companion. He was a short, bull-necked person, with red, beefy hands, a bold, determined, and also unshaven, face, an insolent air, and bright, beady eyes.

The two were waiting at the end of the wharf when the ferry returned from the Point, and stepped on board as soon as the other passengers had disembarked.

"Well, how 's business?" Martin asked, addressing Jack. He spoke in a tone which Jack regarded as a shade too free and easy.

"Very good, thanks," he replied quietly.

"How much is the fare?" asked Hegan, pulling a handful of coins out of his pocket. "Ten cents? Here 's fifty for you."

Jack accepted the half dollar, and handed back the change. "Only ten cents a head," he said. "If you want to go for a sail in the harbor you can pay more, of course."

"That 's a good idea," declared Hegan. "What d 'you say, Martin? A little run round the bay, huh? You won't be seasick? Go to it, son," he added, addressing the captain. "We 'll have a full dollar's worth. Nothing like a sail on the briny for your health. My friend Martin talked about buying a boat some time since, but he 's changed his mind now. Says he might be going back to New York before long, and he

could n't take it along with him. I 'd like to see him trying to navigate a sloop o' this size up Broadway. Ha! Ha! Well, well, you boys certainly are three slick sailors. And a nice boat you have here, too. We must come for a sail in her again. We 've nothing to do just now—on a vacation, you know. This boat must be thirty feet long—a good broad beam, too. And I 'll bet she has a nice little cabin. Come down and have a peek below deck, Martin."

Jack, at the wheel, watched them descend the companion and enter the cabin, where they remained only a few moments. He heard them conversing in low tones, and though he could not have explained it, he felt relieved when they reappeared on deck. It seemed to him, however, that an indefinable change had come over the two passengers in that short interval. Martin seemed far more affable, and Hegan laughed boisterously at the least excuse.

Jack was cleaning up the *Sea-lark* and whistling cheerfully. As the sloop's regular berth was occupied, he had tied up across the slip to one of Simon Barker's boats. He looked up with a start when a gruff voice hailed him from the wharf, and saw Simon Barker glaring down from the string-piece.

"Get out of that!" Mr. Barker ordered gruffly.

The boy, puzzled, looked back in frank astonishment.

"D' ye hear me? Get out of that!" the shipowner repeated, more truculently. "What d 'ye mean by rubbing the paint off my boat?"

Silently Jack cast off, and let the *Sea-lark* swing back across the slip.

"Don't let me catch you over here again!" bellowed Mr. Barker, as he made his way back toward his office at the head of the wharf.

"Don't you worry about that," muttered Jack, smarting, as he fended the sloop from a spile and tossed her line over it. "You would n't have found me there then if I 'd realized where I was." He looked disgustedly after the shipowner, whose back was disappearing through a doorway. "I would n't tie up to one of your old tubs if it were the only thing afloat, you old skinflint!"

But in that Jack was mistaken, as events slowly proved.

Two days later there came a blustery, rainy spell, the sort of weather known to the fishermen as a "smoky so'-easter." Drizzle fell continually, and sharp gusts of wind swept across the harbor. George was not on board that morning, but Rodney had taken his place, in no wise discouraged by the weather. Cap'n Crumbie strolled to the edge of the wharf, casting a glance far out to sea for some sign of a break.

"There 's a schooner in trouble down near Four Fathom Shoal," he announced. "They 've just telephoned from the light about her."

"A Greenport schooner?" Jack asked.

"Don't know," replied the watchman. "The light-keeper said he could only just make her out in the haze."

"Is she ashore on the shoal?"

"Does n't seem to be. As far as he can see, she 's a bit to the south o' the shoal, but she 's had her sticks blown out of her, or something."

"I have n't seen the tug go off," observed Jack.

"She ain't here, but Barker's on the job all right. He 's scared stiff lest the schooner is one o' his boats. Should n't wonder if she is. The *Grace and Ella* ought to ha' got in last night, but she did n't."

"The *Grace and Ella!*" repeated Jack; "I hope it is n't. She is n't in the family now, of course, but all the same I should hate the idea of anything happening to her."

"So would Barker!" grinned the watchman, whose sympathies lay more with the men on the schooner than with the owner's pocket. "His tug went up to Rockmore this morning with a tow, and he 's hanging on to the telephone and nearly having a fit, trying to get hold o' Burke, the cap'n."

"Rockmore is a tidy distance off," commented Jack. "Anything might happen to the schooner by the time the tug reaches her from there. But the schooner is n't ashore, you say?"

"Not as far as the light-keeper could make out. The tide is making the other way and so she 'll be all right, so long as she ain't leaking bad."

Jack looked up at the gloomy sky. Though the wind was coming in puffs, it by no means had the force of a gale.

"What do you say to a run out there, Rod?" he asked suddenly, turning to his friend.

"To Four Fathom Shoal?" Rodney's face lighted at the prospect of adventure. "I 'm game, if you are!"

"Well, I ain't sayin' you would n't make it," observed Cap'n Crumbie, dubiously, "but you 'll have to tack all the way and the tug may get there before you."

"But you say she has n't started from Rockmore yet," protested Jack. "No one's using the ferry this morning, and so—what do you think, Cap'n?"

"Go to it," said the watchman.

"Come on, Rod," said Jack, suiting the action

to the word; and a few moments later the sloop was standing straight down the harbor, past Gull Island, past the end of the breakwater, out into the open.

The *Sea-lark* danced and cavorted, heeling well over as she raced up one side of a green sea and dived down the other. The water boiled in her wake, for Jack was carrying every stitch of canvas he could spread to the breeze. He came about as soon as he had room to run clear of the Point's eastern shore. The loom of the shore was hazy, and as soon as he went about once more and bore away almost due south, the mist swallowed it entirely. The wind sang shrilly in the rigging, and the boys' faces smarted with the salt spume which whipped their cheeks and at times half blinded them.

"Want to go back?" Jack shouted jokingly when the *Sea-lark,* in a particularly playful moment, kicked up her heels, dived down a steep, green mountain side, and fetched up at the bottom with a splash.

"Not likely," replied Rod. "It 's just beginning to be interesting."

"Here comes a whopper! Look out!" called Jack, laughingly.

"There's the Four Fathom bell-buoy now. Listen!" *Ding-ding-ding!* The sound was faintly audible.

"It 's safe enough to keep on till we work our way to the buoy," said Rod.

"Yes, the shallow water is all to the north of it," replied Jack. "What I 'm worrying about now is, where is the schooner?"

The sloop ran on, tacking occasionally, the melancholy note of the bell-buoy becoming more distinct.

"Hark!" cried Rod, suddenly.

Swish came the waves against the prow of the sloop. Overhead there was the whistle of the wind. The only other thing Jack could hear was the bell-buoy.

"What was it?" he asked after a moment.

Just then a gust brought the squawk of a boat's fog-horn—*"Conch-conch!"*

"There she goes! That 's the schooner all right!" cried Jack, swinging the wheel over.

"Conch-conch!" It was more distinct now, the wind bringing it directly towards them.

"The tug has n't arrived, evidently," Jack shouted to his companion. "Did n't I see something across there just now?" he added, pointing and peering into the haze.

"Yes, there she is!" he cried a few moments later. "And she's the *Grace and Ella,* too. And not a spar standing!"

Another five minutes manœuvering brought them under the schooner's lee.

"Ahoy, Captain Jordan," Jack called. "The tug is coming off for you."

"Aye, aye! Where is she?"

"Don't know. They telephoned to Rockmore for her. She 'd gone up there with a tow."

"If she ain't quick, she won't be much use," replied Captain Jordan. "We could drift home in another month or two with this wind. What are you doing out here?"

"Wanted to see how you were fixed," replied Jack. "We could have taken you off if necessary. What happened?"

Only a few yards separated the two craft. The little boat was rising and falling on each wave, headed up into the wind.

"A squall struck us early this morning and made a clean sweep—dories and everything; and afore we knew it, we were bumping on the shoal. If the tide had n't turned, we 'd ha' been kindling by now."

"Well, there 's nothing I can do for you, is there?" asked Jack.

"You say the tug ain't coming straight out o' Greenport?" the skipper asked.

"No telling when she will be here. I don't think she can be long, though."

"Well, I 'll have to drop my anchor soon as the tide turns again," replied the fisherman, "unless you like to give us a tow. We can't do a thing now, except wait. We've got a big trip o' fish aboard, too, and she sprang a leak when she hit the sand. We've had to keep pumping."

"I can tow you all right," replied Jack, "if you'll pass me a hawser. You won't move so very fast, but I can get you there."

"Well, that 'll be a salvage job," said Captain Jordan. "What's your figure?"

Jack blinked. "What 's a fair price?" he asked.

"Well, there 's no sign of the tug, and if we keep on drifting the way we 're headed, we 'll land up on Big Popple Beach before long. I won't kick at five hundred dollars, Jack."

There was a gasp from Rodney, and Jack blinked again. Then he said, in a businesslike tone. "Let me have that hawser. Only, if I start towing you, I want to finish the job."

"Glad to have you," replied Captain Jordan, who was by no means heartbroken at the prospect of running up a bill again his employer. For, like everybody else with whom Simon Barker had dealings, the captain of the *Grace and Ella* had been a victim of Barker's meanness. Most of the gear on the schooner was little better than junk. To wring a new set of sails out of her owner was one of the hardest tasks in the world, and it was just the same



"'IF SHE AIN'T QUICK, SHE WON'T BE MUCH USE,' REPLIED CAPTAIN JORDAN"

with halyards, spars, and everything else aboard. Captain Jordan was convinced that the loss of the masts was due to Barker's parsimony, and he argued that the latter was only paying for his own niggardliness.

CHAPTER VI.

SALVAGE.

THE task which Jack had undertaken was not so formidable as he feared it might prove. The end of a manila hawser was cast to him. This he made fast to the quarter-bitts, and then he headed due east to clear the end of Greenport breakwater. When once she felt the strain of the hawser, the little *Sea-lark* tugged and fretted, for she had a dead weight of several hundred tons at her heels, and for a few minutes that weight seemed to be anchored to the bottom of the ocean. But the steady pull of the sloop presently began to tell; the schooner moved sluggishly, reluctantly, and before long the *Sea-lark* had enough way on to make a steady three knots, for the wind could not have been blowing from a better quarter.

Exciting moments came when a particularly strong gust swept down on the two craft. With her boom swung away out, to catch the full benefit of the wind, the *Sea-lark* strained her slender mast more than Jack liked. There was no "give" to ease her, with that solid weight dragging astern. Sometimes, also, a following sea hit the sloop viciously, breaking over her quarter, half drenching the boy at her wheel. Once, after the sloop had been struck in this manner, Captain Jordan hailed.

"I 'll send you a man to give a hand, if you like," the fisherman shouted.

Jack could not make his own voice heard, but there was no mistaking the meaning of the signal he sent back.

"Not if I know it!" he said emphatically. "What do you think, Rod?"

"I should say not! There would be no fun in it if we let some one else complete the job."

"That 's just what I 'm worrying about," observed Jack. "We 're on the way all right, and if nobody interrupts us, we shall get there safely enough. But where is that tug? I can't even hear her squawking."

"She must have left Rockmore long ago," said Rod. "They 'll have trouble locating us in this haze, but they 'll do it, I guess."

"I wonder if I 'll have the cheek to refuse to give up the tow."

"Why not?"

"Well," replied Jack, "you 've got to remember that we are n't under steam power, and they are, for one thing. Also the tug is Barker's boat, and—"

"Rubbish!" declared Rod. "Just you hang on as long as the sloop holds together. Did n't the captain say he was glad to have you give him a tow? And did n't he agree that, if you began to tow, you could finish it?"

"Well, we 'll see," replied Jack. "I 'm not kicking yet. Talk about luck!"

"Five hundred dollars seems an awful lot for doing a little thing like this, though, does n't it?" asked Rodney.

"Yes, it sounds a lot to us, but the schooner is worth thousands of dollars, and has a full catch of ground fish under her hatches besides. It is n't the idea of losing the salvage that makes me hope the tug will miss us, though. I want to keep this tow till we get right into the harbor. I 'd give half the money to watch Simon Barker's face when he sees his schooner being towed in by the *Sea-lark!* Slip up for'ard there, Rod, will you? I believe I spotted the Point then, and I want to make sure of my bearings. The haze seems clearing a bit—"

Then something happened which he had been dreading. From the direction of Four Fathom buoy, now far astern, came the sharp, piping call of the tug—four short squeaks, a long one, and finally a short one.

"No mistaking *her,*" was Rod's only comment.

To Jack's delight, the captain of the *Grace and Ella* did not attempt to signal back.

"There 's the Point!" suddenly cried Rod, from the bow; and a minute later Jack altered his course a shade, for he saw that it was necessary to make a little more southing. At the same time he glanced back over his shoulder. The squawk of the tug was now insistent.

"I believe we shall manage it yet," he said delightedly. "Another twenty minutes or so will take us round the end of the breakwater, and the tug has n't spotted us yet."

But, as he spoke, the rain ceased, the haze lightened, and presently the ocean was visible for a mile around.

"Here she comes!" Jack cried, as his eyes fell on the fussy little *Simon P. Barker.* "Tearing along like a snail!"

"Keep going! Keep going!" urged Rod, almost dancing with delight.

"You bet I will," replied Jack grimly. "He 'd bust his boilers catching up with us now, before we 're round the breakwater. He knows what to expect from Mr. Barker as soon as he lands ashore. Rod, I 'm not going to let go now. Of course, if Captain Jordan lets go that hawser, that settles it, but my guess is that he won't.

It 's a pretty race! Two tortoises, and one of them hobbled! Burke dare n't drive his old tug any faster, for her rotten engines would shake themselves to pieces."

Meanwhile, the irate skipper of the tug was protesting loudly with his squeaky siren. The *Simon P. Barker* rolled nearer and nearer, but the *Sea-lark* was fast approaching the safe refuge of the harbor. When the tug was only a thousand yards astern Jack was negotiating the end of the breakwater, and there only remained the straight run up the harbor to the wharf. The tug, however, had no intention of yielding her claim, for she wallowed up on the heels of the sloop and hailed.

"Let go that hawser!" Burke shouted angrily to Jack.

"Can't do it. I 'm under contract," replied Jack, steadily.

"Well, I 'll bust your contract, and you, too, if you don't sling me that hawser mighty quick!" Burke snapped back.

The tug was now gliding through the water within a few feet of the *Sea-lark's* side. Jack, however, did not give way an inch. He was by no means sure that Burke would not bump into him and secure the tow by main force. At this stage Captain Jordan put in a word.

"Let the lad alone!" he shouted. "He came first, and I had to give him the job."

"And what 's your owner going to say to you?" Burke yelled back to the captain.

"He can say what he likes," returned Captain Jordan. "I 've got a word for his ear, too, for sending me to sea with rotten spars! And I 've a right to arrange for a tow whenever I think it best. Now beat it, or you 'll be having a smash-up yet, and then there 'll be *real* money to pay out."

Burke sidled away, realizing that he could put in no just claim to complete the tow. By now Gull Island had been reached, and Jack could make out figures on the wharves ahead.

"Jordan is a brick for standing up for you like that," Rod said.

"I thought he would," replied Jack. "But, you know, a bargain is a bargain, and we had the law on our side, after all."

They plodded slowly on until Captain Jordan hailed them from the schooner. "Stand by to cast that hawser off," he directed.

"Aye, aye," replied Jack. "Rod, lay hold of that line, and be ready to slack away."

"Let go!" shouted Captain Jordan, at last.

The hawser splashed into the water, and Jack brought the sloop round into the wind, leaving the *Grace and Ella* with enough way on to sidle to her berth.

An angry face appeared at the edge of the wharf. "What d 'ye mean by meddling in my affairs?" demanded Mr. Barker, scowling down on the boys.

"Meddling?" asked Jack, mildly. "I was giving her a tow. It was quite a salvage job."

"Salvage!" Mr. Barker's surprise and consternation were ludicrous. "You get no salvage out o' me, young man! No one asked you to interfere. What do you suppose I sent my tug out for?"

"Tug did n't come in time," put in Captain Jordan. "I had to engage the sloop."

"You *engaged* him?" queried Barker, in horrified tones.

"What else could I do?" retorted Captain Jordan. "The tide would have turned in another twenty minutes. Maybe you would n't have minded the schooner being piled up on the sand, but *I* minded."

"Then you 'll pay for it!" snarled Barker. "*I* won't. No, sir. Not a red cent! What did you arrange to pay this—this kid?"

"Five hundred dollars, and—"

"Five hundred!" gasped Mr. Barker.

"Why not? He saved you ten times that."

Simon Barker leaned over and wagged his finger in the direction of the Captain of the *Sea-lark*. "Don't you think for one minute," he spluttered, "that I 'll ever pay it."

"We 'll see," replied Jack, quietly.

There were few patrons for the ferry that day, and, after landing Rodney on the Point, Jack returned to town and hurried home to his dinner. He reached the house before his father was through and quickly told his story. Mr. Holden was neither hopeful nor helpful.

"Don't have anything to do with the man," he begged. "He 'll find some loophole to get out of it, and goodness knows there has been unpleasantness enough already."

"But, Dad, I *earned* it," the boy protested. "Captain Jordan knows what he is talking about. I' m going to consult Lawyer Merrill."

"If you consult Mr. Merrill, you 'll have to pay him, remember," said his father. "Lawyers only cost you money in the end."

"Maybe," said Jack, "but I want your permission to put the case in his hands, Dad."

"All right," said Mr. Holden, reluctantly.

Five minutes later Jack was explaining to the lawyer all that had happened.

"Well, Simon Barker hates to part with money," said Mr. Merrill, "but he will pay in the end. He can fight and stand us off for a long time if he wants to, but sooner or later he 's got to come to terms. So sit tight, my boy, and let Simon and me do the worrying."

CHAPTER VII

THE STRUGGLE IN THE DARK

JACK was by now becoming quite accustomed to sleeping aboard the *Sea-lark*. The slight motion of the sloop as she lay at her moorings and the gentle lapping of water against the side of the craft, instead of keeping him awake, lulled him to sleep. There was a delightful novelty, also, in sleeping on his boat, and the sense of impending danger which, during the first night or two, had kept his ears straining, was beginning to vanish. Both he and George now dropped off to sleep within a few minutes of the light being extinguished.

A few nights after the salvage of the *Grace and Ella* George was not aboard, as his father required his assistance to get a launch into the water on the top of the early morning tide. Jack, therefore, had to spend the night alone. For an hour or so he chatted with Cap'n Crumbie in the latter's cubbie on the wharf, and then climbed down to the sloop. In the cabin he lighted his lantern, read the last two chapters of a book, stuck his head out of the companionway to see what the weather was like, and then began to undress. As he placed his shoes under the bunk he chuckled.

"It is n't necessary," he muttered, as he went to a locker and took from it certain articles, "but what a joke if—"

For several minutes he busied himself at an occupation rarely indulged in by skippers.



"IN A FLASH, JACK WAS BOLT UPRIGHT"—(SEE NEXT PAGE)

When he had finished, "There!" he said, "it can't do any harm, and it may do some good."

Five minutes later he was in the strange world of dreamland where pirates and redskins became entangled in adventures more absorbing than any ever found between the covers of a book.

Somewhere a bell clanged. It was one o'clock in the morning, and all was well. Cap'n Crumbie dozed in his cubbie and his pipe fell to the floor with a rattle. But he did not move. He was in the midst of forty winks, and they were very sound winks, too.

The dark form of a dory came skulking along the wharves. The rower dipped his oars into

the water so silently that the plash could not have been heard more than a few yards away. Nor was there any sound when he stepped with his bare feet over a thwart to fend the dory from the *Sea-lark*. With catlike movements, he pushed the dory along to the stern of the sloop, and stood up, ready to hoist himself aboard. No sound greeted his ears save the lap of water against the side of the vessel. At last he tightened his grip on the rail, pulled his body cautiously over it, and crouched for an instant at the companionway. His fingers closed on the door-knob, and with stealthy tread he disappeared into the cabin.

One step he took into the blackness, and then something tripped him up. It was a strong cord stretched across the bottom of the steps, a foot from the ground. With a startled cry, the intruder sprawled forward, clutching wildly, and measured his length on the floor.

In a flash, Jack was bolt upright, collecting his wits. Then he remembered the booby-trap, but he did not laugh now. The thing had evidently done its work.

With a bound he leaped from his berth, grasped his stick, and landed on the intruder, already scrambling to his knees. It was now the boy's turn to stumble, but they both recovered at the same moment.

Neither could see the other, although not more than three feet separated them as they instinctively sprang apart.

"Stand still, or I 'll shoot!" called Jack. At the same moment he moved toward the door; but before he could reach it, the man was on him and had borne him to the floor.

Jack struggled frantically, but his opponent was stronger. A hand was thrust over his mouth and a knee pressed heavily on his chest.

"Keep still, or I 'll crush the life out o' you!" a voice hissed.

But Jack had no intention of keeping still. One of his legs was free, and with it he kicked out lustily, making as much noise as possible, but, however, doing no harm to his assailant.

The hand on his mouth pressed tighter until he managed to close his teeth on a finger. Then, with a sharp cry of pain, the hand was withdrawn, and Jack shouted at the top of his lungs.

Down came the hand again across his face, his half-raised head was thrust savagely back against the floor of the cabin, and he was momentarily dazed.

"Now will you keep still?" the voice demanded in a hoarse whisper. While one hand was being held across his mouth, the boy felt another close remorselessly over his throat. His own left arm was doubled under him, and, although his right hand remained free, he could do nothing with it save clutch ineffectually at the arm of his assailant. The pressure on his throat was terrible and he could scarcely breathe. At that moment his hand encountered the leg of the cabin table, and, using the last ounce of ebbing strength, he dragged it over.

Exactly what happened then, Jack could not tell, for he found himself mixed up in a nightmare of table legs and clutching hands. His mouth and throat were freed, and he uttered another loud cry for help, but was immediately silenced by a savage blow on the head. Then those powerful hands gripped him afresh and he felt his senses going.

(To be continued)

PRINCESS MOONLIGHT

By HANANO INAGAKI SUGIMOTO

The original tale of Princess Moonlight is the first specimen of Japanese fiction—that is, of an imaginative work—wholly free from the influence of either folk-lore or history. Its exact date is unknown, but as early as 1000 *A.D. it was referred to as being a well-known model of Japanese prose.*

In the very olden time, just on the edge of a bamboo forest, there lived an old man and an old woman. Ojiisan and Obaasan they were called. Every day the old man went into the forest to cut bamboo, and the old woman busied herself about her simple tasks of cleaning, cooking, and mending. They were an industrious and happy couple, but they were very lonely. Every night Ojiisan would take out his pipe and after a few whiffs, would sigh, and say, "Wife, if we only had a child!"

Then Obaasan would sigh also, and she always made this reply, "All these long years, the gods have never granted our prayer; but it is their will, and we must not complain."

Ojiisan would nod his head and sigh again. Then the two would sigh together. This happened every night. And so the years went by.

One bright morning, just as the sun was creeping down the mountain-side, Ojiisan shouldered his tools and started to his work. The sky seemed more blue than he had ever seen it, the young bamboo leaves were greener, the sparrows in the feathery branches above chirruped merrily, and the little stream, trickling along over the white pebbles, seemed to murmur, "Be happy! Be happy! Be happy!"

As Ojiisan climbed the steep path, pushing his way between the dewy tips of young bamboos and sniffing the odor of damp wood moss, he felt so blithe and young that he lifted his quavery old voice in an odd little song:

"What do the sparrows talk about—bout
In the bamboo branches swinging?
Chatter, whisper, chat!
To all who bird-talk understand—stand,
A good-luck song they 're singing,
Chatter, whisper, chat!"

When he reached the place of his work, the old man was out of breath and sat down on an old bamboo stump to rest. Then he tried to calculate how many bamboos he could cut that day. But the leaves rustled in the wind and the sparrows chattered so noisily that he could not keep his mind on the counting, although he bent his fingers, one by one, and counted, "Turn one! Turn two! Turn three!" over and over.

Suddenly a great gray cloud swept across the blue sky, and a gust of wind set the tops of the bamboos to swishing against each other in a whirl of confusion. Then, just as suddenly, everything was silent. There was not a breath of wind, not the chirp of a bird.

As Ojiisan lifted his head in astonishment, a quick soft flash darted into the shadowy grove, filling all the air with a quivering, silvery light. Only an instant it lasted, when everything was as before. The sky was just as blue, the bamboo leaves as green, the birds were twittering away as noisily, and the branches above were swaying and rustling as if nothing had happened. The puzzled old man rose to his feet and looked around. Then he blinked. He rubbed his eyes and blinked again, for the mysterious light had settled around a single graceful bamboo that stood just before him, swaying and trembling, and shining like frosted silver.

"Maa! Maa!" he said aloud, "This is very strange!"

As he stood looking at it, he heard a faint voice say: "Cut, Ojiisan! Cut!"

The old man was frightened.

Again the voice sounded sweet and clear: "Cut, Ojiisan! Cut!"

With trembling hands he lifted his sharp ax and with one swift stroke cut the bamboo in two. It fell with a loud snap, and lo! standing upright in the heart of the stem, was a little maiden about four inches high and as beautiful as a fairy.

The old man gazed with open mouth and wonderstruck eyes. The little creature reached up her tiny arms, crying out:

"Be glad, good Ojiisan! I will be your dutiful daughter. Take me to your home."

With awe he gently lifted her to his folded sleeve. She smiled up in his face, and as she smiled she grew and grew, until he held on his arm a beautiful maiden.

"Thou art from the gods!" he whispered. And he took her home in gratitude and joy.

The old woman had carried her washing to the little stream, and was busily pounding the clothes in the cool, crystal water when she heard the old man's voice calling:

"Wife! Wife! A blessing! A blessing!"

She hurried to meet him, and when she saw the maiden she exclaimed, "After all these years of patient waiting, the gods have answered our prayer!"

Then they went into the hut with their new daughter, happier than they had ever been in their lives.

Every day the maiden grew more dear to them. She was not gay and careless, like the village girls, but full of gentle grace and dignity. Because of this and because of a soft radiance always shining about her as she moved, they called her Princess Moonlight.

The old man went as usual to his work in the bamboo forest, but he walked briskly now. It was not only that happiness made him young, but every bamboo that he cut had hidden between its joints a lump of gold. And so he grew rich. The thatched roof was mended, and the old woman went no more to the little stream to wash clothes.

Of course, the bamboo-cutter's good fortune was soon known to all the surrounding villages, and it was not many weeks before the path to his little cottage became a hardened road. People from all the province flocked to see the wonderful maiden, and suitors came to seek her for a bride. No suitor was successful, however, for with all her sweetness and goodness, Princess Moonlight seemed to have no heart to love any one but her parents.

At first the old couple were well pleased to keep their lovely daughter to themselves; but as time passed on and desirable youths of even high rank asked for her in marriage, they would sometimes consult together with

thoughtful faces. They felt that to see their child settled in a good home before they were called away by death was their duty; but they were unwilling to command this God-given daughter to wed against her will.

Among the suitors there were five young nobles equally desirable and equally persistent. Ojiisan advised, even urged, the maiden to choose one of these. She begged him to wait and to allow her to give each a task, that he might thus prove his love and worth. The successful suitor she would wed. One was to bring her the stone begging-bowl once carried by Buddha; another was to travel to Mt. Horai to find the branch of pure white jade. The fur robe of the flame-proof rat was to be the quest of a third suitor. The fourth was to search for the rainbow-hued jewel borne on the dragon's head; and the fifth was to bring to her the cowry-shell carried across the sea by the swallow.

The travels and trials of these knights were most exciting, but none succeeded, and in time all returned discouraged to their homes.

One day a youthful prince, riding with a hunting-party from the castle, passed by the cottage. He heard the twang of a harp and a sweet voice singing a mournful air. Attracted by the voice, he called a messenger and bade him seek the maiden and bring her to him.

The boy knocked at the gate, and while he waited he put his eye to an opening in the brush fence. Startled, he hurried back to his master in great excitement.



"WITH AWE HE GENTLY LIFTED HER TO HIS FOLDED SLEEVE"

"My lord, I have seen a goddess!" he said, and then he told how he had seen the most beautiful maiden in the world sitting beside her harp, with rays of light shining all about her.

The curiosity of the prince was aroused. He at once turned his steed toward the cottage, and, riding up to the brush fence, looked over its top. Beyond the little garden and the narrow porch, he could see direct into the wide-open room of Princess Moonlight. As his eyes drank in her wondrous beauty, he then and there vowed that no maiden but she should be his bride. Straightway he knocked at the gate and was soon seated before the old couple, who were trembling with awe to see such a noble person as a prince a guest in their humble dwelling.

"Old man, pray tell me," asked the prince, "is the beautiful maiden here your daughter?"

"Yes, Honorable Master, she is my foster-daughter," stammered Ojiisan, both proud and frightened.

"Then I congratulate you," said the prince, "for I intend to honor her by making her my wife."

Ojiisan bowed to the floor, scarcely believing his ears; but Obaasan, as speedily as possible, excused herself and ran to the room of Princess Moonlight.

"My daughter! My daughter!" she cried, "Be happy! It is indeed well that all the offers were refused, for the honorable prince of the land has honored us by choosing you for his bride."

The old woman's voice quivered with joyous excitement; but when she looked at the maiden's face she was frightened.

"Surely, surely," she cried, "this is the greatest honor!"

Princess Moonlight's face was very pale, but she shook her head slowly from side to side.

The wondering old woman returned to Ojiisan and, with a quaking voice, told him. Bowing deeply to the prince, Ojiisan said:

"Most Honorable Master, our daughter hesi-



"THE CLOUD SLOWLY—SLOWLY—DRIFTED UPWARD"

tates with maidenly modesty. Please give us time to persuade her. It will be a matter of a few days only."

The prince was displeased, but he remembered how beautiful was the maiden he had seen, and so rode quietly away. The next day he came, and again went away; but the third day he returned with a group of warriors.

"If you continue to decline my offer," he haughtily said, "I shall at least see that no one else takes your daughter," and he set a guard around the house.

Now it chanced that this was the anniversary of the very day when Ojiisan had cut the wonderful bamboo and found Princess Moonlight. The August moon was at the fullness of its glory, swinging like a ball of silver in a sky that was deep and clear. All the world was silent. The sleeping cottage on the edge of the forest was half hidden in the feathery shadows as they swayed back and forth above the thatched roof, and even the warriors of the guard were heavy with drowsiness.

Just at the hour of the Rat, the blue sky seemed to tremble and break apart, and from it there poured forth a broad stream of light that blinded the eyes of the warriors and filled their hearts with fear. This path of misty light arched from the heavens above direct to the bamboo-cutter's cottage, and on it glided and danced a host of heavenly maidens, clothed in robes as filmy as rainbow-tinted clouds.

Ojiisan and Obaasan came hurrying forth and gazed upon the throng with wonder-struck eyes, but Princess Moonlight, more joyous than they had ever seen her, ran to the maidens with words of happy greeting. They placed for her a palanquin of frosted silver, and held ready a wondrous-tinted feather robe, but she waved it aside and said:

"I must not don the robe of forgetfulness until I have spoken my gratitude."

Then she turned to the old couple and bowing deeply, said:

"My kind earthly father and mother, I am a maiden of the Moonland. Because I broke a heavenly command, I was banished to the earth. Now I am to return to my home, and you will again be alone, but you will not be lonely, for you hold the memory of blessed kindness to a wanderer. Happiness and prosperity will always be yours. Farewell! Farewell!"

She stepped into the palanquin, and slowly the entire cloud of light lifted higher and higher. The warriors, suddenly realizing that the maiden whom they were set to guard was being carried away, caught their bows and sent showers of arrows flying upward; but they all fell broken to the ground, while the cloud slowly—slowly—drifted upward, until it seemed only a rainbow-tinted mist sailing farther, farther toward the orb of silver light floating in the sky.

TO A DANDELION

By ETHEL RAYMOND CRAGIN

LITTLE rugged dandelion,
Heralder of spring,
Lifting up your yellow head,
Sturdy little thing!
Did the sunshine drop a bit
Of its golden light?
Did you take it for a crown
Upon your curls so bright?
Did the summer skies send blue
To add to all your gold,
And form the soft green bed of grass,
Your beauty to enfold?
Other flowers with gentle care
Are guarded through the year;
But you, they only cut and spurn—
You are not wanted here.

None stop to see the beauty hidden
In your shining flower.
You 're but a weed, yet, in your heart,
You know your strength and power.
You stand alone, ask help of none;
Yet all the summer long,
You 're ready with your happy smile,
Your little sunny song.
And when the silvery signs of age
Turn your curls to white,
Your feathers of the softest down
You scatter left and right.
O dandelion, you star-eyed flower
That blossoms all alone,
I sing my song of praise to you
Upon your grassy throne!

MY HOLLYHOCKS

By ALTHEA A. OGDEN



"PRIM LITTLE MAIDENS THEY SEEM TO ME"

I LOVE and admire the
spicy clove-pinks
That border my old-
fashioned garden's
walks,—
The brave "Johnny-
jump-ups" I treat
with respect,—
But I take off my hat
to my hollyhocks.

Stately and tall, like
maids of old days,
They stand by the
wall, but I 'm hop-
ing yet
Some moon-lighted eve-
ning to catch them
all
Stepping out on the
lawn in a minuet!

Clad in their dresses
of red, pink, and
white,
(All the world over
no daintier frocks)
Prim little maidens
they seem to me,—
So I take off my hat
to my hollyhocks!

LITTLE STORIES OF DOGS

BOB, THE ENGLISH FIRE DOG

EVERYBODY in London, and throughout England for that matter, is proud of Bob, the famous fire dog, whose keen instincts have been the means of saving more than a dozen



Photograph by Alfieri

BOB HOPPING UP A LADDER

lives in different fires. It takes but a few moments for Bob to hop up a ladder, leap through a broken window-pane, scurry through the corridors and rooms, barking and searching for the inmates, and then scurry out again by way of the window and the ladder. On one occasion he found a little child asleep underneath a bed, and by his barking he let the firemen know that their help was urgently needed. On another occasion he discovered an old woman too feeble to walk. Bob is a daring little fellow and does not hesitate to leap from even the fourth story of a building into the life-net. Whenever a fire-alarm comes in at the station, he always responds and is among the first to arrive on the scene of action.

GEORGE F. PAUL.

OLD SHEP SET THE LIGHTS

OUT in Ohio, a few years ago, there was a collie that did some wonderful things—among them, hanging the lanterns out on the ends of the long dikes along the Ohio River.

"Shep" was owned by a man employed by the Government to place these danger-signals along the dikes to warn river craft of the danger of running too close. Each night Shep could be seen picking up a lighted lantern, placed by his master among many others, taking the handle in his mouth, and trotting out to the end of the first dike, where there was a hook, upon which Shep hung his lantern. Then he trotted back and took up another, and went out along the top of the next dike, repeating his trips until all the lanterns were hung just as well as if placed by his master.

HARRIE A. BAXTER.

SAILOR, THE DOG WATCH

AMONG the dogs whose names go down through the years, as a tribute to their wonderful sagacity, stands that of Sailor, the noted Scotch collie of Wood Island, off the Coast of Maine.

Sailor was not always a nautical canine, but was born on a Maine dairy-farm where his



SAILOR RINGING A SALUTE

mother tended the cows. When but a two-months-old puppy, Sailor was brought to Wood Island by his new master, Thomas H. Orcutt, then keeper of the Wood Island Light.

Every one knows the intelligence of the collie and of the patient care with which he guards the farmer's cows and sheep; but Sailor, deprived of these usual duties, turned his attention to other things.

On a platform on the outside of the lighthouse was a large bell, with which, by means of rope attached to the tongue, Mr. Orcutt was accustomed to salute all passing craft.

For a long time Sailor had seemed to take great interest in this almost hourly performance. One day, when Mr. Orcutt was busy at his work, he heard the bell ring. Surprised, he

listened, and it sounded again—a clear, resonant peal. Mr. Orcutt hurried to the platform, and there stood Sailor, with the bell-rope in his mouth!

At first it was thought that Sailor's ringing of the bell was purely accidental, but when, some hours later, Mr. Orcutt started for the bell platform to salute a passing steamer, he found Sailor there before him, vigorously pulling at the bell-rope.

From that day on, as long as he lived, Sailor rang the bell for every passing vessel which he saw, and in a very short time the captains who passed the island regularly became accustomed to seeing Sailor tugging at the bell-rope, and, one and all, they would send back hearty salutes to the "dog watch" of Wood Island Light.

Several years ago Sailor passed to his "dog-ish" reward, but his memory lives on in the hearts of his friends and his name is often on their lips.

ELIZABETH E. ELLIOTT.

THE TRICK DOGS OF BRIGHTON

THE amusements at the English bathing-places, like Brighton, for instance, are rather unlike what are seen in America. One of the features most frequently welcomed by young folk before the Great War were the trained dogs, which performed every imaginable feat. They were to be seen jumping through hoops and over chairs, walking on balls, and doing other remarkable things. Their trainers had no regular booths, but generally put the animals through their paces on the large dock that was used as a promenade. The children, especially, never grew tired of watching these dogs, and their greatest joy seemed to be to see a dog dressed up as an old lady walking around with an umbrella or a walking-stick. The owners reaped a harvest of pennies whenever they brought out these clever animals.



"A DOG DRESSED UP AS AN OLD LADY"



"JUMPING THROUGH HOOPS AND OVER CHAIRS"

PACKING-BOX VILLAGE—IX

By A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "On the Battle-front of Engineering," "Inventions of the Great War," etc., etc.

If we refer back to the map of Packing-box Village that was published in last October's issue of St. Nicholas, we shall see that right in front of the City Hall there is a triangular plot of grass. At one side of this plot is located the town pump and horse-trough, while at the opposite point of the triangle is a flagpole. We are now going to turn our attention to these details.

THE VILLAGE FLAGPOLE

The flagpole is little more than a couple of bean-poles spliced together to give us a mast of respectable height. Take two poles, a stout stick for the lower one and a shorter and more slender stick for the upper one. Splice them together by lapping one over the other and nailing the lapped ends. Then bind the splice with heavy twine wound on very tightly, as shown in Fig. 1. The sticks should overlap each other about 18 inches if the pole is to rise to a height of 15 feet or more. For the flag-lines we shall need a light rope or a length of heavy twine. The top of the pole may be fitted with a pulley, but as the line is liable to slip off the pulley-wheel and jam in the pulley-block, it may be just as well to use, instead, the simple scheme shown in Fig. 2. A disk, *A*, of hard wood about three inches in diameter has a 1″ hole bored in it to fit over the top of the pole. In this disk two holes, *B, B*, are bored about an inch apart and just large enough to let the flag-line run through them freely. The holes are flared out at the top and bottom with a rat-tail file or with a bit of sandpaper wrapped around a pencil, so that there will be no sharp edges to catch the line. This is particularly necessary at the top, because the line is to run up through one hole and down through the other. Before setting up the pole, run the line back and forth through the holes until it slides smoothly. The top of the pole must be whittled down to fit tight into the hole in the disk, and it should extend about four or five inches above the disk. A brass knob (*B*, Fig. 1) from a curtain-pole should crown the very top of the pole, so as to give it a respectable finish. The pole will have to be firmly planted in the ground by jamming stones around it and wetting and tamping earth around the base. The flag-lines are fastened to a couple of cleats, *C*, which are whittled out of wood to the shape shown in Fig. 3, and are nailed to the pole near the base. Of course, the flag-line is put through the disk, *A*, before the pole is set up.

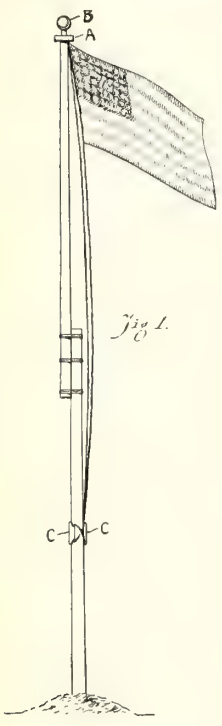


Fig. 1.

THE WELL-SWEEP

The town well or pump can be made in several ways, and they are all given here so that each village can select the particular type of construction that suits its own desires or resources. Of course, in the real old-fashioned village well, the water is raised by means of a sweep. A pole is pivoted in a forked support and a bucket is tied to one end. The other end of the pole is weighted by means of a stone, so that when the pail has been lowered into the well it will help to lift it out again. The size of the pole depends upon the depth of the well.

In our village we cannot hope to dig a real well. That would be too much of an undertaking. The best we can do is to sink a cask in the ground and fill it with water by means of the garden hose. A cask is not often to be had without considerable expense, and we shall describe, presently, a well in which nothing but an ordinary barrel need be used. However, for our sweep we must have a good water-tight cask and must bury it in a hole at

least as deep as the cask is tall, and preferably deeper.

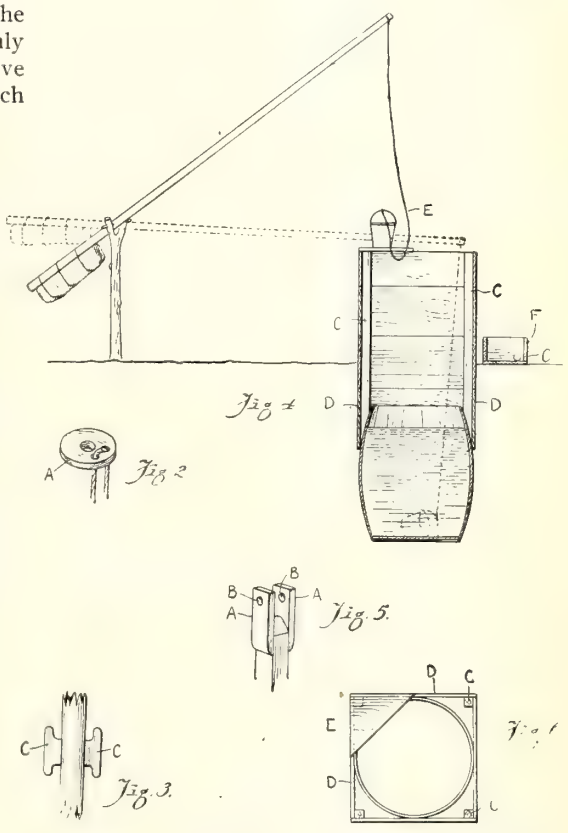
We may as well build the sweep before making the well, because we can use it to help haul out buckets of earth when digging the hole for the cask. Get a pole—a stout bean-pole will do—about 7 feet long; and then, if possible, get a crotched stick about 4½ feet in length. Bore a hole ½″ or ¾″ in diameter through the pole about 2 feet from the butt end, and a similar hole through the two arms of the crotched stick, which has been planted firmly in the ground with the crotch 3 feet above ground level. Then pivot the pole in the crotch by passing a round stick, such as a chair-rung, through the hole in the pole and the two arms of the crotch (see Fig. 4). The pivot stick should be just large enough to turn freely in the hole, and, to keep it from slipping out of place, a nail is driven through the pole into it. If a crotched post is not to be had, a piece of 2″ x 4″ scantling is used instead. At the upper end this is tapered to a chisel point, as shown in Fig. 5. Then two pieces of wood, *A, A,* are nailed to opposite sides of the post, and holes, *B, B,* are drilled through them for the pivot of the sweep. A large stone is securely lashed to the short end of the sweep, and from the opposite end of the pole a bucket or pail is suspended by means of a rope.

Now we may proceed to dig our well, which may be from three to four feet deep and just large enough for the cask to fit into it. After the cask has been sunk in place, earth is filled in around it and carefully packed down. Then four posts, *C,* are driven into the ground just outside the cask, and boards are fitted around them as shown at *D* in Fig. 6. The posts should rise 2′-6″ above ground level, and the boarding should be carried on up to the top of them, so as to form a well-curb. The well is then completed by filling in the hole around the boards with earth. While we shall need a good-sized bucket to haul up loads of earth when digging the well, a small tin pail will serve us better for drawing water from the well. Across one corner of the well-curb a shelf, *E,* is nailed, on which the bucket may stand when not in use.

WATERING-TROUGH

In front of the well, a long shallow box, *F,* is placed to serve as a watering-trough. This box may be 3′-0″ long, 12″ wide, and 8″ deep. If tightly nailed, it will be fairly water-tight, particularly after the wood has swelled. But if leaks develop, the seams may be closed with putty.

Of course, we are not going to have any horses in Packing-box Village, but the birds will find this a favorite watering-place during early morning hours or at meal-times, when the inhabitants of the village are away. A hole, *G,* must be bored through one end of the trough,



DETAILS OF FLAGPOLE, WELL-SWEEP AND DETAILS

through which the water may be drained when desired. The hole may be closed by means of a wooden plug.

THE CHAIN-PUMP

A much more elaborate means of drawing water is shown in Fig. 11. This is an old-fashioned chain-pump, and it calls for a piece of pipe, such as a leader-pipe, about 4′-6″ long.

The well is made in the same way as before, except that the posts *C* are extended up above the curb to a height of 4′-0″ above ground level and a roof is built over the well-curb. However, before putting the roof on, we must build the chain-pump.

First we must make two chain wheels, such as shown in Figs. 7 and 8. For each wheel we shall need two peach-basket bottoms or 8″ disks, *A*, and six sticks of wood, *B*, each 6″ long and 2″ wide. A V-shaped notch is cut in one end of each stick. A ½″ hole, *C*, must be bored in the center of each disk to receive the shaft of the wheel. Peach-basket bottoms usually have a hole already bored in them. Each disk is now divided into six equal parts by six radial lines. The sticks or arms, *B*, are then laid on edge on the radial lines of one of the disks, with their notched ends out and their opposite ends just clear of the hole in the center of the disk. In this position they are temporarily held by means of long wire nails. Then the disk is turned over and the arms are firmly secured by driving nails into them

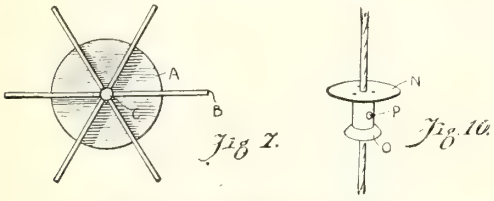


Fig. 7. Fig. 10.

DETAIL OF WHEEL AND CHAIN

through the opposite side of the disk. This done, the second disk is laid over the arms and nailed to them after it has been properly centered by fitting a rod through the central holes of the two disks. The second chain wheel is made in exactly the same way.

Next we must build a frame, the size of which will depend upon the depth of our well. If it measures 6′-6″ from the well-curb to the bottom of the well, we must get two pieces of board 4″ to 6″ wide and 8′-3″ long. These are shown at *D*, *D*, in Figs. 8 and 9. In them the chain wheels are to be mounted, but, in order to provide for the stretching and shrinking of our chain, the bearings of the upper wheel will have to be adjustable, and so, instead of boring holes in the board for the shaft of this wheel, slots, *E*, are cut, each about 6″ long.

The center of these slots is 15 inches from the upper end of the boards. Then two pieces, *F*, 18 inches long are each provided with a hole in the center and two slots through which screws, *G*, are driven into the pieces *D*. The screws are provided with washers to keep the heads from passing through the slots. The shaft, *H*, is now passed through the chain wheel and made fast to it by nails driven into it on a slant through the face of the disks *A*. Then it is passed through the slots, *E*, and the bearing holes in the adjustable pieces, *F*. The pieces, *F*, may be raised or lowered as desired to adjust the height of the chain wheel, and then may be clamped by means of the screws *G*.

One end of the shaft, *H*, is provided with a crank-handle, formed of a piece, *I*, bored at one end to fit the shaft, and a short rod, *J*, fitted into a hole in the opposite end of the piece. A couple of nails will hold the parts together.

The shaft of the lower chain wheel is mounted in holes bored in the uprights, *D*, 8″ from the lower ends. After the wheels have been fitted into their bearings, the uprights, *D*, are spaced just far enough apart to clear the wheels by means of spacers, *K*, *K*, at the top and bottom. The leader-pipe, *L*, is made fast to the frame as shown in Fig. 9. Two pieces, *M*, are nailed between the uprights, *D*. These are notched out to fit around the pipe, and then a strap is passed around the pipe and nailed to the piece, *M*. The center line of the pipe must be 6″ from the center of the uprights, *D*.

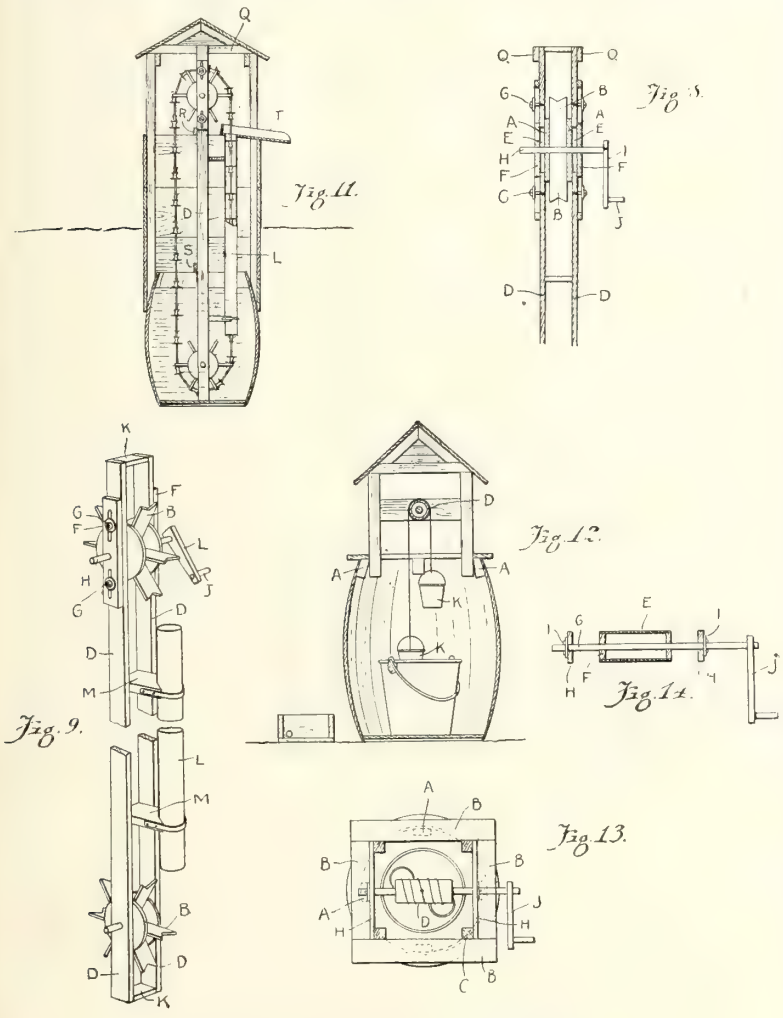
Our next task is to make the chain. This is to consist of a length of light rope, or heavy twine, on which are a series of leather washers, *N*. The washers must be just large enough to fit the pipe, *L*, snugly. As shown in Fig. 10, the washers, *N*, are tacked to spools, *O*, which are threaded on the rope or twine. The spools must fit the rope very tightly, and, to keep them from slipping, each spool is provided with a small screw, *P*, which is screwed into the rope. If our chain wheels have been built according to instructions, the distance between the arms, *B*, at the notched ends will be 6″ and the spools will have to be adjusted just 6″ apart along the rope. The distance between the spools may be slightly less, but it must not be more, than the distance between the arms of the chain wheel. The chain is now threaded through the pipe, *L*, passed around the two wheels, and then its two ends are tied together to form an endless band, as shown in Fig. 11. This done, the bearings, *F*, are adjusted to take up the slack in the chain. By the way, the bearings for the lower wheel must be loose, else the shaft will swell and bind when it is placed in the water.

The chain-pump is now lowered into the well, with the uprights, *D*, *D*, resting on the bottom, and their upper ends are fastened to a couple of crosspieces. A brace at *R*, running across the well-curb, and another, *S*, just above the cask will keep the pump in place. A trough, *T*, is fastened to the top of the well-curb. The pipe, *L*, projects through a hole in the bottom

of the trough, the joint around the pipe being sealed with putty.

When the crank-handle is turned, the arms, *B*, will catch under the spools, *O*, setting the chain in motion, and the washers, *N*, rising through the pipe, *O*, will raise water from the well, discharging it into the trough, *T*. The pump is completed by putting the roof on.

We have built so many roofs for our village by this time that it is not necessary to describe this one in detail.



CHAIN-PUMP AND DETAILS OF CONSTRUCTION

THE DOUBLE-BUCKET WELL

Fig. 12 shows a very simple well that we may use if we do not care to sink a cask into the ground. The cask is set on the surface of the ground and serves as a well-curb; or if a cask is not to be had, we may use a sugar-barrel and set a large pail inside to hold the water. We shall want a roof over the barrel, and, to attach this structure to the barrel, we must first nail four blocks of wood, *A*, *A*, to the top of the barrel on the inside, so as to provide something to which we may nail the super-structure. Then a square frame is built as shown in Fig. 13 of strips, *B*, 2″ wide. At the four inside corners, upright posts, *C*, are nailed, and these carry the roof, at a height of about 16″ above the frame. The frame is then nailed to the blocks, *A*.

A drum, *D*, is made out of a piece of mailing-tube, *E*, from 2″ to 3″ in diameter, which is fitted upon and tacked to a couple of disks, *F* (Fig. 14). A shaft, *G*, passes through the disks, and is fastened to them by means of a couple of nails. The shaft is long enough to pass through a couple of cross-bars, *H*, fastened to the uprights, *C*. To keep the shaft in place, two washers, *I*, are slipped over the ends against the cross-bars, and are held in place by means of pins or nails driven through the shaft. One end of the shaft is fitted with a crank-handle, *J*, of the same kind as that shown in Fig. 9.

For the buckets of this well use two small pails, *K*, *K*; or take two tin cans, punch holes in opposite sides of them, form a bail out of a piece of stiff wire, and pass it through the holes in the cans. A cord twice as long as is necessary to reach to the bottom of the well is fastened at its middle to the drum, *D*. The two buckets are made fast to the two ends of the cord after one length of cord has been wound up on the drum. Then, on turning the crank, one bucket will be raised while the other is being lowered, and this motion can be reversed by reversing the rotation of the crank.

THE MUSICAL PEDOMETER

I KNOW a man who is always counting his steps. He knows how many steps there are from his home to the post-office or the railroad station or the church. Wherever he goes, he counts; and because he knows how many steps he takes and how long his stride is, he knows how many feet or yards or miles it is from one point to another. He has acquired the habit of pacing off exactly 30 inches at each step, so that four paces will carry him 120 inches, or just 10 feet.

One is apt to be confused if he counts every step, and he may make serious mistakes; but this man simplifies matters by counting only



"THIS IS A LONG STRIDE FOR SMALL BOYS"

every fourth step. He starts in thus: "One by Jingo, two by Jingo, etc.," putting a foot down at each syllable. When he gets up into higher numbers, he changes it to: "Twenty-two by gum, twenty-three by gum, etc.," or "One hundred and eight, one hundred and nine, etc.", above one hundred marking each pace with a word instead of a syllable. When he has counted, say 56, he knows he has traveled 560 feet, because each number stands for 10 feet.

There are instruments for counting your steps, which are known as pedometers. They work on the same principle as the cyclometer on your bicycle, which counts the revolutions of your front wheel. The cyclometer is adjusted to the diameter of the wheel, so that, instead of giving you the number of revolutions of your wheel, it registers distances in miles or fractions of a mile. In the same way, the pedometer is adjusted to your stride, so as to register the distance you have traveled instead of giving you the number of steps taken.

But this man has no use for a pedometer; he would rather do the counting himself; and he does n't, as a rule, count in numbers. Usually you will find him whistling a tune, and you would never suspect that the tune is really his pedometer. All marching music has four beats to each measure; and if he takes a step for each beat, he can count on 10 feet for every measure. Take "Marching Through Georgia," for instance—and by the way, that is one of his favorite pedometer pieces. There are sixteen measures in it, which means that each verse represents a distance of 160 feet, and 33 verses represents 5280 feet or one mile. It is rather tiresome to sing 33 verses of any one tune; but my friend has a regular program of different tunes, and he knows that when he has sung the program through, he has covered a mile.

The number of measures in a marching tune is, or should be always, a multiple of eight. "Dixie," for instance, has sixteen measures; but "Over There" has forty-eight measures if we put in all the repeats, which gives us only eleven verses to the mile; while "The Long Long Trail" has twenty-four measures, and eleven verses measure one half a mile.

The value of this form of pedometer depends entirely upon getting the habit of always taking a stride of 30 inches, i. e., your steps must measure just 30 inches from the toe of one foot to the toe of the other. This is a long stride for small boys, but the older readers of ST. NICHOLAS should have no difficulty in covering that distance at each step. The best way of training yourself is to pick out a lot that you know is 50 feet wide, and learn to pace it off in 20 paces, or five measures of the tune you are whistling. After a little practice you will fall into the habit of taking a 30-inch stride. Boy scouts will realize the value of this simple method of measuring distance.

By the way, Boy Scouts have a double-quick pace, which consists in walking 50 steps and then running 50 steps, and it is curious to note that when so doing *they walk most of the time*, and yet *they run most of the distance*, because it takes longer to walk fifty paces than to run it, and, on the other hand, in fifty running paces they cover more ground than in fifty walking paces.

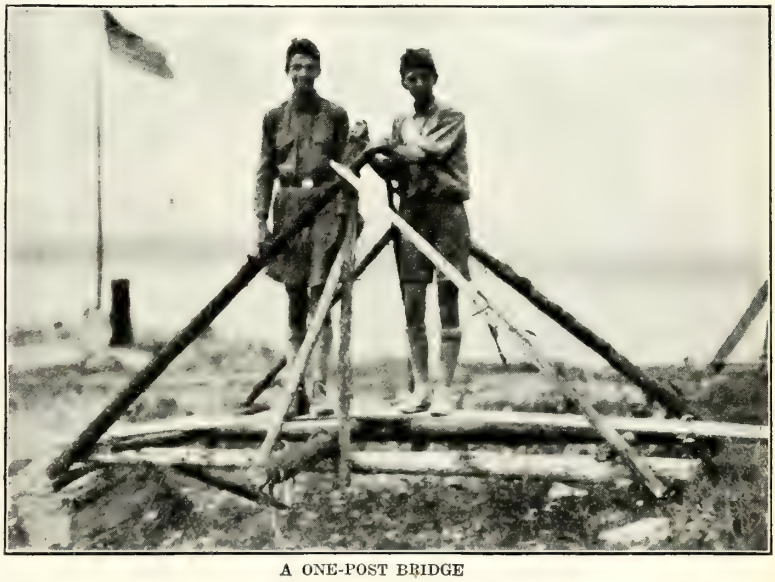
A. RUSSELL BOND.

ONE-, TWO-, AND THREE-POST BRIDGES

By CHARLES K. TAYLOR

THERE is a very simple and easy kind of bridge whose sides are triangles, one side forming the floor-support of the bridge, and the other two sides, of equal length, meeting at a point above the middle of the lower side and acting to support the center of the floor-timber.

Perhaps you may know that the triangle is one of the strongest forms that you can use in construction. A square or rectangle, or any figure having more than three sides, can sag to one side or the other. But a triangle is very rigid. This is worth proving, and such things are always easy to prove by using small models. Take four pieces of lath, each a foot long, and of them make a square, nailed at each corner. Stand it on one side and push the top, lengthwise, to right or left. You will see it yields easily, and it does n't take much of a push even to tear out the nails that might tend to hold the corners rigid. Now take *three* pieces of lath and nail them into a triangle. Stand this on one side and try to push the apex right or left. You see you cannot do it except by actually tearing the wood away at the corners and using very much more force than was necessary with the square. That shows that the triangle is a strong type for construction work.

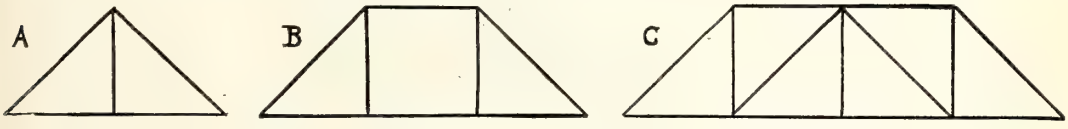


A ONE-POST BRIDGE

All right. Now let us consider the one-post span. Each side is a triangle. The base of the triangle is the plank or log forming one side of the floor of the bridge. From each end of this plank the two other timbers, of equal length, lean toward each other and meet at a point above the center of the floor-timber. They should be, roughly, of such a length that they meet at a right angle. Can you figure what length to make them if you know the length of the bridge? Suppose the bridge were to be twelve feet long. How many of you know anything about geometry, and how to find the long side of a right-angled triangle if the short sides are given, or how to find the shorter sides if the long side is given? This is how you do the latter:

Suppose the bridge is to be 12 feet long. Square the 12. That gives 144. Divide this by 2. That gives 72. Now get the square root of 72. This gives roughly 8½ feet. You see, all this comes from the proposition that the square of the long side of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides.

This kind of bridge, with one post, can be made twelve feet long, and strong enough to hold a single file of boys or men, if made with rough timber not less than six inches in diameter. Three-inch stuff can be used for shorter bridges—say up to six or eight feet. Using two-by-four stuff, with one timber on each side of the bridge, you can make one up to



DIAGRAMS SHOWING PRINCIPLE OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF ONE-, TWO-, AND THREE-POST BRIDGES

nine feet long. Using it doubled, you can go even to twelve or thirteen feet.

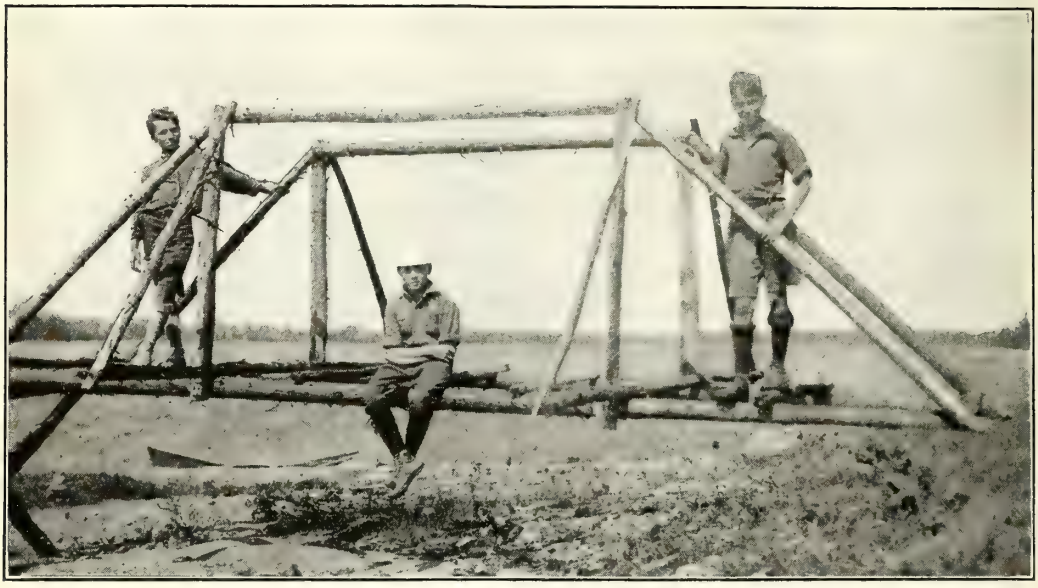
The two sides forming the upper part of the triangles, as they hold much of the weight of the middle of the bridge, would tend to spread at their bases; so they should be set into the floor-timbers a little, or, if the bridge is a small one, should be held with very strong spikes. The upright—the "one post" connecting the apex of the triangle with the center of the floor-timber—may even be a board—a one-foot-wide board, nailed very strongly. If it is a round timber, it must be cut in a little where it meets the apex and where it meets the floor-timber, so that, when spiked, it can get a very firm hold.

In constructing this bridge, let the two sides, as you make them, lie flat on the ground, being sure to have them of exactly the same size. Then stand them up, and place them parallel at the required width apart that the bridge is to be. Such a foot-bridge should be about three feet wide. While the sides are held upright, crosspieces are nailed from one floor-timber to the other, every two feet. The crosspiece that comes alongside of the posts connecting the apexes of the triangles with the floor should be long enough to extend out on either side of the bridge at least half the height of the triangle. That is, if we have a triangle 5 feet high, and a bridge 3 feet wide, then the center floor-piece should have 3 feet for the width of the bridge, and extend out 2½ feet on each side. From the ends of this long crosspiece, braces are nailed to the tops of the triangles to keep them from leaning to one side or the other, as they might easily do if not strongly braced.

You now have a series of crosspieces running from floor-timber to floor-timber for the length of the bridge. On these lay two twelve-inch boards, side by side, and your bridge is done and needs only to be put in position.

THE TWO-POST BRIDGE

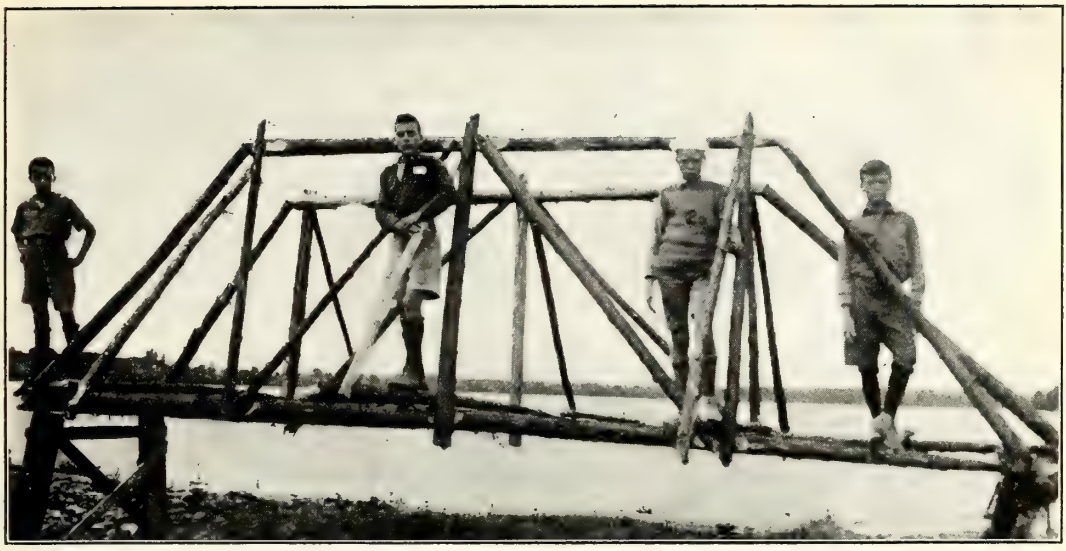
THIS bridge is something like the one-post, except that it can be made longer. Using three-inch and larger stuff it can be made twelve feet long, and longer with heavier material. It can use single two-by-four timbers on each side up to twelve feet in length.



A LIGHTLY MADE TWO-POST BRIDGE, SHOWING CONSTRUCTION PLAN

In the one-post bridge you divided the triangle in two by means of the vertical middle post. The two-post bridge looks as though you had moved these two smaller triangles apart and joined their tops with a timber.

The side of this bridge, then, is in three parts, of equal length. The first part on each side is a triangle, like the half of the triangle of the one-post. And to get the length of the long side of this triangle (the slanting side is the long one in this case), you square two thirds of the length of the bridge, divide by two and take the square root of the remainder. That gives the length of the slanting pieces of the triangles at each end of the side. Suppose you wanted a 12-foot bridge: 8 is 2/3 of 12;



A THREE-POST BRIDGE, THE FLOOR BOARDS NOT YET IN PLACE

the square of 8 is 64; half of 64 is 32, and the square root of 32 is, roughly, 5 feet 7 inches. Diagram B gives a better idea than can be given by words. Such a bridge is quite strong. And you make the floor in the same fashion, only now you have *two* posts on each side, so there must be *two* extra-long crosspieces coming where these posts are fastened to the floor. Then braces must be run from the ends of these long crosspieces to the tops of the posts, thus keeping the sides rigid.

The photograph gives a good idea of the two-post bridge. This was made in about forty minutes by the lads in the picture. And that brings us to the

THREE-POST BRIDGE

THIS one reminds you much of the two-post, only the middle section, which was a rectangle with the two-post, has been lengthened out considerably, so that there must be a third post, this one connecting the middle of the floor-timber with the middle of the brace connecting the tops of the two end triangles.

You see that now the side is divided into four parts, so that when you want to find the length of the slant sides of the end triangles, you must square *half* the length of the bridge and proceed as before. Suppose the bridge is to be 20 feet long. Half of this is 10. This squared is 100. Half of this is 50, and the square root of this, roughly, is 7 feet. That gives the length of the slanting side—the longest side—of the two end triangles, and also of two new triangles which the diagram shows in the middle part of the bridge.



A THREE-POSTER, THE SIDES A LITTLE FLAT, AS THE MATERIAL IS HEAVY

I hardly have to explain how to go ahead with this bridge—it is all so simple. The top timber connecting the tops of the end triangles is half the length of the bridge. And it is from the center of this that the third post connects the upper timber with the middle of the floor-

timber. This divides the big rectangles of each side into squares, and you place a diagonal in each square, running from the top of the center post of the bridge to the opposite corner, meeting the floor-timber where it is joined to the first post. These two extra diagonals keep the center of the bridge from sagging downward, and so must be very firmly nailed, both to the top of the middle post and to the floor-timbers.

The three-post is a very strongly braced bridge, and, by using heavy timbers, you can make quite a long span with it. And of course, having now *three* posts on a side, there must be *three* extra-long floor crosspieces, from whose ends braces are run to the tops of the three posts, thus, as before, keeping the sides from leaning one way or the other.

There are other forms of foot-bridges, but these are probably the most interesting. Perhaps some of you, some day, will send photographs to ST. NICHOLAS of bridges of this type that you have made!

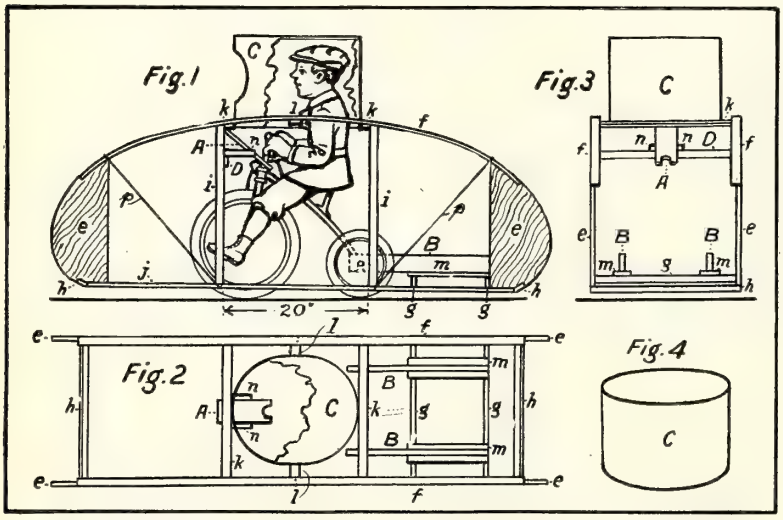
THE BABY TANK

By W. M. BUTTERFIELD

AMONG all the varieties of small-boy possessions, there is no article that compares with his tricycle (or "velocipede") for every-day use. It is the vehicle that carries him into most of his realms of adventure; on it he drives a locomotive, a fire-engine, a street-car; and the young craftsman is always looking for new devices to hitch to his cycle that may give him impressions and joys yet unknown.

The late war has provided one mechanical device that gives the proud owner many a thrill heretofore thought beyond the possession of mortal boy. It is nothing more than a home-made baby tank, just like the French baby tank found so effective in destroying the efficiency of the larger, yet more unwieldy, tanks of the Germans. It is made of cardboard and wood,—the wood furnishing the frame and the cardboard the armor,—and it is designed to fit the cycle of any boy who cares to make it.

Fig. 1 shows the tank frame attached to a velocipede upon which a boy is riding; Fig. 2 is a top view; and Fig. 3, an end view of the frame. The frame consists of two dozen pieces of wood, put together with screws, lettered as follows:



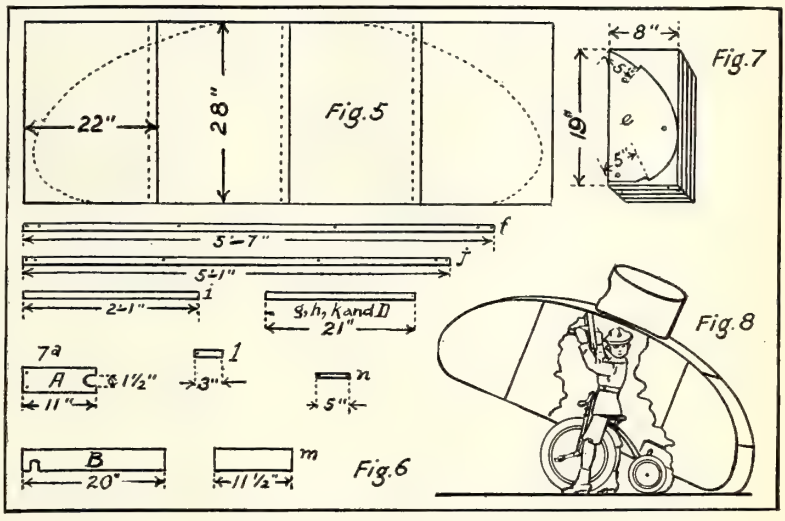
TANK FRAME ATTACHED TO A VELOCIPEDE, AND DETAILS OF CONSTRUCTION

A is the front hanger which carries the front of the tank, and consists of a notched board that fits over the steering-post of the cycle in the manner shown. The notch is made by boring a 1½″ hole just 1½″ from the end, then sawing away the wood (see *A*, Fig. 6). *D* is a crosspiece that carries the braces, *N*, *N*, for holding the lower part of *A*. There are two crosspieces, *K*, at the top of the frame, and to the front of one of these the upper end of the hanger *A* is screwed. There are two top rails, *f*, and two bottom ones, *j*, fastened to four end boards, *e*, and braced apart by means of four uprights, *i*. Two lower crosspieces are indicated by the letter *h*, while there are two crosspieces, *g*, that carry the pieces, *m-m*, to which the rear hangers, *B*, are attached.

The end boards, *e*, are the four main supports of the frame and really carry the top and bottom side-rails, *f* and *j*. To make these end boards, nail four boards together, as shown in Fig. 7, then draw on the top board the shape

of a finished end board, including the insets for the top and bottom rails and the cross-pieces, *h*. The block of boards can then be sawed at the nearest carpenter shop as one board, using a band-saw. With the exception of the two rear hangers, *B-B*, and the pieces *m-m*, which are screwed to them as shown, all the parts of the frame are simply sawed from ½" by 1" strips to the lengths given in Fig. 6.

It will be found easier to put the frame together with screws than with nails, screws, say, 1" long 3/16" in diameter, with a 3/16" hole always bored through the top piece of wood to take the body of the screw. If these holes are bored before starting to assemble the frame, the work will be much simplified. The holes in the top and bottom rails should not be centered, but must all be ¼" from the outer edge of each. Two holes are bored at each end for the screws that are to be screwed into the boards, *e*, and two more 23" from each end for the screws that are to be screwed into the uprights, *i*. Corresponding holes are bored in the bottom rails, 20" from each end. The parts are now assembled by following Figs. 2 and 3. Support the bottom rail by running stove-pipe wire, *p*, from the rail, *j*, where it joins the pieces *i* to the top of the end boards, *e*.



DETAILS OF TANK CONSTRUCTION

As shown in Fig. 2, the five crosspieces *D*, *k*, and *h* are fastened in place. Holes are bored through the rails, *j*, for attachment to pieces *g*, and the latter are made fast. Then the pieces *m* are screwed to the rear hangers, *B*, and the velocipede is set in the frame. Raise the frame with some temporary support 2" at the front end and 1" at the rear. Place the piece *A* over the steering-post of the velocipede and screw it to the crosspiece *k*, as shown, with the braces, *n*, screwed to *A* and *D*. The hangers *B* are then placed in the position shown in Fig. 1 on the pieces *g*, just inside the wheels, and the depth and position of the slots in which the rear axle is to fit are marked. These slots are then made by boring a hole and sawing out the wood as shown. The hangers, *B*, are then fastened to the cross-bars, *g*, by driving screws into them through the pieces *m*. The tank may then be put on or off at will (see Fig. 8).

The frame is now ready to be armored. The armor consists of 28" x 22" cardboard sheets glued together as shown in Fig. 5. There are two sets for the sides and one for the top. The side armor is glued as shown, with 2" laps for each sheet. The top is reversed, with the 23" sides together and six sheets instead of four, with 2" laps for each sheet. All are glued on the floor, using boards and weights while drying. The top is cut 21" wide, and covers the ends and top from the lower edge of one cross-piece, *h*, to the lower edge of the opposite piece, *n*, and is put on with glue and tacks. The opening for the turret, *C*, is cut after this armor is in place. The frame itself forms a template for marking the side armor, i. e., it is laid on the cardboard and a pencil run round the edges, after which the cardboard is cut along this line with a pair of shears.

The turret, *C*, consists of an oval hat-box with a long diameter of 18" and a short one of 15". A round opening is made at one end by using dividers to outline the circle and by cutting with a sharp knife. The opening through which the turret fits into the top armor is outlined in pencil, placing the bottom of the box on the armor, and then cut along the pencil line with a sharp knife. We next screw the two side supports, *l*, in place, and, turning the box bottom up, we place it in the position shown, tacking it to the pieces *k* and *l*.

The tank is now complete, ready for two coats of gray shellac—made by putting whiting into ordinary black shellac.

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL—DEMOCRACY'S GOAL



ARRANGED AND WRITTEN BY MARGARET KNOX, PRINCIPAL, AND ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS, DIRECTOR OF THE DRAMATIC CLUB, OF PUBLIC SCHOOL 15, NEW YORK CITY

(The quotations used have been gathered from various sources)

CHARACTERS:

Father Time: Black college-gown; white flowing wig and beard if desired. Carries a large scythe, which can be made of cardboard, painted brown. He carries a large silvered glass crystal. (This can easily be obtained from an optician.)
Child of To-day: Ordinary dress.
Children of Israel: Long, flowing, white robes, girded at waist. Some carry crooks; some water-bottles. See pictures in illustrated Bibles.
Greek Senators: White chitons; laurel wreaths on head. (The shields and spears used are made of cardboard covered with silver paper.)
Greek Youths: Short white chitons; sandals strapped on feet.
Greek Maidens: Long, flowing, white dresses; bands around head.
King John: Red flannel robe; stole stenciled, or embroidered with fancy beads; crown of book-linen, embroidered with beads, or of gold paper.
Attendants: Similar robes.
English Barons: Under robes of blue, upper robes of white, with stenciled designs if desired. Helmets can be made of derby hat crowns, silvered; neckguards of cotton scouring-"mitts" shot with copper threads. Socks drawn on over every-day shoes give a good effect for the old-time foot-covering.
People of 1215: Dark, loose shirts. (Dark middy-blouses may be used.)
Children in Old English Dance: Red skirts, white blouses, dark bodices, little white aprons and caps; bells on skirts.
Indians: Feather head-pieces; brown loose slips stitched in many colors.
House of Burgesses: Follow picture in any history. Old coats can be made to serve.
Pilgrims: Follow picture in history. Men wear high black hats made of cardboard and painted. Women wear capes and little white caps.
Colonists: Long coats; stock collars made of white crêpe paper; three-cornered hats.
Minute-Men: White shirts, white stock collars.
Armistice Scene: Children in costume of to-day; Scotch costume, Italian, etc., etc. Whistles, horns, flags, standards of all kinds to be used. Make as exact a representation of the real Armistice Day as is possible.
Flag Guard: Dress of to-day.

The assembled school sings two stanzas of *"America, the Beautiful,"* by Katherine Lee Bates. (*See "Junior Assembly Book," Rix.*)

"O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control,
Thy liberty in law!"

PROLOGUE:

(*Child steps from seat and recites*)

"Thine a universal love,
America!
Thine the hope and crown thereof,
America!
Aid us, then, to sing thy worth;
God hath builded, from thy birth,
The first nation of the earth—
America! America!

School sings third stanza of "America, the Beautiful."

"O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!"

(*During the singing of the third stanza, Father Time, carrying the crystal, comes slowly in. The Child of To-day, a tiny girl, rises from her seat and looks wonderingly at him. Then, with a joyous look, she runs to meet him. They ascend a small platform, and Father Time places the crystal on a small raised stand. The platform is placed so that they can watch the march of pageantry.*)

FATHER TIME. Little Child of To-day, I came when I heard the call, "America! America!" To realize the hope and promise of America and how it has become "the first nation of the earth," you must study and understand the growth of Democracy through all the ages!

CHILD OF TO-DAY. You are Father Time, I know. You look just like the picture in my reader. Why, you must know everything that has ever happened. O dear Father Time, won't you, won't you please tell me a story about other days!

FATHER TIME. You children are the "Hope of the World!" To you the lesson must be given, "That democracy does not stand still; its supreme aim is perfection, and its path leads up and on." (*Turning to Child.*) O Child of To-day, to you shall be granted visions of the past as well as of the future. See, I turn the crystal around and reveal to you scenes of bygone ages. Look!

CHILD OF TO-DAY (*gazing into the crystal*). I see the figure of a man striding across a desert place; and now there are lines and lines of people wearily walking. But there is a light of glory in their faces. Who are they?

(*As the Child speaks, Abraham walks wearily across the assembly-room. At a short distance follow Moses and the Children of Israel. They continue the march during the descriptive speeches.*)

FATHER TIME. Look into the crystal, Child. That lone figure is Abraham, who left his home in Babylonia nineteen centuries before the Christian era, and sought in the then new and western world—the wilds of Palestine—a home where he could enjoy the rights of political and religious freedom. But look again into the crystal, Child.

CHILD OF TO-DAY. I still see the long lines of weary travelers.

FATHER TIME. Yes, you see there the uprising among the Israelites of old, as the voice of the people, still and small, in those early days called upon their leader Moses to deliver them from Egyptian bondage.

CHILD OF TO-DAY. Ah, yes, I see that noble figure (*looking into the crystal*) as he walks among the downtrodden children of Israel and listens to their cry for help. Again I see him (*looking closer into the crystal*) as he lived for forty years in the wilderness, listening only to the voice of God as it came to him from the burning bush upon the quiet hillside as he watched the flocks. And again, look, oh look! I see the Israelites, and I can hear their song of rejoicing as, crossing the Red Sea, they

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free."

SONG BY SCHOOL AND CHILDREN OF ISRAEL—"*Sound the loud timbrel.*" (*"Methodist Hymnal."*)

CHILD OF TO-DAY. Always seeking for freedom, even in those far-away old Bible times! Always



CHILDREN OF ISRAEL

seeking for freedom! But see, the picture has changed. Everything is so beautiful now.

(*While beautiful music is played, the Greek Senators and Youths come in.*)

GREEK SENATOR. Young Athenians, you have now reached the age of eighteen years and must take upon yourselves the responsibility of citizens of Greece. When you have reached the age of twenty, you will be made members of this assembly, and will then take part in making the laws and ruling the state. When you have taken the oath, you will receive the warrior's shield and spear.

YOUTHS. We are ready to take the oath.

SENATORS (*holding the shields and spears*) Swear!

YOUTHS. "We will never bring disgrace to this our city, Athens, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks. We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in others; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public sense of civic duty. Thus in all these ways we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater and more, beautiful than it was transmitted to us." (*Ephebic oath.*)



GREEK YOUTH AND SENATOR, AND DANCERS

(*As the music is played each Greek youth steps up, kneels, and receives his shield and spear. As the Greek Senators and Youths pass out, the music changes to a Greek dance. The Greek Maidens, about twenty-four, rise from their seats in the assembly-room, and perform a Grecian dance.*)

CHILD OF TO-DAY. Were n't they beautiful! But did the Greeks help to make their own laws?

FATHER TIME. The Greeks were the first to teach the world that every free citizen should have a part in making the laws and in ruling the state. O Child, it was a wonderful nation at that time, six hundred years before the Christian era! Beauty was its key-note. To the Greeks, a beautiful body indicated a beautiful soul.

A GREEK MAIDEN.

"Gone are the glorious Greeks of old,
Glorious in mien and mind;
Their bones are mingled with the mold,
Their dust is on the wind;
The forms they hewed from living stone
Survive the waste of years, alone,
And, scattered with their ashes, show
What greatness perished long ago."

CHILD OF TO-DAY (*looking into the crystal; starts back with fear*). Oh, this is a dreadful picture! Men are running about wildly!

FATHER TIME. It is the year 1215. Again the cry of the oppressed people has been heard. They demand that King John sign the great charter.

(*King John followed by three attendants come in. He ascends a small raised stand. A crowd of people follow him in. One of the barons advances; hands him a roll of parchment. King John pushes it aside. Another hands it again, while the voice of the people is heard, "Sign! Sign!" Again he refuses. The crowd presses nearer to him, gesticulating wildly. He suddenly seizes the paper, signs it, and then falls down. He is helped out by his attendants. The crowd follow, cheering.*)



KING JOHN REFUSES TO SIGN MAGNA CHARTA



MORRIS DANCERS

SONG BY THE SCHOOL ("*Rule Britannia*")

"When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land
And glorious angels sang the strain,
'Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.'"

("*Songs of School and Flag*," *Rix. Page* 49.)

FATHER TIME. From that great charter, the Magna Charta, comes one of our greatest democratic rights of to-day—the trial by jury.

CHILD OF TO-DAY (*looking into the crystal*). The people are so happy—they are dancing and shouting!

(*About twenty children dance an old English*

dance. The morris-dance is suitable. As they dance out, the school again takes up the refrain of "Rule Britannia.")

CHILD OF TO-DAY (*frightened*). Indians!



INDIAN DANCERS

(*Several boys in Indian costume run in. After dancing a few measures of an Indian dance, they sit on the floor in a circle. The chief stands.*)

INDIAN CHIEF.

"From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the northern lakes and rivers,
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending—
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.
And the prophets of the nations
Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council."

(*Indians rise and dance, then sit again in council. They pass the peace-pipe.*)

FATHER TIME. You are back in your own land of America, O Child of To-day. These early savages that you see in the crystal had really a democratic form of government. Members of the different tribes of the Five Nations met in council.

INDIAN CHIEF (*rising and addressing council*).

"I am weary of your quarrels;
Weary of your wars and bloodshed;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together."

(*The Indians dance to rear of the room and stand peering at the members of the House of Burgesses, who now come in, talking earnestly. These are represented by twenty-two boys.*)

FATHER TIME. Look into the crystal, Child. You see here in Virginia, in the year 1619, a meeting of the first representative body in America.

FIRST MEMBER. Acting under our new charter, our government, in this year 1619, shall consist of a governor, council, and assembly. And this assembly shall be called the House of Burgesses.

MEMBERS. Aye, aye.

SECOND MEMBER. It is most fitting that this division of government should be modeled after our mother-country, England.

THIRD MEMBER. I foresee great days for Virginia. The private ownership of land and the cultivation of tobacco are great inducements to emigration from Europe.

FOURTH MEMBER. I hear that ships are ready to leave England bringing thousands of men, women, and children. This starting of the family life here will mean a great country in the future.

FIFTH MEMBER. There is a rumor that slaves are to be brought over from Africa. This would be a great help in the tobacco-fields.

SIXTH MEMBER. Or a great menace! What if the Egyptian bondage of the Israelites should be repeated in our new land of promise. (*All go out talking earnestly.*)

CHILD OF TO-DAY. Listen! I can hear the slaves singing in the cotton-fields!

SONG BY THE SCHOOL.

"'Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far away;
There 's where my heart is turning ever,
There 's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation, sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation
And for the old folks at home.
All the world is sad and dreary, everywhere I roam,
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home."



MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES

Child of To-day (*turning to Father Time*). Why, our government to-day is made up of three parts, almost the same as the House of Burgesses. We learned it this week in our history lesson. Instead of the governer, council, and assembly, we have our President, Senate, and House of Representatives.

Father Time. Yes, our government to-day is a growth from the House of Burgesses. It is also founded on the English plan.



THE PILGRIMS

Child of To-day (*looking into the crystal*). I see a ship now, with its sails all set and its prow pointed toward our western land, the land of the free—oh, so different from our ocean liners!

Father Time. You see the *Mayflower*, in the year 1620, nearing America's shore. A band of Pilgrims braved the dangers of the sea to escape religious persecution.

(*During the singing the Pilgrims come in, the women passing up one aisle, the men up another.*)

Song by the School.

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

"What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The sod where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God."

(*"Assembly Song Book," Rix. Page* 32.)

John Carver. You have chosen me as governor of this body of men and women.

Pilgrims. Yes, John Carver.

John Carver. As you know, King James has refused to give us a charter, but he led us to believe that he would not interfere with our project if we did not make ourselves troublesome to him.

First Pilgrim. Yes, that is right, John Carver. But before we land in this strange country, that we pray God will be a haven for us, we must sign a covenant to make and support such laws as will be for the best interests of all.

Pilgrims. Yes, yes.

Second Pilgrim. Let our laws be made in town meetings in which every man may vote. Let us plant democracy in our church and state.

Pilrgims Yes, yes. (*All pass out, talking earnestly.*)

Song by the School—"*Old Hundredth*"

"From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue."

Child of To-day. Father Time, if the Pilgrims came over now, they would say, "Where every man and *woman* may vote."

Father Time. Suffrage for women shows the growth of democracy. But look again into the crystal, and see a later period in your country's history.

Child of To-day. There is a man talking so earnestly. He is—yes, I am sure, he is Patrick Henry!

(*A number of men have come in. Patrick Henry addresses them.*)

Patrick Henry. The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come! The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brothers are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

(*Great applause. They pass out.*)

Child of To-day (*looking into crystal*). Oh, there are many more men and they have such tense faces—they are marching. Oh, I know who they are—they are the minute-men of '75!

(*Minute-men march in and give a sword drill. As they march out the signers of the Declaration of Independence come in. They act in pantomime the signing of the document. John Hancock signs first in very large writing. He calls the attention of the other signers to the writing.*)

Child of To-day. Look, Father Time, here are more of the early colonists. They are carrying a large parchment. What is it?

Father Time.

"Yet on and on, through years of gloom and strife,
America struggled into stronger life;
Till colonies, like footprints in the sand,
Marked Freedom's pathway winding through the land!"

These early colonists in America appealed in vain to the German King, George III, who ruled England. Great men of England realized how unjust was the King's treatment of the colonists, and they too appealed to him, but to no avail. (*Point-*

ing to the signers.) On this day was signed the great Declaration of Independence!

SONG BY THE SCHOOL—*"America."*

CHILD OF TO-DAY. Here are more soldiers, but



THE MINUTE-MEN

they are dressed in gray. Oh, there are others in blue uniforms, and there are many, many negroes running wildly about. See, Father Time, see that great figure of a man, with the sad, sad look on his face. Why (*showing great joy*) I know who it is—it is the great Abraham Lincoln!

FATHER TIME. "No one breathing America's free air who is ignorant of the mind and heart of the august figure that strode from a log-cabin to immortality can be other than an outsider, a pilgrim, and a stranger. Abraham Lincoln's life, majestic in its simplicity, contains all the elements and represents the very alphabet of American patriotism and democracy."

SONG BY THE SCHOOL—*"March on, Freedom!"*—(*Negro Spiritual.*)

CHILD OF TO-DAY (*looking intently into the crystal*). Oh, Father Time, I know some of the children I see here. Oh, oh! (*jumping with joy*) I must take part in this. It is one of my days, the day that the armistice was signed, that made the world "safe for democracy!" (*Jumps down and joins armistice scene.*)

(*A typical street scene as shown on the day that the armistice was signed. Boys run in calling "Extra! Extra! Germany is beaten!" etc., etc. Children waving flags, blowing whistles, beating on tin pans, run around the room; boy acrobats do stunts; a girl calls, "Come on, Grandma, you will miss it"; etc., etc. About three minutes are given to this scene.*)

FATHER TIME. This is but the froth. The real joy in peace is shown by the thoughtful acts of each one of you. How can you all help to make this world safe for democracy?

MEMBER OF THE LITTLE MOTHERS' LEAGUE. We girls of the Little Mothers' League are trying our best to save the lives of little babies and so give to the world a physically perfect baby for every soldier lost in the Great War.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC CLUB. We members of the Dramatic Club present both our own original plays and plays written by great writers. In this way we learn to speak perfectly and to write correctly our beautiful English language. Every good citizen wants to improve in the language of his country! We also in this way give pleasure to our friends and parents.

MEMBER OF THE ATHLETIC CLUB. We boys and girls of the Athletic Club are trying our best to have physically perfect bodies. With good bodies, come good minds. We hope to be the great statesmen and law-makers of to-morrow.



A STREET SCENE ON ARMISTICE DAY

GIRL SCOUT. In many of our classes we have troops of Girl Scouts. Our pledge is: "On my honor, I will try to do my duty to God and my Country; to help others at all times; to obey the Scout law." In this way we are making the world a real democracy.

MEMBER OF THE GLEE CLUB. We girls of the Glee Club learn the great music of all days. When we are older, we shall not loiter around street corners looking for amusement, but we shall join the great singing societies of the city. These are a few of the songs we learn: (*They sing "From the Land of the Sky-blue Water,"* Charles Wakefield Cadman; *"The Snow-storm,"* J. H. Rogers; *"Vanity Fair,"* Clutsam.)

BOY OF THE SCHOOL. I represent all the pupils of this school, and one of our greatest duties is to see that no harm ever comes near "Old Glory."

"O flag of a resolute nation,
O flag of the strong and free,
The cherished of true-hearted millions,
We hallow thy colors three!"
(*Flag Captain brings forward the Flag.*)

FATHER TIME. These are the children of your day, O Child of To-day. The country need not worry about the future when the children are taught in this way in the schools.

CHILD OF TO-DAY. We are taught to love our flag.

CHILD IN ASSEMBLY. Yes, yes, dear Father Time, we have seen the train of democracies; all, all giving the people, the common people, the right to speak. But does this crystal of life tell us anything of the future? What about the unrest of to-day? What is to become of our country, the great democracy, if the red flag of anarchy should ever find a place beside "Old Glory?"

FATHER TIME. Ah, yes, my child, the crystal ball reveals not only the past, but the present and the future. Any child trained as you are in your school can see the vision of the future that tells what our flag stands for now and through time and eternity.

SECOND CHILD IN ASSEMBLY. "We raise our country's flag that it may bring better blessings than those of old, and a prosperity purer and more enduring than that which it protected before; that it may inspire hope; that it may say to the sword, 'Return to thy sheath,' and to the plow and sickle, 'Go forth'; that it may heal all jealousies, unite all policies, inspire a new national life, and make this people great and strong, for the peace of the world and universal brotherhood."

SONG BY THE SCHOOL—*"America's Message,"* by Loomis and Johnstone.

(*During the singing the flags of the Allied Nations are carried in and held at attention around the American Flag.*)

FATHER TIME. Our work now, child, is to bring about world brotherhood.

THIRD CHILD IN ASSEMBLY.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of His terrible swift sword.
His truth is marching on.

"I have seen Him in the watch-fires of an hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

(*As the next stanza is recited, the Flag Captain carries the American Flag slowly up the center aisle to the front of the assembly-room. If a stage is used, carry to front of stage. The Allied Flags remain in tableau at rear.*)

"He has sounded forth a trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on."

The school sings the refrain:

"Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on!"

FLAG CAPTAIN. Let us salute our Flag! Ready! Salute!

SONG BY SCHOOL—*"The Star-Spangled Banner."*
(*The Flag Captain carries Flag back to place with Allied Flags during singing of the second stanza.*)

SONG BY THE SCHOOL:

"O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years;
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!"

(*Father Time and Child of To-day pass out, with eyes upraised, as they gaze reverently at the Flag, which is to lead them into the "Golden Future."*)



HOW A BASEBALL IS MADE

By BILLY EVANS

Baseball is the national pastime of the United States. Every red-blooded American boy plays it. Some are more proficient at it than others, but there is hardly a boy who has ever played the game but who has aspired to be a "big leaguer." Of course, there is the regulation baseball diamond, but the boys of America manage to play the grand old game on any-old-size lot. It matters not if the infield is full of stones and clinkers, the outfield full of holes and weeds, the game goes merrily on. There are, however, two most necessary requisites to play baseball: the ball and the bat. The home plate can be a piece of wood, and the bases, good-sized rocks set into the ground, but there must be a pretty fair ball and a good bat if the game is to be thoroughly enjoyed. When hard pressed for cash, the resourceful American youngster very often devises a ball that suffices, but it is pretty hard to dig up a piece of wood that will take the place of a real bat.

When I was a kid and played baseball, our team was in the seventh heaven when we managed to scrape enough money together to get a big-league ball and bat. My boy is the most popular youngster in our neighborhood. His home is regarded as the supply-station for all the games in our neck of the woods. Often, during the summer, before I have breakfast, a half-dozen boys are clamoring outside for my youngster to hurry up and bring the ball and bat. Believing baseball is a great recreation for the youngsters, I willingly keep the boys of the neighborhood in baseballs, always with the compliments of the American League. Of course, a baseball uniform is much desired, and most of the youngsters of America can somehow make their parents come across with a "unie," as they call it. Regularly each summer I purchase one for my boy, and Mrs. Evans says it is the greatest saver of linen and clothes that was ever put on the market. A good glove is eagerly sought, but, after all, the ball and the bat are the real assets of the game, so much prized by all youngsters.

I have often wondered how many boys know how big-league balls and bats are made. I had a fairly good idea of the operation, but never really appreciated the real art of making baseballs until a few years ago, when I had the very great pleasure of going through one of the big factories that manufacture big-league baseballs. Within the last ten years, rapid strides have been made in the perfection of the big-league baseball. The one that is being used to-day is just about the last word in efficiency, although a constant effort is being made further to improve it.

A piece of cork about the size of a marble is the real base of the big-league baseball. Each piece of cork is carefully examined and weighed, and must come up to certain definite requirements to pass muster with the inspector. There is, of course, a particular reason for the very close inspection that is given these very small pieces of cork. If the cork is at all faulty, it has a tendency to break when roughly used, and thereby cause the ball soon to lose its shape. Nothing so quickly makes a ball unfit for play as loss of shape.

In another part of the factory, rubber is molded into hemispheres, which are so made that they subsequently inclose the cork center. The two pieces are then vulcanized. The center of the ball, which, of course, is a most necessary part, is now ready for use. The weight of the rubber in the hemispheres, as well as the condition of the same, is given as careful inspection as the small pieces of cork. In a great measure, the liveliness of the ball comes from the cork-and-rubber center, so it is only natural that much attention should be paid to this feature in the making.

The center is then wound with wool yarn. This wool, of a particular type, is imported from Australia in the raw state in bales. It is, of course, put through the various processes of yarn-making to prepare it for the baseball. The gage of the yarn, and the tension under which it is wound, must be very exact, otherwise, the ball will exceed the proper size, and vary greatly as to its life. When the wool yarn has been carefully wound, around the cork-and-rubber center, to almost the regulation size of the ball, it is finished off with a winding of strong cotton thread. The entire surface of the ball is then given a thorough application of rubber cement, which is allowed to dry thoroughly.

The ball is now ready for the cover, which is just about as essential as any other feature in the making of the ball, if not more so. All the covers of big-league balls are sewn by hand. That is an interesting fact. The covers are made of horse-hide, which is in preparation for at least sixteen weeks before being used.

The sewers work with awl and the strongest cotton thread, and do wonderfully perfect work. It is a rare thing for a big-league ball to be discarded because of faulty stitching of the cover. Before being placed in the box and sealed, the ball is carefully weighed and calipered, so that the weight and size will be absolutely perfect.

Some of the details that enter into the making of a ball are very interesting. The cover measures approximately twenty-five square inches, and is cut with special dies. Only the very best part of the horse-hide is used. The length of the blue-and-white wool-yarn windings used in each ball, if stretched out in a single string, would measure nearly a quarter of a mile. At one time a solid rubber center was used in all big-league baseballs. It sounds rather ridiculous to say that the use of too much rubber in a ball had a tendency to deaden it, but such was really the case. Experiments covering several years proved that the introduction of a small piece of cork into the center of what had previously been a solid piece of rubber, produced a far better ball in every respect. It was much more lively, far easier to throw with accuracy, and tended to hold its shape much better. The cork-center ball produced more batting at a time when the public were tiring of too many pitcher's battles. So much for the baseball.

What about the bat? Every boy who has ever played baseball was always fussy about his bat. He would spend hours in a store trying out bats, before finally selecting one that came up to his requirements. The big-league ball players are the "limit" on that point. Most of them have their own models, and have several dozen turned up at a time, which are just the weight, just the length, and just the shape desired by them. Some are so cranky about their favorite bats that they would not for a minute tolerate the use of them by any other player. I have often seen big-league stars all but weep when some favorite bat was broken. I have known players so to worry over the loss of a bat, which they, of course, believed largely responsible for their good hitting, that they would fall into a serious batting slump.

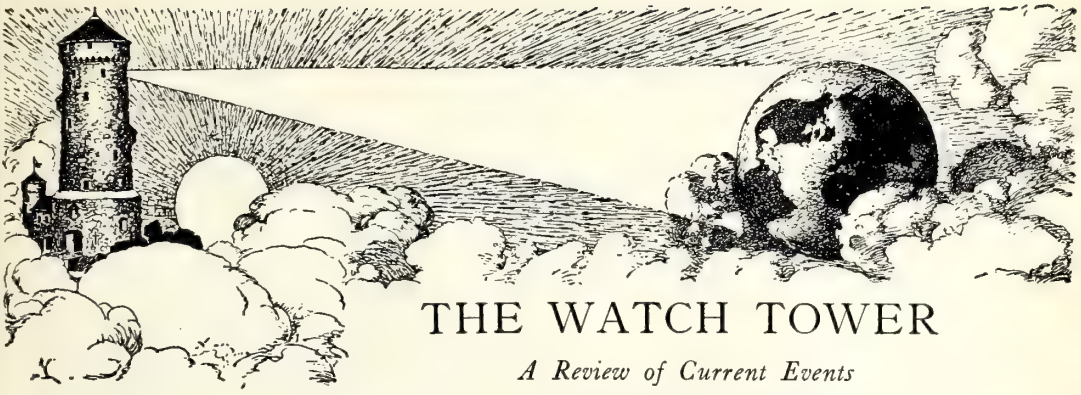
Most of the timber for baseball bats comes from the woods of Michigan. The searcher for baseball timber constantly has his eye on the lookout for second-growth white ash.

Few people realize the many operations that are necessary properly to turn out a bat. From the time the rough wood is placed on the lathe, it goes through eleven distinct operations before it is finished. The first three or four operations are the same in the manufacture of all bats. The later operations, which conform the bat into the requirements desired, are different. The trees are first cut into bolts and sawed into squares by mill men, specially employed for this purpose. This stock, when sawed, is shipped to the bat factory, where the process of inspecting for quality and grades of stock begins. Only about ten per cent. of this stock will grade into the highest quality bats. After the inspection has been made, the stock is piled according to grades and allowed to season for one year at least. Thoroughly seasoned stock, as it comes into the factory, is first cut to the length for the model required. After turning on the lathes, the bats are again rigidly inspected and sorted. Only the very finest stock is used to make the high-class bats.

WHAT THE LITTLE BIRD SAID

By HARRIET WINTON DAVIS

I'd been feeling so lonesome and sad all day,
For Mama and Papa had both gone away;
And then Evelina, my best doll of all,
Had smashed on the pavement when I let her fall.
I could n't help crying—I did feel so sad
To sit there and think of the troubles I had;
When suddenly, right from our big maple-tree,
I heard something calling so sweetly to me:
"Why, dearie, be cheery, be cheery, be cheery!"
Just over and over, "Be cheery, my dearie!"
It sounded so loving,—that sweet little rhyme,—
His calling me "Dearie," and trying each time
To encourage me, too! So I listened until
The bird flew away, and then all was quite still;
But somehow I did n't feel sad any more,
And things did not seem half so bad as before.
So I have decided that I 'll try to be
A comfort to others, as he was to me;
And whenever I see people sorry and sad,
I 'll just say something cheery to make them feel glad.



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

INCURABLY CHEERFUL!

SOMEBODY once said that a pessimist was a man who had met an optimist. It really is tiresome to meet a fellow who 's always trying to see a bright side to everything; it 's the *trying* that bothers you.

Please don't think THE WATCH TOWER is going to tell you that sunshine comes out of black clouds—though indeed that would be a better mistake to make than to stand in the sunlight and gloomily declare that it 's dark. What THE WATCH TOWER has to say is that some cheerful rays are managing to break through the gray sky. That 's just a matter of fact and observation.

If THE WATCH TOWER chooses to add a prediction that it won't be so very long before the weather clears up quite unmistakably—why, you can laugh now, but I tell you, young ladies and gentlemen, it will be my turn soon.

I believe in the good sense and good humor of Americans. I believe that if we are always going to think we are in trouble, we 'll get there; and if we keep thinking that we are going to solve our problems, we 'll solve 'em *right!* And I believe that 's just what this nation has set out to do—which means, of course, that that is what is going to be done, quite quickly.

When any one can prove that belief wrong, this will no longer be America.

THE LAST MONTH OF SCHOOL

JUNE—the month of final examinations and commencement. Vacation time is just around the corner. Is n't it sad?

Every time that June comes and senior classes graduate and the others move up, it means that America has gone ahead a step. Thousands of boys and girls have left school to go out into the offices and shops, into all the kinds of work that men and women do for a living. Many others go on to college. In one way or another, every one of them assumes a position of more importance in the scheme of things.

Education is preparation for life. The more you get out of it, as we say, the more there will be, in your life, of enjoyment and power.

The world has been pretty well shaken up these last few years, and now, as always after such an experience, there is special need of the good things that ought to come out of education. There is need, in practical affairs, of the power to think clearly, to measure values accurately, and to act intelligently. There is still greater need, just now, of the finer things that come to you from the world's best books, where the wit-and-wisdom of the ages is stored up.

Education is not complete if it does not include, in addition to the Three R's, the materials of culture. At the end of this school year you ought to have more appreciation than you had a year ago of the things that make life beautiful as well as comfortable. You ought to know a little more about the worth and meaning of beautiful paintings, and music, and literature.

You ought to be, in 1920, better able than you were in 1919 to compare the value of coin and culture. You ought to be richer not only in your equipment of facts, but in your ability to use them; not only in knowledge, but in reasoning power. If you are, it 's good for you—and good for America.

And, you know, you can prefer good books to trashy ones, sound thinking to thoughtlessness, music to jazz, and beautiful pictures to the Comic Section—and still not be a prig or a poke! It 's just a matter of going in for quality, and a bit more of that won't hurt America any, right now.

ARE THESE THE DYING KICKS OF THE STRIKE MONSTER?

IN April there was a queer, and mighty inconvenient, outbreak on the part of railroad men. It was queer because it was impossible to tell at first what was back of it all. Thousands of men quit work, and the heads of the railroad organizations pledged their word that they had not ordered the action. It was inconvenient, because commutation trains stopped, through trains ceased to get through, and freight and express shipments were held up.

The third week of April saw the strikers beginning to get back to their jobs. It was a bit discouraging when the business men began to run their own trains in from the suburban towns, for one thing. For another, it became apparent that the driving force of the movement came from agitators and discontented preachers of destruction, and most of the men had too much sense to be used as cat's-paws.

In Chicago, however, the affair looked like an organized rebellion against the great national organizations, and the switchmen, led by Mr. John Grunau, held out. Mr. Grunau declared that he detested I. W. W. methods, loved law and order, and had "all the respect in the world" for the United States Government.

The disorders of the last fifteen months or so followed the war as naturally as smoke comes from a conflagration. There 's a messy job it will go faster as we all get to thinking together and working together.

The strike monster, in his mad cavorting, has got pretty near to The Limit; and so has his brother, Giant Profiteering. Both seem likely to meet the fate of the toad in the fable, who puffed himself up and admired his size until—he exploded.

THE CONFERENCE OF THE PREMIERS

THE "big" stories in April, aside from the reports of domestic troubles, came from San Remo, in Italy, where the Allies conferred upon international problems. Topics that came up were: preservation of the friendly relations of England and France; the policy to be followed in dealing with Germany; Fiume, Armenia, and Turkey. The Conference of the Premiers carried on the work of the Peace Council; and it was surprising enough to see in how many instances the prime ministers appeared to be merely going back to where they had been a couple of months ago.

Premier Nitti of Italy, and Foreign Minister Trumbitch of Jugoslavia got together on an agreement about Fiume, for example, which practically adopts President Wilson's plan of making the Fiume district a "buffer state," leaving to Italy naval control of the Adriatic, and giving Jugoslavia an open way for its commerce.



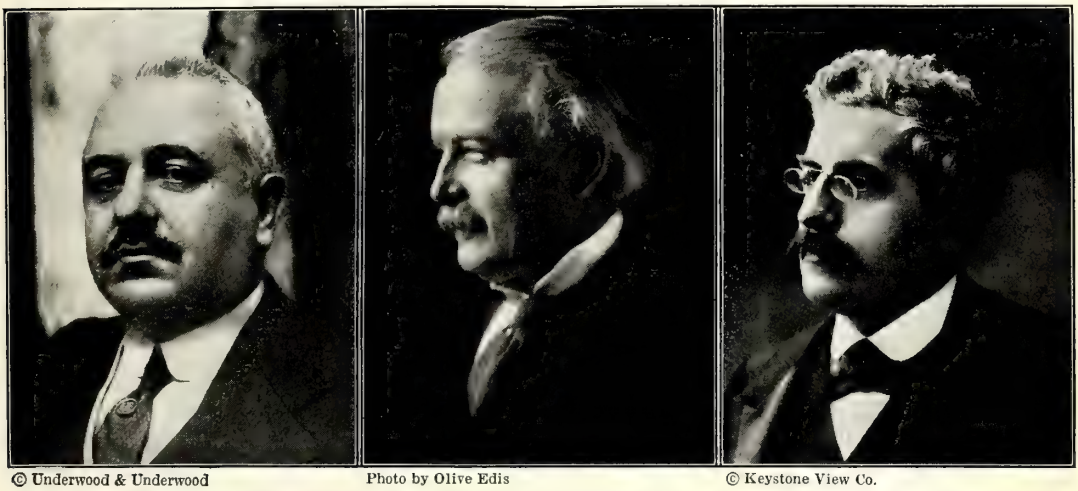
Wide World Photos

BUSINESS AND FORMER SERVICE MEN AS VOLUNTEER FIREMEN DURING THE "OUTLAW" RAILROAD STRIKE

getting the place clear before the builders can start in. America, like the rest of the world, can't be quite the same as it was before the war. Getting reorganized is slow business, but

For some time, too, it had seemed as though Germany were to gain by dissension among the Allies—or at least, their indecision as to terms. At the San Remo conference it began to look

as though there would be less readiness to let Germany off with a smaller war bill than either England or France or Italy or America paid, and to permit her to retain an army organization which would furnish a nucleus for any possible attempt to resume the hostile



© Underwood & Underwood — PREMIER NITTI

Photo by Olive Edis — PREMIER LLOYD GEORGE

© Keystone View Co. — PREMIER MILLERAND

plan of the big Prussian *mis*leaders of 1914.

In April, too, the United States formally recognized the de facto Government of the Armenian Republic, following the example set by Great Britain, France, and Italy in January. Uncle Sam made it clear, though, that the fixing of boundaries for the new republic was to be held open.

You will read this in June, and by that time it ought to be quite easy to say whether or not we are right in thinking, in April, that this poor old world is beginning to recover from the jolt Germany gave it, and is moving forward. A staggering advance, perhaps; but still, a forward movement.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN "FIELD OF HONOR"

A DISPATCH from Montevideo, dated April 24, brought the news that the president of Uruguay had challenged the director of a Montevideo newspaper to a duel. Not long ago an ex-president of the same republic killed in a duel an editor of the same newspaper.

As history measures time, it is not so very long since Americans settled their quarrels on "the field of honor," and of course you remember how Alexander Hamilton died. To us now, however, it seems like tragedy mixed with a joke when two gentlemen can find satisfaction in such a "settlement"—which, of course, can settle nothing except the comparative skill of the two principals with weapons.

There is a lot of talk about the cultivation of friendly relations between the two Americas—and we hope every good bit of it may come true. But the problem is deeper than the facts of commerce! The differences are greater than those between our method and their method of, say, packing goods. Disregarding these differences will hinder, not help, the program of friendliness.

NO STRADDLING!

THE United States ought to be either in the League of Nations, or out of it—don't you think? We can't straddle across the doorsill, with one foot in the council chamber and the other outside.

The idea applies, of course, not only to sessions of the League Council, but to European affairs in general. It is n't comfortable to be hot on one side and cold on the other. If we are going to avoid the burden of international responsibilities and consider all close relations to be entangling alliances, how can we expect to enjoy the privileges of participation in international councils?

We have n't signed the Peace Treaty. Can we expect England, France, and Italy to care what we think about the means and manner of enforcing it? Or what we would like to see done with Turkey? Or what we have to say about the indemnity to be paid by Germany?

It is to be hoped that the party candidates in the Presidential election in November will take sides very clearly in this matter, so that the voting will show just where this nation wants to stand.

Read the daily reports of the conventions!

LET 'S WEAR OVERALLS—AND UP GOES THE PRICE OF DENIM!

TOPSYTURVY times—when the laborer dons the garb of dukes and the laborer's wife arrays herself in silk and fine linen, while aristocrats put on cotton and calico, and preachers and professors, office managers and clerks ask the price of overalls.

A Cleveland judge appears in court in a jumper suit, and a congressman attends a session of the House of Representatives, in a workman's decent uniform of blue.

Overall clubs are formed. Overall parades are planned. Protesting persons, wearying of talk, boycott the tailor and buy overalls. There 's a philosophy of clothes, you know. (Have you read "Sartor Resartus"?) All this means something, as they say. It 's a bit frantic, perhaps; but it 's not entirely foolish. And it can't be stopped by jumping denim up to two dollars a yard! Back of the freakish demonstrations is an Idea—and ideas die hard. It 's the idea that dawns when *populus Americanus* wakes out of a nightmare, and finds he 's been "gone through" in his sleep.



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JUDGE ALVIN M. DOUGLASS, OF ALABAMA, PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST OVERALL CLUB IN AMERICA

For one thing, a little enforced wearing of simple clothes will teach some folks the foolishness of putting all their money on their backs, and leaving little for their stomachs and nothing for the inside of their heads.

An overall rig, as you know, is mighty comfortable wearing. The fad will probably not last very long nor go very far, but it may have some lasting effect in encouraging the democratic simplicity of which we used to boast.

As many members of Overall Clubs are taking a pledge which includes a promise to work to bring about fair prices, a force is being generated which will put some check upon unreasonable charges. The Overall has become a symbol of Freedom.

BELOW THE BORDER

THOSE restless people beyond the Rio Grande spent the month of April in their favorite pastime, civil war. General Salvador Alvarado, who used to be Governor of Yucatan, visiting Washington as the representative of General Obregon, leader of the rebellion in Sonora, predicted speedy triumph for Obregon and the Progressive party. He said that the discontent in Mexico was "so intense and so general" that the Federal Government could not stand against it.

Would it seem to you trivial or unreasonable to say that it must be a remarkably "intense and general" discontent that can unite in one purpose a majority of the people of Mexico?

General Alvarado accused President Carranza of using corrupt methods for his own advantage, and of neglecting the reforms for which the Progressive party had supported him since 1913. He said that Sonora had no intention of seceding, and that the present trouble was "purely domestic, not prejudicial in any way to foreign interests."

"The Progressive party," he said, "intends to carry out in Mexico the political and administrative reforms so necessary to solve the economic and social problems. These reforms consist in the organization of an administration upon a scientific basis of efficiency and economic order, to be able to develop agriculture, commerce, and industry, to exploit the enormous natural resources of the country, as well as with a view to creating the economic well-being and educational facilities for the betterment of the condition of the people."

The former Governor of Yucatan described the Progressive party as made up of "young men, energetic and educated, who desire to organize the government on a basis of absolute morality and perfect harmony with the economic interests of other countries, especially the United States, for reasons of neighborhood."

However this new chapter of history may turn out, you can't find much fault with this statement from General Alvarado as a platform and program!

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

THE Interchurch World Movement "drive" in the last week of April was the beginning of a canvass intended to raise more than a billion dollars in the next five years, of which $336,-

777,572 is expected to be forthcoming this year. The 1920 budget is divided as follows: Foreign missions, $107,661,488; home missions, $109,949,037; American education, $78,837,431; American religious education, $5,931,925; American ministerial pensions and relief, $20,510,299, and "miscellaneous," $8,770,927. The management of the campaign keeps a force of 1800 clerks busy in the central office, at New York. Many a dime and dollar in that hoped for billion will come from Young America.

NEW JERSEY does business with two great cities, New York and Philadelphia, from each of which she is separated by a river. The State Legislature has been debating investment of public funds in a bridge over the Delaware and a traffic tunnel under the Hudson. It seemed, when this WATCH TOWER was written, that the State would probably devote a large sum to these projects; the difficulty arose over the choice of means of raising the annual payment required. Some day, far in the future, New York and Philadelphia may merge in one enormous city, reaching all the way across Jersey. Then the State will cease to be a suburb.

AND while we are speaking of growing populations, just look at the thriving town of Akron, in Ohio. Its present population of 208,435 is a 200 per cent. increase over the figures of 1910. This is said to be the greatest advance shown in the Fourteenth Census, and places Akron next to St. Paul, which has 234,595, and ahead of Kansas City, Dayton, Memphis, Nashville, Syracuse, and Albany, which used to outrank it in size. Incidentally, we don't recall having heard of many serious disturbances of the public peace in Akron!

THE New York State Assembly passed a bill which, if it were to become law, would prevent members of the Socialist Party from voting. Disregarding for the moment the merits or demerits of such legislation, the mere fact of its existence is startling. Party organization used to be a public enterprise free of governmental regulation. Nominations were made in caucuses or conventions. But now the State controls the nominating primaries just as it does the final elections. If the Socialist Party seeks not merely to improve the administration of our Government, but to remove it in favor of another form, and if members of the party are pledged to place party allegiance above any other obligations of citizenship—then the question arises: Can such things be permitted in the name of American freedom, or ought those who take such pledges to be permitted either to vote or to hold office? Germany permitted her people to take the oath of allegiance to other Governments, on becoming citizens of other countries—and still to retain their German citizenship. Such arrangements are more dangerous than loose dynamite. They put honest people in great and constant peril.

THERE were two great days in April: the fourteenth, when the baseball season opened, and the nineteenth, when Massachusetts celebrated Patriot's Day, the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington. And, of course, as we always seem to start our wars in the month of showers, there were some other military anniversaries.



Wide World Photos

CHILDREN OF PUBLIC SCHOOL 15, TAKING THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG DURING "FIFTH AVENUE WEEK"

QUEER SEED-PODS

Our western deserts are the homes of many odd forms of life. The peculiar qualities of the climate force the plants and animals that choose, or are condemned, to live there to take on peculiar habits. The two pictures we reproduce show how strange are some of Nature's devices for protecting her precious seeds.

About the time when the American colonies on our eastern shores were "girding up their loins" for the great struggle for freedom, a brave explorer, who is seldom heard of, was wandering over the wild country of the far West. He was a Spanish priest, Fray Francisco Hermenegildo Garcés by name. At that time, Spain claimed all the vast territory that is now occupied by our western and Pacific States, to speak in general terms; but she knew hardly anything about the region. It had scarcely been penetrated by white men, and all that was known was that it was largely desert, inhabited by many tribes of savages, and intersected by a great river. Fray Garcés spent many years of his life in exploring this region, traveling afoot from tribe to tribe and winning their confidence by the simplicity with which he shared their rough living.



MARTYNIA AND SEED-PODS

In his diary he noted, at a point in what is now known as the Colorado Desert, that he had just found a tree that bore screws. The description is apt enough, as one can see by a glance at the second picture. The tree is a mesquite (mes-keet). There are two kinds: one, *Prosopis glandulosa,* bears a long narrow pod of the ordinary shape; the other, *Prosopis pubescens,* bears what are really also pods, but twisted into this perfect resemblance to screws. (Our picture is about half life-size.) The pods of both kinds are very nutritious and are eaten greedily by cattle and horses, as well as, to some extent, by the Indians of the desert. In my own travels about the region my horse often had to rely on these "screw-beans," as they are called, for fodder, and appeared to enjoy and thrive upon them.

The other picture shows a smaller plant, an "annual"—that is, one that grows each year afresh from seed. It is the *Martynia,* and is a rank-growing, weedy-looking thing, but bearing a beautiful blossom, like some kind of orchid. (It can be seen at the top of the stem, near the middle of the circle of leaves.) The seed-vessel is astonishingly large for the size of the plant, often fully ten inches long. The dark, curved object in the picture is a full-grown fresh pod, and the lighter, forked one is another pod that has ripened and split open and shed its seeds—white, rough, flattish things that look like some queer sort of beetle.



SEED-VESSELS OF THE SCREW-BEAN MESQUITE

The young pods are good to eat and are sometimes pickled; and an Indian tells me that he and his boy friends used to chew the seeds, which are rather sweet. White people call it unicorn-plant, or elephant's-trunk, or devil's claw. The second name seems to me the best.

The Indian women sometimes use the pods in making their wonderful baskets. But the cleverest use they put them to is for mending their jars, or ollas (ó-yas) when broken. The long thin hooks of the dry pod are exceedingly strong and very springy, almost like fine spring steel. The women bore holes in the broken pieces of pottery, and these claws, hooked into the holes, hold the parts together.

Of all Nature's cunning devices for getting seeds spread about, I think this is one of the cleverest. The hooks are just of the size to encircle a horse's or cow's hoof, and once

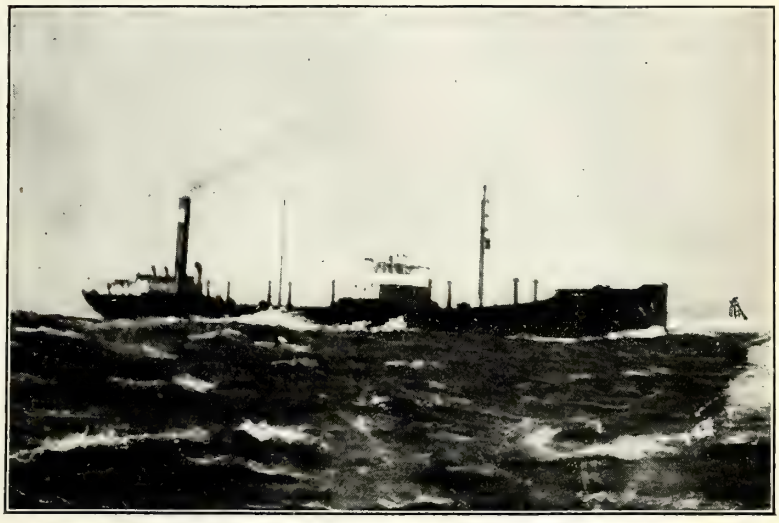
there, they grip like a bracelet and can only be got off by using two hands and pulling the springs apart. They easily get caught in the tail or mane also, when the animal lies down, and are quite hard to untangle. Thus they are often carried for long distances, while the seeds are being gradually shaken out.

J. Smeaton Chase.

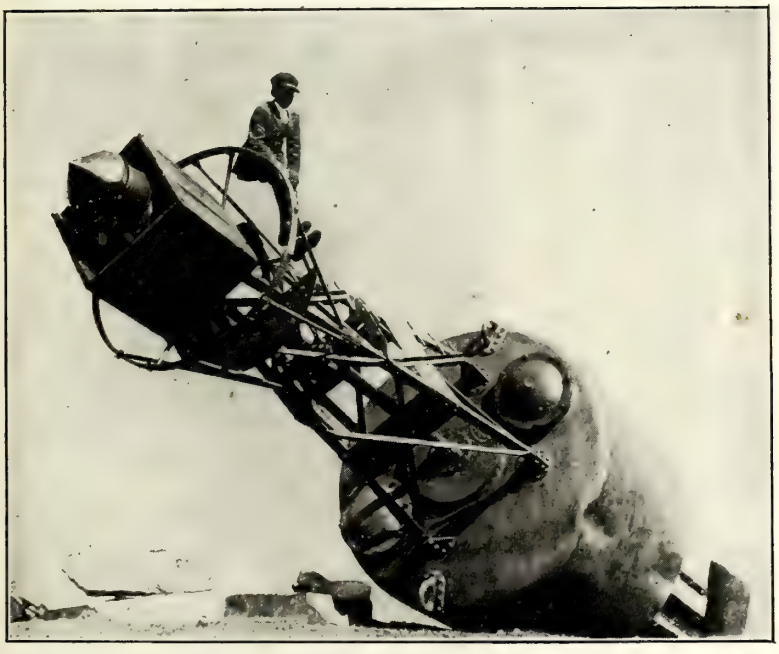
A VERY LONELY B'OY

Perhaps you might like to know about a very lonely b'oy, who has not a soul to play with; and truly, he has a rough and weary time of it in this green world of ours.

He is some b'oy, too! For truth to tell, he is a large and gleaming deep-sea *buoy,* and his home, or rather his station, is out beyond the turbulent waters that mark the frothy white shoals of bleak Cape Cod. There, some miles at sea off those treacherous and ever-shifting sands, this faithful buoy is anchored by its long stout chain, that, in turn, is made fast on the sea bottom to a heavy anchor which looks the shape of an extra-large, opened umbrella, or, better still, a giant mushroom. In fact, it is so much so like the latter, that it is known to all men of the sea as a "mushroom anchor." Thus securely made fast, the buoy tosses on its station through many a stormy day and night, week in and week out, summer and winter, the year around, alone in a watery world of its own. Yet the buoy more than does his part in the work of the world, for there the huge ships, deep laden with coal and sugar and other necessaries, come or go, truly guided on their course by the buoy's gleaming flash and its deep-throated, friendly voice.



"THE HUGE SHIPS, DEEPLY LADEN, COME OR GO"



"HE IS SOME B'OY, TOO!"

For, yes, the buoy, for all it is made of iron, has a voice—or perhaps it would be better to say, a whistle. And quite an odd thing about it is that it is the waves of the ocean which blow the whistle. For every time a sea-green, rolling billow tries to toss the buoy skyward on a combing white crest, the good old buoy settles back on its anchor chain, and in so doing, the air is



Photograph by the U. S. Geological Survey

THE DEVIL'S POST-PILE NATIONAL MONUMENT, CALIFORNIA

forced up through the long iron tube that hangs beneath and into the whistle itself, and at intervals of a minute or two sounds the weird *"Ow-oo-o";* while regularly, every minute or so, at its tip, its winking light flashes out brightly on the inky blackness of the night. The light itself is a gaslight worked by a mechanical device, and burns day and night the year round. The gas is supplied by the lighthouse tenders or supply-boats, which charge the buoy at necessary intervals.

So in summer seas or winter gales, the buoy, ever faithful, sends forth its message to guide the brave and hardy toilers of the deep.

WILLIAM R. MCDOWELL.

THE DEVIL'S POST-PILE

OUT in the ancient lava-fields of California, about thirty miles southeast of Yosemite Valley, there is a basalt formation belonging in the same class as the Giant's Causeway of Ireland and Fingal's Cave of Scotland. Some early explorer, impressed with the huge, upstanding columns of rock and the mass of broken fragments heaped up at their base, called it the Devil's Post-pile. This name, which has a crude fitness, was fixed by Congress when it created this formation the Devil's Post-pile National Monument, on July 6, 1911.

This leads me to remark that his Satanic Majesty has acquired considerable property



THE POST-PILE FROM A CAMP BELOW IT

in the United States. He now has title to quantities of gardens all over the country; several lakes and rivers; a whole ridge in Texas; a tower in Wyoming; a causeway in Colorado; a slide and a gate in Utah; the post-pile and a gulch in California; an inkstand and a kitchen in Yellowstone Park; and up in Idaho he has gone into partnership with six other friends and filed on the Seven Devils Mountains, along Snake River.

Originally the causeway, the cave, and this post-pile were lava flows of considerable thickness. As these masses of molten rock cooled, they separated into hundreds of thousands of columns by the forces of contraction. These columns were mostly six sided, and stood roughly perpendicular to the surface of the ground. They are not crystals in any sense of the word. The Palisades of the Hudson and the Rhine are of similar origin, as are other palisade formations all over the world.

In the Giant's Causeway and Fingal's Cave, ocean waves have taken a hand. In the former, they have broken off the columns so that the six-sided tops form a gigantic flight of steps leading up out of the sea. In the latter, the waves have eroded a vast system of caverns. But in the Devil's Post-pile the columns have broken up under the attack of the weather, and fragments lie heaped up like cord-wood on the slope beneath.

GEORGE BURBANK SHATTUCK.

A CORRECTION

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In an article under the title "The Most Powerful Engine in the World," published in the November issue of ST. NICHOLAS, the following statements appear:

"It (referring to a 100,000 horse-power steam turbine) can supply enough power to drive fifty limited express-trains at the rate of sixty miles an hour. It could lift every man, woman, and child in New York City at the rate of 400 feet a minute. It can generate enough electricity to light a line of electric lamps spaced fifty feet apart and encircling the world at the equator."

Now let us take a look at the facts in the case. A locomotive pulling a limited express-train at the rate of fifty miles an hour would develop not to exceed 1,000 horse-power so that a 100,000 horse-power turbine would supply power enough to run one hundred such trains, instead of fifty, as stated in the article.

Assuming that there are not more than 5,000,000 people in New York City and that their average weight is seventy pounds; to lift them all at the rate of 400 feet per minute would require 140,000,000,000 foot pounds. As one horse-power is equal to 33,000 foot pounds, then the 140,000,000,000 divided by 33,000 or 4,242,424 would be the horse-power required to do the work. According to these figures this would take more than forty 100,000 horse-power turbines.

To place a string of lamps fifty feet apart and encircling the earth at the equator would require 2,640,000 lamps. Theoretically, this quantity of lamps could be lit with the energy produced by 100,000 horse-power, provided each lamp did not exceed twenty-five watts in consumption of current. However, strung out fifty feet apart, and the turbine and generator placed in the middle, so that the farthest lamp would not be more than 12,500 miles away, the current loss through leakage would be so great that the whole of the lamps could not be lighted with all the imaginable power known to man. Furthermore, I doubt if the world could supply enough copper to make the mains and feed-wires.

A turbine has neither cylinders nor spindle. The outer part is known as the casing, and the revolving part, the rotor.

Trusting that you will take this criticism in the spirit in which it is intended, I remain,

Very truly yours, S. A. HAND,
Associate Editor, "The American Machinist."

To this letter, the author of the article responded as follows:

I FIND that your correspondent is quite correct in stating that I made the lifting power of this turbine too great. Through a misplaced decimal point I made the speed with which it could lift the given weight ten times more than it should be, and I regret that I made ST. NICHOLAS a means of perpetrating this error.

As regards the number of trains the turbine could pull, the expression "limited express-train" is too vague to argue seriously as to whether fifty or one hundred such trains could be handled.

As to the circle of lamps around the world, this illustration was used to assist in visualizing a quantity, and the fact that the lamps could not be either installed or lighted is beside the point.

As to my knowledge of nomenclature of turbines, I have been actively associated with the manufacture of turbines for the past ten years, and feel that I am fairly well informed as to the names of their parts. Mr. Hand's terms are most strictly correct, but I preferred to use others in the article.

Very sincerely yours, WILLIAM H. EASTON,
Publicity Division
—— Electric and Manufacturing Company.

The above correspondence took place a few months ago, and would have appeared in an earlier issue of ST NICHOLAS but for the upheaval and confusion attending the printers' strike of last winter.

We are sorry that misstatements seem to have crept into the article referred to; and in order that none of our young readers who love mechanics should be led astray, we suggest that they reread the contribution in our November number and compare the text that Mr. Hand challenges with the statements in his letter.

We are grateful to our friendly critic, and unreservedly agree with his comment that "writers on technical subjects should be sure of their facts, and especially when writing for young folk."

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

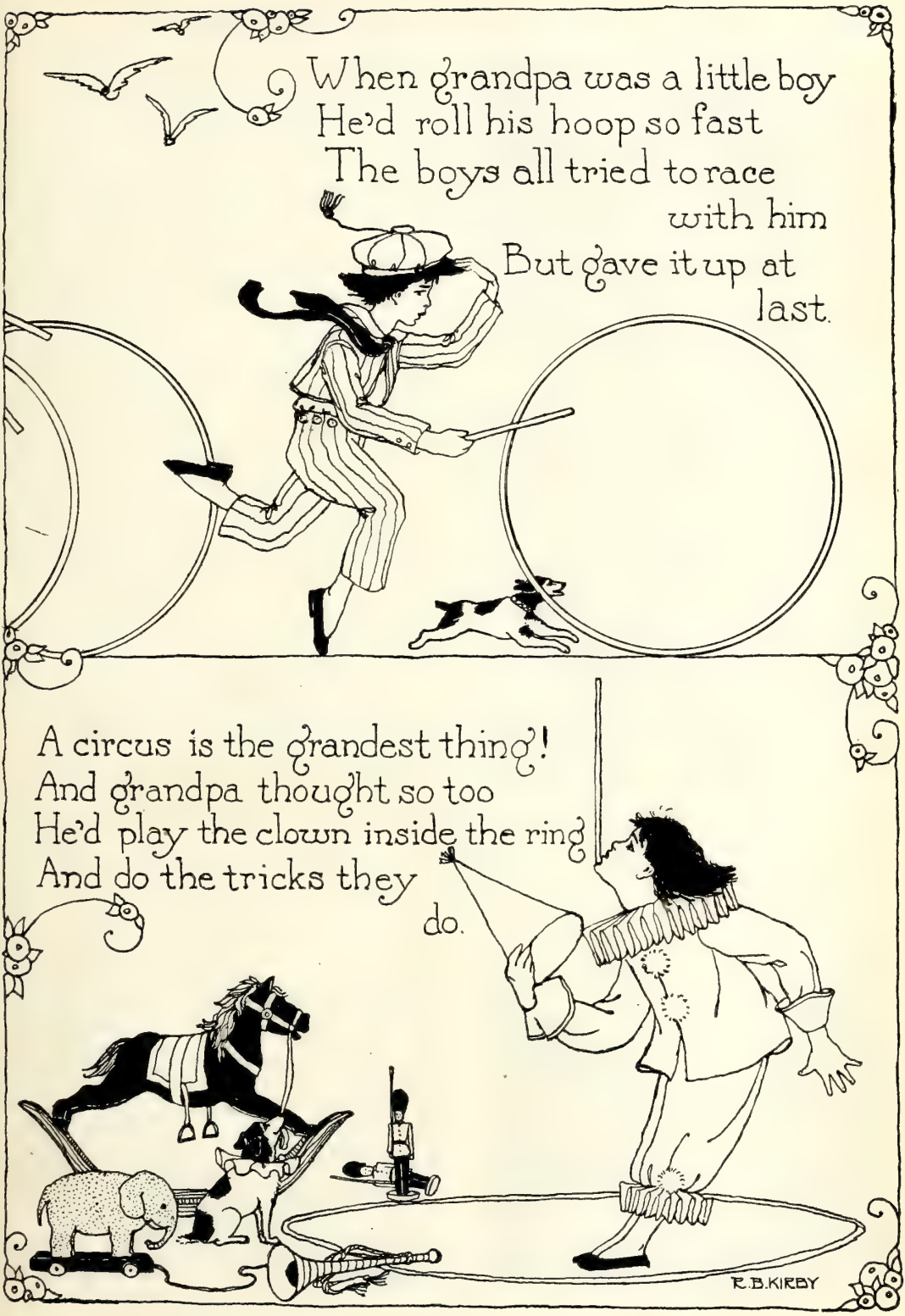


Just Like You!

When grandma
was a little girl
She used
to run and play
And
beg for cookies
just the same
As
you do every day.

When grandma
went to bed at night
She took her dollies too
Before she slept she
hugged them tight
The way you
always do.

R.B.KIRBY


When grandpa was a little boy
He'd roll his hoop so fast
The boys all tried to race with him
But gave it up at last.
A circus is the grandest thing!
And grandpa thought so too
He'd play the clown inside the ring
And do the tricks they do.
R.B.KIRBY

St. Nicholas League



"IN THE OPEN." BY GRACE HOLBERT, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MAY 1920)

You have all been told, again and again, by parents and teachers, that there are many kinds of courage; and when we began to examine the mass of prose contributions received this month, it seemed as if almost *every* kind of courage would be represented! For included in the exhibit were numerous specimens of famous stories of real characters in history; fanciful stories of ghosts and haunted houses; stories of danger and daring in the "No-Man's Land" of the great world-war; stories of thrilling rescues by young heroes and heroines of helpless ones in peril of fire, drowning, or other imminent deadly risks; "Boy-Scouts," "Camp-fire Girls," and "Girl-Scout" stories; legendary exploits well recounted, such as those of "Lancelot of the Lake" and "Horatius at the Bridge"; signal acts of bravery in sudden emergencies; adventures with real or imaginary burglars; and stories of comical happenings to men or boys—or dogs! Then, too, there was the moral courage which enables a boy or girl to brave the ridicule or taunts of schoolmates and the wrath of their instructors, or to take upon themselves all the blame for some thoughtless freak or misadventure of every-day school life; and finally, there were those memorable deeds of self-sacrificing devotion that put us all in debt to their victims, as with those heroic young doctors who willingly yielded up their lives to the yellow-fever mosquito in order that their fellow-beings might be freed forever from that dread disease. And each and all fitted perfectly the title we assigned for the competition—"A Test of Courage."

But there is plenty of variety, too, in the points of view from which our young verse-writers have paid tribute to *their* theme, "When Roses Bloom," and lovers of poetry will admire and enjoy the lyrics here presented. As for the pictorial battalion, it has given us great cause for rejoicing in the beautiful and timely photographs and drawings that adorn these June pages of THE LEAGUE.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 243

(In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.)

PROSE. Silver Badges, **Floy Jane Norwood** (age 15), Texas; **May W. Wilson** (age 13), Illinois; **Katherine F. Hicks** (age 12), Illinois; **Edna Peterson** (age 16), New York; **Mary Virginia Hailey** (age 11), Ohio; **Helen H. Thompson** (age 14), Illinois; **Emily Buttingham** (age 11), New Jersey.

VERSE. Gold Badges, **Ruth Burns** (age 13), California; **Mary Ellen Goodnow** (age 14), Kentucky; **Caroline L. Whyland** (age 14), New York; Silver Badges, **Margaret Mackprang** (age 12), Nebraska; **Archie J. Richardson** (age 15), Minnesota; **Dorothy M. Gervan** (age 14), New York.

DRAWINGS. Silver Badges, **Janet Demarest** (age 12), New Jersey; **Helen S. Johnson** (age 12), Missouri; **Herbert Wernimont** (age 16), Minnesota.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badges, **Grace Holbert** (age 15), New York; **Eleanor Fox** (age 11), New York; Silver Badges, **E. K. Graves** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Katherine C. Ash** (age 12), Minnesota; **Margaret Pickstone** (age 14), California; **Florence Strickland** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Letitia Lewis** (age 14), North Dakota; **Alice Bragdon** (age 11), Illinois.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver Badge, **Frances Hankinson** (age 13), New York.



BY E. K. GRAVES, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)



BY CLARENCE B. BRADDOCK, AGE 10.

"IN THE OPEN."

WHEN ROSES BLOOM.

BY RUTH BURNS (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September,* 1919)

Oh, rose-time is play-time,
And June was made for joy,
And the thrill of youth swells through the heart
Of every girl and boy.

And rose-time is bird-time,
And through the quiv'ring air
Pours liquid wooing—ardent, yet
Soft as a reverent prayer.

Oh, rose-time is love-time,
When all the world 's a-tune,
And the sweetest time in all the year,
Is rose-time, love-time—June!

A TEST OF COURAGE.

BY FLOY JANE NORWOOD (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

Last summer I visited my grandparents in the country, and I had a most wonderful time going with Grandfather about the farm, and riding the horses. There was one horse of which Grandfather was very proud, but he had an unpleasant habit of stepping to one side whenever any one tried to mount; therefore one would fall on this side of him, without reaching the saddle, which of course made one feel very foolish indeed. Hence it was considered a great test of courage for any one to try to mount him in the presence of others.

One day, Grandmother was entertaining the "Dorcas Sewing Society" on her broad front piazza, and all the women were working with very nimble fingers and more nimble tongues. I had just started to serve Grandmother's famous dandelion wine and seed-cakes, when Grandfather came toward the house leading Beauty.

"Now, ladies," he said, making an elaborate bow, "you shall see me mount this famous horse at one attempt."

With that he gave a great leap, allowing for the step that Beauty always made, but for once, that clever horse failed to step aside, and Grandfather went over the saddle and "bit the dust" on the other side. His "test of courage" failed.

A TEST OF COURAGE.

BY MAY W. WILSON (AGE 13)

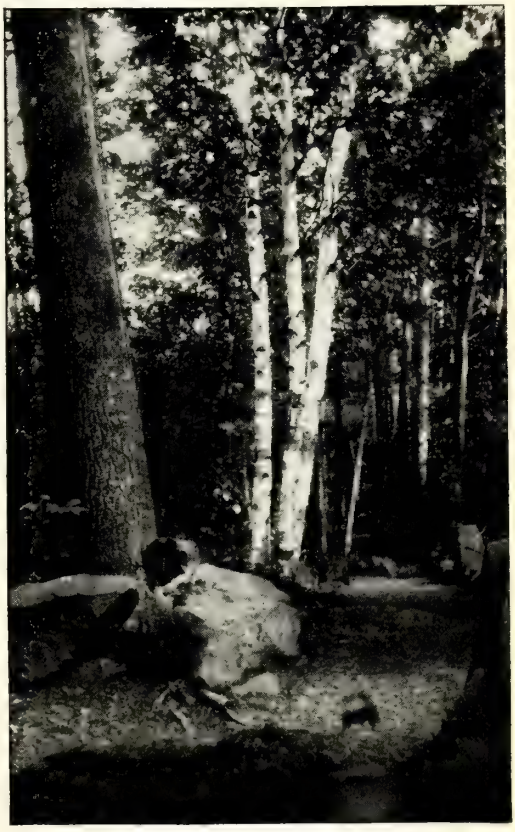
(*Silver Badge*)

Mickey was a brown Irish terrier, with a heart much bigger than that of most human beings and a brain of intelligence almost equal to a man's.

Mickey had been thrown on his own resources when a mere pup by the drowning of his mother in a big creek, with a number of his brothers and sisters. All of his short life, consequently, had been spent in wandering about the city, dependent mainly on garbage-cans for his food.

One summer morning Mickey set off in search of food and adventure, when he saw, coming down the street opposite, his old enemy the dog-catcher. He also saw, coming directly toward him, a policeman who had once almost captured him as a city nuisance.

Mickey stopped dead still when he saw them both coming toward him. Then, without a warning, he sprang into the center of the street in front of a rapidly approaching motor-car. The car stopped to avoid running over him, and, as it did so, the "cop" glanced at the number. It was one for which he had been warned to be on the lookout. He took it to the station, and Mickey also. "An', by gosh!" he confided to his brother cops, "if it had n't been for the purp I 'd 'a' never seen it at all." Which is how Mickey won a place in the hearts of the men and an excellent home in the police station.



"IN THE OPEN." BY KATHERINE C. ASH, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)

WHEN ROSES BLOOM.

BY MARGARET MACKPRANG (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

'T is June-time, when the roses bloom—
The time of year I like the best!
The sky 's bright blue, and in the trees
Each bird sings gaily in its nest.

The cherry boughs are drest in white;
The sweet peas, pinks, and hollyhocks
Do mingle, in my garden small,
With poppies, mignonette and phlox.

In this old-fashion'd garden dwells
The rose—the fairest flower! There 's white
And yellow, pink and red. The scent
Is loveliest at night.

Vacation comes with summer-time,
And picnics, hikes, and rides ensue;
River and lake mean rows and swims;
And rainy days indoors are few.

And with the joyous times of June,
Few hours are left for tears and gloom.
And do you not agree with me,
The best month 's that when roses bloom?



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY JANET BLOSSOM. AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER)

A TEST OF COURAGE.

BY EMILY BUTTINGHAM (AGE 11)
(*Silver Badge*)

ELISABETH LOGAN was in a mad rush to get to school. For a week she had hurried like this. The secret of the matter was that her mother was making her wear a little red shawl to school every morning. Two weeks before, Elisabeth had entered this school, and, as she was new, the children did not treat her very kindly. Nobody wore a shawl, and she was sure the other girls would all laugh if they saw hers.

So Elisabeth's spare moments were spent deciding how to hide her shawl from the girls, and yet take it home each night. To-day all went well till after school when she was trying to stuff the shawl into her bag without being seen. Then Florrie, the ringleader of them all, cried, "What is that?"

"Something."

"What is it?"

"Well, if you wish to know, it is a shawl."

"You did n't wear it to-day, did you?" asked Florrie.

"Yes, I did," said Elisabeth.

"Silly! Listen, girls! She wears a shawl to school, and on a warm day like this, too."

All the girls gathered around Elisabeth: "A shawl!" "She is crazy!" "A red one, too!"

Elisabeth looked at them a moment, pulled out the shawl, put it on, and, with a toss of her head, walked toward home.

After she turned the corner she began to run. When she reached home she burst into the house and threw herself down to cry. Her mother finally got her to tell the whole story.

"I 'm such a coward! I 'm such a coward!" sobbed Elisabeth.

"Dear child," said Mrs. Logan, "why did n't you tell me before, and you could have worn something else? Instead of being a coward, you have been a very brave little girl."

WHEN ROSES BLOOM.

BY MARY ELLEN GOODNOW (AGE 14)
(*Gold Badge, Silver Badge won January*, 1920)

A SUMMER sky of softest azure blue,
A fleecy white cloud drifting to and fro,
The earth lies drowsing in the golden sun,
The rippling waters murmur, sweet and low,

And I lie dreaming 'mid the grasses tall;
When lo! upon the sweet, enchanted air
A breath of roses through the orchard steals,
A wondrous magic perfume, sweet and rare.

It murmurs stories beautiful to me,
And whispers mystic secrets, low and sweet.
A summer breeze blows softly through the trees,
But I am lost in fairy slumber deep.

A pink mist seems to rise before my eyes,
Then, fading into opalescent hue,
It disappears. I stand alone, alone
Amid the fragrant roses sweet with dew.

They lift their dainty heads to sing to me,
In lisping tongue, sweet stories often told,
While butterflies of dainty rainbow tints
Hover above their chalices of gold.

I wander down the path as in a dream,
Amid soft dainty pink and creamy white,
Until—I wake beneath the orchard trees
To find the twilight deepening into night.



BY ARA CHARBONNEAU, AGE 14.

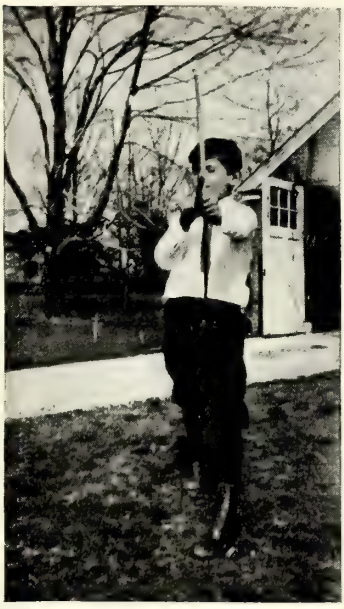


BY RUBY CRIPPEN, AGE 15.

"IN THE OPEN."



BY MARGARET PICKSTONE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)



BY ELEANOR FOX, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON SEPTEMBER, 1919)



BY FLORENCE STRICKLAND, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

"IN THE OPEN."

A TEST OF COURAGE.

BY KATHERINE F. HICKS (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

His brother had shot Lincoln. And for almost a year Edwin Booth, the famous actor, had kept off the stage. But now the necessity for money arose, and as acting was the only thing he knew, his lot seemed cast to go again on the stage. So Booth engaged to play *Hamlet* in New York, in January, 1866. We can imagine what a nervous suspense the great actor went through as he waited for the night which would decide his future life. The way the public received him on that evening would tell whether or not he would be again welcomed to the stage.

Arriving early at the theatre on that fateful eve, he dressed without any apparent show of nervousness, although his face was white and his hands trembled as he finally adjusted his costume. Standing in the wings, he waited quietly for his cue, but, when it came, he paused a second. Dare he do it? Then he stepped out upon the stage. For a moment the audience was still, then it rose to its feet, clapping and cheering, casting bouquets at the famous actor, and cheering his return. Edwin Booth bowed and went on with his part. It had been his test of courage.

WHEN ROSES BLOOM.

BY ARCHIE J. RICHARDSON (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

Winter is past.
How do I know?
The sweet white rose
Has told me so.

The birds are back.
How do I know?
The dear pink rose
Has told me so.

Summer has come,
How do I know?
The bright red rose
Has told me so.

Summer is gone.
How do I know?
The dying rose
Has willed it so.

WHEN ROSES BLOOM.

BY CAROLINE L. WHYLAND (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October,* 1919)

Rippling hair and starry eyes,
Rosy cheeks and a look of surprise,
Fluttering ribands and flowers gay—
A graduate on a fair June day.

Thou art a rosebud, as pink and fair
As the riband that flutters from girdle and hair.
Aflush in life's garden, you stand pure and true,—
Oh! the world loves and blesses the beauty of you!

Do you think of the time when, with trembling heart,
You waited and waited to do your part?
To-day you have blossomed, and, with heart firm and true,
Have told us the message of girlhood, "true blue."

May your life be as light as the petals so fair,
And your joys as bright as the hue of your hair,
Your sorrows as small as the thorns, and as few,
Is my prayer, dear, sweet graduate-girl, for you!

A TEST OF COURAGE.

BY EDNA PETERSON (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

"Dad thinks me a coward," murmured Lad to himself, as he stumbled along the moist sand of the beach. A sigh escaped his troubled heart.

At last Lad reached the pier and then— He listened. A cry seemed to come. What was it? Again! Louder this time. Yes, some one was calling for help. His chance had come!

He dashed to the edge of the pier. Nothing greeted his eyes. But yes, right in front of him, there seemed to be something bobbing up and down on the waves! Oh, if he was only in time. *B-r-r-r!*



"IN THE OPEN." BY LOIS R. RULE, AGE 16.

The water looked cold. But he must do it. Closing his eyes, Lad dived and swam straight for the spot. But horrors! Not a drowning person did he clasp in his arms a few minutes later, but a brown log!



"COMING HOME." BY JANET DEMAREST, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)

But where was the person who had cried for help? Probably down under the icy waves. He, as his father's son, must hunt for her—no, it had looked more like a boy or man. Down Lad dived. No luck! So up again he came. What was that? Two men emerged from behind a big box, where they were hiding, and laughed at him—yes, laughed at him!

"Come on out, boy! *We* called for help. Much obliged for proving our dispute as to whether a boy would jump in the water in this weather to try to save a drowning person," they shouted.



"IN THE OPEN." BY LETITIA LEWIS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

Poor Lad! Shivering, he ambled home. He had tried to be a hero, but had failed. What luck! There was one consolation—he had shown those men that boys have courage. But Lad did not know that he had passed, with flying colors, the test of courage.



"COMING HOME." BY VINCENT JENKINS, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER)

A TEST OF COURAGE.

BY MARY VIRGINIA HAILEY (AGE 11)
(*Silver Badge*)

THERE was to be a contest of water sports between a group of Camp Fire Girls and a Boy Scout patrol. One of the numbers was "life saving." The Camp Fire Guardian and the Scoutmaster were to take a boy and girl out in a boat. The boy was thrown overboard, and his Boy Scout mates on the shore played the rôle of rescuers. Then the girl was thrown in, and her Camp Fire sisters rescued her.

It certainly was "a test of courage" on the girl's part, for she could n't even float! But she was bound to take part in the contest, so she said, "I 'll be the subject."

So the Camp Fire Girls had really to rescue their subject, for they knew that if they did n't she would have drowned.

And the Boy Scouts were not ashamed to be beaten by a Camp Fire group that had such a brave member.

A TEST OF COURAGE.

BY HELEN H. THOMPSON (AGE 14)
(*Silver Badge*)

I LIVE at Great Lakes, and the incident I am going to tell about happened a few days ago in the aviation camp adjoining this place, and the gentleman mentioned lives next door to my daddy's quarters.

One day, not long ago, a large tank of gasolene caught fire, and for a long time an explosion was feared. Finally, the fire chief said there was only one way to get it under control, and that was for a party of volunteers to go on top of the tank and work from that dangerous point. The gentleman in



BY DAVID W. NORTON, JR., AGE 11.



BY JOSEPH E. CHOATE, AGE 11.



BY HELEN LANG, AGE 14.

"IN THE OPEN."

charge of the aviation camp was the first to volunteer, and, with a small party of men, climbed the ladder and set to work. The heat was terrible, still the party of brave men worked, in momentary expectation of being blown to pieces. After a long, hard fight, the fire was under control, and, through the heroism of these brave men, the lives and property of all the people near were saved.

WHEN ROSES BLOOM.

BY DOROTHY M. GERVAN (AGE 14)
(*Silver Badge*)

When the roses of the spring
Bloom forth, my soul enthralling,
And the stars shine sparkling white,
Tender memories recalling,
Then I take my old guitar
To a seat among the roses,
Watch a distant, twinkling star,
And my mind in thought reposes.

I can see, so far away,
A clear, bubbling brooklet facing,
The dear cottage I adore,
With tall trees its green lawns gracing.
There, upon its whitewashed walls,
Are the rambler roses climbing,
While within the little door
Hark!—soft, negro voices chiming!

So, beneath that twinkling star,
In the silence of the gloaming,
With the strains of my guitar
On the gentle breezes roaming,
I can think I 'm far away,
Tho' I 'm here among the roses,
And the memory of the past
My fond heart in love encloses.

A TEST OF COURAGE.

BY LOUISE M. GEDDES (AGE 12)

The Girl Scouts of Troop 11, Bunker Hill, were going to play the Girl Scouts of Troop 14, Union Hill, at a basket-ball game. Marjorie Richardson was center for the Scouts of Troop 11, and Betty Hamilton was center for the Scouts of Troop 14.

The teams were well matched and had played each other before. This was to be the last game of the season, and, oh, how each side wanted to win!

Betty Hamilton was on her way to the gymnasium, and as she hurried along, she heard a cry. She was



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY ELIZABETH SOUTHARD, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER)

a Scout and must pay attention to such things; on the other hand, there was the game—the last game of the season, too. Which should she do? She had decided in a minute, and she ran into the woods until she came to the place whence the cry had come. What was her surprise to find a boy, of not more than five years old, lying on the ground with a badly bruised arm. She had no dressings with her, so she helped the boy home and there she bathed and bandaged his arm.

The Scouts of Troop 11 won, but what did Troop 14 care for that as long as one of their members had proved "loyal and true"?



"IN THE OPEN" (HAVANA HARBOR). BY JOCELYN CRANE, AGE 10.

A TEST OF COURAGE.

(A True Story)

BY ELIZABETH AUSTIN (AGE 11)

SEVERAL years ago, my mother started a Camp Fire group. She is the guardian. There are about twenty girls in it. To become a fire maker, they have to know exactly how to rescue a person who is on fire, what to do if some one has a snake bite, and so on. The girls had practised diligently for it. (I know, because they always practised on me).

The fifth of last December, we had a monthly ceremonial meeting at the home of one of the members. They have a little gas grate in their home. It seemed quite safe. We lighted the grate, and, before the fire, made our young hostess a firemaker.

Several months later, the girl's mother was standing and looking at the fire. Suddenly she turned to speak to her Camp Fire daughter, who was working near by. In so doing, her light dress fluttered too close to the fire, and, before the lady knew it, her dress was in flames in the back.

"I 'm on fire!" she screamed.

Hearing these words, the girl leaped up. She had gone through the training enough to know exactly what to do. Without hesitating a moment, she snatched up a rug and quickly wrapped it about her mother. After a little difficulty, she had the blaze extinguished, but not quickly enough to keep her mother from being somewhat burned. But if the girl had not done what she did, it might have been she would have had no mother.



"IN THE OPEN." BY ALICE BRAGDON, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE)

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Laurice House
Elizabeth Gray Otis
Jean Haynes
Archie Ericksen
Minnie Pfeferberg
Harriet M. Gadd
Muriel Gannett
Thos. M. Rutherford
Henrietta H. Brannon
Phyllis A. Whitney
Marjorie Cole
Selwyn M. Green
Susie Worthington
Lucille Daggett
Malvina Holcombe
Genevieve Jessup
Alma Asted
Raymond McKelney
Jean Corcoran
Ann Hill
Mary Roddis
Irene Menzie
Margaret Eckerson
David M. French
Marion Mulkin
Joyce Patterson
Helen Young
Elinor Boker
June F. Flanders
Jean McCrum
Dorothy Jeanne Miller
Rachel L. Carson
Elsa Krotozyner
Constance Marie O'Hara
Madeleine Lewis
Katherine A. Frederic
Mary Sterrett
Dorothy Louise Sponsler
Eloise Dugas
Jessie Chester
Charlotte Reynolds

VERSE

Eloise Frye Burt
Ellen D. Gordon
Priscilla Fraker
Rosamond M. Eddy
Jacob N. Hentges
Katharine Goodell
Helen M. Lucas
Kenneth Clair
Elizabeth Brown
Richard Sinn Edsall
Carolyn Kaufman
Hope Bishop
Helen D. Gallagher
Isabel A. Lockwood
Edna Lovejoy
Frances Begeman
Alice Ransom
Mary Flagg

DRAWINGS

Samuel Cherry
Katherine Klenke
Frances S. Badger
Marion Hostetter
Worthen Bradley

PHOTOGRAPHS

Anna J. Phillips
John H. Rowe, Jr.
Leonora Schrader
Genevieve M. Huber
Winnifred Moore
Margery Neilson
Elizabeth Hall McCullough
Agnes H. Barnard
Clifton Nicoll
O. P. Metcalf, Jr.
Stewart Hoskins
Ruth Lucie Stern
Monica Page
Sara G. Hayden
Jean Ridley
Doris E. Rigby
Marjorie Cohen
Eunice E. Resor
Mary S. Resor
Helen Dyson
Helen S. Johnston
Cecelia McIntire



"COMING HOME." BY HELEN S. JOHNSON, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Muriel Mack
Jane Breuning
Patricia Sheridan
Conway Dunavant
C. Elizabeth Siedler
Robert M. Reese
Mary Aldage Bowne
Alice L. Abbott
Lou E. Gaillard
Ruth Mason
Doris Howe
Pauline Davis
Anna Folkes
Margueritte Himel
George W. Brazel
Victoria Daloz
Margaret Louise Newhall
Robert K. Moore
Sterling McMillan
Francis Hartley
Rose Caroline Merryweather
Jacon Jankowitz
Elizabeth Stamps
Florida Lindsay
Norma P. Collier
Estelle Thompson
Vivian Correll
Henrietta Henkle
Aline Constance Covell
Mary E. Southwick
Frances Klauder
Margaret Moreno
Margaret Gott
Marjorie Adams
Martha Westerback
Barbara Ladd
Elizabeth Gilbert
Betsey Rosenheim
Carol Hanigan
Jane Lederman
William T. Carpenter
Margaret B. Taylor
Roslyn Thalheimer
Elizabeth Myers
Anna Rankin Harris
Mildred Ridley
Eba Hancock
Nathalie Freid
Geo. Hopkinson, Jr.
Elizabeth S. Hutchison
Elizabeth E. Hubbard
Catherine R. Puhlak
Mary Veasey
Frances P. Davis
Elizabeth Waterman
Violet Daniel

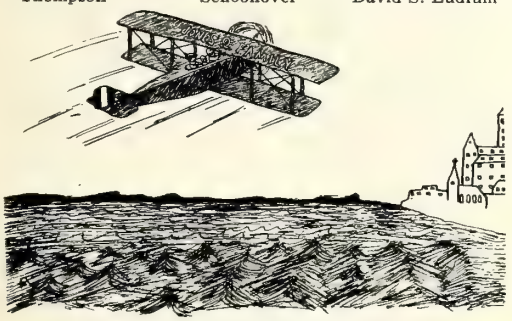
Ruth Blount
Virginia Seton
Rachel McInnis
Helen Cambria Bolstad
Alice Hougen

VERSE

Grace L. Rose
Caroline Thompson

DRAWINGS

Marjorie Lockman
Alison Farmer
James V. P. Root
Eleanor Moran
Richard Enders
Mary Arrington
Ethel F. Scott
Julius Slutzkim
M. Theodora Schoonover
Henry Foster
Gertrude Horford
Susan Hawley
Elizabeth Wilder
Estelle Osborne
Maria Mira
Ruth Frankenberg
Gladys Frankenberg
Louise Maynard
Carol Finley
David S. Ludlum



"COMING HOME." BY HERBERT WERNIMONT, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)

Brewster Ghiselin
Betty Kuck
Katherine B. Friedman
Margaret Humphrey
Lucia G. Martin
Lillian Thomas
Anna Nisbet
Dorothy Jensen
Mayline Donnelly
Margaret Canaga
Helen T. White
Elizabeth Wilcox
Louise Earl
Eva Titman
Naomi Rosenblatt
Marion Baker
Jack Andrews
Sally Miller
Elizabeth Mitchell Patterson
Lean Shloss
Louise Ruttkay
Paul Ruttkay
Catherine Meredith
Margaret Dawes
Aline Lentert
Imogene Garner
Isidore Katz
Harriet Nichols
Harriet Elizabeth Ahern
Thelma Woodward
Caroline Humeston
Jean Stedman
Mildred Woodward
Katherine McFadyen
Ruth Humiston
Rowland Lyon
Esther Peterson
Naomi Grigg
Mildred Bauer
Mary Wright
Odile Bruck
Elizabeth Christie
Elisabeth Robbins
Winifred Matthews
Anna M. Klauder
Barbara F. Howe
William Gilligan
Karla Heurich
Lola Burrall
Naomi V. Neill
Josephine Waddell
Gertrude Gaston
Susan Underhill Taylor
Marion Riessenweber
Dorothy Kleitman
Ruth E. Carpenter
Dorothea M. Reinburg
Murray C. Haines
Eleanor S. Hirsch
Mary M. Lewis
Virginia H. Miley
Marjory Thomas
E. Virginia Yaple
Henry Carlin
Frederick Norton Leonard

PHOTOGRAPHS

Grace Waggaman
Helen C. de Roode
Mary Elizabeth Stockton
Jean Haskell
Editha Wright
Helen Musson
Martha Dickinson
Rosa Harbin
Margaret J. Harper

PUZZLES, 1

Ruth Averill Haley
Virginia Lignell
Mary Redmayne
Dorrit E. Hunziker
George W. Canterbury
Baylies Brewster
Helen Farr
Emil Singdahlsen
Jeanne E. Beattie
Elizabeth C. Sonier
Mary K. Flinterman
Philip E. Dodge
Margaret Swan
Katharine Crawford



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY MARJORIE I. MILLER, AGE 12.

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now believed to be one of the greatest artistic educational factors in the world.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 247

Competition No. 247 will close June 30. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for October. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "October."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Turning-point."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "A Place I Love."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "At the Gate," or, "A Heading for October."

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write *in ink* on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER BOX

KARACHI, INDIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This year, in January, a copy of you, ST. NICHOLAS, was sent to me. Who sent it, I don't know. In February another one came, and they have been coming ever since. I am so sorry I did n't get you when I was at home.

Here in Karachi, we can see the high mountains of Baluchistan. I have been there once. The city of Karachi is very dusty, but in the suburbs it is quite nice. The reason for it being so dusty is that it is right on the desert. Camels are used a lot here to pull wagons. It might be of interest to you to know that if a camel has to carry a few pounds more than he is used to carry, he will sit right down and he won't move till you take some of the load off his back.

Although Karachi is off the beaten track of tourists and various other people, it is quite up-to-date. We have lots of automobiles, telephones, six picture shows, and three theaters, besides having electric lights, as there are no gaslights. Karachi is n't as hot as you might think it would be, because in the summer-time we always have the sea breeze. Aëroplanes fly over here all the time, bringing and taking the mail. This is the last stop for all aëroplanes coming to the East. Even though Karachi is quite nice, I shall be glad to get back to the good old U. S. A.

Hoping you and your readers are all well, I remain,

Your devoted reader,

BILLY RICHARDSON (AGE 12).

P. S.—My father is the American Consul here and I am the only American boy here, except one little baby.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, KAN.

DEAREST OF MAGAZINES: I have read you ever since I was a little girl, but I have not subscribed for more than three years. I think Mrs. Seaman's stories are splendid. I read a great deal. My favorite author is Charles Dickens. I have read eleven of his books. I also like William M. Thackeray and Sir Walter Scott. I think Scott's "Lady of the Lake" is a lovely poem.

I was down in the Hawaiian Islands and have traveled a great deal, my father having been in the army ever since I was born. I am thirteen years old, and I am in the eighth grade.

While we were in Panama we saw the Gamboa dike blown up and all the water let in. My mother went through the canal on the first steamship that ever went through. We are now living at Fort Leavenworth, where my father is attending the Army Staff College.

Thanking you for the many, many happy hours you have given me, I am,

Your sincere friend,

DOROTHY ANNE INGRAM.

BALBOA, CANAL ZONE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are three little army girls, and our Aunt Anna sent us your magazine and we love it.

We came to the Canal Zone last October. This is a beautiful place. We have beautiful butterflies down here, some are yellow and some are brown and black —I cannot tell you all their colors. There are funny bugs down here, and I pick up some kind of bees. We have funny locusts, and while we are eating they come and sing to us. We do not like them to sing, so one night Aunt May blew her whistle and they flew away; and one night she made Betty and me sing, and they flew away. They do not like our singing and whistling noises, you see, and we do not like the noise they make; for Aunt May reads aloud to us while we eat supper on the porch, and they are great interrupters. We have banana-trees, lime-trees, papaye-trees, orange-trees and alligator-pear trees (and live alligators, too).

We have the Panama Canal here where boats and ships run through every day. It is a short cut for them. We have jungles and some people get lost in them, and then we have a fine swimming-pool and the best teacher in the world; his name is Mr. Grieser, and all the children love him. We have a fine school and a beautiful building. It is a funny thing that I am going to tell you now; it is that we have no snow—it is summer all the year around!

Something interesting is always happening here; this week it is a visit from the Prince of Wales, and from General Pershing next. We know General Pershing and love him.

Your little friend,

MARY WARNICK BUTLER (AGE 9).

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last fall we went up to our farm. We were very anxious to have a box-trap, so the farmer made us one.

We set it in the woods, and we had to wait a week before we had any luck. Then, one fine day, we found a nice father rabbit. He was very thin when we got him, but we gave him lots of food and he grew very fat. We have him still. We think he is a cony rabbit, but lots of people think he is a white rabbit. I think he is a cony rabbit because he has brown eyes. I hope I will take you until I die.

Your loving reader

JOHN HALL (AGE 9).

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister got you for a Christmas present last Christmas, and both she and I enjoy you immensely.

I am going to tell you of a walk my mother, father, and I had last summer. It was in Glacier Park. Mother and Father wanted to take a sixteen-mile walk, and I did not want to, as sixteen miles in the mountains proves to be rather long after you first start out. On our way to Iceberg Lake, going past Ptarmigan Lake, we saw nothing of interest. As we neared Iceberg Lake we got lost, but soon found our road again.

We ate lunch and then started exploring. We saw a beautiful lake with icebergs on it. On the mountain which made a background to the picture were mountain sheep. Pieces of the glaciers on the mountain fell off and into the lake.

It was a very pretty picture, and I hope that many of your readers may have such a pleasant time as I had that day.

We saw an avalanche, which is a very thrilling thing to watch. Pieces of the ice from glaciers fall and push off other pieces of ice. Soon you can see a waterfall of ice. It was surely a wonderful day for me, and I do not think that I shall ever forget it.

Sincerely your devoted reader,

KATHERINE C. RUBENS (AGE 12).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Dickens. Cross-words: 1. Diamond. 2. Pilgrim. 3. Bicycle. 4. Package. 5. Element. 6. Knowing. 7. Sisters.

CHARADE. Cur-few.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Memorial Day. 1. Name, mean. 2. Sate, east. 3. Tams, mast. 4. Sore, ores. 5. Rare, rear. 6. Side, ides. 7. Case, aces. 8. Balm, lamb. 9. Read, dear. 10. Tars, arts. 11. Dray, yard.

TRIANGLE. 1. Rhomb. 2. Hope. 3. Ope. 4. Me. 5. B.

SOME CURIOUS BERRIES. 1. Bay-berry. 2. Straw-berry. 3. Dew-berry. 4. Black-berry. 5. Blue-berry. 6. Checker-berry. 7. Rasp-berry. 8. Mul-berry. 9. Goose-berry. 10. Elder-berry.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "There is no worse robber than a bad book."

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Easter Day.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. B. 2. Bat. 3. Bacon. 4. Ton. 5. N. II. 1. N. 2. Bad. 3. Nadir. 4. Din. 5. R. III. 1. N. 2. Get. 3. Never. 4. Ten. 5. R. IV. 1. R. 2. Cat. 3. Rabid. 4. Tie. 5. D.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Idiot. 2. Dance. 3. Inner. 4. Ocean. 5. Terns. II. 1. Close. 2. Llama. 3. Oasis. 4. Smite. 5. Easel. III. 1. Ghost. 2. Hatch. 3. Otter. 4. Scene. 5. Three.

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Aleutian Archipelago. 1. Arabia. 2. Libyan. 3. Ellice. 4. Uralsk. 5. Toulon. 6. Indian. 7. Africa. 8. Nassau. 9. Athens. 10. Russia. 11. Canada. 12. Hebron. 13. Iberia. 14. Persia. 15. Europe 16. London. 17. Ancona. 18. Greece. 19. Oxford.

ANAGRAM. Millard Fillmore.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE. Ceres, 41, 33, 25, 34, 27. Hercules, 17, 26, 19, 12, 3, 11, 2, 9. Jupiter, 6, 7, 16, 23, 24, 32, 39. Mars, 63, 62, 54, 61. Mercury, 45, 52, 44, 53, 60, 59, 51. Neptune, 28, 35, 42, 49, 50, 57, 58. Pan, 18, 10, 1. Pandora, 8, 15, 22, 30, 37, 36, 43. Proserpina, 4, 13, 5, 14, 21, 20, 29, 38, 46, 55. Psyche, 64, 56, 47, 48, 40, 31.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be mailed not later than June 30, of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were duly received from Frances Hankinson—Lucy Sperry—"Allil and Adi"—"Three M's"—E. J. and F. E. Bleakley.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were duly received from Adelaide and Margaret Sims, 10—Howard Rothschild, 10—Theo. H. Morris, 3rd, 10—A. R. and R. A. Halsey, 9—Alice Rue, 9—Gwenfread Allen, 9—Mary C. Hamilton, 9—Elizabeth Faddis, 9—Miriam J. Stewart, 9—Charlotte R. Cabell, 9—Dorothea Maier, 8—Margaret H. Monroe, 7—Eleanor King, 6—Evelyn Layng, 6—Emma Blomquist, 6—"Two E's," 5—D. Morrill, 4—D. Schueller, 4—M. I. Fry, 4—A. H. Barnard, 4—A. K. Plum, 4—M. Ransom, 4—F. E. Duncan, 3—D. Marshick, 3—E. Yungstrom, 3—F. Goddard, 3—E. G. Otis, 3—E. Derronneck, 3—A. Hyde, 3—E. Perkins, 2—M. Shepard, 2—F. DuBarry, 2—M. C. Warren, 2—L. Pforzheimer, 2—A. Brinkerhoff, 2—W. Bagby, 2. One puzzle, E. C. T.—E. N.—P. R.—E. W.—K. MacE.—O. A. B.—R. E. R.—D. L. W.—S. S.—E. L.—P. McC.—F. V.—B. C.—B. T.—M. E. M.—K. S. G.—M. H. C.—D. M. L.—M. I. T.—C. B.—R. R.—M. B.—K. S. B.—M. R.—R. N.—H. B.—M. von B.—C. P.—F. B. N.—A. C.—D. H. S.—R. S.—D. W.—E. B. B.—E. G. McC.—J. O'B.—G. A. H.—K. H.—R. D.—E. G. G.—S. N.—A. E. S.—L. T. W.—A. T.—C. O'T.—L. F.—M. K.—E. E.—L. D. H.—L. G.—M. K.—V. R.—D. C. D.—A. O. R.

BEHEADINGS

1. Behead to swing, and leave method.
2. Behead to close, and leave a cabin.
3. Behead volition, and leave sick.
4. Behead a luminous body, and leave a sailor.
5. Behead to end, and leave a toy.
6. Behead a food, and leave a cold substance.
7. Behead an animal and leave part of the body.
8. Behead a salver, and leave a line of light.

When these words have been rightly guessed and beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the surname of a famous American.

FRANCES ELLEN CUMMINGS (age 14), *League Member.*

PROSE CHARADE

My *first* is a boy's nickname;
My *second* is an abiding-place;
My *third* is a great light;
My *fourth* may be found on a ship;
My *fifth* most girls can do.
My *whole* most children know.

ALICE FRANK (age 12), *League Member.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals, reading downward, will spell a great battle and the finals, reading upward, will spell the name of a great general.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To gain. 2. Commotion. 3. Part of the foot. 4. A fish. 5. Part of the name of a South American city. 6. To fold over. 7. A Russian river near Nijni Novgorod. 8. To possess.

ERNEST HEYN (age 10), *League Member.*

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE

(One word is concealed in each couplet. These five-letter words form a word-square.)

If you complain of tropic foes,
I'll try to preach antarctic woes.

Just wrap a hose about your arm
And you can sprinkle uncle's farm.

But if you gasp envenomed words
'T will rouse the little sleeping birds.

All tiny birds need steady sleep;
Without it, they 'll not peep a peep.

And if the sun comes sifting through,
It tans young birds, as well as you.



ALL of the thirteen pictured objects may be described by words of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter) will name an annual holiday observed in a certain city of the United States.

A FAMOUS STRUCTURE

```
      1
    . * .
    . * .
    . * .
    . * .
    . * .
    . * .
    . * .
  . . * . .
  . . * . .
  . . * . .
  . . * . .
  . . * . .
. . . * . . .
. . . * . . .
. . . 2 . . .
```

When the nineteen cross-words have been rightly guessed and placed as indicated by the accompanying diagram, the central letters, from 1 to 2, will spell the name of a famous structure that has been rebuilt three times.

Cross-words: 1. In England. 2. To augment. 3. Curious. 4. To color. 5. To request. 6. Consumed. 7. Very warm. 8. A number. 9. A precious stone. 10. A beautiful tree. 11. The last king of Troy. 12. To contend or strive. 13. The fluid supposed to flow in the veins of the gods. 14. To irrigate. 15. Not the same. 16. To move on with a current. 17. A malicious report. 18. A group or bunch. 19. Propriety in conduct or dress.

J. T. ROBERTS (age 16), *League Member.*

DIAMOND

1. In join. 2. A vehicle. 3. An Eastern country. 4. A small quadruped. 5. In join.

DOROTHY HILTON (age 12) *League Member.*

A BIRD PUZZLE

1. What bird's name is a military title?
2. What bird's name suggests an ancient stringed instrument?
3. What bird's name suggests a frolic?
4. What bird's name was borne by a compassionate woman?
5. What bird's name is a hoisting-machine?
6. What bird's name contains a letter that is not sounded?
7. What bird's name is a European country?
8. What bird's name suggests a church dignitary?
9. What bird's name suggests a domestic animal?
10. What bird's name suggests a bar of wood or iron?
11. What bird's name suggests a low buzzing sound?
12. What bird's name suggests the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, London?

SIGNE STEEN (age 16), *League Member.*

A LITERARY ACROSTIC

```
*  1  *  30  .  7
*  .  *  15  12 .
*  5  *  3   .  17
*  22 *  11  26 9
*  29 *  .   .  13
*  .  *  .   31 25
*  23 *  18  .  20
*  10 *  2   28 .
*  .  *  14  .  6
*  4  *  21  8  24
*  16 *  19  27 .
```

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Overcome by an aëriform fluid. 2. One who superintends the publication of a periodical. 3. Flattened at the poles. 4. One who roams. 5. Glad tidings. 6. To entangle. 7. A beautiful surface for metal or pottery. 8. Imperious. 9. Inborn. 10. A preparation of eggs and milk. 11. Economy.

When these words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell a writer, and the third row will spell a book by this writer; so will the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 8, from 9 to 14, and from 15 to 31.

JANET SCOTT (age 16), *Honor Member.*

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of thirty-five letters and form a little sentence that teaches modesty of deportment.

My 34-11-25-2-18 is beloved by owls. My 1-19-27-10-22 is pallid. My 6-7-15-31-17 form the framework of the body. My 30-8-24-28-35 is torments by harassing. My 4-14-20-23-9 are coarse water-plants. My 16-33-12-32-29 is of a dull color, as if soiled. My 13-21-5-3-26 is a common color.

NOVEL FINAL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, the initial letters will all be the same, while the final letters will spell the name of a famous general.

1. To smile in an affected way. 2. An artist's workshop. 3. Magnificent. 4. Honest. 5. A meal. 6. To yield. 7. A long seat or bench. 8. Result. 9. Dapper. 10. Specimen.

RUTH J. BROWN (age 15), *League Member.*

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.
NEW YORK



Let's Go Boys, On Firestones

You rough-riders on bikes; you boys who put the wheel through its paces every day; you need strong, rugged Firestone Tires, with non-skid treads, just like big auto tires.

Firestones are red, black and gray in a range of price and weight to suit any boy.

See the Firestone dealer.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Firestone Park **Akron, Ohio**
Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Most Miles *per* Dollar

Firestone
Bicycle Tires



Which supper would you like best?

Wheat bubbles or bread?

Millions of children now get Puffed Wheat in their milk dish.

They get whole wheat, with every grain a tidbit. The grains are toasted bubbles, thin and flimsy, puffed to eight times normal size. The taste is like airy nut-meats.

Every food cell is exploded, so digestion is easy and complete. It is better liked and better for them than any other form of wheat.

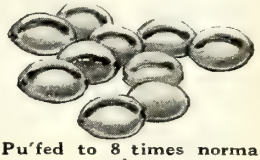
Three grains are steam exploded

Prof. Anderson has found a way to puff wheat, rice and corn hearts. All are steam exploded, all shot from guns. So these three grains are at your service in this ideal form.

Serve all of them, and often. Not for breakfast only, but all day long.

Use in every bowl of milk. Use as nut-meats on ice cream, as wafers in your soups. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school.

Keep all three kinds on hand. These are the best-cooked grain foods in existence and the most delightful.



Puffed to 8 times normal size



Mix with strawberries

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs makes a delightful blend. The texture is flimsy, the taste like nuts.

They add what crust adds to shortcake, tarts and pies. They add as much as the sugar or the cream.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3368

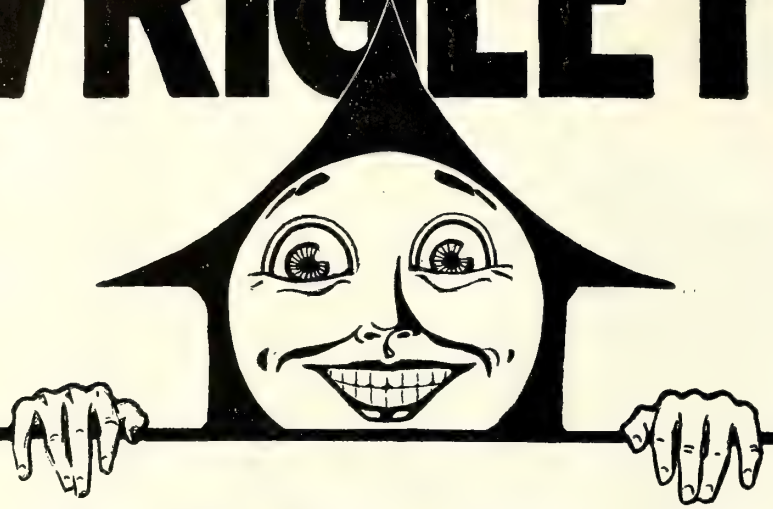


It doubles the fun with a Brownie along

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

WRIGLEY'S



In the first place this gum is good — we spare no pains or expense to make it so.

In the second place the hermetically sealed wrapper keeps it as clean and fresh as when it leaves the factory.

"SEALED TIGHT — KEPT RIGHT"

The Flavor Lasts



Good for teeth, appetite, digestion.



Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. She is a specialist in common sense baby culture.



The Loving Hour

Dear Beatrice:

It's all very Spartan never to pick up your baby, but after all, Spartan methods are not exactly modern. Of course, Baby isn't a plaything and ought to be sleepy and snug as a cocoon most of the time, but late in the afternoon, always at the same hour, it is really good for the cherub to be picked up and cuddled and snuggled and carried about the room to see all the sights.

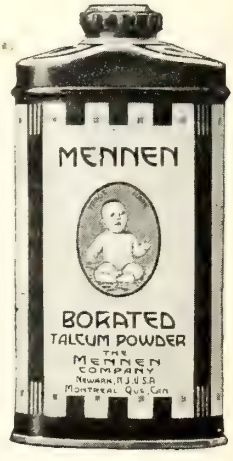
Even a baby gets stiff and tired lying on its back all day, but soon learns not to cry if it knows the loving hour is as certain as bath and lunch. You will look forward to it as much as Baby does, stretching up his little arms and gurgling with delight.

You ask about talcum. Of course, there are several good kinds but somehow I always feel that Mennen's is just a wee bit safer for Baby's flower-petal skin. You know it was the first Borated Talcum and I think it must mean something to have been the choice of mothers and doctors and nurses for over forty years. And do you know, I use Mennen's on myself. If it's safer for Baby, it's safer for me.

What did people ever do before Mennen invented Borated Talcum —isn't it a comfort after a bath — especially if you are to put on tight clothes? Try it between sheets on a hot night.

And Mennen's is economical—the blue can is so large—one thing, thank goodness, that doesn't cost more.

Lovingly,
Belle.





THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

Laboratories: Newark, N. J.—Montreal, Quebec
Sales Agent in Canada: Harold F. Ritchie & Co. Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

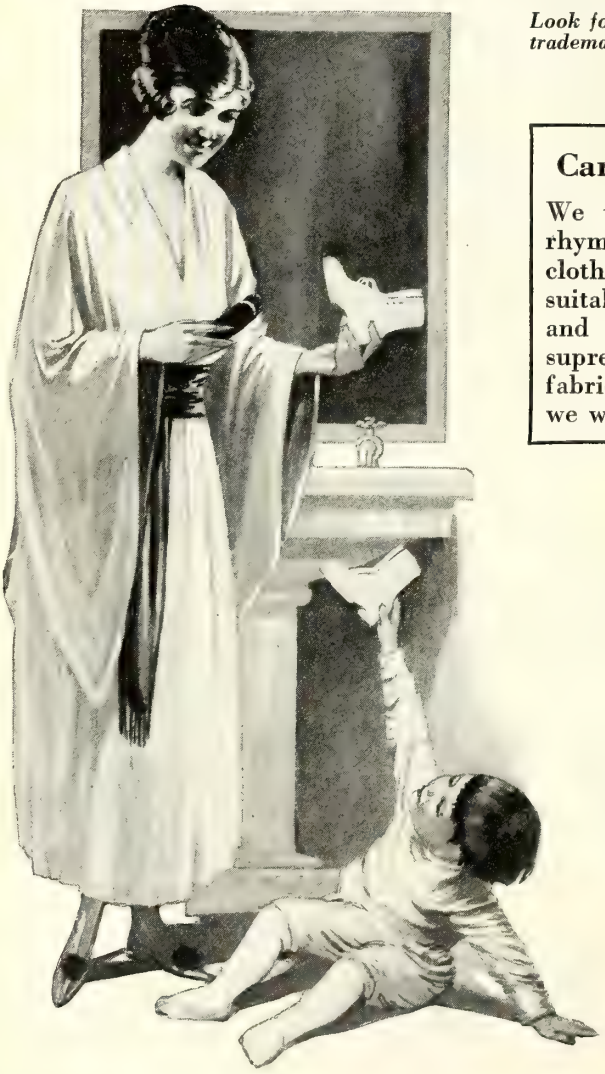
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The White Shoe Cloth which You Can Scrub with a Brush

A beautiful lustrous long wearing fabric for summer shoes for women, misses, children, babies, men, youths and boys. You don't have to cover up the dirt with "whitewash" on your Reignskin shoes. You can scrub it off with any good white soap and a 5c. brush from the "five and ten." The finest shoemakers in America use Reignskin.



Look for the Reignskin trademark inside of white shoes



Can You Write Jingles?

We will pay $10.00 each for rhymes about white Reignskin cloth which, in our opinion, are suitable for use in advertising, and descriptive of Reignskin's supremacy as a white shoe fabric. Here is a sample of what we want:

Ere Reignskin Came, Ma's head would Whirl,
Keeping White Shoes White, for Baby Girl.
Who played on the floor and didn't keep white,
Like the Girl on the Road of Anthracite.
No worrying now, no anxious hope,
Just a brush, cool water and pure white soap.
Scrub, Happy Mother, Scrub with Glee,
Reignskin Shoes for the Dear Ba-bee.

Send rhymes to our New York Office

Peters Manufacturing Co.

Factories:

4119 Park Avenue, New York
43 to 59 Lincoln St., Boston

"Holeproofs wear for a long, long time"

Don't worry

When they wear Holeproofs

BOY-PROOF hose have never yet been made and probably never will be. But many thousands of mothers have found that Holeproof meets boys' and girls' needs in a most unusual manner.

Special knitting methods and super-strength yarns make Holeproof outwear ordinary hose nearly two to one. Thus these mothers save both time and expense.

Stout-ribbed Holeproofs for children. For the grown-ups, pure silk, silk faced and lusterized lisle. All staple and fancy colorings.

The Holeproof label identifies the genuine. Be sure to look for it.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Limited,
London, Ont.
50 York St., Sydney, Australia

Holeproof Hosiery



© H. H. Co.

Boat-Wise Jim



Old Jim Johnson of Antioch-ills.—
(*And his long son Frank's all wool, no frills*)—
Well, he runs the best hunter's lodge on sixteen lakes,
And *he's there with the goods when the trouble breaks!*

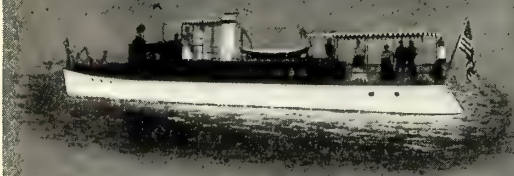
If you want a chicken dinner, there's a chicken on the roost,
If your motor won't bark, he's there with a boost;
What Jim don't know about *boats* ain't known—
And mighty few ducks from his gun have flown.

The fish in the Chain hug the keel of his boat,
'Cause they dassent be seen when Jim's afloat;
He knows what a water-craft is like when it's good,
And *every darned boat he's got is CYPRESS wood!*

—WM. ARGYLE QUAYLE



"Hendrick Hudson"; New York to Albany, U. S. A. "We know from long experience that Cypress," etc.



300 h.-p. gasoline yacht, "Juliet," Michigan. Owner, Mr. E. G. Filer. CYPRESS, OF COURSE.



CYPRESS IN SIAM (Bangkok)
(In service since 1906. "Some record.")

For the Free *Cypress Boat Book*, with 116 pages, 29 pictures, 16 charts, and big supplement, just write the Southern Cypress Manufacturers Assn., 1244 Hibernia Bank Building, New Orleans, Louisiana, or 1244 Heard National Bank Building, Jacksonville, Florida. 'Twill come promptly.

"Mary M." plying Northern lakes in Illinois and Wisconsin. All CYPRESS—"because the owner knows."



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"THE NATIONAL DRINK"





DID you ever think of the connection between pink in youthful cheeks and the purple red of Welch's? Nature had a purpose in storing such healthful richness in Concord grapes. She was looking out for her children.

Welch's is pure—always. The juice of full-ripe, premium-grown Concords, fresh pressed and stored in glass—nothing added, nothing taken away.

Recipes for many unusual and attractive drinks for receptions, parties, dinners and other functions are given in our booklet, "Welch Ways." A copy will be mailed on request.

Your grocer or druggist can supply Welch's by the bottle or by the case. Ask for Welch's at the Soda Fountain.

Welch's Grapelade
the pure grape spread

A Welch Quality Product made from choice selected grapes and pure sugar, without seeds, skins or acid crystals. Other Welch Quality Pure Fruit spreads are Peachlade, Plumlade, Cherrilade and Fruitlades with strawberries, raspberries, blackberries and black currants. In 15-oz. glass jars or 8-oz. tumblers from your grocer.



The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

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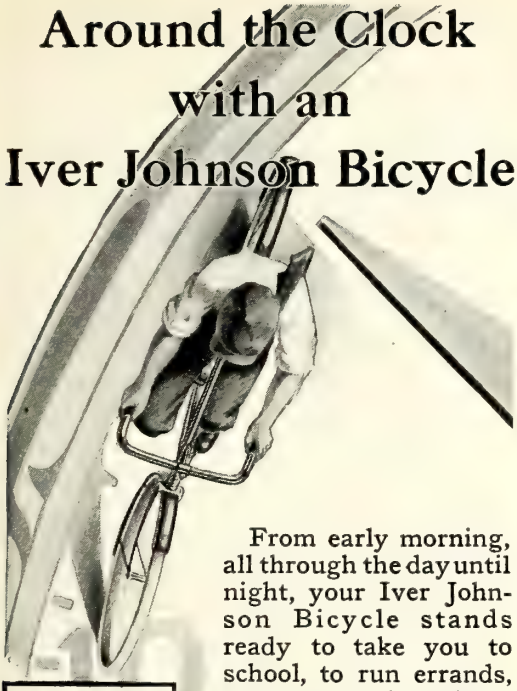
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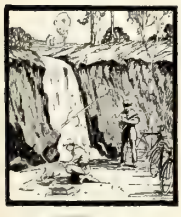
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Strong Black-and-White

DO you know that these days you can get about as much for skunk-skin shot with a .22 rifle as you can for one that has been trapped? Furs are high — way high.

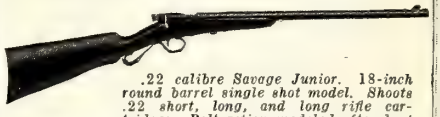
Even though it's dark, you can see a black skunk a long way on white snow. See him well enough to hit him with the first shot from your deadly accurate, little .22 Savage Junior. And if there's a moon, it's as easy as in daylight.

The next evening it thaws, take your little Savage Junior rifle and go for a walk. Wear your oldest clothes, and take your skinning-knife. There's money in it, and the chickens won't suffer so next year.

The .22 Savage Junior single-shot is the boiled-down essence of rifle—all accuracy—all reliability —Savage quality condensed in three pounds, and at only $9.75. Your dealer has it for you. For a complete description, write us.

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION

Sharon, Pa. UTICA, N. Y. Detroit, Mich.
Executive and Export Offices
50 Church Street, New York City



.22 calibre Savage Junior. 18-inch round barrel single shot model. Shoots .22 short, long, and long rifle cartridges. Bolt action modeled after best military rifles. Genuine walnut stock with steel buttplate. Bead front and adjustable rear sights. An arm which wins the respect of experts.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

NEW ISSUES

BRAZIL of late has been issuing a new series of varying designs. This country is rich in philatelic interest, and the possession of a specimen of the first series fills the collector with a joy second only to that given by the early triangular Capes. We illustrate two of the designs of this new series. The 10-reis, brown, shows the head of Liberty turned toward the right, while the 300-reis, orange shows it facing to the left. On this latter value, stars appear in the design, but not the southern cross, as depicted upon so many of the stamps of Brazil. The set is rather pleasing.



Recently we had occasion to comment upon a set of Belgium, surcharged for use in such German territory as by the terms of the armistice were being policed by King Albert's army. The position taken by Belgium in the late war, her terrible sufferings, and the heroism of her people, have won for her a peculiar interest in the eyes of the world. And because of that interest, we are illustrating a specimen of a new series of surcharges similar to the one previously described. It is a 10-pfennig stamp surcharged Eupen and Malmedy upon the 10-centime stamp of Belgium. The series is complete up to the 10-franc.



There has come to us this month a series of stamps from Austria, in value up to 60 heller. These stamps are rather odd shaped, being long and narrow. There are three designs, each of which we illustrate. All of them have at the top the inscription "Deutschosterreich," and at the bottom the value is given. The 5-heller, gray, and the 10-heller, red, are of the



first design. In the center is the old Austrian eagle, so familiar to us on many of the earlier stamps of this country. The 15-heller, bister, 25-heller, purple, and 60-heller, olive, are of the second type. Here, under the inscription, is a post-horn with cord and tassels. The 20-heller, green, 40-heller, carmine, and 50-heller, blue, are of the third design. The central design here consists of a masculine figure, clad in an apron-like garment, one knee upon the ground, and apparently engaged in planting a tree. The workmanship is not at all fine, and the set does not particularly appeal to us.

We illustrate also one of the recent stamps of the new nation of Finland, or Suomi. Under an agreement with Russia, the province of Finland issued a distinctive series of stamps. These sometimes had values in Russian, sometimes in Finnish currency. Now Finland is independent, yet, curiously enough, her stamps bear no indication as to whether they represent the Russian kopec or the Finnish pennia. Undoubtedly it is the pennia, but one would have thought the joy of freedom would have exalted the name of the coin upon the stamp. The general design is neat and attractive.



Last of all, but by no means least, is the new "Peace" series of the Bahamas. Stamps of the British Colonies are always a pleasure to own because of the excellence of the workmanship and the clearness of the design. This series is no exception to the general rule. The illustration shows the shape and size of the stamp. In the scroll work on each side of the crown over King George's head is the word "Peace." In the upper right corner is the coat of arms of the Bahamas. This has never before appeared on an issue of stamps. Around the ship in the center in fine letters are the words, "Commercia expulsis piratis restituta." And below this, on the scroll, is the word "Bahamas." We have seen values up to the shilling. Whether there are higher values we do not know. All we have seen are of the one design. And it certainly is an attractive peace stamp.



THE NEW CATALOGUE

STAMP-COLLECTING has many joys, and not the least of these is the eagerly looked for appearance of a new catalogue. What fun it is to turn over the new pages, to see the illustrations of stamps issued since the previous edition was printed, and especially with what hope do we look at the prices to see whether or not stamps we own have advanced in value! We shall all be encouraged by advances this year, for there are many stamps which have "gone up" in price, and, indeed, have advanced materially. We note one marked feature of this new edition of the catalogue: there is inserted a fly-leaf which gives the purchaser of a catalogue the privilege of subscribing at half price to the monthly journal issued by the publishers. This seems a rather generous proposition, especially as every collector desires and needs the catalogue for its own sake.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

IT is so named because here every *St. Nicholas* reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention *St. Nicholas* in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with *St. Nicholas* advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

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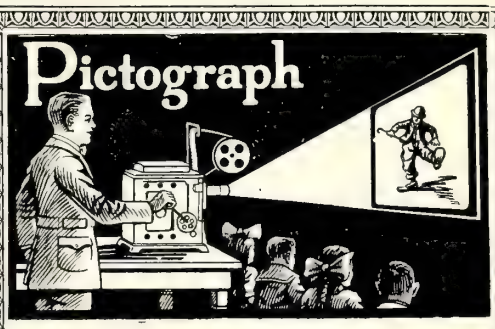


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Mrs. Jack London

who knows and loves the South Seas, has written the letter given below to Frederick O'Brien, author of

WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

Hilo, Hawaii, T. H.,
January 21, 1920.

My dear Mr. O'Brien:

You lucky, lucky man . . . . to have been where you've been, seen what you've seen, and, best of all, to have been a MAN and with the capacity so to appreciate your opportunity.

George Sterling wrote me, "Don't fail to read 'WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS.'" I did not hurry to possess myself of your book. Really, to be frank, I am jealous of my South Seas . . . . I almost shrink from opening a new book about them, for fear of disappointment. I have had so many disappointments of the kind. So I did not buy your book before I came away to spend this winter in Hawaii. But, around the holidays, on Maui, on the vast slopes of Haleakala, I found your book on every hand . . . . and every one begging me to read it. And then I fell . . . . And now it is a pleasure to have confessed.

I do not often envy any one; but I do envy your man-experience. I have been about a bit myself in the strange places . . . . but with a man. To go, as a man may, alone, now, would be my dream; but I may not, because I am a woman. I think the favorite book in my library is that great romance the "South Sea Directory."

How fortunate you were, to be on Hiva-Oa (which I only saw from Nuka-Hiva), and to find so many remnants of the real Marquesans, to see, even a few perfect types. I have just simply reveled in your descriptions. . . .

I like the way you have called a spade a spade. It is such splendid, straightforward stuff, all your book. . . . .

Many words I have written in this letter; but they do not convey, I am sure, the half of what your book means to me. Have you read my LOG? Rough and young as it is, I think you might like it.

Many will write you about yours . . . . but few, at least women, can be more intelligently appreciative than I, who have mourned in Taipi Vai, and looked aside into deserted Haapa. . . .

And now, please let me thank you for your book. It has enriched my life.

Very sincerely yours,
(signed) CHARMIAN LONDON
(Mrs. Jack.)

("WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS," is the amazing record of the author's year's residence among the natives of the Marquesas Islands. It is one of the sensational book successes of the season. It is published by THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold at all bookstores for $5.00.)

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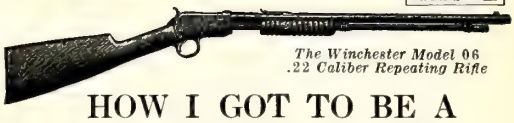




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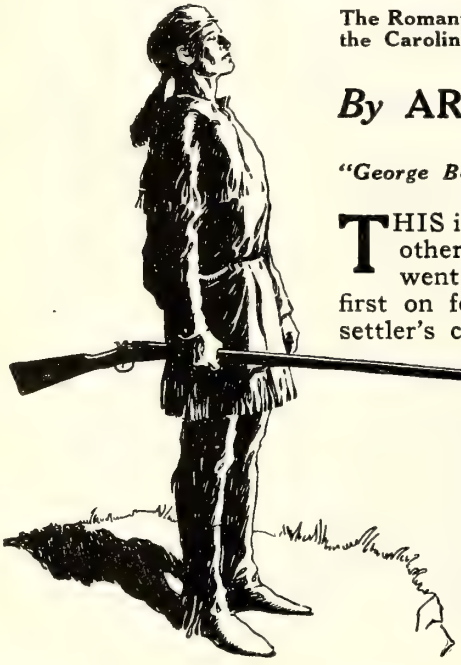
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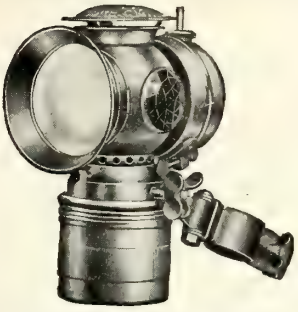
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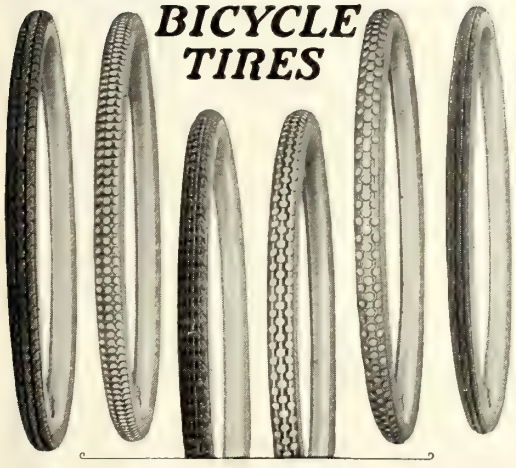
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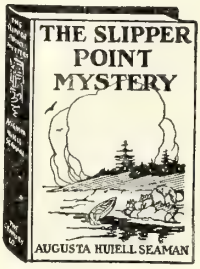
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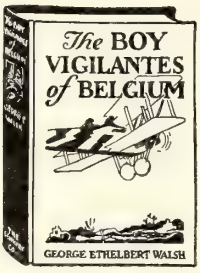
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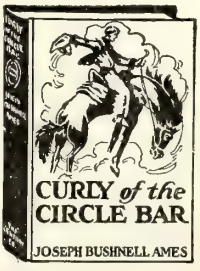
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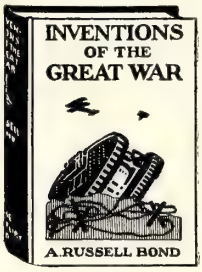
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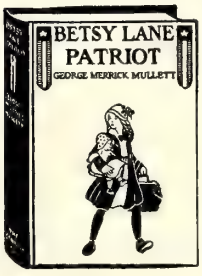
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And run your eye over the other features—the heavy gum toe-cap, ankle patch, real horsehide trimmings, double stitching and leather laces.

Note the back seam, too—the strong duck uppers are cut in two pieces like a leather shoe—they fit.

The Converse foot-form last insures plenty of toe-room and cork insoles prevent foot-burn.

"Big Nines" are the strongest combination of trim comfort and durable good looks that ever went on a foot. They're made in both brown and white.

Slip your feet into a pair, wear them *all day, every day.* Your folks will like them because of their leather-shoe durability at half the cost, and their comfort and foot-health.



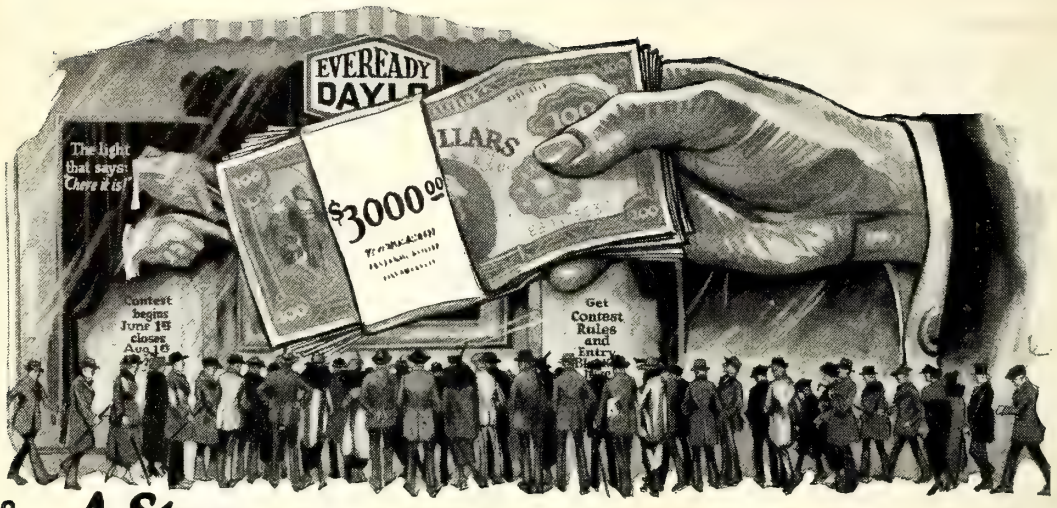
Be sure it's Converse. Look for the big non-skid "C" on the sole. If you don't find it, write to us.

Converse Rubber Shoe Co.

Factory: Malden, Mass.

Service Branches:

New York—142 Duane St. Chicago—618-626 W. Jackson Blvd.
Philadelphia—20 North Third Street



A Story Worth $3000.00 to YOU—Hidden Here!

JUST think of getting $3000.00 *in cash*—all at one time—for just a few minutes' thought and absolutely no work—no obligation.

You can *win it*. Send in the best answer to the Eveready Daylo $10,000.00 Picture Contest and the $3000.00 is yours. For the next best answer the prize is $1000.00. 102 other prizes $500.00 to $10.00 all to be paid in cash.

On June 1st go to the store of a Daylo dealer. See the picture in the window. Study it—let it tell you a story. Secure a Contest Blank from the dealer, write your answer and send it in. If your answer is the best you get the $3000.00. Nothing could be simpler.

Start on the first day of the contest. Send in as many answers as you wish. Go after that $3000.00 hard.

List of Prizes

1 First Prize	$3000.00
1 Second Prize	1000.00
3 Prizes—$500.00 each	1500.00
4 Prizes—$250.00 each	1000.00
5 Prizes—$200.00 each	1000.00
10 Prizes—$100.00 each	1000.00
10 Prizes—$ 50.00 each	500.00
20 Prizes—$ 25.00 each	500.00
50 Prizes—$ 10.00 each	500.00
104 Prizes	Total $10,000.00

Complete Contest Rules are Printed on Contest Blank. Ask Daylo Dealers for Them.



Contest Conditions

Answers will be judged by the editors of "LIFE" and must contain not more than 12 words. Hyphenated words count as one word.

If two or more contestants submit the identical answer selected by the judges for any prize, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each.

Contest begins June 1, 1920, and ends Midnight, August 1, 1920. Postmark will determine if letter has been mailed before close of contest.



VITALIC
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Bicycle Tires



No More Puncture Worries

That's because of the strong, pure rubber and the tough, thick, closely-woven fabric of which Vitalic Tires are constructed.

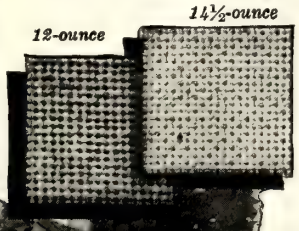
Policemen, letter-carriers, and professional riders use Vitalics. Vitalics are regular equipment on the better-grade wheels of such makes as Columbia, Dayton, Emblem, Excelsior, Harley-Davidson, Indian, Iver Johnson, Miami, Pierce, and Yale.

And when you figure the cost of Vitalic Tires, based on the mileage obtained with them, you'll find them to be the least expensive of all tires.

Ask the dealer to show you Vitalic Tires. Then try them.

Some Inside Information

All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra-strong 14½-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in most bicycle tires is 12-ounce—and as a rule bicycle tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric.





CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS, Erie, Pa.
Export Dept., 41 Warren Street, New York City



SAFETY fore and aft—the husky, mile-making Vacuum Cups holding your good bicycle from dangerous skids and spills on oily, wet, treacherous pavements.

Vacuum Cup Autobilt Cord and Fabric Bicycle Tires are the same as their big brothers on your daddy's car—*scaled down auto tires for your bicycle.*

They make perfect the great fun and sport of riding a bicycle, for they are practically puncture-proof and stonebruise-proof.

Speedy, tough, long-wearing, highly resilient, fine looking. White side walls on all of them, a strongly contrasting jet black tread on the Cord type and a handsome red tread on the Fabric.

Your dealer will be glad to show you the Pennsylvania line—Vacuum Cup Cord and Fabric, Sturdy Stud, and Bar Circle. A tire for every taste and price limitation, all having the well known Pennsylvania quality.

Made in one universal size to fit either a 28" x 1⅜", 28" x 1½", or 28" x 1⅝" rim. Also Juvenile sizes.

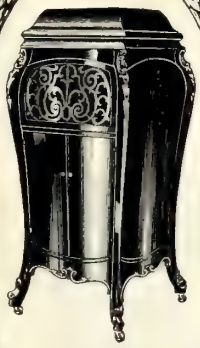
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JEANNETTE PENNSYLVANIA

Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada
Export Department, Woolworth Building, New York City

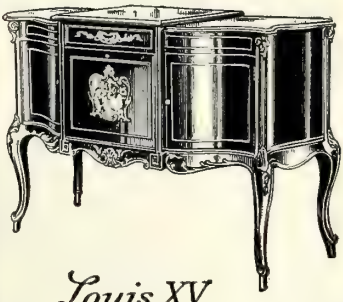


Vacuum Cup | Sturdy Stud | Bar Circle

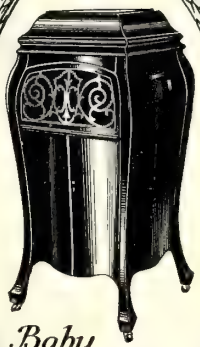
Pennsylvania
VACUUM CUP
AUTOBILT
BICYCLE TIRES



Invincible



Louis XV



Baby Grand

A TONE as brilliant as the sparkle of gems and as sweet as an old love song—as clear as the Sabbath church bells' chimes and as true as the ring of a gong—this is Sonora's tone which was awarded the highest score at the Panama Pacific Exposition.

THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

Sonora

CLEAR AS A BELL

is made for those who want the best—for those to whom *quality* is the leading attraction. When you purchase a Sonora you have the pride of possessing an instrument of matchless tonal beauty, graceful and elegant in appearance, with more important and exclusive features than any other phonograph.

The trade mark Sonora means to you and to all your friends that you are the owner of what the public recognizes and accepts as being *The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World.*

Magnificent Upright and Period Styles
Prices $60 to $2500

Special models will be made to order. We are also prepared to place Sonora equipments in treasured cabinets which you may now own.

Sonora Phonograph Company, Inc.
GEORGE E. BRIGHTSON, President

New York Demonstration Salons: 5th Ave. at 53rd St., 279 Broadway
Canadian Distributors: I. Montagnes & Co., Toronto

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Use Sonora Semi-Permanent Needles on all of your steel needle lateral cut records. They sweeten the tone, play many times, do away with inconvenience of frequent needle changing and increase the records' life

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.



Triplex Springs Triumphant on Old Santa Fe Trail

MAKING new history along old trails in a land of story and legend, *Triplex* Springs won signal honors.

Billows of clogging sand, often impassable to heavier cars, were traversed with ease by the light Overland. Chassis and *Triplex* Springs came through the trying sand ordeal unharmed.

Triplex Springs were pioneering in the very frontier of pioneer history. They were showing the way to the greatest improvement in riding comfort since the introduction of pneumatic tires.

The light weight of Overland makes possible big mileage on gasoline and tires. Its 130-inch spring-base gives the road steadiness of heavier and more expensive cars. Wonderful riding comfort and great economy are combined.

Overland equipment is complete —including Auto-Lite starting and lighting.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

Sedans, Coupes, Touring Cars and Roadsters

WILLYS-OVERLAND LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA



A regular self-starting non-skid shoe

WHAT shoes could be better for a ninety horse-power boy?

Look at the thickness of the waterproof rubber soles. Here are months of wear for the roughest boy! The leather reinforcements are ready for any kind of punishment. The canvas is heavy and strong.

And yet how light they feel, how springy! Easy to run in; sure and firm for climbing. Corrugated and plain soles for outdoor use and suction soles for indoor use. The loose lining and fibre inner sole make them cool in the warmest weather. They are cut to fit snugly around the ankle and instep and give just the right support.

This is only one of the Keds family. There are many others—several different kinds for boys for all kinds of wear. Also many models for men, women and children.

Ask any good shoe dealer to show them to you. See how sporty they look, how ready-for-anything they feel. Ask for them by name—Keds. Look for the name Keds on the sole.

Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company, the largest rubber manufacturer in the world. Years of experience are behind their careful workmanship. Go look at them today.



The most popular outing shoe the country over. Strong and durable, light and cool.

Keds

United States Rubber Company

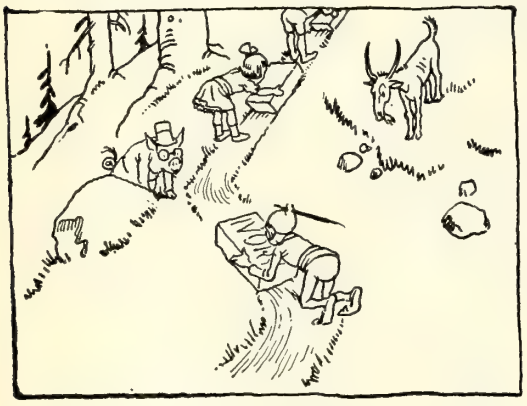
Fifty-three Factories *Two hundred and thirty-five Branches*

The old and largest Rubber Organization in the World

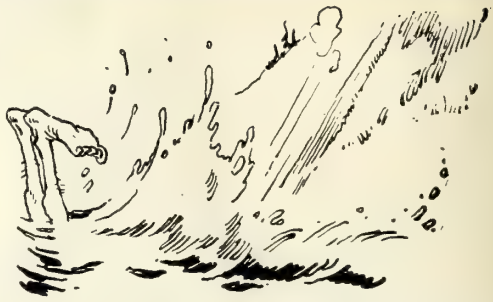


Chapter VI. The Genie Reformed.

A GENIE is a giant man most fearsome, gruff and grim. In your *Arabian Nights* I'm sure you all have read of him. But this especial Genie beast who came with ramp and roar to thump our IVORY heroes was ten cubits tall or more. The Genie thundered as he came, to prove his frightful powers, but raging giants could not scare brave heroes such as ours. Yes, well they knew that IVORY SOAP was certainly a key to overcome the giant if they used some strategy.



They knew the road that he must take led down a hill so steep that he would have to mind his steps and check his pace to keep from plunging headlong in a pond just where the roadway ended. *This* was the great strategic point that must be well defended. And so our heroes soused the road far up the rugged hill with IVORY



SOAP suds two feet thick; they poured on more until the path was white as driven snow.

"We think," said Pete and Bill, "the force of gravity and soap will give that brute a spill." "Quite true," said Gnif, "but Billy Goat, run up the hill and lure the giant straight into the suds to make his spilling sure." So Billy ran *around* the suds far up the hill and met the Genie giant striding down. *One* butt from Bill upset that Genie's dignity at once and he was much insulted, and so a hasty chase down hill for Billy Goat resulted. Like lightning sped that goat till he came to the suds, then swerved. But Genie *didn't*. Down he went, embarrassed and unnerved. It took not half a cricket's wink to get his sudsy spill into the pond reposing at the bottom of the hill. Then our brave IVORY heroes ducked and scrubbed him so completely that he became repentant and apologized most sweetly.

"Ah, me," said he, "I've often wished but never dared to hope to be reformed by any means as pure as IVORY SOAP. Pray give me forty pounds of it and I'll be off this minute to Genieland where I will scrub each naughty genie in it."



So little friends 'twas ever so,
Great good is sure to be
The happy aftermath of woe
When using IVORY.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS - EST. 1837 -

IVORY IT FLOATS

IVORY SOAP 99 44/100% PURE

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"Never Do to be Without Jell-O"

As Tommy finished the Jell-O dessert at dinner mamma remarked, "That's the last of the Jell-O in the house," and he proceeded to the kitchen to enter an order for more.

"Never do to be without Jell-O," Tommy says.

Good idea, too, for with

JELL-O

in the house you have something to rely on in time of emergency and all other times.

Any woman can make a dozen or more different kinds of dishes from each of the six flavors of Jell-O, which are: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate.

Send for the 1920 Jell-O Book, which contains some new recipes for popular dishes.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

Better
Quicker

Housecleaning

Without the Hard Work



Painted Walls, Woodwork

Acts like magic in removing finger-marks, spots, dust, dirt and grime. Makes the surface fresh, spotless and free from streaks.

Floors, Steps

Makes wood, linoleum, tile and stone look like new, and leaves no greasy film. Superior results with mop or brush.

Windows, Mirrors

A small amount of Old Dutch in a dry folded cloth cleans the glass thoroughly. No rewiping.

Bathroom

Restores original beauty to porcelain, enamel and marble. Quickly takes off stains and scum.

Kitchen

Sink, stove, floor, wall, refrigerator, cooking utensils made bright and sanitary with little labor.

Goes Further and Does Better Work

ST. NICHOLAS

for Boys and Girls



JULY 1920


AT ALL "OCCASIONS" SERVE
Baker's Cocoa
OR
Baker's Chocolate
Served hot or cold it is a most welcome drink of delicious flavor and aroma, pure and wholesome. Does not cause nervousness or sleeplessness.
140 years experience in chocolate making
Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
ESTABLISHED 1780
DORCHESTER, MASS.
Booklet of Choice Recipes Sent Free
REG U. S. PAT. OFF.



Now taste baked beans—*toasted!*

Baked beans—toasted!

First baked, really baked—*not* boiled or steamed—

Baked in ovens in slow, dry heat—baked to the mellow, mealy tenderness of well-done baked potatoes and to the same delectable oven-sweet fragrance.

Then toasted!—for that flavor of flavors that only toasting gives—by an entirely new Libby process.

This toasting *browns* them as toasting browns bread and gives them a surprising new tastiness—a flavor that smacks of deep-browned roast meat, or of the nut-like flavor of Dutch oven bread.

An then to top it all off, there's the pork—and the sauce!

The pork—tender little cubes of sweet, succulent meat—from sugar-cured young porklings.

The sauce—a real innovation, the result of many months' experimenting by Libby's chefs.

Enjoy these new flavored beans at dinner tonight—learn what a new delight this dish can be. Your grocer has them or will gladly get them for you.

Libby's



Libby, McNeill & Libby
907 Welfare Bldg., Chicago
Chatham, Ont., Can.

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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR JULY, 1920.

Page

Frontispiece: "Ring! Ring for Liberty!" Painted by Henry Mosler

Uncle Sam's Birthday. Verse. Illustrated ..... Florence Boyce Davis 771

Your Best and Hardest Job. ..... Hildegarde Hawthorne 773

Golf Tips for Young Players. Sketch. ..... Francis Ouimet 775
Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea

The Conquering of Pike's Peak. Sketch ..... Mabel Alberta Spicer 779
Illustrations from photographs

Jane Wins Her Stripes. Story. Illustrated by M. F. Martino ..... Ethel Sargent Hyde 786

Fog. Verse. ..... Isabel McKinney 793

The Mystery of the Sea-Lark. Serial Story. ..... Ralph Henry Barbour / H. P. Holt 794
Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.

Memory Trees. Verse. ..... Sophie E. Redford 801

The Author of "Home, Sweet Home." Sketch. ..... Carson C. Hathaway 802
Illustrations from photographs

Saved by a Guitar. Story. Illustrated by George Varian ..... David S. Greenberg 804

Boy Scouts in the North; or, The Blue Pearl. Serial Story. ..... Samuel Scoville, Jr. 810
Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

Homeward Bound. Verse. Illustration from photograph ..... Alice M. Cahill 818

My Visit to the Towers. Sketch. Illustrations from photographs ..... Mary Kelsey 819

Sir Isaac Newt. Verse ..... Robert Emmet Ward 820

The Hungry Boy. Verse. Illustrated by George T. Tobin ..... George W. Tuttle 821

The National Flower of Scotland. Sketch. ..... Edith Oliver 822

The Rainbow. Verse. Illustrated by Elizabeth C. Bower ..... Olive C. Richards 823

The Happy Venture. Serial Story. Illustrated by the author ..... Edith Ballinger Price 824

The School-house in Vacation. Verse. ..... Mattie Lee Hausgen 832
Illustrated by Decie C. Merwin

For Boys Who Do Things. Packing-Box Village—X. ..... A. Russell Bond 833
Illustrated with diagrams

Getting up a Band. Sketch. ..... Charles K. Taylor 836
Illustrations from photographs

A Safe and Effective Fire-cracker. Sketch. ..... Edward Thorpe 839
Illustrated with diagrams

The Three Bilities. Sketch. ..... Edmund J. Ryan 840

An American Shrine. Sketch. ..... Ransford Mix Beach 841

The Watch Tower. Illustrations from photographs ..... Edward N. Teall 842

Nature and Science for Young Folks: Illustrations from photographs 847
Two Great Natural Bridges (George Burbank Shattuck)—The Airplane Lubricant (James Anderson)—Our Lowly Allies in the Grass (Hamilton M. Laing)

For Very Little Folk: Billy's Birthday. Verse. ..... Rosalba B. Kirby 852
Illustrated by the author

St. Nicholas League. With Awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs, and Puzzles. Illustrated 854

The Letter-Box 862

The Riddle-Box 863

St. Nicholas Stamp Page. Conducted by Samuel R. Simmons ..... Advertising page 26

The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.

In the United States, the price of ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE is **$4.00 a year in advance, or 35 cents a single copy**; the price of a yearly subscription to a Canadian address is **$4.35**; the subscription price elsewhere throughout the world is $4.60 (the regular price of $4.00 plus the foreign postage, 60 cents). Foreign subscriptions will be received in English money at 1 pound 4 shillings, in French money 75 francs, covering postage. We request that remittances be by money-order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. All subscriptions will be filled from the New York office. The Century Co. reserves the right to suspend any subscription taken contrary to its selling terms, and to refund the unexpired credit. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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"We are advertised by our loving friends"

A Mellin's Food Girl



Mary A. Pflughaupt, Romney, Ind.

Send today for a trial size bottle of Mellin's Food together with our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants." They are Free.

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.

NEXT MONTH

ST. NICHOLAS *for* AUGUST

PARTIAL TABLE OF CONTENTS

"Golf in Bad Weather" — FRANCIS OUIMET

What golfer can do his best when the rain comes down? That famous player and present North and South Champion, Francis Ouimet can—and in this article tells what training he went through to enable him to do it. "As a school boy," he says, "I gave my good mother many opportunities to reprimand me for playing golf in a pouring rain. And she has often told me since that on such days, when she asked me to run some errand for her, my reply usually was: 'Oh, it's too wet, Mother!'" It will be remembered that almost every reporter commented upon the fine golf displayed under trying conditions on the day when Mr. Ouimet defeated Vardon and Ray for the U. S. Open title. But the rain at that time was an April shower, he says, compared to the near cloud-burst of other games which he describes.

A delightful article, containing many unique reminiscences, and good advice as to midirons and mashies.

"The Playtime of the Sea" — HALLAM HAWKSWORTH

The author of that notable article "The Machinery of the Sea," printed in the September issue of last year, returns to one of his favorite subjects in this interesting companion-sketch, showing the work of Old Father Neptune in his lighter moods, and illustrated with unusual photographs and with reproductions of some beautiful sea-pictures.

"The Carnival Cup" — BREWER CORCORAN

A boy who has set his heart upon winning the cup offered as a prize in a swimming contest has all his hopes dispelled by an accident which lays him up for weeks with an injured leg. Whereupon his sister enters, and the part which she plays in the contest and its result makes a fascinating story for the midsummer season.

"The Victory of Defeat" — JOSEPH B. AMES

Another timely and exciting narrative with a "reverse climax," (as implied in the title) by this well-known writer, will stir the pulses of his many boy-readers.

"The Happy Venture" — EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

This admirable serial—a "home-story" which rings true in every page—reaches in the August instalment a thrilling crisis which will endear the narrative still further to those who are eagerly following its progress from month to month.

The two serials for boys—"The Mystery of the Sea-Lark" by Ralph Henry Barbour and H. P. Holt, and "Boy-Scouts in the North" by Samuel Scoville, Jr., also develop their most engrossing chapters, corresponding to the "third act" in a play; and in the department "For Boys Who Do Things". Mr. A. Russell Bond concludes his practical articles on "Packing Box Village", illustrated with a remarkable drawing by E. F. Bayha of the "Village" entire. And a most imposing town it is, made, complete, by boy-carpenters and builders.



Battle of Argonne Forest

Every boy will want these three pictures



We have a pretty good idea of the things boys like That's how we came to make boys' clothes; we knew boys wanted better style, better tailoring and fabrics

We know, too, that boys like good stirring pictures for their rooms So we had Edward Penfield, one of the great American artists, make pictures of three crucial American battles: Lexington, Gettysburg and the Argonne

These pictures are in full color and are printed on a heavy cardboard Any boy who would like a set of these battle pictures can get them by sending in his name and address

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Chicago New York

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You Want To Read These

They're corking books—every one of them exciting, absorbing reading.

And worth while, too: You get a lot of points out of them on woodcraft, seamanship, athletics, horsemanship and cattleman's lore—and history, too; the sort that lets you into the secret of everyday life as it was really led by the stiff figures that move through regular history books "on stilts."

Boy Scouts in the Wilderness

By Samuel Scovi'le

A millionaire lumber king bets a troop of Boy Scouts a camp (to belong to them if they win) that they can't hold out thirty days in the big woods without taking any supplies with them.

Illustrated *Price $1.75*

Hero Tales from American History

By Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge

Stories by such eminent Americans as Roosevelt and Lodge about other great Americans, make up a rare sort of book.

Illustrated *Price $1.90*

The Crimson Sweater

By Ralph Henry Barbour

Is the kind of clean-cut, absorbing story of athletics and young athletes that only Barbour does.

Illustrated *Price $1.75*

Lost Island

By Ralph Henry Barbour and H. P. Holt

Is the sort of adventure story that is turned out when Mr. Barbour and another "hum-dinger" of a writer collaborate—that means one of the best boys' stories published in years.

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Captains Courageous

By Rudyard Kipling

Stands among the very few saltest, strongest, finest sea-tales for boys that were ever told.

Illustrated *Price $2.00*

Curly of the Circle Bar

By Joseph B. Ames

Ranching as it really is today on the great fenced ranges of Texas, and an adventurous boy's experience as a cattleman.

Illustrated *Price $1.75*

The Mystery of Ram Island

By Joseph B. Ames

Has to go into the list of very best boys' books, too, for it's a splendid tale of danger and daring—guaranteed to keep you up later than you should be.

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Barnaby Lee

By John Bennett

Tells how a likeable chap got himself into trouble and out of it in Peter Stuyvesant's time—when the wooden leg ruled in Nieuw Amsterdam.

Illustrated *Price $1.90*

Jack Ballister's Fortunes

By Howard Pyle

A sturdy lad of free English birth is kidnapped and taken as "bound boy" to the American colonies. His story is both good reading and practically true history.

Illustrated *Price $2.00*

Master Skylark

By John Bennett

A lad with a wonder-voice who is taken by the strolling Lord Admiral's Players and takes the riotous, dusty, adventurous road with them in the "spacious days" of Shakespeare and Queen Bess.

Illustrated *Price $1.90*

At All Bookstores Published by **THE CENTURY CO.** 353 Fourth Avenue New York City

Ten Worth-While Books

That any girl would be glad to own. The very best reading for girls of from twelve to eighteen years. There is food for many a serious thought and generous impulse, nourishment for right character-building, a good deal of information—not smuggled in like a pill in jelly but a legitimate part of the stories. But chiefly there is a whole world of thrilling, absorbing incidents, interesting and likable characters—a world of wholesome pleasure.

The Lass of the Silver Sword

By Mary Constance Du Bois

Jean Lennox is one of the most appealing heroines of fiction for girls. This is a really fine book of girl life, which every girl should have the privilege of owning.

Illustrated *Price $1.90*

The League of the Signet-Ring

By Mary Constance Du Bois

Is a sort of sequel, in which the same characters appear. A happy and inspiring story for older girls, ending in a wedding.

Illustrated *Price $1.90*

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ANY FAMILY

A Play in Two Scenes

Scene: Living-room of the Halsteads.

Time: Warm evening in early July, after dinner.

As the curtain rises a clock is heard striking eight. The room is lighted by two floor-lamps with tan shades, and a candelabrum with lighted candles. Every evidence of culture and refinement. At stage left, stone fireplace, in front of which is davenport and long table with books, magazines, flowers, etc. Two easy-chairs upholstered in bright chintz. At the back, French doors open out on a flower garden. A baby-grand piano stands at stage right. Beyond, toward back, is door leading to hallway and dining-room.

While clock strikes, voices talking and laughing are heard in the garden. Dorothy, aged thirteen, enters, dressed in white, summery clothes, and goes toward piano.

DOROTHY. (*Calling back over shoulder to father and mother still in garden.*)

All right, Daddy, I'll play for you while you and Mother finish your coffee. (*Sits at piano and plays beautifully and simply. Toward the end father and mother appear at French doors—pause to listen.*)

MOTHER. (*Entering room first and going toward Dorothy.*)

Thank you, dear, that is lovely. Don't you agree, Charles?

FATHER. (*Entering.*)

Indeed, yes, I'm proud of you, daughter. Your playing has surely improved this year past. I do hope your interest and enthusiasm will keep on growing. (*Sits in arm-chair and lights cigar.*)

DOROTHY. (*Rising and putting her arm around her mother.*)

Of course it will, Father, because, while at school, my teacher is such a human dear and understands so well how a young girl feels that she just makes me love it.

(*Mother and Dorothy go to davenport and sit; Mother takes work-basket from table and begins crocheting.*)

FATHER. It will soon be time for school again, and I suppose we shall have to settle once more the question of where to send both you and Junior.

DOROTHY. But, Daddy dear, you don't have to settle about my school. I just love everything about the one I have been going to this last year. The teachers are so splendid, and they seem to know just how to get the best out of me. I'll be so unhappy if I don't go back to Cliffside Hall again this year.

MOTHER. No, I don't think we can do better than to continue letting Dorothy go to the same school. Her improvement in English and composition was very marked last year. You know, yourself, Charles, how difficult it was to interest her in mathematics; now it is surprising what splendid work she is doing along that line. Personally, I feel that Dorothy's last year at school was very successful. I wish that everything was as well with Junior. (*Sighing.*) If only he had her enthusiasm! And yet there is some real reason why he does not get along at school as well as Dorothy.

FATHER. Well, how did we arrive at the selection of Cliffside Hall?

DOROTHY. (*Enthusiastically.*)

It was when we were at Southampton last summer that I first saw the advertisement of my school in ST. NICHOLAS, and it looked so interesting and inviting, that I told Mother how much I liked it. As long as I was going away to school anyway, and there was no apparent reason why Cliffside was not desirable, Mother felt that we should write to Miss Hempstead, the principal, for more information.

MOTHER. Yes, that was the beginning. Dorothy was so positive that she would like this particular school that I finally did write. After we came back home, Miss Hempstead called on me in answer to my letter. She proved such a sincere gentlewoman, that she left me about as enthusiastic for Cliffside Hall as Dorothy was. She sketched the aims of the school in such a way that there was no doubt in my mind that it was just such a school as I should like to attend myself, were I Dorothy's age.

The reason for daughter's continued enthusiasm is not only because it is a good school, but because, after all, Cliffside Hall was her own choice, and I simply made sure that it was a wise one. I'm convinced that allowing her to help choose her school has brought about the state of mind where she is doing the very thing we want her to do, but doing it better, because we have not arbitrarily forced our own ideas on her.

FATHER. (*Slapping the arm of his chair and rising.*)

That's it. You have hit upon something I've never realized before. Where is Junior? (*Walks to door to hallway and calls up the stairs.*) Son, come down here, I want to talk to you.

MOTHER. (*Apprehensively.*)

Now, Charles, don't be frowning and cross and dictatorial when you talk to him. Remember, boys are real people after all.

(*As the curtain falls, Junior is seen coming down the stairway from his room above, where he had been sent after dinner to study, having failed in certain subjects at school last semester.*)

Scene II will appear in the August ST. NICHOLAS.
Read what happens to Junior.



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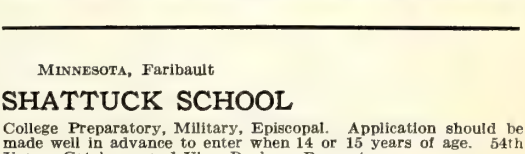
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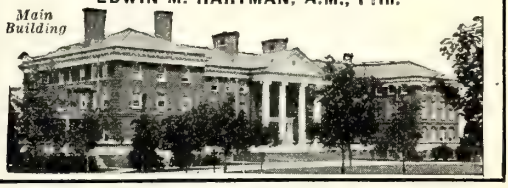
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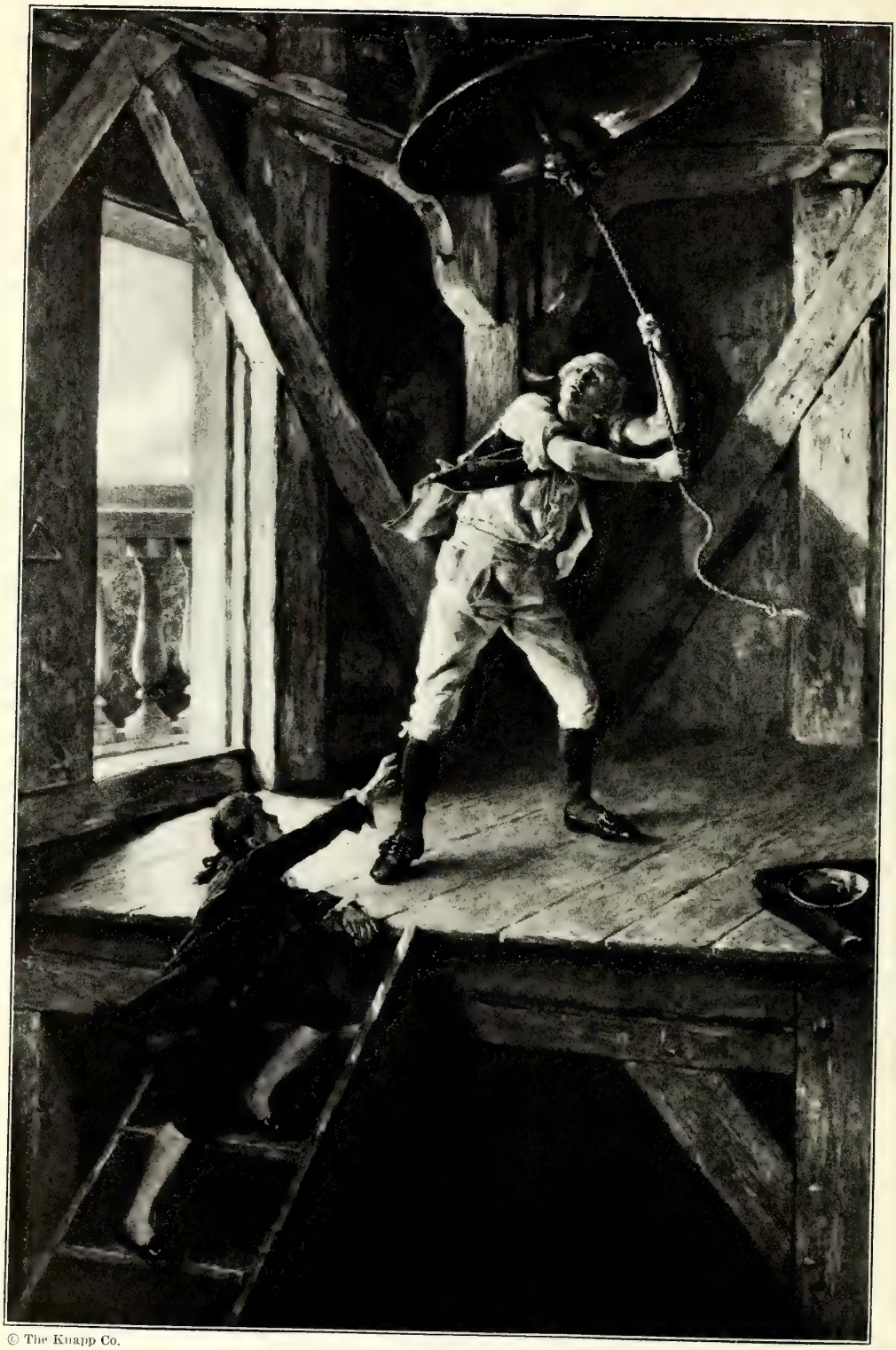
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ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVII JULY, 1920 No. 9

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UNCLE SAM'S BIRTHDAY

By FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

AT midnight a bell rings; a cannon booms at dawn,
And noisy crackers pop and snap as day wears on;
And then at dark the sky grows red with sudden bursts of light,
And balls of wonder colors plow upward through the night.
What means this reckless tumult from early hour to late?
'T is the birthday of our Uncle Sam—the day we celebrate!
So let the welkin ring until the sleeping hills awake,
While we place another candle on the birthday cake.

How deeply would the nation's past be wrapped in mystery
Were 't not that tales are handed down by old Dame History!
And this one is the favorite: The July sun looked down
Upon the silent State House, over the anxious town;
The dew dried on the grasses, the noon hour came and went,
And groups of men conjectured what the long waiting meant.
They talked of their oppression, of how they came to feel
The folly of submitting against their common weal,
With governors tyrannical, with wrongs on every hand,
With navigation laws to cull the products of their land;
Not even could the colonies, one with another, trade
Their woolen goods and iron wares, nor the fur hats they made.
But when a tax was levied, their union was begun,
And they forgot small rivalries and let their quarrels pass,
And from New Hampshire's granite hills to Georgia's southern sun
They brewed their tea of raspberry-leaves, yaupon, and sassafras;
And so that wool might be increased, a ban on mutton laid;
And homespun wore at funerals, since black was foreign made.
Contending for a principle, no favors might atone;
Holding their country more than gold, they laid its corner-stone.

Since morning, crowds had waited and watched the State House door,
For men had seen a vision of a country that was free,
And faces, worn and furrowed, the glow of victory wore,
And every arm was ready to fight for liberty.

If need be, from far corners of mountain, mead, and glen
Forth at their country's bidding would come her minute-men;
And Washington's new army to strengthen and increase,
Would every farmer leave the plow and grasp his fowling-piece.
Thus firm against the prestige of the mother-country's power
They raised the bulwark of their faith, sufficient to the hour.

Within the old-time State House, grave sessions had been spent
By the Continental Congress in earnest-toned debate;
The pen of Thomas Jefferson had framed a document
That gave to every colony the freedom of a state,
Where men, created equal, be granted nothing less
Than life, and liberty, and the just pursuit of happiness.
And while the people waited on that fourth day of July,
Was it the summer sunshine that lighted up the sky,
Or did men see beyond the years the Stars and Stripes unfurled
And the golden light of Freedom's torch shining upon the world?

For out of years of discontent and bickering and strife,
A little new-born nation was struggling into life—
A little new-born nation that into being came
When to that famous document John Hancock signed his name.
And Congress bowed the head in prayer to God, the Supreme King—
And then they told the little page: "Go, bid the bell-man ring!"

Now can't you hear the old bell peal above that sea of men,
Though near a century and a half has passed away since then?
It rang out "Independence!" over town and towering hill.
The message that it heralded, thank God, is living still!

And so let loose the cannon, and send the rockets high,
We celebrate a birthday on the fourth of each July;
From pine to palm, from east to west, as every year comes round,
Hands joined with Young America, we 'll meet on common ground;
And over all our splendid land shall rocks their silence break
As we place another candle on the birthday cake.



INDEPENDENCE HALL AT THE TIME OF THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

YOUR BEST AND HARDEST JOB

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

If you were to be asked what was the most difficult thing to do in all this world, I don't suppose a single one of you would answer, "To love America."

Yet that is exactly what it is—the very hardest job you will have your life through.

I can almost hear a loud shout, and that shout seems to be saying:

"Hard to love America? Why, that 's the nicest, easiest thing on earth! We just could n't help it, let alone finding it difficult."

Well, it depends. It depends on what you mean when you use the word *love*.

If you mean a warm sort of glow and pride, a delight in the fact that you are American and live in America, an exciting lift to your heartstrings when the band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner" and a general conviction that you had rather be an American boy or girl than any other boy or girl the world holds, then I agree with you. That is easy. It is too easy. It is so easy that you will realize, if you think about it at all, that it cannot be all there is to love—not nearly all.

Soon, in a few years, you boys and girls are going to have America in your keeping. According to what you are, what you do, America will be. It is you, boys and girls to-day, who will to-morrow be the law-makers, the governors, the congressmen, and Presidents and voters. You and America will be one. If you really love her, you are going to give her the best of yourselves. And that means the hardest sort of work, the most understanding service. It means that you will not be blind to her faults. The sort of love that spoils what it loves is really a kind of hate, because it is mere selfishness. The man or woman who is contented to say that everything that is American is the best there is and needs not to be improved or changed is simply lazy or stupid or insincere. If you truly love America, you must keep her advancing, you must keep her noble, you must be glad of criticism that is constructive and of example that is helpful.

The boy or girl who grows up thinking only of what America is going to give him or her does not love America, for loving is giving. And to love well, you must give wisely. That is why I began by saying that the hardest thing in life would be to love America. It must mean so much or it means nothing.

Let us take one item, and see what love means in regard to it.

There are the great natural beauties and resources of America. Her huge forests, her superb mountains and streams and lovely lakes, her fertile fields and singing valleys. There are her living creatures, animals and birds and fishes, all part of her existence and her value.

If you mean to love America, you must, as far as your own strength and power go, see that these splendid parts of her life as a country are conserved and improved. You should take the trouble to know what laws are needed to save these things when they are threatened, and they are always threatened, because a large part of America is made up of people who have no real love for the country at all, but who wish to serve themselves only. It is these people who cut down the forests ruthlessly, if by doing so they can make momentary profit for themselves. It is these people who ruin streams and kill all the fish in them by turning factory refuse into the clear water, who shoot game out of season, who destroy and devastate for their own sakes and to pay or please themselves, leaving America, which they may pretend to love, to suffer. And all of us who look on idly and allow America to be thus despoiled and hurt do not love her either—not so much as our own ease, at least.

Perhaps you begin to see that loving America isn 't the easiest thing in the world, after all?

I know one boy who trained himself to be a forest ranger, and who now rides the trails of the far Northwest watching over hundreds of miles of forest and mountain. He told me, long ago, when he was still training, that he loved America.

"I 'm going to make my living, like any of the fellows," he told me; "but I 'm going to make it working for America; I 'm not going to make it out of her." And he laughed.

You don't need to be a forest ranger to work for America. Whether you are a lawyer or a doctor or a business man or a farmer, you can always work for America if you want to, even while you work for yourself. But each one of you should try to do something definitely for this country of yours, which you love. It is your country, and yet not quite yours, for it is only held in trust. After you, come others; and if you try, you can hand it on better and finer and more beautiful than it was when you took it over.

But you can't do all this easily. You must know what America needs and how to get it. You must bring your brains and your hands and your time to her service. You will need to be interested, and you will need to interest others. But surely, if you love America, all this will be a labor of love.

The other day I read a letter in one of the newspapers written by an American who had just come back from a trip right across the continent and up and down it. And he wrote that what struck him most was the dirt and litter spread everywhere.

The city streets and parks from coast to coast were strewn with papers and rubbish, he said. Down in the Grand Cañon, along the trails of the Yosemite, even, he saw rubbish left by traveling campers. From the car windows he saw untidyness, and along river banks and lake shores it met him.

"What 's the matter with us?" he wanted to know. "Are we the dirtiest people in the world, or don't we care a hang what our country looks like?"

If we do care, we are going to take hold and see that things are cleaned up and that the dirty and untidy and careless people are made to take more thought of the welfare of others and the beauty of this country, that should be worth a little trouble to us all. In this same matter, I remember when I was at the San Francisco Exposition of 1915. Nothing on earth was ever lovelier, ever more a dream come true than that radiant and exquisite city of enchantment, all color and gracious form, banked flowers and reflecting waters. But by the time the afternoon had come and the luncheon parties had done their worst, never was there any place so littered and covered and degraded with torn papers and empty boxes and debris. It was sad and horrible. One day I spoke of this to a young Californian, a boy or twenty or so.

"There ought to be better supervision here, since the people won't take care of the place themselves," I said.

But he would not admit that anything was wrong. "We are a free people out here," he said. "We don't want a lot of laws and interference."

But no people is free that regards license and selfishness as freedom. True freedom is jealous of the freedom of all. The American who prefers to save himself trouble at the expense of every one else, and who strews ugliness in the place of beauty, is not a good American; he does not love his country and is not fit for her freedom. One might as well say that a woman who kept her home dirty and messy, her children unwashed, and herself unkempt was a good housekeeper and loved her home. Laziness and untidyness are forms of selfishness, not of freedom.

There are splendid things to do for America, and you boys and girls who are now growing up to take your places at the great task of making a country will do them. You will do them, or they will not be done. You are the future. Are you really thinking of this? Are you loving America well enough to plan a little and study a little and work a little toward the time when you will be called to take hold of the job?

Is it not thrilling to know that it is you who will have to answer so many of the questions the world is asking to-day? Not only will you, loving our America, work for her outer robe of beauty, for the preservation of her natural resources and glories, for the cleaning of her cities and towns, but you will work for her spirit.

You cannot all be leaders, though from among you must come leaders and guides. But you can each and all be true Americans. It will be you who decide whether or not America is to remain true to the great ideals that have led her in the past, that have wavered and darkened at times, but have always brightened again. No one can tell what rocks are ahead. The tide runs and takes us with it, and the helm passes from our hands to yours. You will have to steer, and, according to your steering, will you make harbor or go to wreck. The wreck will perhaps be only for a time. But if you are trained, if you care, if you love, you will not fail to make harbor.

We should none of us ever forget that we are, among other things, citizens.

Boys and girls, you think of your future, and what you will do for it, how you will prepare for it. Do not forget, too, to think of America's future, and to prepare for that. It is worth preparing for. It is a greater future than your own, more enduring, more important. And it will owe part of itself to you.

If you ask this boy or that boy, this girl or the other, what he or she is going to be, they will give all sorts of answers. One will be an electric engineer, one an airplane builder, one a lawyer. This girl means to marry and have children of her own, that one wishes to paint or to write or to go into business.

But all are going to be citizens. And all should think of that, too, as part of the life that is coming.

Love America. Love to swim in her shining waters, to camp in her woods and climb her trails. Love to see and know her many sides, her different climates and ways of life. Don't think of America as simply your own town or village or farm or ranch or city. Think of all of her, so various and mighty and good, stretching from sea to sea and gulf to lakes, and reaching on beyond, as she does. Think of her as linked to the rest of the world, as she is. Think of her as coming from the past and going on into the future. And make up your minds that you will do something for her, something definite and worth the doing, something worth the love you say you have for her. Love wishes to give, to serve, to help. That only is love.

Love America. But love her wisely. Work hard to cure the faults, the mistakes under which she labors. Work to bring her closer to the ideal that is the real America. Be glad of your responsibilities toward her. Do not leave her to be ruled by a few who make it their business and profit to rule. She is your job, your country. She needs you.

Many men have loved America enough to die for her. Some have loved her well enough to give up all hope of fortune and ease for her. Some have sacrificed name and station for her. Love is the greatest, the most compelling taskmaster on earth. If you love America, you have a great job on your hands.

But there is none better. If you love her, you may not die rich, and you may have had bitter things to meet and disappointments to endure. But you will probably have been happy through it all. For love is a wonderful thing, and brings its own rewards.



GOLF TIPS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS

BY FRANCIS OUIMET

North and South Champion



After playing golf for many years, I have found that success depends upon two things: mental and physical force. But I fear that too many golfers believe that the latter is the outstanding reason for playing well, probably because they have the same feeling about other sports. While I do not mean to infer that games like baseball, football, and tennis put a premium on strength above all else, there is a marked difference between them and golf.

For one thing, these three games are played on practically the same kind of fields, no matter where staged. Whereas in golf you are constantly encountering numerous and varied hazards in the shape of sand-traps, bushes, ponds, long grass, and so on. The knowledge that these hazards actually exist and are to be found where they are is one great cause for many upsets in golf. They cause one to imagine a great deal more than he should.

To me, this imagination represents about eighty per cent. of golf. In other words, as you look down the fairway and see a patch of long grass or a sand-trap, the first thing that comes to your mind is how to avoid this particular hazard. Hazards are magnetic, and possess the faculty of drawing your ball toward them. This seems to be especially true if you devote every effort toward avoiding them.

If golfers would attempt cultivating the idea that there are no traps in the way, or, instead of thinking so much about them, do as Walter Hagen does, believe that, if you do fall into one, your lie will be good and enable you to get out without penalty, I believe they would have a far greater measure of success in play.

Almost every boy or girl who rides a bicycle will recall how easy it was to hit a tree when he or she began riding. Just as soon as you noted one somewhere along the road, you would let the thought of your running into it master you. Consequently, you would go pounding into it. I learned a similar lesson about golf the other day when playing a round at the Woodland Golf Club. A wild tee-shot at the third hole landed me in a little grove to the right of the course among the trees. My lie was about a hundred and seventy yards from the green. Some sixty yards in front of me, and directly in my course, stood a huge



"IMAGINATION REPRESENTS ABOUT EIGHTY PER CENT. OF GOLF"



"'I KNEW I SHOULD MISS THAT PUTT!'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

oak. This, apparently, shut off any chance I might take to reach the green. After studying the situation carefully, I came to the conclusion that the shot for me to attempt was a safe pitch to the fairway.

So I played with nothing else in mind. Just as it appeared that I had achieved my object, my ball struck a small twig and came bounding back to where I stood. Again I tried the same shot, and again my ball hit the same twig and rebounded to me. I began to think rapidly at this point of the game, and came to the decision that I would try to reach the green. Taking my mid-iron from my bag, I took a good look at the big oak which completely stymied me. Golf is odd in that you never seem able to accomplish the thing you most desire to do. For this reason, I had little faith in my chances of getting by that tree. Nevertheless, I took my mid-iron and tried my best to play into the tree. My shot missed it nicely, stole through the branches without mishap, and, when I came to my ball again, it was quite near the hole. I decided right away that the best way to play a ball out of such a hazard was to try and hit the tree. One may do so once in a great while, but the average will be greatly in favor of your not doing so.

A friend of mine told me of an odd experience of this kind on the part of Walter J. Travis when playing in a match at Palm Beach in 1917. Travis, as you probably recall, was considered to be the most accurate putter in the game. Coming to the ninth green, Travis was some fifteen yards off the green. His opponent's ball was almost on the green and directly in his line for the cup. Travis took out his putter and attempted to run up dead to the cup. His ball was played so accurately that it struck the other directly in the center and rolled it onto the green, again directly in his line. Afterward my friend asked Travis why he had not tried to putt around the other man's ball. "Why," he replied, "I never thought I could hit it. It was so far away that I tried my best to keep on the line, thinking that my putt would vary just enough to clear his ball. I was as much surprised as any one when I struck the ball."

One thing I have noticed among young golfers is their great deliberateness. At my home city we have two very good young players. Some day they will be well-known figures in the golfing world, but I believe their progress will be slow. From watching them play, it seems to me that they have been warned so often never to become careless that they have gone to the other extreme. When either reaches the putting-greens, you wonder how long it will be before he will play his ball.

In the beginning of this article I said that I considered imagination represented eighty per cent. of the game of golf. The more I watch these two boys play, the more certain I am that this is so. Each studies every putt from both sides of the hole; each takes several practice swings before hitting the ball; and then each will play his shot. The strange part of it all to me is that they get such excellent results with such a method, though I doubt the wisdom of their course for many reasons.

When a school-boy myself, I was as deliberate on the greens as either of these boys. Then I could fuss around over a putt and consume as much time as any one. To-day I know of no one who plays as rapidly as I do. And I know very well I am not careless.

My reasons for playing quickly are two: first of all, I begin concentrating upon my next shot as soon as I have hit the ball. I think of what club I should use, what position on the course I wish to reach, and all the points that have any bearing on my next move. These are decided before I reach my lie. Once there, there is no need of wasting a minute. My second reason for playing quickly is to prevent any disastrous thoughts creeping into my mind. For example, if I have a four-foot putt to make to win the hole, I take a glance at the cup, for the line can be seen instantly, immediately take my stance, and putt for this line. In following this procedure, the thought of "missing that putt" never has a chance to enter my head. I just don't give it time.

At one time or another, every golfer has heard a player remark, "I knew I should miss that putt!" This is a confession that he is thinking the wrong way about the game. Had he walked to his ball on the green, taken in the line of the putt at a glance, and concentrated his efforts upon putting the ball along this line, I feel quite certain he could have putted with a marked degree of confidence. It 's the deliberate delay which permits one to get those upsetting thoughts about dubbing the shot. Don't give your mind time to consider any other matter than the correct playing of each shot.

The same line of reasoning applies to hazards. One of my friends who knows how to play golf wonderfully well always goes to pieces on a little water-hole on his home course. He told me the last time we played together on this course that on the previous round he had pitched eight balls into this pond before getting one safely over. The reason for this gross error is plain. He was thinking of the water to such an extent that he could not concentrate upon his shot. The sole cure for such trouble is to eliminate all thoughts except of keeping your eye on the ball.

Young golfers are too easily upset when they miss a shot. They invariably expect too much of themselves. This is more certain to be the case the better they play. They carry about with them the idea that every stroke should be perfection itself and that every putt should drop in the cup. This is a most unfortunate view to take of the game, although confidence is never amiss.

But young golfers possessing abundant confidence seem easily to overlook the fact that all players must make a few mistakes. I always allow for a few errors on each round. When I dubb a putt or a stroke, I consider it as one of the inevitable errors of the game. This gives me a sort of reserve power that enables me to keep going all the while. Poor shots do not upset me. I refuse to become discouraged. On the other hand, the youngster with a good game in his bag is prone to crack when he plays a poor shot or two. The result is either a loss of temper or of concentration, either of which is fatal. Regardless of how badly things are going, one may console himself with the thought that the break in his favor will soon come. Bad lies, dubbed shots, and all those heart-breakers of a round, usually divide themselves equally between opponents. Do not let them upset you. Keep your mind on the next shot and play it before disconcerting thoughts can enter your mind. This is by far the best mental attitude to adopt when golfing. Otherwise, you will lose more than your share of matches as well as of the real pleasure golf willingly gives to those who can control themselves in every respect. To my way of thinking, golf is a splendid developer of character. Self-control is one of the finest qualities to possess, and there is really no better way to test your supply of it than to play golf.



PIKE'S PEAK—"THE SENTINEL OF THE ROCKIES"
The summit is 14,109 feet above the sea-level, rising out of the plains and towering 2,000 feet above any of its neighbors. It was the landmark for the early gold-seekers and pioneers.

THE CONQUERING OF PIKE'S PEAK

By MABEL ALBERTA SPICER

DID you ever try to climb a mountain and have it run away from you? This was Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike's experience with the great snowy peak that now bears his name. However fast he rode toward it, the mountain appeared to recede before him equally fast, at times faster even; so that, like *Alice* in "Through the Looking-glass," he found that it took all the running he could do to stay in the same place. He never did succeed in catching up with it.

Lieutenant Pike was sent out by General James Wilkinson in 1806 to explore the headwaters of the Arkansas and Red Rivers. He was only twenty-seven years of age at the time and had already led an expedition to the sources of the Mississippi. On the fifteenth of July he set sail from St. Louis up the Missouri River, accompanied by a surgeon, a lieutenant, an interpreter, and nineteen soldiers. So far as is known, this was the first expedition of white men to this part of the New World. At any rate, Pike's journal was the first account of the Rocky Mountains published in English. This journal is an unadorned statement of the events of the expedition, but it outdoes any Wild West moving picture in thrills. It records encounters with real redskins in sure-enough war-paint,—not stage make-up,—buffalo hunts, camps with snow for mattress and covers, days without food, attacks by wild birds and animals, and finally the capture of the entire party by the Spaniards early in the following year and their return to American territory under military escort. Unwittingly they had trespassed on Spanish ground. Pike appeared before the Spanish governor "dressed in a pair of blue trousers, moccasins, coat made of a blanket, and a cap made of scarlet cloth and lined with fox-skin." A strange uniform for an officer of the United States Army! His papers and records were seized, but he managed to save his journal by rolling up the pages and hiding them in the barrels of his men's rifles. Surely no moving-picture hero ever thought of anything more clever than that!

On the afternoon of November fifteenth, just four months after he set out from St. Louis, Lieutenant Pike first caught sight of the mountain that is now known as Pike's Peak. He was ascending the Arkansas, so approached the front range of the Rocky Mountains from the south. He wrote: "I thought I could distinguish a mountain to our right, which appeared like a small blue cloud . . . in half an hour it appeared in full view before us." It

was 130 miles away, but in that clear atmosphere it appeared to be much nearer. After riding toward it for two days he wrote: "Pushed on with the idea of arriving at the mountains, but found at night no visible difference in their appearance from what we had observed yesterday."

When they had been in pursuit of the vanishing mountains for a week, Pike's party were suddenly surrounded one day by a band of redskins that came running toward them from the woods. It would be a pity to spoil the story of this encounter by rewriting it, so I am going to copy it from his journal.

"They met us with open arms, crowding round to touch and embrace us. They appeared so anxious, that I dismounted from my horse, and in a moment a fellow had mounted him and driven off. I then observed the doctor and Baroney in the same predicament. The Indians were embracing the soldiers." The horses were soon returned safe. "When in some order, we found them to be sixty warriors, half with firearms, and half with bows, arrows, and lances. Our party was in all sixteen. (Seven men had left the main party.) In a short time they were arranged in a circle, and I took my seat between the two leaders: our colors were placed opposite each other; the utensils for smoking, etc., being prepared on a small seat between us. Thus far all was well. I then ordered half a carrot of tobacco, one dozen knives, sixty fire-steels, and sixty flints to be presented to them. They demanded corn, ammunition, blankets, kettles, etc., all of which they were refused, notwithstanding the pressing instances of my interpreter to accede to some points. The pipes yet lay unmoved, as if they were undetermined whether to treat us as friends or enemies; but after some time we were presented with a kettle of water, drank, smoked, and ate together. . . . The Indians now took their presents and commenced distributing them, but some malcontents threw them away, as if out of contempt. We began loading our horses, when they circled us and commenced stealing everything they could. Finding it was difficult to preserve my pistols, I mounted my horse, when I found myself frequently surrounded, during which some were endeavoring to steal the pistols. The doctor was equally engaged in another quarter, and all the soldiers at their several posts, taking things from them. . . . I ordered my men to take their arms and separate themselves from the savages; at the same time declaring to them I would kill the first man who touched our baggage, on which they commenced filing off immediately. We marched about the same time, and found after they had left us that they had contrived to steal one sword, a tomahawk, a broad-ax, five canteens, and sundry other small articles. When I reflected on the subject I felt sincerely mortified that the smallness of my number obliged me thus to submit to the insults of lawless banditti, it being the first time a savage had taken anything from me with the least appearance of force."

That night after they had encamped and the others were asleep, Lieutenant Pike and Dr. Robinson went back about a mile along the road and hid behind some logs to see if the Indians were pursuing them. They discovered no one, so returned to camp. Pike was the old style of leader—he rode at the head of his party, was foremost in breaking the road, in reconnoitering, in facing danger; when his men were without food and exhausted, he foraged for them; when they were without sufficient clothing, he shared his own with them. With all this he maintained the strictest military discipline. His men adored him, because they recognized in him a true superior, not one merely so by rank. In spite of the terrible privation and suffering of the following winter, he did not lose a man,—that is, not a *whole* man; several of the men froze their feet and lost some of their toes.

The day following this adventure with the Indians, Pike decided to put his men in a "defensible situation" and to ascend the peak, which he calculated to be only one day's march distant, though it was really fifty-five miles away. After putting up a breastwork five feet high for the protection of his men, he started off the next afternoon at one o'clock with Dr. Robinson and two privates. Then began a most baffling experience with this tricky mountain. Instead of sleeping at its base that night, as they had planned, they had to make camp under a single cedar in the prairie. The next night they camped at what they thought to be its base. In the morning they left their blankets and provisions at the foot of the mountains, expecting to return to camp that night. However, night found them still far from the summit, though they had been climbing all day. They were obliged to put up for the night in a cave, without food, water, or blankets. They were wearing cotton overalls and no stockings, and in places the snow was up to their waists. "Arose hungry, thirsty, and extremely sore from the unevenness of the rocks on which we had lain all night; but were amply compensated for our toil by the sublimity of the prospects below," wrote the explorer,

with his customary indifference to privation and discomfort. Within an hour they arrived at the summit of this mountain, only to find the "Grand Peak" mocking them from across impassable chasms and snowy ridges.

Right then Pike made up his mind to have no more to do with this tantalizing mountain. It had so thoroughly baffled him that he now guessed its distance to be three times greater than it was, and its altitude more than four thousand feet too much. He wrote that he believed "no human being could have ascended to its summit."

Doubtless, no human being could have ascended the peak at that season, with the snow forty or fifty feet deep in the ravines — certainly no one clad in overalls and without stockings. Even now, with one of the finest motor-roads in the world going to the very summit, no one attempts to make the ascent between the months of October and May. As a means of creating interest in the Fifth Liberty Loan, it was advertised that a baby tank would climb the peak early in the spring of 1919. After several days of vainly "bucking" snowbanks, the baby tank was towed down by a motor truck, much the worse for the experience.

That the peak never could be ascended, however, seems as amusing to-day as the old idea that the earth was flat. Thirteen years after Pike's failure, Dr. Edwin James, of the Long expedition, succeeded in reaching the top. That was on the fourteenth of July, 1820—just one hundred years ago. The centenary of this first ascension of Pike's Peak by a white man is to be celebrated in all the towns of the region during the entire second week of July. There will be pageants reviewing the history of those pioneer days and the stages by which the old peak has been gradually conquered.

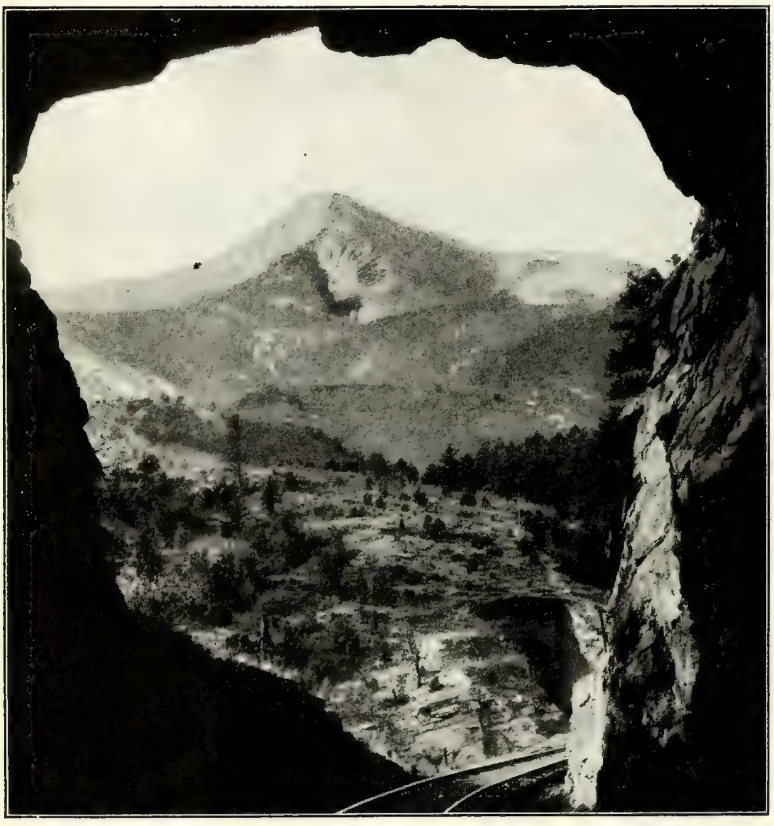


HISTORIC UTE PASS

This historic gateway to the country across the range was used centuries ago by the Ute Indians in their pilgrimages over the mountains to the famous mineral springs at Manitou. The white man followed the Indian when he built his first roads across the mountain passes. To-day this road, rebuilt and improved, is the premier highway into this great mountain country. Rugged Ute Pass gives the motorist a conception of the wonderful scenery that awaits him in the regions beyond. It is through Ute Pass that Pike's Peak Ocean-to-Ocean Highway enters the mountains just west of Colorado Springs and Manitou. The new Pike's Peak Auto Highway also enters the mountains through this pass.

This expedition set out from Pittsburg May fifth, 1819, with Major Stephen H. Long in

command. The party was much better equipped than Pike's had been. It was organized by the secretary of war, John C. Calhoun, for the purpose of exploring the Missouri and other rivers that had come into the possession of the United States through the purchase of Louisiana. Also the party was to make scientific researches and to classify the tribes of Indians. It included Major Long, Major Biddle, Lieutenant Graham, Cadet Swift, four naturalists, and one painter. They sailed down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to St. Louis, where they got their supplies. Again they set sail, this time up the muddy Missouri. Profiting by Pike's experience, they established themselves in winter quarters at Council Bluffs and did not attempt to combat the terrors of a winter in the uncharted wilds of the prairies and mountains.



CAMERON'S CONE, FROM A TUNNEL ON THE COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY

The face of the Manitou is seen chiseled by nature in the rocks amid the surrounding pines. According to Indian legend, this mountain formerly was the summit of Pike's Peak, but was hurled at some audacious Indian medicine-men who attempted to climb to the heights where the features of the Manitou had been "carved" by the Great Spirit himself. This so-called image can be seen in the upper center of the picture. It varies greatly, according to sunlight and shadow, winter snows and summer vegetation.

Off they started again the next summer across country, on horseback and followed by eight pack-horses. They now numbered twenty. They were armed with rifles, muskets, and pistols. Each man carried a tomahawk and had a long knife hanging from his belt. In addition to the necessary provisions, ammunition, and instruments, they took vermilion, beads, tobacco, and various trinkets with which to buy the good will of the Indians.

They followed along the Platte River to the Rocky Mountains, entering the country that is now the state of Colorado at the northeast corner. At a Pawnee village in Nebraska they engaged two Frenchmen as guides. The explorers found the country over which they traveled "little less tiresome to the eye and fatiguing to the spirit than the dreary solitude of the ocean." That does not sound much like Pike's diary, does it? Yet they had all the thrilling experiences he had, minus the privations. Everything interested Pike; he himself was interesting; whereas these men appear rather sedate and matter-of-fact.

The Long party had the usual amusing experiences in trying to overtake mountains that appeared to flee before them. There is an old and familiar story of two men who started out to walk to the mountains (seventy-five miles away) before breakfast. After tramping for an hour or two, one of them told the other to walk on slowly while he went back for a carriage. When he returned with the carriage, he found his friend sitting on the bank of a tiny brook, not much more than a step in width taking off his clothes. He asked what in the world he was doing, and the friend replied: "You don't catch me making a fool of myself by trying to straddle this stream. It

looks but a step, but it might be a mile for all I know, so I shall just take off my clothes and prepare for swimming."

Finally, Major Long and his party gave up trying to climb any mountains till they arrived at Pike's Peak. Then the whole party went right up to its base, as if to hold it while Dr. James and his three companions mounted it. On the afternoon of July thirteenth, these four started up the old Indian trail, Ute Pass, which is the main entrance to the Rockies. Pike attempted the ascent five miles to the south. The first night they slept on ground so slanting that they had to brace themselves with logs laid against two trees to keep from rolling downhill. They continued the ascent at daybreak. Expecting to be back by evening, they left their provisions, blankets, and coats in a tree. They had not gone far when the mountain began playing a new sort of trick on them. Now that they were on it, it could not run away from them again, so it began to stretch up like *Alice's* neck when she ate the mushroom. They soon realized that they could not get back to their blankets and provisions that night, but went on, willing to take their chances of sleeping wherever night should overtake them. The mountain-sides were rocky and very steep, making climbing extremely difficult. Evergreens, brilliantly colored flowers, and kinnikinnic—the holly of the Rockies—grew in profusion wherever a bit of earth could be found among the rocks. At timber-line all vegetation stopped, and from there on, the explorers found nothing but sheer, bare rocks and drifted snow. Had they dug down beneath the snow, they might have found dainty pink-and-blue forget-me-nots, with furry, gummy leaves.

They did not reach the summit till four in the afternoon. This is really no proper summit, but a flat area of about fifteen acres, covered with great boulders and perpetual snow and ice. This elevation should not have been named a peak, for there is no peak to it. One goes scrambling about from boulder to boulder trying to find the highest point, never quite satisfied, for always some other rock a little way off appears a trifle higher than the one on which one is standing.

The Indians have a legend which very satisfactorily accounts for this flat-topped mountain. It seems, according to the legend, that originally it was very much higher and had a cone-shaped summit. It was called the Wigwam of the Manitou, or Great Spirit. The people prayed the Manitou to manifest himself in some form that would be always visible. Thereupon the mountain was veiled with clouds, and the people were terrified to hear great, echoing sounds like the blows of a giant hammer. This lasted for several days. When the clouds lifted, the people realized that their prayer had been answered; for near the top of the mountain, there had been chiseled a huge



A VIEW ON THE PIKE'S PEAK COG ROAD, SHOWING THE STEEPEST GRADE



PIKE'S PEAK OCEAN-TO-OCEAN HIGHWAY

This picture shows a bit of the Pike's Peak Ocean-to-Ocean Highway as it traverses the plains, aiming straight for the "Wigwam of the Manitou." This highway crosses Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, and eastern Colorado almost in a straight line, entering the Rocky Mountains by way of the old Indian trail, known as Ute Pass, directly west of Colorado Springs and Manitou, and crossing the continental divide over Tennessee Pass. It continues by way of the Eagle and Grand Rivers to Glenwood and westward through Utah and Provo to Salt Lake City, where it connects with the routes to the Pacific Coast.

stone face, like the face of a mighty chieftain. After that, the followers of the Manitou never undertook the slightest task without first looking to the image for approval. Often the top of the Wigwam of the Manitou was wrapped with clouds, hiding the great face. At such times the people were filled with fear and stopped all work. The clouds became more and more frequent. So in alarm the people sent a deputation of priests to implore the Great Spirit to come out from the mists and allow his followers to gaze upon his features continually. The Manitou was so infuriated at the priests for daring to approach his image that he hurled the top of the mountain down upon them. This mountain-top, a mountain in itself, lies to-day at the foot of Pike's Peak with the legendary face of the Indian chieftain—or what resembles it—still "carved" upon its side. It is called Cameron's Cone.

Dr. James and his companions remained on the summit an hour, exploring, and admiring the marvelous view of the plains and surrounding mountains. They found a pit so deep that, when they threw stones into it, they could not hear them strike bottom. Night overtook them when they were a little below timber-line. To go on, with precipices on every side and wild animals roaming about, would have been impossible; so they built a fire and made themselves as comfortable as they could without food, coats, or blankets. The temperature dropped below freezing and the wind howled among the pines. The next morning, as they approached the spot where they had left their outfit, they were greeted with clouds of smoke. They had carelessly failed to put out their fire, which had spread. Their coats and blankets were burned, and their provisions devoured by wild birds and animals. At noon they reached the bubbling mineral springs at the present site of the village of Manitou, famished and jaded, but the conquerors of Pike's Peak!

"Why was the peak not named for Dr. James, since he was the first to ascend it?" I hear you ask. It was. But it would not stay named for him. Major Long called it James's Peak, but trappers and traders referred to it as Pike's Peak. Somehow, the fact that Pike failed to climb it seemed more interesting than the fact that James succeeded. Pike was the very embodiment of the spirit of the new West. His diary had been read everywhere. He stamped his personality on the entire region. Besides, Pike was the discoverer of the peak, you know. At last the Government rechristened it, and wrote Pike's Peak on the map. The name of James was given to a less important mountain in the Front Range.

Stories of fabulous stores of gold waiting to be discovered in the Rocky Mountains began to spread over the east. Soon long lines of covered wagons, called prairie-schooners, wound their way across the vast plains, bringing the gold-hunters. Imagine the rejoicing, when, after weeks of monotonous wandering, the fortune-hunters first caught sight of this great sentinel of the plains, floating on the

horizon. Can't you hear them shout: "Hurrah! There it is! There is the mountain Pike wrote about. There is Pike's Peak." Suppose some one had said: "But it is called James's Peak." "And who is James?" the fortune-hunters would ask. So there you are—it just is Pike's Peak. The entire region for one hundred and fifty miles was known as Pike's Peak. The greatest rush for gold to the Rocky Mountains was in 1859. Over 100,000 people crossed the plains at this time in search of gold. "Pike's Peak or Bust!" was their slogan. They wrote it on their wagons; and, alas! many of them added, "Busted, by Thunder!", for many of them perished by the way.

Most of those who reached the mountains were disappointed and returned home. They had expected to find nuggets of pure gold and the streams filled with gold dust. With the building of the Union Pacific Railway in 1870, and other lines soon after, a permanent population was gradually established.

After Dr. James's ascension, a government trail was built from Manitou up through Ute Pass to the top of Pike's Peak—ten miles; and later, a carriage-road. Climbing Pike's Peak became popular. It took one day to go up, another to come down, and several to recover from the effects; that is, if one went on foot. It is easy to understand how the name "tenderfoot" came to be applied to new-comers. Some rode burros, familiarly called "Rocky Mountain canaries." These sure-footed little creatures can climb such steep grades that it would take a circus-rider to keep from sliding over their tails. The stage-coaches revived the old device and had "Pike's Peak or Bust" painted on their sides. Then came the cog-wheel railway, a frisky little line that goes straight up the face of the mountain in a most saucy way, as if saying, "Stop me if you dare!" The absurd little engine goes behind and pushes the car uphill.

Of course, in order to keep up with the times, there had to be a motor road. At first the idea of motoring up Pike's Peak seemed simply hair-raising. But when the Pike's Peak Auto Highway was completed, with its low grades and wide bed, some people complained that it was not hair-raising enough. They wanted thrills. The big Gray Steamer purring gently up the smooth road and arriving at the top "without incident," as they say of air trips, seemed quite out of harmony with their ideas of the Wild West. And now, to be right up to the minute, an airplane flew over the peak last summer and hovered above it a few minutes without landing.

So at last Pike's Peak appears to be thoroughly conquered. It has been ascended on foot, on horseback, by stage-coach, railway, and automobile, and an airplane has flown over and looked down upon it.



LOOKING TO THE NORTHWEST FROM THE SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK

The tablet on the left was erected to the memory of Zebulon Montgomery Pike, the discoverer of the Peak.

JANE WINS HER STRIPES

By ETHEL SARGENT HYDE

THE head nurse closed the door into room 302 behind her, carefully, before she even met the doctor's eyes.

"You see!" she said.

Dr. Ames nodded.

"How long is it since she has taken any food?"

"Three days. She 'll eat a spoonful of junket or take a couple of sips of orange juice, but you know that is practically nothing. Not even a child can live long on that."

"I know; she 's losing ground noticeably."

"But what can we do? I 'll confess I 'm at the end of my resources."

"Have you tried bribing her to eat?"

"Her father has,—you know he has been here most of the time,—but it does n't work. Books, flowers, dainty clothes, a new tennis racket—he has even promised her a hunting-dog; and to everything she makes the same response: she smiles and thanks him in that sweet way of hers, but says she can't eat even for him. She really adores him, too, almost as much as her brother.—You saw the picture of that soldier brother, did n't you?—So I feel it is about hopeless."

Dr. Ames smiled reminiscently.

"Rather touching about that picture, is n't it?"

"Yes; did you ever see a big brother more devoutly worshiped?"

"I never did. I wonder——"

Miss Mahoney waited expectantly to find out what he wondered, but in vain.

"Well, I 'm off to a reunion our unit is having today. The last man in our unit has just returned, and we 're having a feed for him. By Jove, I 'll have to take a running jump for my uniform, too. I 'll look in on our little patient again to-night, if I can make it."

Miss Mahoney watched him go swinging down the long corridor. Somehow, he always gave you the impression that he could whistle away your aches and pains if you gave him half a chance. Older women said quite frankly that he was a "dear boy," and mothered him unconsciously while he was making them fit. Children adored him openly, and with children he was at his best. It was like him that, in the midst of the luncheon, his thoughts should turn now and again to the little girl he had so recently left. Attractive little mite! Surely there must be some way to get around her languid, but all too effective, resistance.

Probably the "little mite" herself realized least of all how very effective her non-combative policy was. She had wished very much to get well in the first days of the disease which was gaining so steadily. Oh, yes, she had loved the sports and the laughter of life; and her one thought had been of the day when she could again face Peter across the net. For Peter was the big brother of the picture, and in the shadow of Peter's lithe, young figure, sat forever this wistful, adoring little sister. She had tagged about him from babyhood, and her reward at fourteen was that Peter would rather play tennis or tramp or canoe with "the kid" than with any one else, unless it might be the boy next door. Then had come the sudden cloud over Jane's happy days, the forced quiet, the nights of pain, and the long summer days in the porch swing, whence she watched Peter and the boy next door as they swung back and forth across the court. In the autumn, when Peter started back to college, Jane went to a near-by sanitorium for treatment. At Christmas, Peter spent part of his holidays with her, reading or "yarning," as the case might be. The following summer found Jane still watching the tennis from the porch swing, a little quieter, and talking less often of the time when she would tramp to Fox River.

Indeed, there was less talking among them all, that summer. In the long evenings, when the whole family gathered on the big veranda, Peter sat silent, and the jovial father told only occasional jokes. For they were all thinking of the things going on across the big ocean, with its shore not many miles distant. The break was inevitable; Peter went, and the boy next door; and the tennis-net was folded away in a box. From that time Jane weakened, until finally, in desperation, her father had taken her to the great hospital, three States to the north. For a time the change benefited her. There was just one chance, a radical operation, and even that was impossible until she was stronger.

"Build her up, build her up, Ames, and I 'll try it."

This was the final verdict of the great surgeon, and this was the seemingly impossible task set for doctors and nurses. For Jane

could n't eat; the daintiest dishes that could be devised were not tempting enough, and only on the two occasions when Peter, a glorified, khaki-clad Peter raced down from camp, was anything like a satisfactory result obtained.

"If you 'd always be here to make me forget what I was eating, I believe I could do it!" wailed Jane.

"I think you 'd eat sand if I fed it to you, little silly."

"I 'd need a big meal of that, Peter; I need 'sand,'" she answered, with a sad smile.

Jane was sitting propped up in bed, a far-away look in her brown eyes, when Ames appeared in the doorway. For a fraction of a moment her eyes widened in surprise; then, to his amazement, she buried her head in the pillows.

"Why, child, whatever have I done?"

He bent over her in real concern.

For several moments the little thin shoulders shook, and only smothered sobs came from the pillows.

Quietly, but very definitely, Dr. Ames drew a chair to the side of the bed, and waited for



"THE LONG SUMMER DAYS IN THE PORCH SWING"

Peter was "over there" now; he had been in Russia ever since the close of the war, and the "sand" Jane really possessed had about all sifted away. Letters came with a fair degree of regularity, but even they, dog-eared from re-reading, filled only a small part of the long, monotonous hours. Day after day the efforts of the nurses to bring up their little patient's strength failed; day after day Jane's father wrote the discouraging news home to his wife. As for Peter—well, there was no use in adding to his burdens.

Some inexplicable impulse turned Paul Ames's steps toward the hospital that night before going back to his room. It was the first time most of the ward had ever seen him in his uniform, and the smiling approval of his service stripes made him a bit self-conscious. He hated a fellow's being approved for doing his duty!

the storm to subside. Something had to be done, just what he was not sure. When he saw a hand reach tentatively under the pillow, he pulled a comfortingly large silk handkerchief from his pocket and offered it.

"Now, Jane, let 's talk this out and get at the root of the trouble. There 's always a reason for a squall at sea, you know," he added, smiling.

Jane smiled a feeble response; here was a kindred spirit.

"You looked for a minute just like Peter; I really thought you were Peter," she added, simply.

"These togs, you mean? Oh, yes, I see! We-e-l-l, I 'd be glad to oblige you and *be* 'Peter' if you could tell me what to do with 'Paul'—that 's my name, you know."

Another smile was his reward.

"Now, suppose you tell me more about this chap I 'm like, so I can tell whether to feel

flattered or not. I suppose this is his striking likeness, is n't it?"

He tilted his chair at a dangerous angle to reach the picture on the dresser.

"Where is he now? Has he been in smoky old London? How tall is he? Does he know how jolly-looking he is? Do you have to take him down a peg, once in a while? Oh, there are loads of things to know about a chap like Peter."

So Jane told him these and many other things, of their tramps and tennis and paddling; of their finding a baby bear; how they learned to walk on snow-shoes; of the summer they ran a truck-farm—oh, so many things! Her eyes shone, a little excited color came to her cheeks, and as he watched her, Dr. Ames got his "hunch."

"You say Peter 's a captain now?"

Jane nodded assent.

"Great! And you 're only a private? How does that happen?"

Jane stared at him. Surely this was a strange doctor.

"When he comes back, you know," he went on evenly, "you 'll not be in the same class at all. He can take you out for a hike, I suppose, but it will be hard on his rank, and not half so much fun as being brother officers."

"I don't know—why—what do you mean, Dr. Ames?"

The young man ran his hand over his hair, thoughtfully, as though the whole matter was a pity, but—well, it could n't be helped. Then he leaned forward and, looking squarely into Jane's serious little face, spoke as one pal to another, as Peter might have spoken.

"Little Jane, we 're up against a stiff fight, you and I. I believe I can beat back the thing that is keeping you here, out of the sunshine and the wind and the wet woods. If you will stand by me, we can do it; alone, little comrade, I can't."

Her eyes met his squarely, and Ames went on.

"I say, let 's make a game of it—a grand, glorious game like Peter's. He got his first stripe for capturing a machine-gun, you said. You will be advanced from private to corporal for a week of absolute obedience to orders. They will be delivered to you, sealed, every morning. Will you do it?"

"If it means eating things, I can't——"

"A soldier obeys without question." He spoke almost sternly.

"But I *can't*——"

"And if Peter had said that, what then?"

There was a sickening moment when it seemed as though she were going to fail. Then a little thin hand came slowly up to salute.

"Very well, sir," she said, and the game was on.

The next morning, when a long yellow envelop bearing her name was delivered to Jane, it is hard to say which was the more curious, the nurse who brought it, or the little girl who opened it. On the upper left-hand corner was printed, "Secret Orders," and within the letter were these type-written lines:

AT NINE, ONE, AND SIX, YOU WILL ENCOUNTER A SINGLE OUTPOST OF THE ENEMY. TAKE HIM.

P. J. AMES,
COMMANDING OFFICER.

Promptly at nine, Miss Mahoney entered, bearing a tall glass on a tray. Jane gave one look, then sank back with a groan.

"Oh, oh, an egg, and raw—ugh!"

The wise nurse said nothing, but smilingly set the tray on Jane's table and left the room. For fully ten minutes Jane eyed the offending egg in its little pool of orange juice.

"An enemy outpost; take him."

Then a step sounded in the corridor outside. Jane reached out hurriedly and, screwing her eyes tightly together to shut out the offending sight, "took him."

"Ugh! I hate it! I hate it!" she said over and over to the pillows.

The step in the corridor passed on. In fact, it was fully an hour before the nurse came back for her empty glass. If she felt any surprise that it was empty, she concealed it.

At one o'clock the story was repeated, only this time it was fully twenty minutes before Jane could bring herself to make the attack.

"To-night I 'll have to take it at once or I never can," she decided.

But when night came, it was as hard as ever, and she had barely swallowed the offending dose when Miss Mahoney came in, followed by Dr. Ames.

Stiffly Jane's hand came to salute.

"Your report, please, Private Thomas."

"Three pickets of the enemy taken, sir; but oh, Dr. Ames, it 's just awful!" she finished limply, and Dr. Ames laughed in very unmilitary fashion as he pulled his chair to the bed.

"I 'm going to be very proud of my scout," he said, and thereafter made no allusion to the subject. For over an hour they talked; sometimes Jane asked questions that set Dr. Ames to chuckling; again he told stories that made Jane's side hurt from laughter. It was a long time since she had laughed so heartily. Then



"PROMPTLY AT NINE, MISS MAHONEY ENTERED, BEARING A TALL GLASS ON A TRAY"

all at once the strength in her seemed to snap, the laughter died away, and Dr. Ames noted with concealed alarm the pallor of weakness and weariness that came stealing over her face. But he only said, "I 'm off, now, to a regular bore of a confab: good night, comrade."

"Good night, sir," she responded wearily, closing her eyes.

Once outside the door, Dr. Ames sought Miss Mahoney.

"I 'm going to start hypodermics of sodium cacodylate to-morrow. You say they tried them once before?"

"Only one, Dr. Ames; but she was so nervous, they did n't go on with the series."

"It has to be done; we can't afford to miss the stimulating effect they will have."

"Dr. Ames, of course I 'll do anything you say, but you don't really believe you 're going to be able to carry this thing through, do you? You know, almost everything was tried several weeks before you came back."

"If I did n't believe it, I certainly would not cause as much pain to that little girl as I am going to do."

"But, Dr. Ames," the nurse stopped at a gesture from her companion.

"Miss Mahoney, I have accustomed myself to count on your support when the faith of others gives out."

"And you can, too, almost always."

"But I want it always—no exceptions."

"What if I have n't any this time; can I pretend?"

"Take mine."

"You have enough to——?"

"To remove mountains."

The second of the secret orders was even more mysterious than the first. It read:

CAPTURE ALL DOUBLE OUTPOSTS OF THE ENEMY. MAKE NO RESISTANCE TO BAYONET CHARGE.

P. J. AMES,
COMMANDING OFFICER.

The first part of the message was easy to make out. Jane guessed and guessed correctly that it meant a repetition of the previous day's diet. Only to-day a tall glass of iced milk accompanied each egg. It was no easier to take them than it had been before, but Jane did it with her eyes on Peter's beloved face.

By rare good fortune, a fat, satisfying-looking letter from Russia arrived from Peter that afternoon. On no other score could Miss Mahoney account for the success of the hypodermic.

"The letter was full of kodak prints," she told Dr. Ames, that night; "and they were all lined up on the table when I came in. She saw the needle and the big tears began to fill her eyes. I could n't bear to go ahead."

"But you did, did n't you?" questioned the doctor, eagerly.

"Yes, with Jane holding so tightly to one of the pictures that it was crumpled into a little heap. Then when I had finished massaging, she straightened the picture out and said, 'You got sort of mussed up in that charge, Peter dear,' and I—well, I had to leave the room."

Altogether it was not an easy week. There were no more opportune letters from Russia to help out, and Miss Mahoney grew to dread the hated hypodermics almost as much as her little patient did. Every night Dr. Ames brought fresh enthusiasm to the game, and his rare smile of approval at Jane's reports carried her on to the next day's effort.

At the end of the first week she was formally made a corporal, and the insignia of her rank was duly pinned on her gown. At the end of the second week, another humorous, but technically formal, little ceremony conferred on her the rank of sergeant. A joyous letter went across to Peter, telling not only of this, but of the three pounds of added weight. The letter told much, also, of Dr. Ames, but finished with:

"I don't know whether he is a very good doctor or not, but he certainly would make a scrumptious captain," which, in her vocabulary, was superlative praise.

It was toward the end of the third week that Dr. Ames dropped a bomb, so to speak, in the very center of a "yarn" he was spinning.

"Oh, by the way," he said, casually, "a way-up chap in our profession is coming to see you to-night. He 's a big gun, and I want you to treat him up to the scratch. You understand, I 'm sure."

"What 's he coming for? Have I ever seen him?"

"Yes, and no. He saw you when you first came, but you were asleep when he called. Don't you remember the time when you had a little whiff of ether? As to why, well, he 's going to see how well we 've been fattening you up."

"Will he——?"

"Hurt? Yes, little sergeant, he will hurt, but only for a very short time. Ought not to be over two minutes. Of course, I 'm counting on you," he added, as quite beyond question.

The "big gun," who was none other than the great surgeon of the hospital, found a curiously nerved little patient waiting for him that night. That she was frightened was evident from the way her eyes followed every slightest move he made. That she was determined to do her part was also plain. Dr. Ames's eyes glowed with approval.

But the big man whose fingers were so sure,

so swift, was yet not swift enough to forestall the sudden collapse of the child before him. He had disappeared when Jane regained consciousness, but Dr. Ames was close beside her, watching carefully for her returning color.

"Oh, Dr. Ames, I 'm so sorry I failed. I tried; truly I did——"

"Failed? Why, you little brick, did n't you know you were the real thing all the time?"

Then as he saw the delighted relief in Jane's eyes he added. "On recommendation of my superior officer, you are promoted to the rank of first lieutenant."

They made very merry that evening and Dr. Ames smuggled in Tong, his very ugly bull pup, to help in the celebration.

And so the game went on till the end of that week, when two more "pounds of gold," as Dr. Ames called them, went up as credit against Jane's name. Not once had Jane mentioned the great surgeon or his reason for coming. Just to think of him brought a wave of sickening memory. In some measure Dr. Ames sensed this and made no allusion to the thing which was uppermost in his mind, and which, indeed, was to be the test of the success of his experiment.

Sunday evening had been Jane's property for several weeks, and twice her ceremonies of promotion had taken place at that time. As Jane waited for the doctor to-night, she was full of subdued excitement. She had news, glorious news, to tell him, but she meant to spin out the thread of anticipation. For this reason she failed to notice his preoccupation, or the way he sat listening and watching with divided attention. Finally, Jane could bear the weight of her secret no longer.

"Dr. Ames, you never, never could guess what 's going to happen—never!"

"White mice?"

"Silly! Of course not; besides, this is a real thing."

"Now, if any one ever tells you that white mice are n't real, just you let one run up his sleeve, as once happened to me. But you say white mice are out of it. Oh—a toboggan?"

"N-o-o-o. One more guess."

"When you say 'one more' like that, I feel like a man walking the plank—oh, I say, lucky thought, it 's a sail-boat!"

"It 's better even than that!" she drew a long breath; "it 's Peter!"

"Peter? What about him?"

"He 's coming home. Peter 's coming home, and soon!"

"No! You don't say!"

"But I do. I got a letter to-day, saying he expected sailing orders any time in the near future, and was standing with one foot on the wharf and the other lifted to set it on the gang-plank the minute it was lowered. Of course, that 's just his foolishness," she added, apologetically.

A big fear reached for Dr. Ames's hopes. What if this should upset all his work with the goal in sight!

"Jane," he leaned forward and spoke quickly so that he might not lose courage when the glow faded out of her face. "Jane."

"Yes."

"You know long ago, when we started to play our game, I said we could win if you would trust me and obey orders even when you could n't understand? And I said if you would do that, I would give you back the old life with Peter that you loved?"

"But I did, did n't I?" Jane's eyes searched his anxiously.

"Yes, I 'll own up there never was a pluckier little fighter than you have been. But now I want you to do a harder thing; I want you to obey one more order even if you 're—afraid."

He waited a moment for her to think it over, then went on.

"You see, little comrade, all we 've been doing was preliminary to the real battle. That 's often the way it is. Why, I remember one move we made that took only half an hour, but it took four months to plan it. When you first came, no one thought you 'd help me in this fight. They told me I was foolish to try; but Jane, I just knew you 'd stand by, and you see, you did. I can't tell you how proud I am of you! But there 's this one biggest test left, and I can't believe one of my officers is going to put up the white flag, not with a soldier like Peter coming home to her."

"What are you going to do?"

"If I thought it would make it any easier to tell you, you may be sure I would, but I don't think it will."

"But why can't I wait till Peter comes? I could do anything then."

This was just what he had been dreading most.

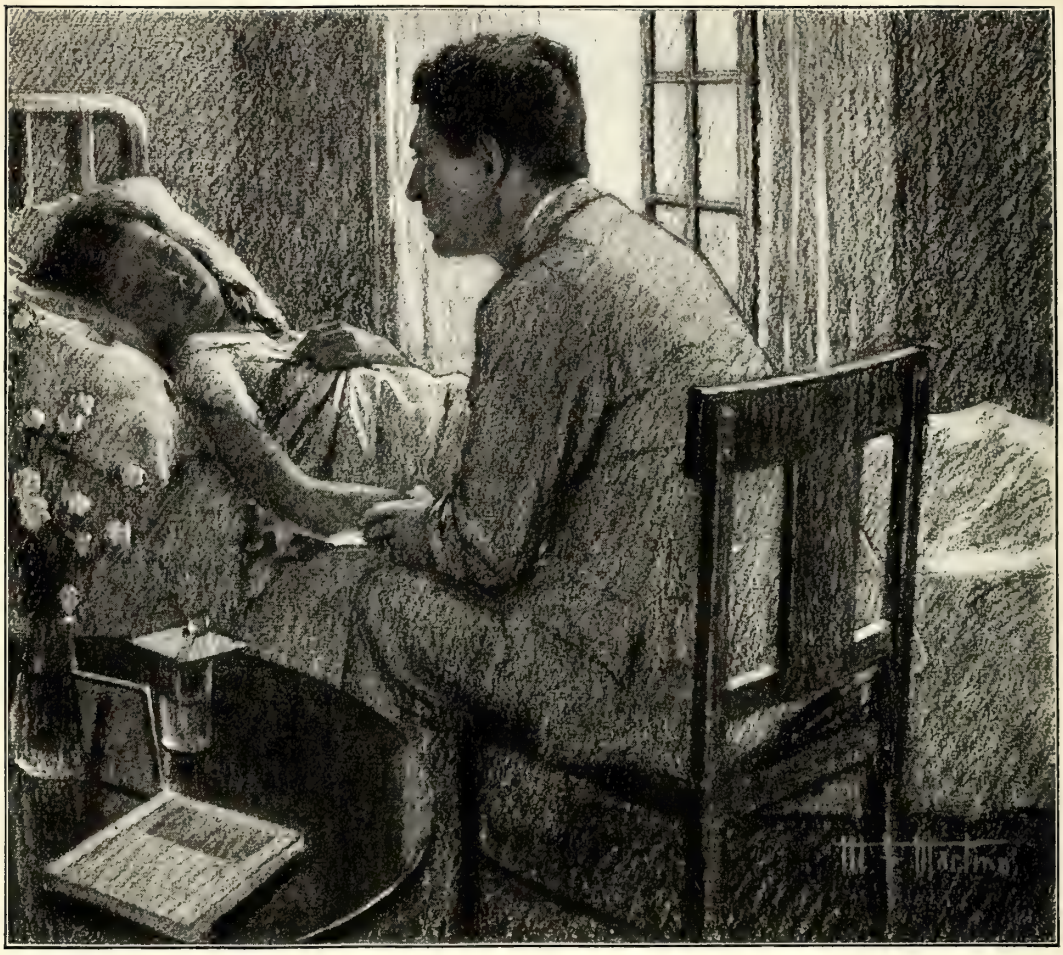
"I would so gladly wait for him, but—the one who is going to help me win this battle will be miles from here next week, and without him we can't win. I 'm sorry, Jane."

"It 's an—an operation!"

She barely whispered it.

"Yes; I had n't planned to tell you, but since you have guessed it, it is that. There 's no other way, Jane, or I would have taken it."

There was no need to tell Jane who was go-



"THERE NEVER WAS A PLUCKIER LITTLE FIGHTER THAN YOU HAVE BEEN. BUT I WANT YOU TO OBEY ONE MORE ORDER"

ing to "help." Fear filled her heart and she picked over and over at the coverlet with little cold hands.

Somehow she had known a dreadful thing like this would come, ever since the strange doctor's visit.

Dr. Ames covered her trembling hands with one big brown one. With the other he reached into an inner pocket for some thin tablets which he dropped into a glass of water and held to her lips.

"Two good swallows and it 's down. Now you 're going to sleep and forget that you have anything to decide until tomorrow. Then I 'll send the orders and I know, I know they will be obeyed. Close your eyes, now, and I 'll stand by till you 're asleep."

Almost in a dream Jane heard the last words. She slept with her hand in a lean brown one,—and awoke to sunshine and a new day.

Dr. Ames did not come to see her that morning, nor did she suspect how close he was to her door when Miss Mahoney delivered a long, yellow envelop. Had any one seen the look of relief on his face when he met Miss Mahoney's eyes on her return, he would have wondered much. But none of the three who watched the struggle for a little girl's life that day knew what was back of the unchildlike stoicism with which Jane met the preliminary hypodermic, the stretcher, and, finally, the fearsome hush of the great operating-room. If she suspected that the famous doctor who had so hurt her was somewhere behind those white, closed doors, the fact made, apparently, no difference.

Not until the lights were beginning to shut out a slowly deepening night, did the watchers in 302 grow restless. "Go and get some sup-

per," the nurse spoke close to the doctor's ear, "I 'll watch her."

He shook his head, as he answered firmly: "No, Miss Mahoney, I 'm not hungry; and if she wakes up, it will be very soon. I want to be here, you know.

"Then I think I 'll go; it 's nearly time for me to go off duty, anyhow; but I 'll try to slip back for a few moments after supper."

"Do. Where 's her father?"

"Asleep across the hall. Poor man, he 's quite exhausted. I promised him we 'd call him at the first sign of her regaining consciousness. But you know what they said, that she probably never would——"

"I know what they said, but I don't—believe—them."

But as he turned toward the bed, to the little girl who lay there so quietly, the first clouding of doubt showed unwillingly in his eyes. They had done their best, and he knew now that the outcome of the fight lay in a Hand other than any which had yet ministered to her.

"Jane, little Jane," he spoke softly to her, "you won't slip away from us, will you? I want you back, and Peter wants you back. We can't spare brave hearts like yours. I 've pinned my whole faith to you; I can't believe God wants you to die fighting."

Then quite slowly, as though his words had pierced some inner fog of consciousness, the heavy lids lifted, and Jane's brown eyes met his steadily for an instant before the lids fluttered and closed again.

How long he worked after that, Ames never knew. That Miss Mahoney came back and did things at his bidding, he seemed to sense; that some one spoke to him now and again in an undertone, and that he replied with a nod, always in the affirmative, he remembered dimly. One thing was uppermost—she had rewarded his faith and God had given back the fight into his hands. And so it was that when Jane again opened her eyes, she met a smile of glad reassurance.

"Jane, you wonderful little Jane!" he said, gently, "I don't suppose you can understand, and I 'll tell it all to you again, but you look as though you knew what I was saying—we 've won, we 've won! Do you know what that means?"

Her eyes never moved from his face.

"It 's no place to say this, but I think your eyes are asking it. For bravery under fire you are advanced to the rank of captain, and, in token of distinguished service, you are given this medal to wear as long as you wish!"

He pulled from his pocket a little tarnished cross, and pinned it in all its glory on her gown.

"Let 's say we won it together," he said. "Now, close your eyes and sleep and sleep——"

But Jane's eyes would n't close. Instead, they widened with surprise as they lifted above the doctor's face.

"Peter!" the name was barely audible.

"Yes, yes, I know; Peter 's coming. Now go——"

"Peter," a little stronger, "you—said—die—fighting."

Then Dr. Ames turned to see him; for who could it be standing there but Peter himself, who had arrived almost as soon as his letter? And, marvel of marvels, in answer to the figure in the doorway, a weak little brown hand came slowly up to salute!

When Dr. Ames came back a few minutes later, Jane was asleep with her cheek against two glorious service stripes, and one hand closed over something on her breast. And as he looked at them, Paul Ames spoke the thought that was in his heart:

"These be captains courageous."

FOG

BY ISABEL McKINNEY.

The fog stole down the street last night,
And spread, before the day,
Its fluffy veils of gray and white
To hide the world away.

The street has lost its other side;
But moving things appear,
And hollow voices echo wide,
And everything is queer—
Our neighbor's house, a shadow shape;
Our maple tree, a ghost;
Our pump, a dwarfish, long-tailed ape,
Perched shivering on a post!

Home is the only solid thing—
A raft upon the sea,
Where you and I must tightly cling,
Or drown in mystery.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA-LARK

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR AND H. P. HOLT

Authors of "Lost Island," "Fortunes of War," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

THREE years prior to the beginning of the story, Mr. Samuel Holden, owner with Simon Barker of the fishing-schooner *Grace and Ella,* is robbed of a bag of money drawn from the bank to pay off the crew. A terrific gale is raging, and in the darkness the thief escapes. Simon Barker suggests that Mr. Holden has connived at the robbery, and to clear his honor the latter makes good the loss by selling his home in the little New England town of Greenport and becomes a bookkeeper for a fishing concern. Mr. Holden's son, Jack, when the story begins, is eager to earn money during the approaching summer vacation to help his father. Buried in the sand a few miles from town lies the dismantled sloop, *Sea-Lark,* one of many craft missing after the gale of three years before. Jack and his chum, George Santo, get the *Sea-Lark* afloat, refit her, and start a ferry across the harbor. They rescue from drowning a boy whose canoe has overturned, and he proves to be Rodney Farnham, son of a wealthy summer visitor and the former owner of the *Sea-Lark.* Rodney "signs on" as crew. Two mysterious strangers, Martin and Hegan, appear and try to buy or rent the sloop. Failing in that, they make frequent trips in her. Simon Barker's schooner, *Grace and Ella,* is reported in trouble at sea, and the *Sea-Lark* goes to her rescue. The captain agrees to pay five hundred dollars for a tow, and the sloop brings her in. Simon Barker angrily refuses to settle, and Jack gives his case to a lawyer. Jack, sleeping aboard the *Sea-Lark,* is attacked at night, and, although he puts up a good fight, is overpowered in the darkness of the cabin.

CHAPTER VIII

ADRIFT

VAGUELY, as though it were miles away, Jack heard a shout, and then a ton weight seemed to be lifted from his chest, his assailant was gone, and he could hear shouting close by.

"Hello! Hello, there!" It was Cap'n Crumbie, outside on the wharf. The boy tried to call back, but for the moment he was too exhausted. Then the watchman burst into the cabin.

"Why, Jack! What is happened?"

"After him, quick!" Jack gasped.

"Are you all right, lad?"

Cap'n Crumbie lifted him to his feet.

"Yes, I think so, but—" Jack broke off to scramble on deck and peer into the darkness.

The sound of oars could be heard not far away. There was a dory lying near, and into this the watchman and Jack hustled, and pulled desperately after the retreating craft. It had a considerable lead, and in the black shadows of the wharves was not visible at first. Finally, though, Jack cried: "I see him! Pull hard!"

The man in the other dory was evidently not an expert with the oars, for he was splashing badly as he urged his boat forward.

"We 've got him!" said Cap'n Crumbie. "He can't get away now!"

At that instant the splashing ceased, and the pursuers began to gain on their quarry more rapidly. They were overhauling the dory at top speed. Cap'n Crumbie stopped rowing.

"Easy there, lad," he cautioned breathlessly, "Maybe that feller has a gun, and there 's no need for us to get shot."

But there was no sound or movement in the other dory, and they kept cautiously on until the boat became more distinct.

"Why, it 's empty!" cried Jack, disgustedly.

A few more strokes brought them alongside. It was, as the boy had surmised, without an occupant, just an empty old dory, floating idly on the water.

"He must have swum ashore!" said Jack, chagrined. "We should have had him in another minute. Pull in closer to the wharves and see if there 's any sign of him there."

They searched without success. Evidently the fugitive had slipped quietly into the water and escaped.

"Well, we 've got his dory, anyway," said Cap'n Crumbie. "Let 's go pick her up."

They towed the craft back to Garnett and Sayer's wharf, where the watchman lighted a lantern and examined it.

"Huh! It 's Joe Whalen's dory, declared Cap'n Crumbie. "He 's been in bed with rheumatism for a month, and would n't hurt nobody nohow. This chap that attacked you must have stole it. And there ain't a dog-gone thing in it, neither, 'ceptin' the oars."

"I would n't have got off so easily if I had n't rigged a string to trip him up," said the boy. "He would have had me at his mercy if I 'd been asleep. Hello!"

He stopped at the foot of the cabin steps, the lantern illuminating the scene of the struggle, and stooped for an object lying on the floor, half covered by the overturned table—a bar of steel beveled at one end.

"That yours?" asked the watchman, puzzled.

"Never saw it in my life before," replied Jack. "He must have dropped it."

He weighed the bar in his hand and passed it over to Cap'n Crumbie.

"I admit I was a bit scared," he said; "but I should have been a good deal more scared if I 'd known he was carrying a thing like that!"

Cap'n Crumbie ran his fingers through his hair and sat down on the edge of one of the bunks.

"One good tap on the head with that, my lad, and you 'd ha' stopped running ferry-boats for all time," he said. "That bit o' string saved your life, I guess. You 'd better run along up to the station-house and show them that piece of steel. I won't leave here till you come back. Whether it 's you or the sloop he 's after, I don't know, but it ain't likely he 'll be around again to-night; and if he is, he won't get the sloop so long 's I 'm alive."

That night a policeman was placed on Garnett and Sayer's wharf, and Jack and his mate turned in with easier minds. Mr. Holden had tried to dissuade Jack from again sleeping on the sloop, but the boy pointed out that, with the regular watchman and a policeman on duty, there was small likelihood of further molestation. Mr. Holden had at length yielded, and, as Jack anticipated, they were not disturbed.

Nor were they disturbed for many nights following,—at least, not by marauders,—for, at a little after five that morning, George having aided at the launching operations, the two set out for a few hours' fishing before it was time for the ferry's first trip. The bluefish had been biting, and both were eager for some sport. Cap'n Crumbie was none too optimistic over the weather, declaring that he did n't like the looks of the sky.

"You boys keep your eyes open," he warned. "She 's looking calm enough now, but I would n't be surprised if she came on to blow a good sight harder before long."

As soon as they reached the open sea a hand-line with a good, heavy lead was dropped astern; and while Jack stood at the helm, George squatted on the deck, facing the trailing wake, in which the bait danced many yards astern.

"Yell out the second you get a strike, and I 'll luff," said Jack, with one eye on the sails and another on the intent figure of his chum.

"Aye, aye," replied George, his face set with grim determination; for fishing, and especially bluefishing, was the particular joy of his life.

Straight to the south they ran, for a couple of miles, without getting a bite. Then Jack headed in the direction of Four Fathom Shoal, with similar results. Round came the sloop once more, the captain taking her over all the most likely fishing-grounds, and both the lads were beginning to think that the fish, among which a Greenport man had had such excellent sport the previous day, must be miles away by now.

"Luff!" George cried unexpectedly.

Up into the wind came the *Sea-Lark*, shaking her sails indignantly. George, with teeth clenched, hung on, but was unable to draw in a foot of line.

"What is it? A whale?" Jack exclaimed with delight, watching the straining line.

"No. A sardine!" replied George, jerkily, his eyes aflame with excitement. "Get that boat-hook ready. We 'll need a crane to lift this fellow out of the water."

"Don't hurry him!" Jack urged, as his chum began impatiently to try to haul in.

Suddenly the line began to slip through George's wet hands. The gamy fish had made a prodigious rush, but its captor soon managed to check the runaway, and then the real battle began. Foot by foot the mate drew his prey toward him, and foot by foot the prey contested the struggle, until its strength gave out. Then, for a while, as George brought the line in more quickly, he half feared the fish must have got off the hook. He had hauled it within four or five yards of the sloop when the captive began to show fight afresh, and made a mad dash down into the depths. There was less "punch" in it now, however, and the final effort did not last long. Soon its bright, silvery under side showed clearly in the water as George drew it nearer. Jack leaned over the side with the boat-hook, ready to hoist it by the gills.

"It 's a pretty good size—for a sardine!" he commented drily. "Keep that line tight, you chump! There!"

The boat-hook was firmly caught in the fish's gills, and with a comical expression of wonderment, the mate saw his prize drawn inboard.

"Why—why, it *is* a bluefish, I suppose?" he said, surveying the beautiful creature now flopping about in the bottom of the cockpit. "I never saw one quite so big as that."

"It 's twelve or thirteen pounds of bluefish, all in one piece," replied Jack, admiringly. "They don't run to that size very often round about here. You 're a hero! Bait up, and have another go."

But George's catch had evidently been a solitary straggler, for though the sloop sailed to and fro for three quarters of an hour longer, the bait danced astern unmolested.

"Let 's try for cod," Jack suggested at length, when it became apparent that they were wasting their time. Away went the anchor, in fifteen fathoms of water, and the lads dangled hook and line over the side patiently for another quarter of an hour. So preoccupied were they, that they did not notice the freshening wind.

"Mr. Codfish is n't at home, either," Jack declared, beginning to wind up his line. "We 'll try a little further off. Up with the mud-hook, George."

An angry little squall swept over the surface while the boys were tugging at the cable.

"What 's the matter with the thing!" Jack exclaimed, as the anchor refused to come up.

"It 's stuck in the sand," George said. "Give it time."

But, though the lads strained to the utmost, the anchor refused to budge.

"Here 's a nice fix!" said Jack, after a while, resting from his exertions. " Know what I think?"

George shook his head dismally.

"I think we 're right over the spot where that coal barge went down last winter. Anyway, the anchor 's fast on something, and we sha'n't see it again till the ocean runs dry."

"What 'll we do? Cut it away?"

"Nothing else to do. Is n't it a pity! Let 's have one more good haul first."

Ten minutes later Jack drew out his knife and hacked the manila rope through. The end disappeared over the side with a splash just as a second squall burst upon them.

"Whew! That 's fierce!" exclaimed Jack. "She 'll need to be close reefed for the job."

More precious minutes were wasted while the reef points were being tied. By the time the mainsail could be hauled, half a gale was blowing, and though they were but a few miles from shore, the sea was rising ominously. The wind had swung round further into the north, making the task of beating back to Greenport more difficult. Jack looked round anxiously for an inbound fishing-vessel, hoping for a tow, but nothing was in sight. For awhile he felt no serious concern as he bore away on the starboard tack, heading about northwest toward the shore, but before long he found the sloop needed delicate handling to avoid being capsized in the squalls. Even with only two thirds of her usual spread of canvas, the *Sea-Lark* listed over dangerously, her lee rail often being under water while her bow was pounded continually by the rising sea. The worst, however, as Jack knew, still lay ahead, for he must soon go about and make a wide sweep to the northeast, this taking them further out to sea, where a much rougher time was to be anticipated. He consulted George on the problem.

"We can either turn and run down the shore to Penley," he said, "or we can take a chance and try to work our way back to the harbor. What do you think? It 's pretty rough, and as soon as we get out there we 're in for a drenching, that 's certain!"

"Well, she 'll make it," replied George, pluckily, though he was wet through already and this was his first experience of such weather in the open sea. "We don't want to funk it now, surely."

"That 's what I think," replied the captain; "only, if you 'd rather, I 'm willing to make for Penley.

"I 'm game to try for Greenport, if you are," the younger boy declared.

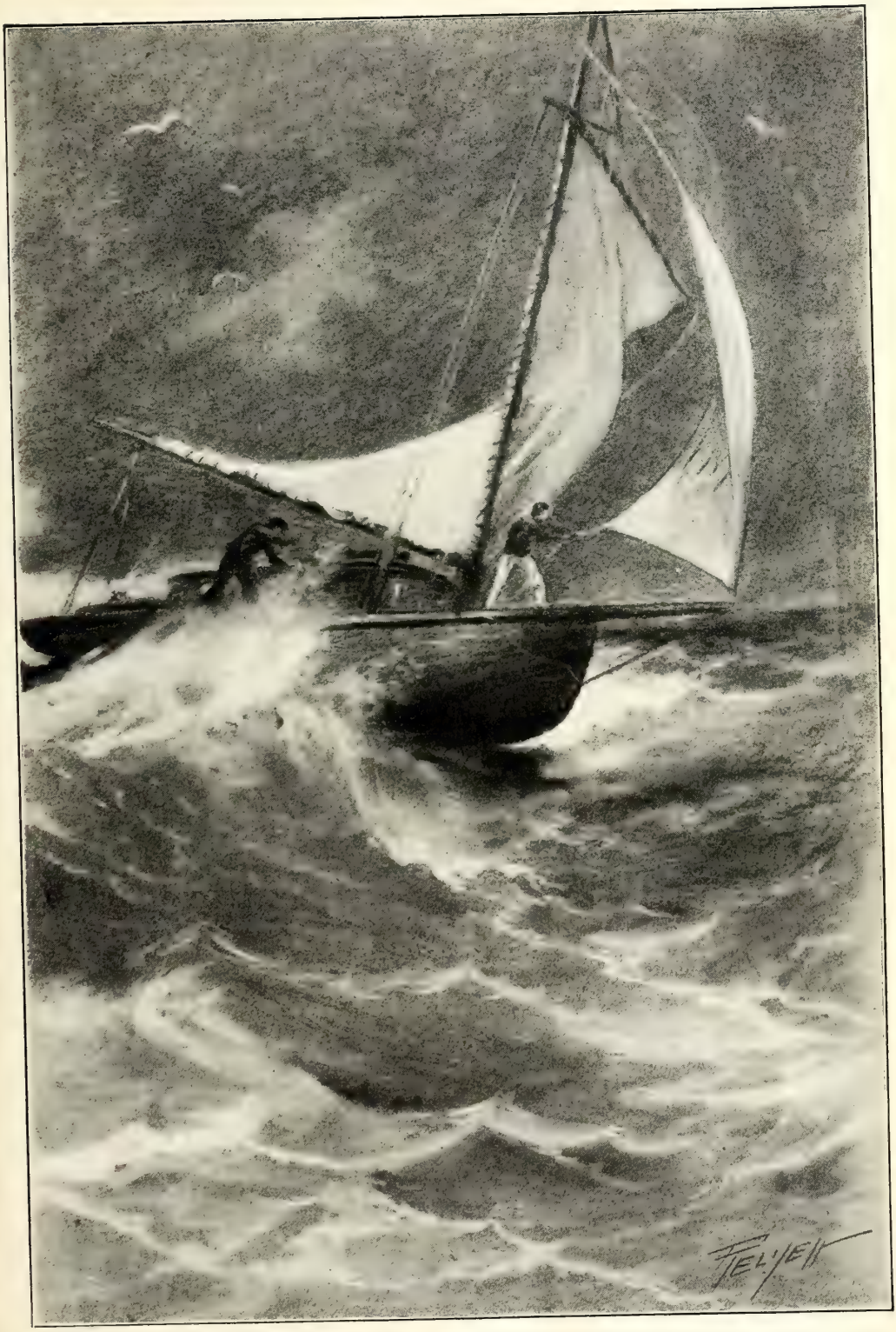
"All right. Here goes!" And the plunging sloop swung on to the port tack, heading northeast and out to the open sea. She struggled along for fifteen minutes or so, but it then became apparent that all was not going well. To carry more sail was an impossibility, and the sloop's manœuvres were not taking her a foot nearer harbor against wind and sea. Though awkward, the position was not alarming, for it was still possible to swing on to the starboard tack again and reach the lee of the land away to the southwest of Greenport, where they would have to remain until the gale eased.

"It 's no good," Jack declared. "Guess it 'll have to be Penley, after all. I 'm getting hungry, are n't you?"

"Don't mention breakfast to me," protested George. "I could eat the side of a house!"

As Jack put the helm over, the canvas flapped and slashed madly, and then, as the sails bellied, a terrific gust of wind swept down on the *Sea-Lark*. Before Jack had time to ease her up into the wind again, she listed far over, the wind screaming in her halyards, while a smother of spume weltered over her deck. It seemed that something must give way under the strain, and in the midst of the confusion the eye-bolt pulled out of the mast. Down fell the peak, and, to his alarm, Jack found the mainsail out of commission at the very moment when it was most needed.

Leaving the wheel to take care of itself, for the boat was no longer under control, he sprang forward to help George get down the useless sail and stow the jib, and as the sloop fell away into the trough of the sea a solid green wave slapped the side and slopped inboard, filling the cockpit and nearly washing captain and mate off their feet. Away poured the water through the scup-



"LEAVING THE WHEEL JACK SPRANG FORWARD TO HELP GEORGE GET DOWN THE USELESS SAIL."

pers; but although the companionway door was closed, much of the sea leaked down into the cabin; and by the time the lads had furled the sails, their attention was badly needed at the pump.

Jack jumped down into the cockpit and worked away at the crank furiously, while the sloop drifted along under bare poles, utterly at the mercy of every wave which came her way. At times she dug her nose deep down into the center of a rearing sea and fell away from it crazily, broaching to, only to be half swamped by the succeeding wave. Away went the fish the lads had caught. Time after time the cockpit was full of water, and there was nothing Jack could do to prevent it leaking down into the cabin. So long as the pump did not choke, he hoped to be able to keep the sloop afloat, unless she turned over, and the danger of the latter was now increasing every minute, for the gale was gaining strength and the sloop was drifting further from the lee of the land all the time.

Before very long, the breakwater, the houses on the Point, and even the lighthouse had dipped below the horizon, and the *Sea-Lark* was the center of an angry circle of foam-flecked water, bounded on every point of the compass by the skyline only.

CHAPTER IX

THE TUG GOES OUT

"WE 'RE in for it, for fair, now," said Jack, standing by his chum's side in the little cockpit and recovering his breath, while George took a hand at the pump. "And there is n't a blessed sail in sight. Now see what 's coming, just to cheer us up a bit."

The first heavy drops of a pelting storm splashed down on deck, and soon the boys had not only the spray from the sea, but also rain slashing their faces whenever they turned to windward.

"I don't think I 'll play at this any longer," said George, glancing up at his chum with a humorous grimace as he toiled away at the pump. "Let 's go home."

He did not realize quite as well as Jack did how serious was their plight. With anchor gone, sails useless, and a storm driving them away from shelter, to say nothing of the half-swamped condition of their vessel, there was a possibility that neither of them would ever get home again. Though Jack did not show it, he was beginning to feel that their chances were decidedly slender.

"Let me have another go at that pump," he said, as the sloop recovered somewhat awkwardly from the swirl of a white-capped wave. "Maybe the wind will go down soon, and then we shall manage somehow; but we 've got to keep busy with the pump." Little though he liked to think so, he felt sure the sluggish movements of the *Sea-Lark* were due to her having shipped too much water. His hands were becoming blistered with the task, and his arms ached, but there was no alternative to struggling on. Any moment there might appear the sail of a fishing-vessel, and it was this thought which buoyed him up even when things looked blackest. Several hours, however, drifted on before his restless eyes discovered a speck on the horizon and a cry of thankfulness burst from him.

"There 's a schooner or something!" he shouted, pointing across the wind-swept ocean, away to the east. "If she 's bound for Greenport, she will have to cut in close to us when she tacks."

Their spirits rose high as the speck in the distance steadily increased, until they felt certain they must be sighted.

"Just in time, too," George exclaimed. "They 'll be getting kind of anxious about us at home by now, I fancy."

Suddenly, however, their hopes were destroyed. The far-off schooner went about, and before long faded from sight. This came as a terrible disappointment, for there seemed little likelihood of the gale subsiding before night. And, unpleasant though their position was in the daytime, it would be infinitely worse in the darkness. Though the rain cleared off, the force of the wind did not diminish. The boys were both exhausted with continual pumping; and though, with such real danger staring them in the face, they gave little thought to the subject of food, the long fast was beginning to tell on them. George's face was haggard, and the captain would not have allowed him to take more than an occasional brief trick at the pump, but there was no alternative to both lads sharing the work. Their hands were raw, and every muscle in their bodies seemed to be crying aloud in protest.

"We 'll stick it as long as we can," said Jack, laboring painfully at the pump as darkness enveloped the stricken sloop. "We 've drifted miles and miles away from Greenport by now, but there 's always a chance, so long as we keep afloat."

"I don't believe the wind is blowing quite so hard," replied George, who felt decidedly limp, and clung to the side of the cockpit while the other lad worked with waning strength.

"Perhaps it is easing off a bit," replied Jack,

encouragingly, though he saw not the remotest sign of any such thing happening. "Anyway, I 'd rather keep on pumping for the present than swim, would n't you?"

The seas were running "mountain high," their curling crescents frequently falling inboard with an alarming swish. A great wave, rushing through the blackness, towered high near them for an instant, as though contemplating its prey hungrily. Then it came on, while the *Sea-Lark* lay broadside to. There was a roar of rushing waters. Jack gave a warning cry, and then both lads were gasping for breath under the torrent. A smother of sea and foam swept about over them, filling the cockpit, and pouring over the other side of the deck. Jack felt that this must be the end.

An hour after the two boys left Garnett and Sayer's wharf in the *Sea-Lark,* to go fishing, Cap'n Crumbie went into town. It was, for him, a momentous occasion, for he intended to have his hair cut. On the way he met a crony and chatted for twenty minutes. Then, at the barber's shop, he had to wait half an hour for a chair. Also the Cap'n had a shave, and when, finally, he might have left that establishment, he met another crony, and there was an interminable argument on the question of fishermen's wages. So that, by the time the guardian of Garnett and Sayer's wharf took it into his head to stroll back to his accustomed haunts, a distinct change had arrived in the weather. The wind was singing in the rigging of the various craft around the wharves. There were low clouds scudding across the sky, with their hint of a coming storm.

Cap'n Crumbie thrust his hands into his pockets as soon as he reached the edge of the wharf, and cast a professional glance round the harbor, up at the sky, and far out to sea beyond Gull Island.

"I thought this was coming!" he muttered. "Ain't that corn on my foot been aching cruel enough?" Cap'n Crumbie never breathed to a living soul the source of his remarkable weather prophecies, but that corn had served him faithfully, if aggravatingly, for years.

Suddenly he spun round and shot a glance across in the direction of the Point, remembering that the *Sea-Lark* had gone out beyond the breakwater. He was wondering whether it had returned.

"By Jiminy, they 're out yet!" he spluttered, showing distinct signs of perturbation, and screwing up his weather-beaten face as he peered out beyond Gull Island. He could see nothing of the little sloop, however, and took several sharp turns, first nor'east and then sou'west, on his regular beat. But his movements were not as slow and measured as usual. There was agitation written all over him. Each time he turned he gazed out to sea afresh, and each time, seeing nothing of the sloop, he grunted.

"By Jiminy!" he exclaimed again, after a while; and then, when a sharp gust of wind almost lifted his cap off his head, "*By Jiminy!*"

As a matter of fact, Cap'n Crumbie was very seriously upset. He had every faith in the lads' ability to handle their craft, even if something more than a capful of wind came along, providing it was not too squally. But there was the distinct promise, now, of something more than mere squalls. And if Jack were far out, he would have a hard fight to beat his way back against this wind.

Cap'n Crumbie stumped his way to and fro for another five minutes and then, snorting impatiently, walked along the wharf to Messrs. Garnett and Sayer's office. There he picked up the telephone-receiver and spoke to the man on duty at the light on the Point.

"This is Cap'n Crumbie," he said. "Who 's that? Joe? 'Mornin', Joe. I just rung you up to ask if you can see anything o' the ferry-boat. Them two kids went out fishing in her early. Saw them go, eh? Well, ain't they on their way back?"

There was a pause, while the watchman listened irritably to the voice over the wire. Then, "All right, Joe. Ring us up at the office, will you, as soon as you sight 'em?"

The man at the light had reported that there was nothing afloat as far as he could see. With growing impatience, the watchman returned to the end of the wharf, where he now found Martin and Hegan.

"I don't see the sloop around," observed Hegan, casually.

"No, an' dog-gone it, maybe you never will," snapped Cap'n Crumbie. "It 's miles away, out to sea," he went on, waving his arms vaguely over toward the ocean. "If those two kids don't get drowned, it 'll be a wonder."

"They 're in the sloop?" asked Martin, with peculiar concern.

"Aye, fishin', and been blown to anywhere by now," said the Cap'n.

Then he stopped suddenly, his eyes having alighted on the tug *Simon P. Barker,* which lay alongside the adjoining wharf with smoke emerging from her stack. The *Simon P. Barker* was the only tug in Greenport. Cap'n Crumbie cordially disliked Mr. Barker. In fact, he would have done almost anything in the wide world

rather than ask Mr. Barker to do him a favor. But personal likes and dislikes had to be sunk in such an emergency as this. The watchman stood, running his hand through his stubby beard for a minute, and then stumped off toward the little office into which Mr. Barker had disappeared.

"Well!" the ship-owner demanded, looking up as Cap'n Crumbie entered. It was evident that he was not in a pleasant frame of mind that morning.

"Guess young Holden and the other lad must be in trouble," said the Cap'n, gruffly. "They 've gone out fishin', and maybe they 'll have difficulty getting back."

"Well, what about it?" asked Barker.

"The tug ain't doing anything. Can't you send it out after 'em?"

Mr. Barker put down the pen with which he had been writing, and stared at the watchman in frank astonishment.

"Say, what d' you take me for? A nursemaid?" he demanded, when the power of speech returned.

Cap'n Crumbie swallowed his anger, swallowed his pride, and swallowed his desire to tell Barker just what he did take him for.

"P'raps you have n't noticed," said the watchman, "there 's quite a bit of a gale coming up. You don't want them two lads—"

"Get out of here. I 'm busy," snapped Mr. Barker, rudely.

And Cap'n Crumbie realized that he had no choice but to retire.

His face, however, was full of wrath. He could have taken the ship-owner in his gnarled hands and half shaken the life out of him, only that would not have helped matters any.

"Ain't there some way of sending off help to those kids?" Martin asked, when the watchman returned.

"Aye, there would be," retorted Cap'n Crumbie, boiling over with rage, "if some people had as much feelin' as a cockroach. That man Barker—" He shook his fist at the little office in which the ship-owner was writing.



"CAP'N CRUMBIE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO RETIRE"

"What 's Barker got to do with it?" Hegan asked.

"That 's his tug," said the Cap'n, bitterly. "I just been across and told him about the sloop, and he 's too dratted mean to send her out."

Martin and Hegan exchanged glances.

"But surely we ain't going to let the poor lads *drown!*" Hegan protested.

"Well, maybe they won't drown," the watchman replied. "I guess if it got much worse, the old skinflint would send the tug off; but it 's rough enough out there now."

Hegan was biting his thumb reflectively.

"What does Barker charge to fetch a schooner in when there ain't enough wind for her?" he asked at length.

"Twenty-five dollars," replied the watchman.

"Well, could n't we raise twenty-five dollars somehow?" Hegan asked. "I 'll chip in, and glad to. Martin will, too, huh?"

"Sure!" replied Martin.

Just as Cap'n Crumbie stuffed his hand into a breast pocket and fetched out one or two small bills, Tony Santo appeared on the wharf.

"Where 's that boy of mine, Cap'n?" he called out as he approached. "He never came home for breakfast."

"You 're the very man I want," said the Cap'n, brightening. "We 've got to get that tug out quick. The lads went fishing hours ago and I guess they can't get back against this wind. I went to ask Barker about it just now, and he as good as told me to go and hang myself."

"Why?" asked Tony, astonished.

"Because he ain't giving nothing away, if he can help it. It 's money he 's after, every time and all the time. We were just getting up a subscription."

"Don't worry about that," said Tony, in a businesslike manner. "I 'll hire the tug."

Two minutes later Tony was in the ship-owner's office, demanding that the *Simon P. Barker* should put to sea without any delay, in search of the *Sea-Lark*.

"It 's all very well you talking to me like that," said Mr. Barker, "but you must remember I don't come down to your place and order you about. A thing of this kind is a matter of business with me. I can't interrupt my men in what they 're doing and send my tug out to sea every time a couple of lads get skylarking in a boat."

"I 'm not asking you any favor," said Tony, coldly. "All I do ask you is to hustle. I will make myself responsible for your bill."

"Well, now you 're talking!" exclaimed the ship-owner. "If you 're prepared to hire the tug, that 's exactly what she 's there for. Where d' you want her to go?"

Tony was already gently insinuating Mr. Barker out of his office toward the tug.

"A few miles beyond the breakwater, to begin with," Tony replied. "If we can't see them, we shall have to cruise around till we pick them up."

"Thirty dollars is what it will cost you," Mr. Barker declared. "And, see here," he added; "if I fetch them youngsters in, I don't want to hear any more o' that nonsense about salvage money for bringing in the *Grace and Ella*. They 've been to a lawyer about it and he 's pesterin' me for five hundred dollars and threatenin' suit. If my tug gives their sloop a tow back now, I shall reckon we 're quits, understand? But if the tug don't pick 'em up, it 'll cost you thirty dollars, see."

Mr. Barker instructed Burke, the tug's skipper, to consider himself under Tony's orders. Tony slipped on board, with Cap'n Crumbie following closely at his heels, and the moorings were cast off.

"Glad you 're coming along, Cap'n," said Tony. "Another pair of eyes may be useful."

"By gravy!" the watchman exclaimed, "I 'd ha' been *rowing* out soon, if I couldn't ha' found any other way o' getting there!"

Rain had begun to fall by the time the tug got beyond the breakwater. Burke steered in the direction of Knife Rock buoy, where, by now, even the tug felt the choppiness of the sea. Nothing could be seen of the sloop, however.

"Maybe they 've run for shelter for some place down the coast," Tony suggested.

"That 's likely what they would do, if they could n't make Greenport," Cap'n Crumbie agreed, little dreaming that at that moment the Sea-Lark was drifting helplessly many miles to the south.

(To be continued)

MEMORY TREES

By SOPHIE E. REDFORD

Give of our trees—these goodly plants—
And help them to rebuild
The devastated woods of France
With sacred memories filled.

Fairer than wall of Greek design,
Or fane with Gothic hood,
Forests of stalwart fir and pine
To the men of Argonne Wood!

Deeper than letters carved in stone,
The roots of the ash will creep,
Marking the deeds of valor shown
Where the lads of Belleau sleep!

Nobler than yonder granite arch,
Will Chateau-Thierry's oak
Recall the sacrificial march
Of Youth when Freedom spoke!

Over the heads of countless throngs
Shall Victory branches wave,
While birds shall tell in sweetest songs,
Each year, how sleep the brave!

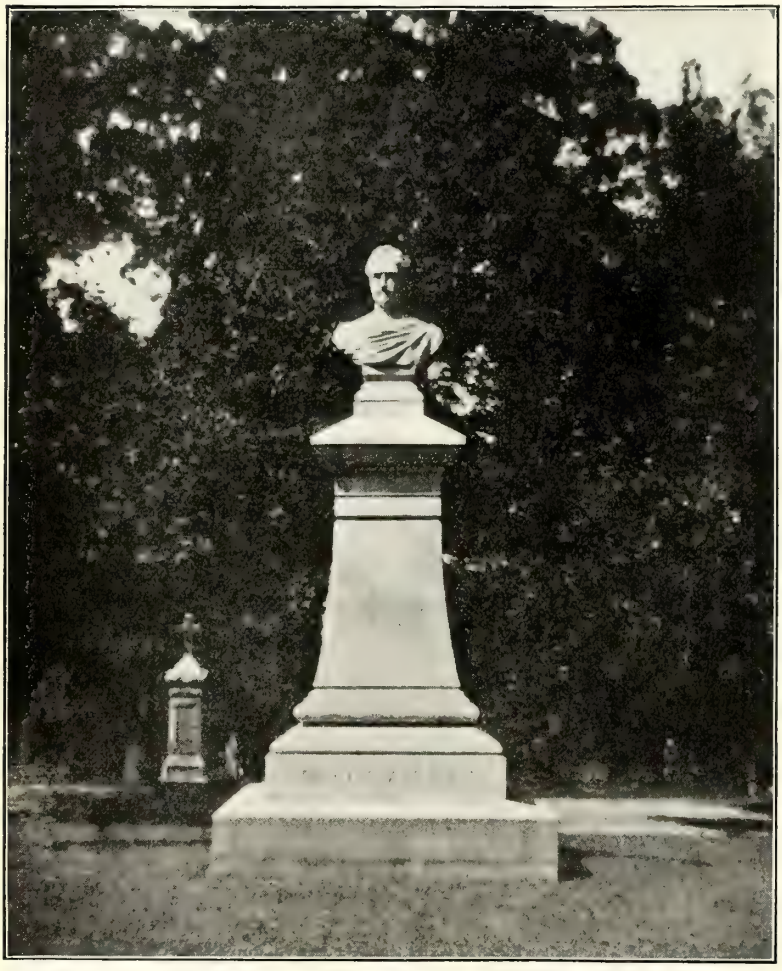
There, in the monumental shades,
Shall happy children dance,
And pilgrims pause in pleasant glades
Of rebuilt woods in France!

THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME"

By CARSON C. HATHAWAY

SOME one has said, "Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who makes her laws."

If this sentiment is a worthy one and poets are more powerful than statesmen, John Howard Payne is one of the greatest of Americans, for he is the author of the best-beloved song in the English language. Like many another composer, his fame rests largely on his one stroke of genius. Francis Scott Key produced "The Star-Spangled Banner," or his name would be forgotten. Samuel Francis Smith will be remembered for the words of "America," and Payne wrote the song of the people and the hymn of home. These men produced other works, but these have been eclipsed by their one great inspiration, which appealed to the hearts of men.



THE GRAVE OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, OAK HILL CEMETERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

We look upon Payne's masterpiece as peculiarly American, but the author himself said that he first heard the melody in a song sung by a peasant girl on the streets of an Italian city. The sad words which he wrote to accompany the melody are far from being a mere flight of the imagination. When he writes of "an exile from home," he might well be thinking of his own wanderings in many lands. From the playhouses of New York and Boston he drifted to the theatrical circles of the old world. Fate did not always deal kindly with him. Often he faced poverty. Disappointments in his professional career were not lacking. For a time he abandoned civilization and lived among the Indian tribes in Georgia, where he became fast friends with a Cherokee chieftain. When the red men were driven to the West, he followed them temporarily in their exile.

But in his famous song, fortune for once smiled upon his efforts. The appearance of the production proved to be one of those remarkable occasions where the public approval is instantly aroused. First sung in London in 1823, as part of Payne's opera, "Clari, the Maid of Milan," one hundred thousand copies of the song were sold within a year after its appearance. On November 12, 1823, the opera, with the famous song as its central theme, was produced in New York. The popular record was repeated. Since that day, the melody has

won a place in every heart to which the name of home is sacred. It is said that when Adelina Patti, the famous prima donna, appeared at the White House to sing for President Lincoln, he asked her to sing "Home, Sweet Home"; and before the song was finished, the great-hearted man was in tears.

In the last years of his life, Payne was appointed consul of the United States at Tunis, Algeria, where he died in 1852, a stranger in a strange land. He was buried there, in the little Protestant cemetery of St. George.

More than a quarter of a century later, a regiment of soldiers was marching down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D. C. Among the spectators was William Wilson Corcoran, a wealthy banker, who contributed much to the civic and artistic life of the capital. Suddenly the regimental band struck up the music of "Home, Sweet Home." Tears came to the banker's eyes as he exclaimed to a companion, "Think of the author of that song being buried thousands of miles away from his native land!" Then an idea came to his mind, which he at once proceeded to put into execution. He interviewed officials of the state department and obtained permission to bring Payne's body back to America.

On January 6, 1883, there was a picturesque gathering at the little cemetery of St. George, where a little group gathered around a grave. Arabs in rich robes of the Orient mingled with representatives of the United States Government and diplomats of foreign lands. Reverently the remains were disinterred and consigned to a French vessel bound for Marseilles. Here they were transferred to an American vessel and brought to New York.

The following verses by Will Carleton appeared at the time of the return journey:

The banishment was overlong,
  But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote home's sweetest song
  Is coming home at last!
For years his poor abode was seen
  In foreign lands alone,
And waves have thundered loud between
  The singer and his own.

But he will soon be journeying
  To friends across the sea;
And grander than of any king
  His welcome here shall be!

And he shall rest where laurels wave
  And fragrant grasses twine;
His sweetly kept and honored grave
  Shall be a sacred shrine;
And pilgrims, with glad eyes grown dim,
  Will fondly bend above
The man who sang the triumph hymn
  Of earth's divinest love.

After reaching New York, the poet's body was brought to Washington, D. C., and consigned to its final resting-place. A distinguished gathering was on hand to lend honor to the occasion. The President of the United States, members of the cabinet, justices of the Supreme Court, members of Congress, together with thousands of other American citizens, all came to pay reverent homage not so much to the former United States consul, as to the author of the world's best-beloved song. After the words of tribute had been read and the funeral oration delivered, the Marine Band played the familiar and touching melody.

The spot where Payne lies buried in Oak Hill Cemetery is one of the loveliest spots of the capital. Giant trees cast their shadows over the velvet green of the graves. A shaft of pure white marble rests there; fourteen feet in height, it is surmounted by a beautiful bust of Payne, his face somewhat stern and worn, as by illness.

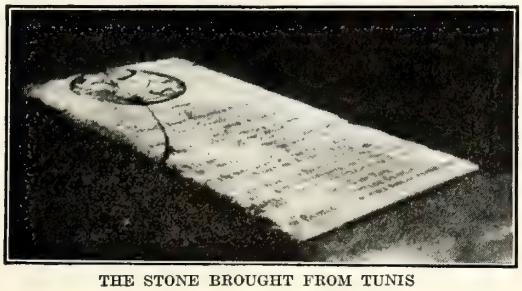
A little to the left of the shaft is a block of marble which was once over the grave of the poet in far-off Africa. It is old and worn now, and over one corner runs a long jagged crack. But the words are clear and distinct:

IN MEMORY OF COL. JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

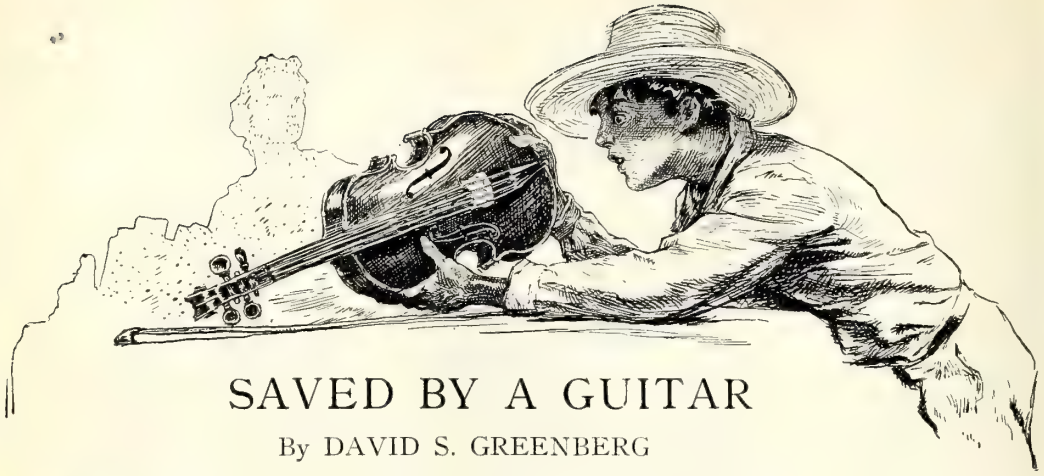
* * * * *

HIS FAME AS A POET AND DRAMATIST IS WELL KNOWN WHEREVER THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS SPOKEN, THROUGH HIS CELEBRATED BALLAD OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

And with such an epitaph, with all its meaning, what man could ask for more!



THE STONE BROUGHT FROM TUNIS



SAVED BY A GUITAR

By DAVID S. GREENBERG

"YOU 'LL be sorry, Señora," said Agusto Sanchez to his very imposing customer, a gaily dressed Porto Rican woman who had been bickering with him for fully an hour. "You 'll never get a hammock like this for twice the money. It is the best one I had with me. I help to make these hammocks myself and know them. I got no less than two dollars for each of the others. I promised my mother to leave Humacao by five o'clock. It is already six, and I will reach the mountains long after dark. For that reason only will I give it to you for a dollar and a half.

"I will give you a dollar and a quarter," said the bright-eyed woman who had been offering a dollar all along. "That is enough," she added, shaking her freckled face and incidentally waving the huge red bow in her hair.

Agusto was annoyed. Without a word he began to roll up his hammock.

"Here 's your dollar and a half," she cried impatiently; "you peons are as stubborn as your donkeys. You weave your hammocks in a day up there in your mountain wilderness, then you come down here among civilized people and take a week's wages for your day's work."

"I am not forcing you to buy it, Señora," said the boy, abashed and hurt. "What you say is not fair at all. We peons, as you call us, must work a month to earn what you do in a week. Because we live in the lonely mountains, you think you can get our labor for nothing."

Agusto accepted the money, however, and carefully closed down the lids on the two baskets strapped to the sides of his donkey, spread the blanket evenly over them, mounted, struck at the donkey's neck with both bare feet hanging over the baskets, and rode away.

Golden evening was stretching the sun's last rays over the little Porto Rican town. A group of noisy children were playing on the plaza, a block away. On another corner of the plaza, a small band was playing one of those lively, yet sad and melodious, Porto Rican airs, advertising the arrival in town of some new performance at the opera-house. Agusto eagerly turned his donkey in their direction. When he reached them he stopped to listen, and tried to make out the words on the sign that a boy held up to view. He read laboriously, "Señor Don Pablo Alfaro" (something,) "will play at the opera-house to-night."

The players stopped all too quickly to suit Agusto, for he loved music dearly, and he took the road to Las Piedras and rode out of town. Humacao had just begun to light up for the evening, and Agusto carried in his mind the feeling of light and color and gaiety and wished he were living in Humacao. But when he passed the lonely cemetery on the outskirts, he forgot his wish and began to sing at the top of his voice. A few feather-duster palms lined the white, even road, and above them in the distance rose his beloved mountains, still blue and dreamy against the sky, but fast growing black.

He had had a very good day. He had sold all his hammocks. It was the first day in all his fourteen years of life on which he had been allowed to go to town alone, and he was proud of his ability to take care of himself. He pulled his bright, newly woven sombrero from his head and waved it like a conductor's baton to the rhythm of his singing.

The night lowered over the silent landscape. All things turned into shadows. He came to an old Spanish house, a few yards from the road, about two miles from the town. A light

from one of the open windows lit up the edge of the red flamboyant blossoms, and fell in a circle upon the grass. From within came the sound of music such as Agusto had never heard in all his life. It was more beautiful to him than the most beautiful human voice, and a million times sweeter than the finest guitar. It thrilled him through and through. It fascinated him. He stopped in the road. Like a light drawing a moth, the heavenly melodies drew and held him. He remained listening without giving a thought to the fast deepening night. Then, hardly realizing what he was doing, he slipped from the baskets on which he was sitting, and stole up toward the house, his ears fairly drinking in the wonderful sounds. He came to the wide stairway that led up to the porch, and, one step at a time, he mounted till he was in a position from which he could look into the room. A well-dressed man was slowly walking up and down the room, playing a strange instrument which he held under his chin and upon which he ran a sort of stick. Agusto watched him with bulging eyes and listened.

Suddenly the man stopped playing, set his instrument down on a table, and walked out of the room. Agusto hoped he would come back at once and resume his playing, but several minutes went by without his reappearance.

A sudden impulse seized Agusto. He was very good at making things of wood. He had made a guitar at home that was the wonder of the mountain people. This instrument, too, seemed a wooden one. He would make one like it. But he had not been able to see it close enough for that. Forgetting himself completely, he stepped over the low window-sill and reverently crept up to the marvelous thing. He picked it up and turned it over and over to see just how it had been made, when suddenly the door opened and the man re-entered.

Now Agusto had been brought up in the lonely mountains and did not know just what to do. As soon as he saw the man he replaced the instrument on the table, and ran. As he reached the window-sill, he felt a hand on his shoulder, and, out of sheer fright, he broke into tears.



"AGUSTO WATCHED HIM WITH BULGING EYES, AND LISTENED"

"What are you doing here, you little thief?" cried the man, shaking with nervous excitement as he dragged him back into the room. "Don Alejo! Don Alejo! Come here, quick!"

"Don Alejo," whoever he was, broke into the room, a stocky, excitable Porto Rican.

"Señor," pleaded Agusto, the tears rolling down his face, "I only wanted to see this music-box. I—"

"Mark what a clever young thief!" exclaimed the musician. "He knows the great value of this violin, I 'm sure. But I hardly think he alone is to blame. Some one has sent him. This is the third attempt to steal it."

"Give him to me!" cried Don Alejo, his black eyes flashing. "Come with me, you little rascal! Tell me who sent you to steal this violin?"

"Oh, Señor," begged Agusto. "I only wanted—"

"'You only wanted!'" Don Alejo mocked him ferociously; "I 'll show you what you 'only wanted.'"

So Agusto was led out into the road. His donkey was gone. "My donkey, my donkey!" cried Agusto. "It has gone home, and they will think I have been murdered."

"They well may think that," said Alejo, jerking him by the shoulder and leading him toward the town. "You miserable peons, with your habit of grabbing everything you see! You are a disgrace to our fair island. That instrument is worth more than all your hammocks, your berries, and your coffee."

"Señor, I only wanted—"

Don Alejo fairly shook the breath out of him.

"You only wanted!" he cried. "I know what you wanted, and I 'm glad you did n't get it."

They came to the edge of the town. Groups of children stopped playing to stare at them. Men and women came to the doors of their houses to see what the excitement was all about. Crowds of curious pedestrians began to follow and surround them. At a corner stood two policemen. Don Alejo pushed the boy ahead of him through the crowd, and as he reached the officers, they saluted him.

"Take this little thief," he said, "and lock him up at once."

Agusto had hoped all along that he would be taken to some man to whom he could explain himself, but the sight of the policemen, the respect they seemed to have for his captor, and the order to put him in jail filled his heart with a gnawing fear, and made him feel the utter uselessness of all attempts to explain. As soon as Don Alejo had finished telling his story, the officers marched him off.

Poor Agusto! His heart beat violently, and his forehead was cold and wet. He was not only frightened, but he was horribly ashamed. The crowd, that grew larger every step of the way, was mercilessly curious, and the things they said about him added to his terror. Dreadful as was the thought of jail, he was relieved to reach the court-house on the plaza and escape the hostile eyes he saw everywhere.

The court-house was a heavy, three-story building of brick and concrete. They entered a corridor, at the other end of which was a wide-open door. Agusto found himself in a large, musty room, the walls of which were lined with glass cases in which he caught a glimpse of rifles. At the other end of the room was a platform, on which sat a man in uniform.

"Don Alejo prefers charges of burglary against this boy," said one of the policemen. "He broke into Don Alejo's house and attempted to steal Señor Alfaro's violin."

"Name?" demanded the officer, beginning to write on a sheet of paper, and when Agusto, sobbing bitterly, answered, he went on, "Where do you live?"

"On the mountains near San Lorenzo."

"Both your parents living?"

"No, Señor. My father 's dead. My mother is home, but she 's sick."

"What were you doing in Humacao?"

"I was selling the hammocks that Mother and all of us children made last month."

"Who told you to break into Don Alejo's house?"

"I did n't break in Señor, I only wanted—"

"Who told you the violin was there?"

"I heard the Señor play," replied Agusto, "I only wanted—"

"Was any one there when you broke in?"

"No, Señor!" cried Agusto. "He went out of the room, but I only wanted—"

"Lock him up!" said the magistrate, with the feeling that he had trapped the young fellow into a confession, while the policeman, with a smile of admiration, led Agusto away.

A big iron gate was swung open into a courtyard. The two policemen went away, and a gray-headed, bent-over man took possession of Agusto. He led him to his cell.

"Señor, I did not want to steal that instrument," pleaded Agusto, weeping profusely; but the old man did not even reply.

They walked down a narrow, dark corridor lined with many wrought-iron doors, back of which Agusto caught glimpses here and there of pale, yellow faces. He was afraid of these faces as he was of the whole prison.

The jailor took from his belt a huge bunch

of keys, unlocked one of these iron doors, shoved poor Agusto into the cell, relocked the door, and went off, his clumsy feet flopping down the corridor and out of hearing.

For hours Agusto lay on his dirty bunk crying, and, when weary of crying, dreaming of his airy thatch-roofed home on the mountains above San Lorenzo and thinking of the fear and grief that would fall upon his mother and his four little brothers and sisters when they saw the donkey come home alone.

A week of agonizing uncertainty went by. The jail keepers were not cruel, but the jail was almost unendurable to him who was used to the clean, sweet openness of the mountain-tops. He had grown very pale, his eyes lost their luster, and under them dark rings appeared.

Agusto had had very little schooling. He could not write much more than his own name. His mother could neither read nor write, so Agusto had no way of telling her what had befallen him, and he seemed to be unable to find out from any one how he might tell her, at least, that he was alive. But one day a lawyer came to his cell. He told Agusto that the city had hired him to help him. He promised to let his mother know what had happened by sending a man up to the mountain home. But Agusto was very much afraid of him, and when he spoke to him he watched him furtively and trembled nervously.

The trial was repeatedly postponed; but at last one morning he was led out and upstairs into the court-room. He passed rows and rows of benches that were filled with curious people, and was brought over to a few long tables where sat his lawyer, among others, and near him he sat down. In front of them was a very nicely made box, and back of that sat the judge in a black robe with fluffy sleeves. The district attorney sat not far off. He filled Agusto with terror, he looked so ferocious.

It was all strange to Agusto. He did not understand a single thing he saw or heard. Men were brought up to the witness-stand and questioned, as if they, too, were on trial. Some would be asked to sit down on one of the twelve chairs to the right, and others went away. When the chairs were all occupied, there arose a commotion, a stirring and a talking that made Agusto realize that now the trial was really beginning. There followed a great deal of wrangling between the lawyers. Though he felt that the district attorney was working against him, he understood so little that his mind soon wandered off to the hill-tops. He saw little Carlo and Henrique and Consuela and Juanita sitting on the steps of their house, gazing down into the valley and hoping for his return. He saw them playing in the *casita* (little house) he had built, overlooking the valley. As a rule, he would not let them play there, because he was afraid that they would break the many treasures which he had so laboriously carved out of wood; but now, with tears in his eyes, he hoped that they were playing there and enjoying it. The fear that he might never get back to that sunny hill-top suddenly came over him and he began to cry. The lawyer thought he was crying because the district attorney had been talking against him. He touched him upon the shoulder.

"You must be a man," he said. "Crying won't help any."

In the afternoon he was brought back again. His lawyer rose and walked over in front of the twelve men. Agusto kept his eyes fixed upon his champion and watched the faces of the twelve men to see how they were taking it all. But the awful district attorney would not let him talk. Every other minute he was up on his feet.

"I object, your Honor!"

Things began to look bad. Agusto felt instinctively that things were going against him. Señor Alfaro came in and sat down in the witness-chair. As he talked, Agusto's heart seemed almost to beat a hole in his side. The twelve men kept looking over to Agusto, and Agusto felt sure that they believed every word the musician uttered. When Don Alejo came to the witness-chair it was even worse. Don Alejo was the mayor of the town, and even the judge showed great respect for him.

Suddenly, as Agusto was thinking of the years he might have to spend in prison, he heard his name called. When he arose, things began to swim about him. He felt as if he were going to faint. But with help he reached the witness-stand and sat down. He was ordered to put his moist hand on the Bible and swear that he would tell the truth and nothing but the truth. In his fright, he was looking all around the room. His lawyer demanded almost angrily that he look straight at him and answer his questions. This frightened Agusto still more.

But he answered, scarcely knowing, however, what he was saying half the time.

"Did you sell all your hammocks?"

"Yes, Señor."

"What did you do after you had sold them?"

"I started for home down the Las Piedras road."

"What happened when you left the town?"

"I came to a house where I heard some very beautiful music."

"What did you do?"

"I left my donkey in the road and went up on the porch where I could hear better."

"What happened while you were on the porch?"

"The Señor who was playing that wonderful instrument stopped playing and went out of the room. I have made many things out of wood and—"

The district attorney interrupted him. Poor Agusto was afraid that here, too, they would not let him tell the most important thing about the whole matter. The district attorney argued a great deal and then they went on.

"Why did you go into that house?" demanded Agusto's lawyer, loudly.

"I wanted to see how the instrument was made, so I could make one like it."

When Agusto's lawyer was through with him, the district attorney rose and Agusto began to wince and tremble.

"Do you know this man?" asked the district attorney pointing to the musician.

"He 's the man who played the instrument," said Agusto.

"Do you know this man?" he asked pointing to Don Alejo.

"He 's the man that took me to the policeman," whimpered Agusto.

"You picked up the violin," said the district attorney, eyeing him sharply, "and as soon as you saw Señor Alfaro, you —"

"I put it down," said Agusto, "and —"

"*Did* you run?"

"Yes, Señor."

"Why did you run, if you only wanted to look at it?"

"I thought the Señor would n't like it if he saw me in his house," replied Agusto, feeling that he might be making a mistake. "I did n't want to steal it. I only wanted—"

The district attorney stopped him.

"That 's all," he said with a smile of triumph.

Agusto wanted to say more. He saw the district attorney smile and he saw many of the twelve men smile, and in these smiles he sensed his conviction. Instead of leaving the chair, as he was ordered to, he buried his face in his hands and cried. The officer standing near him took him by the arm, and he collected himself. It all seemed as if he were in a strange dream. He was looking up. Tears made it hard for him to see. He quickly realized that something was happening. He saw all the heads turned toward the door, and as he looked that way too, he saw, in the sea of faces before him, his mother's face, moving quickly toward the chair.

His heart began to leap within him. A lump arose in his throat at sight of her. He could see that she had suffered. The perspiration was running down her beloved, weather-beaten face. They had taken him back to the tables, and she went round by the benches to the witness-chair.

"Señora," began the young lawyer. "This is your son?"

"Of course he is my son," she said.

"What kind of a boy is your son Agusto?"

She began very warmly to praise him, but the district attorney interrupted her, saying that the court could not be interested in what kind of a boy his mother thought he was.

"What have you in that package?" snapped Agusto's lawyer, impatient with the district attorney's interruptions.

Señora Sanchez with trembling fingers unwrapped a small guitar.

"He made this himself, gentlemen," she almost sobbed, "and he only wanted to look at the man's instrument so that he could make one like it for himself."

There ensued another wrangle between the lawyers, but the guitar was finally ordered sent around from one juror to another.

Señor Alfaro, the musician, walked over to the jury, when they were done examining it, and asked to see the little guitar. He, too, examined it carefully and then came with it to Agusto.

"Did you really make this all yourself, my boy?" he asked.

"Yes, Señor," said Agusto, half-crying, "and I can make one like yours too, if you will let me."

Señor Alfaro and Don Alejo walked over to the judge and, with the district attorney and Agusto's lawyer, held a short conference. Then the judge addressed the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began, holding the little guitar in his hands and looking down at it, "the unexpected introduction of this evidence very materially changes the nature of the State's case. The State has no desire to inflict any kind of suffering upon the innocent. The boy who made this instrument undoubtedly has ability, and there seems to be a strong probability that all he wanted, in entering Don Alejo's house, was to see how the violin which he heard and which interested him was made, so that he could make one like it. The State's witnesses in this case are convinced that this is the fact, and the district attorney also recog-

nizes this probability. Now, however, that we have brought together you twelve men to judge this case, we must leave it to you to say whether Agusto Sanchez entered Don Alejo's house to steal Señor Alfaro's violin, or merely to see how that violin was made, so that he could make one for himself. In other words, we must leave it to you to decide whether he is guilty or not guilty of the charge made against him, a charge which the district attorney is now willing to withdraw. Are you, too, convinced of this probability, or do you wish further instruction?"

There was a hasty conference among the jury, and then the twelve men rose to their feet.

"Your Honor," said the foreman, "we think this boy is *not guilty* of the charge made against him."

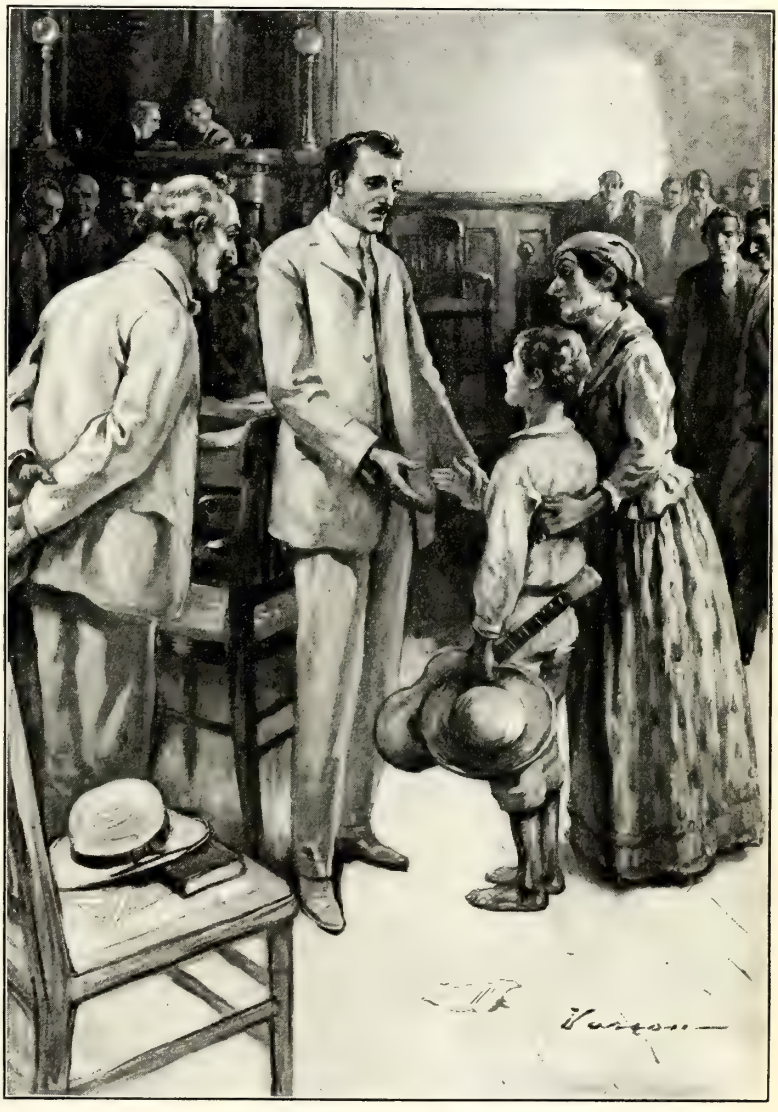
Agusto did not quite understand. He was not quite sure which way things had turned, but the noise that followed seemed to him to be an unmistakable indication of good. The lawyer came to him and, shaking his hand warmly, said: "You are a free boy, now. You can go home with your mother."

His mother had found her way to his side by this time. When Agusto threw his arms around her neck, she was weeping for joy.

The court-room became a veritable bedlam. Men talked excitedly in groups, and everybody seemed to be glad he had gained his freedom.

Agusto, however, was very anxious to get away and to get home. As he started out, holding his mother by the arm, Señor Alfaro came up, and, shaking hands with him, said:

"I am sorry, my boy, that we have given you so much trouble. Of course, we could not know that we were wrong. Several attempts *have* been made to steal this violin. On your way toward Las Piedras, stop at Don Alejo's house. I will be there, and I will give you another violin that I have and do not need. You may have it for your own, and I hope you will learn to play on it. And who knows? With your skilful hands and your love of music, you may be a famous maker of violins some day, and perhaps a great player, also."



"I AM SORRY, MY BOY, THAT WE HAVE GIVEN YOU SO MUCH TROUBLE"

BOY SCOUTS IN THE NORTH; OR, THE BLUE PEARL

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness"

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

JIM DONEGAN, the lumber-king, has a wonderful collection of gems. His specialty is pearls. He tells the Scouts that a blue pearl the size of a certain pink pearl which he owns would be worth $50,000 and that he would be glad to pay that sum for such a pearl, but that no such pearl has ever existed. Joe Couteau, the Indian boy, contradicts this and tells him of the strange island he once, when a little boy, visited with his uncle, the shuman, or medicine-man, of his tribe. There his uncle found a great blue pearl in a strange stream in the interior of the island, the hunting-ground of one of the great brown bears, the largest of known carnivorous animals. Joe is sure that he can find his way back to his tribe and can go again to the island. The lumber-king agrees, if Joe and his friend Will Bright will make the trip, to finance it. Old Jud Adams, who has trapped all through that region, hears of the plan and insists on going along. Another boy is needed to make up the party, and Will and Joe agree to choose the one who shows most sand and sense in the great Interscholastic Games in which Cornwall is to compete. The day of the games comes, and after a number of extraordinary happenings, everything finally turns on the mile run. Freddie Perkins, of the Wolf Patrol, finally wins this after such a heart-breaking finish that he is unanimously elected to the vacant place among the Argonauts, as the four christen themselves. The boys make the journey to the Pacific coast. At Puget Sound they travel north on the timber-tug *Bear*, and, after many adventures, reach Akotan, the Island of the Free People, where they meet Joe's great-uncle the shuman. At Akotan they live for some weeks in the guest-lodge, and go hunting and fishing in preparation for the tests of courage which they must pass before they can journey to Goreloi, the Island of the Bear. They take part in a sea-lion round-up, and Jud by a cool shot saves Will from a sudden and deadly danger. Will qualifies for the journey to Goreloi by hunting and killing a sea-otter in the midst of a tremendous storm; and Jud, by killing old Three-toes, the man-eating grizzly bear. Fred has a desperate adventure with the walrus herd and saves the life of old Negouac at the risk of his own.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SEA-WOLF

JUST at dawn, one morning, the skin-flap of the tent was raised. Saanak stood framed in the opening. With his red-gold beard and blue eyes and towering height, he seemed like Eric the Red come back to earth again. For a moment he stood looking at the boys, who stared up at him sleepily.

"To-day I hunt the whale," he said. "Who goes with me?"

For a moment no one answered. There was something mysterious about his face and deep-set brooding eyes. Even old Tilgalda, with his twisted neck and head set awry, was less uncanny than this blue-eyed Eskimo who spoke so seldom and so strangely. As Fred once said, he always seemed to be seeing something which was n't there. The rest of the tribe felt the same way toward him. Even Negouac and Haidahn, chiefs as they were, treated Saanak, who held no rank whatever, with a respect which they showed few others.

It was Joe who broke the silence. "I go," he said briefly, scrambling out of his blanket.

"Eat well," said Saanak, shortly. "Meet me by the shore," and he strode off, passing old Negouac as he went.

"What wanted the Whale-killer?" inquired the old man, a few moments later.

"He hunts the whale to-day," responded Joe. "I go with him."

Since they had known him, the boys had never seen Negouac so upset.

"It cannot be," he said decisively. "None of the blood of the Great Chief may hunt with Saanak."

Joe looked at him obstinately.

"I go," was all he said.

Negouac gave a helpless gesture and hurried away. Before the Argonauts had finished breakfast he was back again with Haidahn himself. The elder chief wasted no time.

"It is not for you to go, O Ilyamna," he began at once in his curious English. "There be no whale-hunters left in the tribe but Saanak—all the others have been killed. Only his magic has saved him."

"I go," was all that Joe would say.

Haidahn tried again.

"It is not necessary for thee to wear the Bear-claw to go to Goreloi," he said. "He who has once gone to Goreloi may always go. Stay with us," went on the chief, speaking so pleadingly that Negouac stared at him in astonishment. "What know you of hunting the whale?"

"Do you mean to say, Chief," broke in Jud, who had listened open-mouthed to the conversation, "that old man Saanak goes out alone and kills real whales?"

Haidahn nodded.

"It can't be done," said Jud, decisively. "I served a year on a whaler when I was a lad. He might go out in one of them skin-canoes an' kill a blackfish with a bone harpoon. They are only about twenty feet long an' don't put up much of a fight, but he could no more kill an old humpback or a bow-head or a hundred-foot sulphur-bottom than he could kill an elephant with a pop-gun. As for a cachalot, I 've seen one bite a whale-boat in two an' kill a whole crew with one smack of its tail. What could a single Injun in a skin-canoe with a bone toothpick do against any of them?"

"Yet," persisted Haidahn, "Saanak hunts all whales—except one. Sometimes he is carried far out to sea. Always he comes back. Always he makes his kill."

"What 's the whale which he does n't hunt?" inquired Will, curiously.

"No man has ever slain the sea-wolf," was Haidahn's only reply.

"That 's the killer-whale," exclaimed Jud. "He 's the swiftest, fiercest brute that swims. I 've seen a pack of 'em kill a seventy-five-foot right whale, an' swim down a finback. Once I saw a single killer chew up a big baskin'-shark twice his size—an' a baskin'-shark 's some bad actor himself. There ain't nothin' in the sea that a killer 's scared of," finished the old trapper.

"Nor on land," chimed in Negouac, unexpectedly. "When hunting bad in the water, killers swim up to the edge of the floe and change into great wolves and gallop across the ice. My three brothers hunt a gray wolf all day long once. When he tired out he jump into water, turn into killer-whale, and swim away."

Jud nodded politely.

"I never happened to see that myself," he said, "but I would n't put anything past a killer-whale. I don't think though, Joe," he went on, "that this Saanak is a safe chap to sign up with. He looks like a fellow who 's all the time huntin' for trouble—an' generally findin' it."

"I go," said Joe, for the fourth time, nor could the rest of the party say anything to make him change his mind.

"You may go," said Jud, mournfully, at last, "but will you come?—that 's the question."

Breakfast over, the whole party went down to the beach, where they found Saanak waiting for them, the tattooed whale-marks from nostril to ear gleaming red against his grim face. Drawn up on the sand was his pet two-man bidarka, made of selected skins, oiled until it glistened, and which he used only for his annual whale-hunts. In the bow compartment were his harpoons and lances. Negouac told the Argonauts that in Saanak's tribe whale-hunting was hereditary. The secrets and the weapons of this big-game sport of the seas were handed down from father to son in certain families; and when a hunter became famous throughout the tribe for his skill and success, after death his body was embalmed and preserved in some lonely cave. Thither, before a great hunt, each hunter would go alone and lay his weapons in the hand of the dead chief, so that some of his virtue might pass into them.

The harpoons had handles six feet in length, of some strange foreign wood which ocean currents had carried up from the south. To the head of these shafts were lashed polished sockets of walrus ivory. To these were fitted spear-heads, of which Saanak had several in the boat. They were some twelve inches long, with barbs four or five inches broad, and were hammered out of dull, soft iron.

"That made from sky-stone," observed Saanak, as the boys examined them curiously. As they looked, Jud told them of the great mass of meteoric iron which had fallen on one of the northernmost capes and from which all the Eskimo obtained their iron for generations, until an Arctic explorer brought it back for a museum and robbed thousands of the little hunters of their sole supply of iron.

In the stout shaft of this spear-head a round hole had been drilled, and through this was fastened a coil of whale-rope, beautifully plaited from tiny strips of tough walrus-hide in a curious pattern unlike any braid which the boys had ever seen before. Negouac told them that sometimes it took a whole year to braid a hundred-foot whale-rope, and that every strand was made of the finest selected strips of carefully cured leather. Once made, a whale-rope was handed down as an heir-loom from father to son in the whaling families. All three of the harpoon heads which the boys examined had a curious, greasy surface, showing that they had been plunged deep into whale blubber on many a successful hunt. On the flat side of each head had been carved curious marks like little sticks set in bunches and lines and angles. Years later, Will learned that those were magic runes, good-luck inscriptions which the old Norsemen were accustomed to carve on their weapons in their curious written language. Beside the harpoons, Saanak had a couple of whale-lances. One had a keen iron point some three feet long

set in a five-foot shaft, while the other was shorter and tipped with smooth walrus ivory.

In the stern cockpit, where Joe was to sit, there was nothing but one of the huge double-bladed paddles which he knew so well how to use.

"Looks as if you 're goin' to be the crew," remarked Jud, "while Mr. Saanak does the huntin'!"

Joe said not a word, but carefully placed beside him his rifle and a couple of clips of cartridges. Saanak watched his preparations scornfully.

"Gun no good for whales," he observed. "I lend you lance when we make fast."

"Wait a minute," suddenly exclaimed Jud, and he hurried back to the guest-lodge, to return in a moment with a clip of curiously long cartridges unlike any which the boys had ever seen before. "Load up with these," he said, thrusting them into Joe's hands. "They 're high-power explosive cartridges an' make a hole half as big as your hat. I would n't waste 'em on you boys for ordinary shootin', but I believe that even Fred here could hit a whale at harpoon range—an' he 's probably the worst shot in the whole civilized world. Land one or two of these in Mr. Whale's chest, an' he 'll sit up an' take notice, no matter how big he is. Good luck!" and the old man slapped Joe cheerfully on his unresponsive back, although very doubtful in his own mind whether he would ever see him again.

Saanak gave them no time for any further good-byes. Motioning Joe into his seat, he suddenly pushed the light bidarka away from the steep, sloping beach—and the hunt was on.

As they sped over the misty waters, great Shishaldin muttered in the distance with its high head shrouded in vapors. Beyond the beach, the frowning rock-walls which buttressed the coast were covered with green and gold sphagnum moss and tapestried with many-colored lichens. On them the big burgomaster gulls bred in thousands and circled overhead in stately flight, while comical shovel-billed sea-parrots scurried rapidly and noiselessly around the lower reaches of the cliff. Under the rapid paddle-beats of Saanak and Joe, the little craft shot over the choppy waves through the pass, and before long was skimming the lazy swells of the great bay without. As usual, a portion of it was covered with the fog, which is always a part of an Arctic summer. Sometimes the mist would lift and they could see far across the gleaming waters. Again it would settle and the bidarka be lost in a smother of clammy vapor.

An hour went by nor had any game been sighted, although they were approaching the middle of the great bay, which usually swarmed with life. Suddenly, as they shot out of a tangle of mist-wreaths, the smooth water all around them broke and foamed as a herd of blackfish passed—small whales only about fifteen feet long, of a dead-black color, with square, bluff heads, and side fins shaped like cutlass blades. The mouth of each was so shaped as to give these little whales a smiling, happy expression. As the jolly-looking procession rolled past, Joe looked inquiringly at Saanak, knowing that the blackfish was the usual whale to be attacked by Eskimo hunters; but the bow paddler gave no sign of even noticing them. It was evident that to-day he hunted only big game.

Beyond the blackfish school the mist settled down again, and a few moments later a gurgling, plaintive whistle sounded from the surface of the water with a strange unearthly tone unlike that of any bird or beast which Joe had ever heard. Then, so suddenly that Joe swerved until he nearly tipped over the bidarka, a great white back showed above the surface not six feet away, while at the same instant the uncanny whistle sounded again across the water. As the spectral white shape drifted past, Joe recognized the beluga, or white whale, another one of the smaller whales hunted by Indians and Eskimo alike. Its hide furnishes the porpoise skin of commerce, and its flesh, although palatable, is occasionally dangerous, whole tribes having been known to be poisoned from feasting on it. Still Saanak gave no sign, but paddled steadily toward the center of the bay.

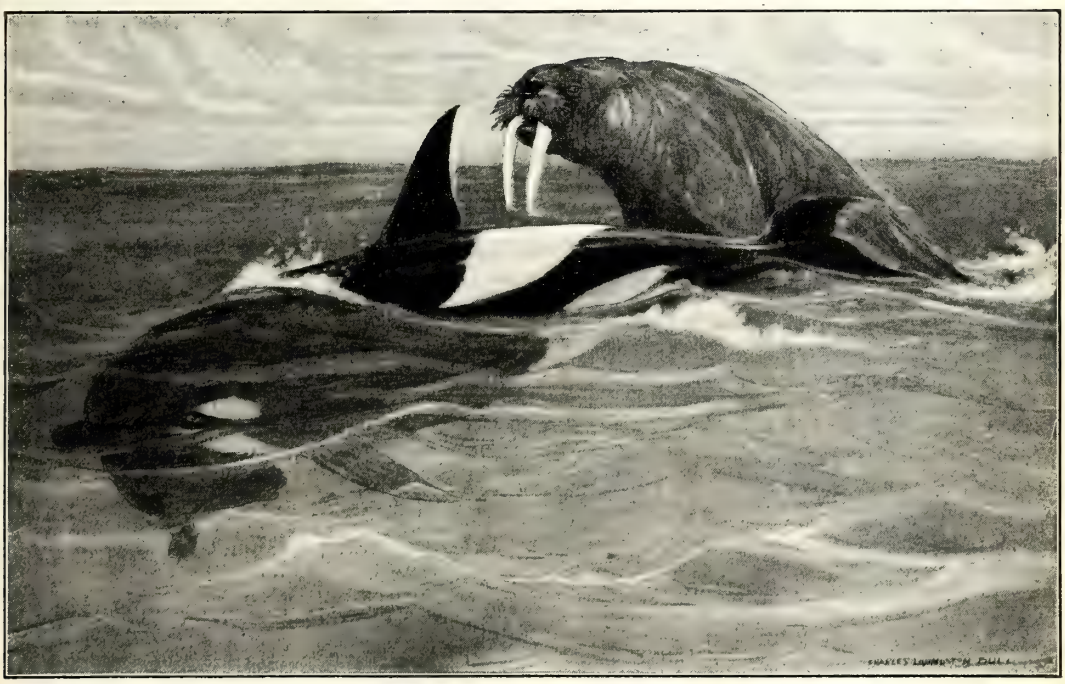
As the drop-curtain of the mist rose again they found themselves once more near the same school of blackfish that had passed them a few moments before. Suddenly, from far out in the bay, there was a gleam of blue that showed in the sun like the flash of polished steel. For an instant it showed above the surface of the water and then went under, only to reappear two seconds later a hundred yards nearer. As Saanak saw this blue flash approaching with such lightning-like speed, he dropped his paddle, seized one of his lances, and motioned to Joe to be on guard. A moment later there flashed into sight that swift lancer of the sea, the sword-fish. This one was a monster of its kind, nearly eighteen feet in length, with a big, keen, ivory sword, more than two feet long, thrust out in front. As this giant herring whizzed through the water its magnificent back fin of blazing blue

showed high above the surface; and as it approached with the speed of an express-train, its brilliant eyes blazed on either side of the long sharp sword.

For the first time Joe realized how helpless an earth-dweller is when he meets the water-people in their own country. A sword-fish can drive its tusk through two feet of solid oak, and it is about as easy to escape its rush as to side-step a cannon-ball. Fortunately for both of the hunters, this sword-fish paid no attention to the bidarka. In a moment it was among the school of little whale and had buried its keen sword clear to the hilt in the dark side of a twenty-foot blackfish. With an indescribable twist and curve of its lithe body, the sword-fish disengaged his sword and plunged into another. The water all around the bidarka was dyed red as the great, ruthless fish leaped back and forth, plunging, stabbing, twisting, and thrusting until the startled herd sounded and dived and swam down deep to avoid this fatal free-lance of the sea. The sword-fish followed them, and in a moment the bidarka was alone on the discolored ocean swell. As they moved away, both of the hunters showed their training. Two white hunters would have talked over for hours every detail of the attack and their escape. Not a word was spoken by Joe or the silent Saanak. On and on they fled over the heaving waters.

As the day passed, the mist burned away and finally the whole expanse of the bay showed clear before them. Suddenly, far away across the smoky green water, appeared what looked like a fleet of small craft, each one showing a black flag hanging low over the water. As they came nearer, Joe could count fourteen in all. Back and forth the little fleet quartered, keeping together and coming nearer to the bidarka with each evolution, until Joe could make out that the black flag which each of these pirates of the sea flew was none other than the inky dorsal fin of the orca, or killer-whale. As they approached closer, each killer seemed to wear a skin of polished black marble, so smooth was it. Just back of their gleaming, sinister little eyes these wolves of the sea showed a white blotch, like a splash of whitewash, which was repeated again across their sides, just beyond the back fin. The throat and belly of each one were of the same pure white, which contrasted sharply with the sombre black of the rest of the body.

From its pointed, torpedo-like head to its sleek, double-fluked tail, the orca is built for speed. To-day the well-drilled pack traveled so close to the surface that their fins and the rounded curves of their black backs showed constantly above water. As they swam, each killer kept its place and distance, so that their regular ranks produced an extraordinary ef-



"BEFORE THE ORCA COULD REJOIN ITS BAND, THE WALRUS WAS UPON IT" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

fect of discipline and power. Saanak signaled Joe to stop paddling, and the bidarka drifted motionless. With smooth swiftness, the black band circled through the water on the lookout for some prey with which to satisfy their insatiable appetites. Once or twice one approached close to the bidarka and seemed to look it over questioningly and then went on, evidently convinced that there was nothing very appetizing about this hollow, motionless monster. Joe knew from the stories which he had heard about these giant sea-wolves that, once wounded or aroused, they would dash upon any moving thing within sight, which was evidently the reason why Saanak had stopped paddling. The further fact that he made no effort to attack any of that fierce company also convinced Joe that the orca was not included in the list of whales which Saanak hunted for food or glory.

As the two watched, they saw an instance of killer craft and ferocity which would well make any human hunter hesitate before engaging even the least of that black-and-white pack. Not far from the bidarka towered a blue-and-green iceberg which had broken off from one of the glaciers and like some majestic crystal castle was sailing slowly down the bay. In the water by its farther end suddenly showed the vast bulk and small head of a cow-walrus, with a little walrus-calf swimming near her. As the mother walrus up-ended in the water, she looked like a huge, moth-eaten hair trunk. The calf was only about four feet long and had a short brown coat of hair, which contrasted with the naked skin of its giant mother. While the cow swayed and dozed in the current which swept by the berg, the calf swam around on little exploring expeditions of its own, never going more than a few feet away from its mother.

Unfortunately for itself, the wicked little eyes of one of the orca band caught sight of its movements. Swerving away from its companions with one sweep of its serrated tail, the killer shot through the green water toward the unconscious calf. Aroused by some instinct of danger, the latter looked up to see a black death rushing toward it like an express-train. With a little terrified bleat the baby-walrus sculled rapidly to the side of its sleeping mother, and, with a desperate effort, clambered up on her bluff, square shoulders and perched there, seemingly out of harm's way. Crafty as fierce, the killer swept down upon the two, and, before the drowsy mother walrus was fully awake, struck her huge floating body with a bump that sent the calf spinning through the air to land in the water with a splash ten feet away. There was an arrowy twist and curve of the sleek, black body, and as the calf tried again to return to its mother, a dreadful mouth, filled with a double row of huge pointed teeth, opened at its side. There was another bleat of distress and pain as the fatal teeth sank deep into the soft, woolly little body; a worrying motion of the great jaws, a gulp, and the calf disappeared down the insatiable maw of the sea-wolf, which an instant later wheeled and started back to rejoin its band.

It was not to escape unscathed. As the grim jaws closed on the calf, the mother walrus, with a raging bellow, started toward the killer. Her shapeless body seemed suddenly to develop lines and curves of unsuspected speed, and before the orca, swift as it was, could reach its fellows, the walrus was upon it. Too late to save her calf's life, she was in time to avenge his death. Before the shining black-and-white body of the killer-whale could swerve out of her path, the walrus had sunk both of her long tusks deep into its smooth back. The orca twisted and bent like a bow under the pain of the stab, until at last it fairly tore itself away from those piercing tusks.

The wounded wolf of the sea gnashed and snapped at the shoulders of the cow, but even a killer's iron jaws are powerless against the three-inch armor-plate which protects the neck and shoulders of a walrus. As the keen tusks again grazed its flank the orca wheeled, and dashed through the water to take its place again in the pack. As it reached the black-and-white company, still quartering back and forth in ordered ranks, the wounded killer met with an unexpected and appalling reception. At the first scent and sight of the gaping slashes on its back, the whole band of sea-wolves was transformed. Breaking ranks, they leaped like tigers upon their unfortunate companion, and literally tore it to pieces.

The water was churned into a raging foam by the gnashing jaws of the attackers and the tortured twistings and turns of the wounded orca as it tried in vain to escape. The struggle stopped as suddenly as it began. One moment the water was a welter of froth and tumult, of leaping bodies and snapping jaws. The next, the killers were back in their ranks again, ranging the sea as if nothing had happened.

Of the wounded orca, there remained not a trace. Yet the insatiable appetites of that fierce pack were only whetted by their can-

nibal feast, and they patrolled the waters on the lookout for more prey, while, from the edge of the berg, the mother walrus bellowed in vain for the calf that would come back to her no more.

A moment later, the vast iceberg shook and swayed, while far under water a sound as of some enormous body rubbing against the rough ice could be distinctly heard. Suddenly the sea boiled like a pot, and up through the foaming water showed first the huge head and then part of the body of one of the largest of all created mammals, the right whale. It had been rubbing off barnacles and the crustacea called whale-lice against the base of the berg. Enormous plates of bone on either side of its head came together at the front, making a rude prow, which gives this whale its other name of bow-head. For a moment, Joe gasped. The vast body stretched away through the water a good sixty feet. The huge head, which showed first, was more than twenty feet from the blunt nose to the short fore flukes, where the mighty neck began.

Before the whale had sounded, it had been feeding by the simple process of swimming with its mouth open where clouds of minute crustacea had stained the water red and brown. Sifting these through a sieve of swinging baleen, or whale-bone, which with a right whale takes the place of teeth, it had compressed the mouthful with its tongue, a two-ton mass of flesh, and swept it down to its three-inch gullet. Thereafter, it had spent an hour and a half under water, which is the extreme limit of time during which a right whale may stay away from the surface.

As the double jet of vapor, which marks a bow-head, spouted aloft, every sinister black fin of the killer squadron wheeled and sped toward the unreckoning monster. It did not seem possible that this dark pack of the sea could pull down the mammoth whale whose bulk was a hundred times larger than that of any one of its assailants. Yet the contest was not so uneven as it appeared. The bow-head could not escape by diving to unknown depths. For its very life's sake it must stay on the surface for over an hour and breathe deeply of the upper air. This whale was an old bull, cased from head to tail in two feet of blubber, and its speed was less than half of its lean, lithe opponents. Unlike the terrible cachalot, or sperm-whale, it had no teeth. While its ponderous half-moon flukes could dash the life out of any orca on which they might land, the arrowy speed of the killers made them comparatively safe from any such attack. There remained only its vast bulk for a protection—and mere size avails little against speed and skill.

As the killer pack encircled the doomed whale, Saanak, with a quick turn of his paddle, shot the bidarka into the lee of the iceberg, where it was partially protected by a sunken reef of ice which jutted out under water from the wall of the berg. In a fight for the championship of the sea, he was firmly convinced that the contestants were entitled to a free field so far as Joe and himself were concerned. At that moment the great whale seemed to sense the approach of its enemies and its vast bulk shot away from the iceberg a hundred feet or more where it could have free play for its flukes.

The attack of the killers was so swift that the two hunters could scarcely see what had happened. All in an instant the sea broke into a mass of waves, and out of a smother of froth and foam the vast bulk of the whale sprang into the air and fell back with a crash that could be heard a mile away.

In and out of the spray leaped and darted the smooth black forms of the killers. Around and around the whole group wheeled and whirled, while cavernous bellowings sounded as the beset bull fought for air. At regular intervals, one after another of the orcas sprang into the air, and, with a smashing blow of tail and fin, came down upon the rounded back of the whale with an impact that shook even its braced and padded bulk. Once, as the bull up-ended and stood almost upright in the water, its vast head showed above the foam and the hunters saw the cruel methods of the killers.

Two of the largest of the band had clamped and locked their terrible teeth deep into either side of the whale's vast lower jaw and hung there like bulldogs, dragging down with all of their weight and strength in an attempt to force open the great cavern of the mouth. Tipping backward until it swung its worrying opponents clear of the water, the great whale tried in vain to break their hold. Finding that their locked grip was not to be broken, the old bull threw himself forward with another crash, evidently attempting to fall upon one or both of his tormentors. It was in vain. Swinging their supple bodies to one side, the killers easily avoided the crushing smash of the whale's fall. The drop threw its great flukes clear of the water. Swinging them like a scythe, the bow-head struck out at random. By a chance blow, one of the flukes struck a killer full on its back and sheared through

flesh, fin, and bone, cutting the black body almost in half. As before, the orcas sprang upon their wounded comrade, and another cannibal feast followed, which only ended when the last fragments of the struggling killer had disappeared.

While this was going on, a fearsome ally of the black band appeared. Up from the depths drifted a sinister shape whose undershot jaw, studded with cruel, saw-edged teeth marked it as a member of the shark family. Its cold, greenish, implacable eyes glowed as it caught sight of the wounded whale. The upper lobe of the forked tail of this newcomer tapered out in a crescent curve of flexible bone nearly as long as the rest of its twenty-foot body and edged like a scimitar. This whip-like tail identified the monster as a thresher shark, which is often found fighting on the side of a killer band for a share of the booty. As it approached the bow-head, the shark suddenly balanced itself upon its head so close to the surface that its enormous flail-like tail curved clear out of the water. Diving downward, it landed on the back of the whale with this curved weapon, a smashing blow, which echoed across the bay and cut out a strip of blubber five feet long.

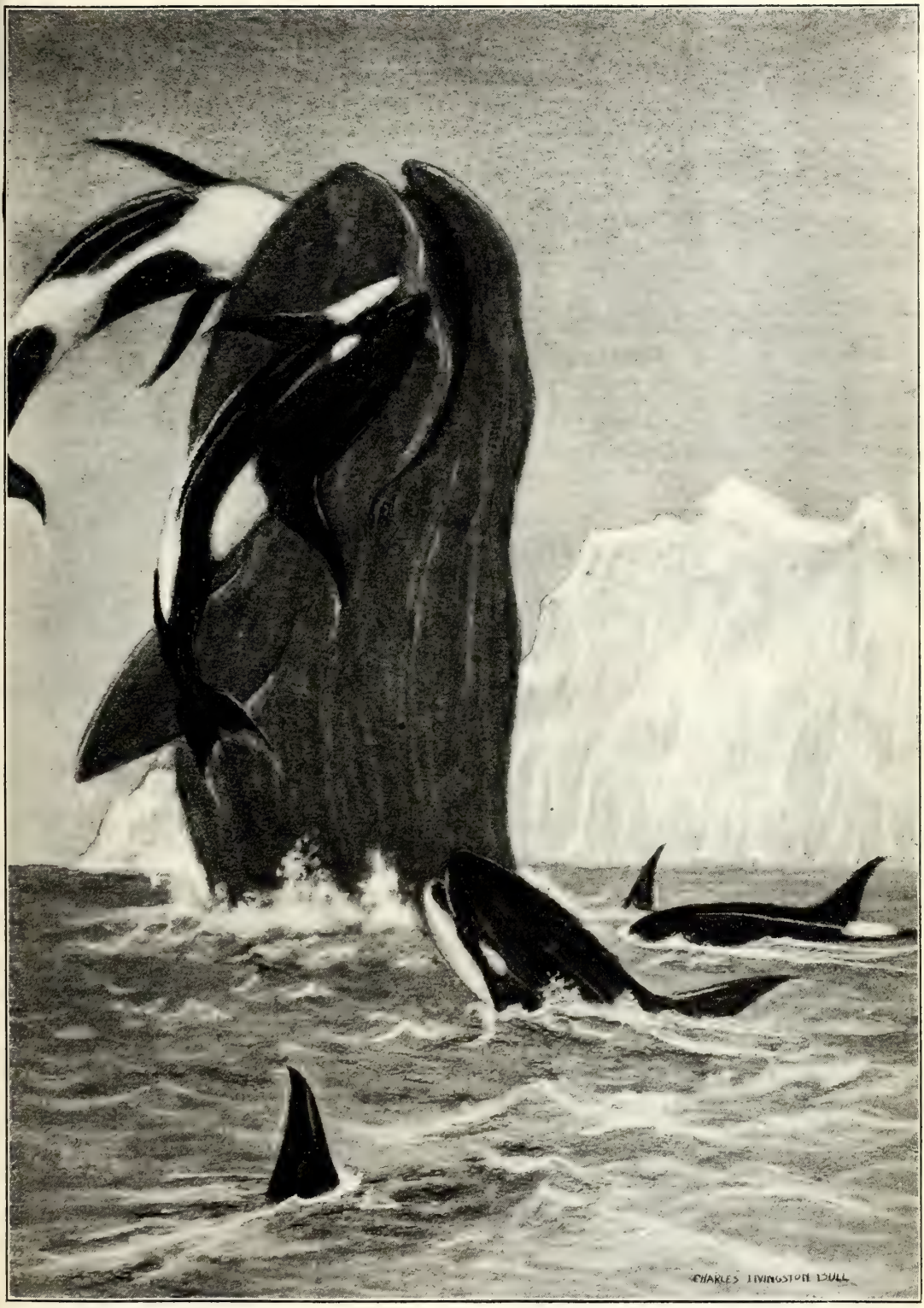
The noise seemed to arouse the orcas, for one after another they followed suit. Bending their lithe bodies like salmon leaping a waterfall, they sprang into the air and landed one after another upon the great whale's broad back. And the two grim killers hanging to the whale's jaw had kept their grip through all the mad turmoil of the fighting and never ceased to drag downward with all their weight and strength.

Little by little the great whale's stamina waned. It was not built for endurance, and the storm of blows and slashes which fell upon it, without an instant's cessation, sapped its vitality. The bellowing sound of the air forced in and out through its blow-holes changed to gurgling groans as more and more water mixed with the air, and the vast jaw dropped open a few inches as the worrying killers at its head increased their efforts. With a last rally, the whale stood upright in the water, and, bringing its jaws together once more, shook its great head like a bull trying to dash off a pair of worrying dogs.

At this moment another fatal ally of the killer band appeared. Across the waters lashed into foam shot the same sapphire flash that had approached the blackfish. Toward the whale, fighting for its life, whizzed like a torpedo the sword-fish. As the great mammal raised its head, the fierce sea-rover drove its sharp lance clear to the hilt just below the whale's neck, where beats the gigantic heart. It was a fatal blow. Instantly the clouds of white spray from the blow-holes turned a dark red and the stricken whale whirled around and around, with trembling, shaking movements, in its death-flurry. Little by little the lower jaw sagged, until the great cavern of a mouth, screened by swinging whalebone, fell open. Within, showed the vast, soft tongue. On the instant, fighting and struggling like demons for a place, the killers thronged in and snapped off great masses from the two-ton tongue. This was the prize for which they had fought. Almost instantly it was devoured, and in balanced ranks the black fins started away. The shark tore off masses of blubber with its undershot jaw until it sank, almost too gorged to swim. The sword-fish apparently received nothing from the fight save the pleasure of again and again stabbing its sharp sword into the blubber-bound body.

Joe had watched the killers frowningly. A great disgust and hatred for these cruel black devils of the sea had possessed him. Suddenly, around the bend of the berg whirled the last of the pack, which had lingered behind the others. As its deep-set, evil little eyes caught sight of the bidarka, with a flirt of its supple body it swerved, and looked the little craft over challengingly. It was too much for Joe's pride. Already unconsciously he had resented the brute savagery of these wolves of the sea. Now every human instinct revolted against the arrogance of this one.

In a flash his rifle was at his shoulder. There was a shout of warning from Saanak, but Joe heeded it not. Aiming carefully at the black fore shoulder, he pulled the trigger. The next instant what seemed an avalanche of fierce flesh rushed down upon the bidarka. Saanak dropped his paddle and seized a harpoon in each hand. As the monster rushed into range, he buried first one and then the other deep into the black, vibrant back. So far as stopping the rush of the killer, they might as well have been knitting needles. With his eyes gleaming like blue fire, the Norselander seized a lance, prepared to die fighting. Joe fired two more shots. One bullet struck within the gaping, steel-lined jaws and exploded harmlessly. The other landed lower down and burst well within the sheathed bones of the neck. Although blood spouted from the wound, it did not slack the rush of the killer in the least. Another second, and it seemed as if the black torpedo-



"WITH A LAST RALLY, THE WHALE STOOD UPRIGHT IN THE WATER"

like head would crash through the flimsy side of the bidarka.

Just as Saanak stabbed desperately at the open jaws, the orca shot up to the surface of the water and hung there, struggling. It had grounded on the concealed reef of rough ice which stretched up to within a few inches of that surface and back of which Saanak had placed the bidarka. For an instant the black-and-white body hung, not two yards from the boat, struggling and lashing with all its fierce length in order to win the deeper water beyond. Slowly the grim form slid forward and Saanak plunged his stabbing-lance again and again into the mottled hide, but the killer only redoubled its efforts to reach the bidarka. Little by little the vast body wormed its way across the rough ice until it seemed as if one more plunge would send it into the deeper water beyond, where the bidarka lay. Two seconds more would decide. Saanak stabbed once more, driving his lance in with all his weight and strength behind it. There was a sharp crack, and, with a groan, the huge Eskimo found himself holding only a broken handle in his hand.

"Stoop down," commanded Joe, sharply. Involuntarily the other obeyed. As the killer surged forward, there was the crash of a rifle-shot, followed instantly by another. Both bullets struck, one after the other, at the angle where the neck of the killer joined the body, and exploded as they met the heavy bones below the black skin. The effect was miraculous, taking into consideration the size of the orca and the diminutive bullets. As they burst, they tore away the whole upper ventricles of the heart of the killer. With one last plunge, it shot off the reef, and its steel jaws snapped together in its death-struggle, not two feet from the bidarka. As the struggles died away, Saanak fastened a float to the great body and drew out his harpoons, one after the other. Not until then did he turn to the Indian boy.

"Wear this thou Killer of the Sea-wolf," was all he said—but against Joe's chest dangled the Bear-claw.

(To be continued)



HOMEWARD BOUND

By ALICE M. CAHILL

When the fishing-boats come home at night
Along the river way,
I love to watch their silhouettes
Stand out in black and gray.

I love to watch the setting sun
Sink down behind the dunes,
And send across the water smooth
A path just like the moon's.

And some day, when I 'm grown and tall,
And know just what is right,
I 'll paint a picture of the boats
As they come home at night.

MY VISIT TO THE TOWERS

By MARY KELSEY

THE Towers was a real French château, and very old, but crumbling gradually into ruins. I had been told how quaint and picturesque it was, so I went one day to see it, not knowing



"PAULETTE, THE BABY, WAS NEVER QUITE CONTENT OUT OF LUCIENNE'S ARMS"

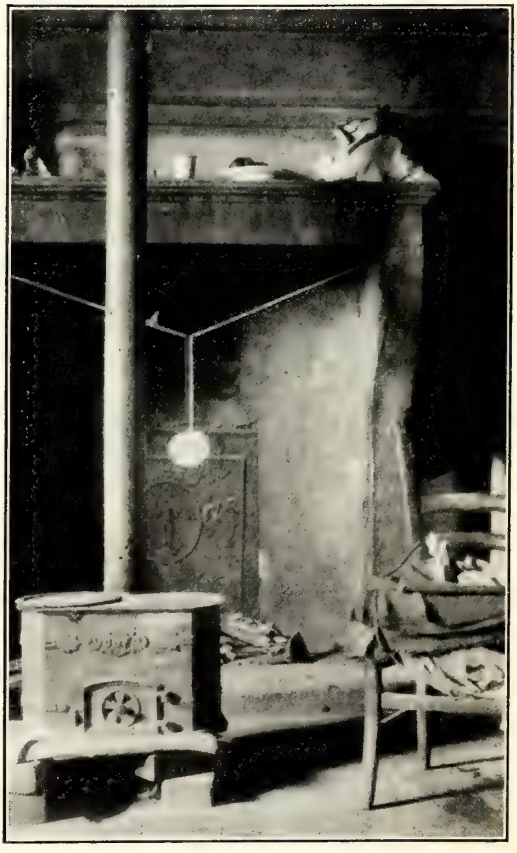
that the family who lived there were refugees. My own work was among those unhappy people, for I had come into the town with a little group of Quakers for the special purpose of helping the refugees who had there taken shelter after being driven from their own homes.

As I approached I saw how comfortless the old place was and how miserable and poverty-stricken were the surroundings. The ground was of trampled mud, littered with rubbish and refuse; but beside the door, some one had made a tiny garden. Somehow, it was a pathetic little garden. It was marked off by a barrier of pebbles, and was planted with pink daisies from the meadows. I saw that some one there loved flowers.

A big girl of about fourteen stood in the doorway, and when I asked if I might see the house, she turned at once to the tower which formed the corner of the building and led me up the broken stairs and into the big room above, where all the family lived together. The four girls were there as I came in. Lucienne, my guide, was the oldest, and after her came Marcelle, sturdy, rosy, and tousle-haired, Adèle, and lastly, Paulette, the baby, never quite content out of Lucienne's arms.

Such a room! There were two iron cots covered with soiled blankets, but no mattresses, one broken chair, and a wretched stove built up on loose bricks. There was almost nothing in the way of cooking utensils, not a water-pitcher in the house, and only one tin wash-basin. Those four little girls had slept all through the bitter winter on the bare floor. Apparently, they had only one or two little garments each—yet the children seemed extraordinarily healthy and well, and not at all dissatisfied with life. But oh! what terrible surroundings from which to draw the first impression of babyhood.

Squalor and poverty and dirt—at first I



THE ROOM WHERE ALL THE FAMILY LIVED TOGETHER

thought there was nothing else to be found in that unhomelike home. But as I turned to go,

I caught sight of something bright, like sunshine, on the window-ledge of the tiny room that was formed by another tower which opened off the farther room. It was a plant of blooming wallflower, growing in an extravagance of blossom in an old tin can and filling all the surrounding air with its rare and delicious perfume.

"How lovely!" I said, and Lucienne smiled responsively. Somehow I realized that it was she who had planted the little garden at the door. I felt glad that there was one beautiful thing to brighten those sad little lives.

Each little grimy palm had a few coins pressed into it as I said good-by; and as I walked away, I wondered what could be done for my little new friends. It was a serious question and I pondered it very gravely. I was almost home again when I heard the sound of pattering feet behind me.

"Mademoiselle!" I heard some one call breathlessly.

Running toward me with all her might was Marcelle, her sturdy little legs twinkling under her, but her breath almost exhausted.

"This—is—for you!" she gasped as she approached me, and she held out to me the blooming wallflower in its old tin can!

I carried the plant back with me and planted it in our own little garden. During all the spring it bloomed there, and it made me understand that my poor children of the Towers were not altogether poor. Theirs was the wealth of generous hearts.

SIR ISAAC NEWT

By ROBERT EMMET WARD

It is Sir Isaac Newt I sing,
A most unusual theme!
He dwells remote by many a spring
And many a sylvan stream.
Nor does he mean
To blush unseen;
A lurid scarlet suit,
With spots of black, adorns his back—
Resplendent Isaac Newt!

He loves decaying wood and damp;
He hates to travel far;
His presence may disrupt a camp
Where timorous damsels are.
But though his charms
Cause wild alarms,
Discovered in one's boot,
Not even the campers' cook he harms—
Innocuous Isaac Newt!

A line of Wordsworth's, widely known,
Describes him, by the by—
A *Molge* "by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye."
Who knows the themes
Whereon he dreams
By rock or moldering root?
None can beguile the faintest smile
From grave Sir Isaac Newt!

The strangely simple life he leads,
He loves to lead alone,
Supplying everything he needs
By efforts of his own.
He never eats
Unwholesome sweets;
He does not care for fruit.
Young algæ are his choicest meats—
Ascetic Isaac Newt!

If you should take him unawares,
In water or on land,
For neither limbs nor tail he cares—
He 'll leave them in your hand.
A snapped-off limb
Is naught to him!
He seeks the shortest route
To solitude till it 's renewed—
The Spartan Isaac Newt!

Akin to the batrachian *gens*
And *Salamandridæ*.
His ways are worthy abler pens
Than this vouchsafed to me.
Though rather wet
And slippery, yet
He certainly is "cute"!
If seeking an unusual pet,
Why not Sir Isaac Newt?





THE HUNGRY BOY

DEAR me! dear me! I have not had
A single thing to eat
Since dinner-time!—that is, except
Raw turnips and a beet;
And doughnuts—just a few of 'em;
'Bout six fine pears;—oh, yes,
A few red apples in the lane—
And raspberries, I guess.
I 'd 'most forgotten Grandma made
A batch o' cookies; four
Was ev'ry one she gave to me —
Of course I wanted more.

When eating nuts, I work so hard
To crack and pick 'em out,
I 'm always hungry just as long
As there are nuts about.
Of course, you said that Mrs. Smith
Gave me this piece of pie,
While Mrs. Jones's chocolate cake
She *asked* me please to try!
I may have had some other things;
I cannot tell, indeed;
Seem 's though I 'd hardly had enough
A hungry mouse to feed!

George W. Tuttle

THE NATIONAL FLOWER OF SCOTLAND

We can understand why France is proud to show the lily on her standard, and why England chooses the rose, and even enter into the feeling of Ireland for the quaint green trefoil of the shamrock, but many of us have wondered why Scotland should have taken the thistle, when she had the exquisite delicacy of the harebell and the glorious richness of the heather to choose from.

There is a reason, however, why this rough outcast of the waste places is honored above all other flowers and is dearer to the heart of the Scot than all the lovely blossoms that show their sweet faces on the rugged mountains and wild moors, for the very land itself was once saved to them by the thistle.

Nearly a thousand years ago the sun was shining on the same grim crags and rocky shores that we see to-day from the deck of the ocean liner, and putting golden caps on the dancing waves that broke on the strip of silver sand below a frowning cliff on the eastern coast of Scotland, just as he does to-day. Inland, the mountains reared their huge gray bulk, and the heather stretched like an endless carpet of purple and gold and pink over the rolling moors where only deer and birds and countless myriads of insects moved, for there were no cities, no villages, not even a road, and on the east the blue sea stretched out to the blue sky, without a speck on its surface.

A little bay lay just behind the headland, and along its rocky shores a few rude huts were scattered, little more than shelters from the weather, most of them, without windows or chimneys and often with only a curtain of coarse homespun cloth for a door. There was no attempt at a street, the little dwellings clinging to the hillside wherever the rocks afforded a hiding-place, for these were rude times and safety often lay in escaping the notice of visitors.

A hut nestled on the very point of the headland, and directly in front of it rose a huge pile of brush and sticks on a sort of platform of stone. A woman crouched beside this, her chin in her hands and her eyes gazing steadily out to sea through a narrow opening between two tall rocks. A boy and a girl played about the grass at her side like wild creatures, stopping every now and then to peer through the spy-hole over the summer sea.

From the huts along the hillside half-seen figures moved about, all furtively looking out over the sea; and so the hours wore on till noon, when suddenly the woman by the beacon stood erect, and, after shading her eyes with her hand for a moment, suddenly waved her arms and uttered a wild cry, pointing over the water to where a speck loomed on the distant horizon.

Instantly the whole place was in commotion. The boy rushed into the hut, and, coming out with a burning brand, set fire to the beacon, which sent a thin spiral of smoke high into the air before it broke into flames. The girl rushed screaming down the hill, and from every hut came wild figures, brandishing rude spears and huge unwieldy swords in defiance of the great ship that came swiftly over the sea, its high gilded prow cutting the waves, and the sides hung with the shields and banners of the warriors who thronged the decks and leaped into the sea to meet the waiting Scots.

All through the golden afternoon the battle raged, but, as the sun went down, the Danes were beaten back step by step, till at last they took refuge in the ship and sailed away into the gathering darkness, leaving the exhausted but triumphant Scots to shout defiance till the last outline faded into the shadows of the north.

Weary with their battle, and feeling secure for the first time in many long days, the Scots stayed only to care for their wounded and recount the deeds of their heroic warriors; then each sought his home, and darkness fell on the deep sleep of men worn out with fighting and tumult and free from the fear that had harassed them so long.

For weeks they had lived in dread of this attack and the beacon had stood ready day and night to summon the distant clansmen to their aid, but to-night only a heap of ashes smoldered on the headland, and no one peered through the spy-hole or watched the shadowy sea. And so it was that no one saw the great ship sailing silently back again, no one heard the stealthy landing of the Danes, furious at their defeat and determined to surprise the valiant defenders who had beaten them off a few hours before. Softly as a lapping wave, they stepped to the beach and crept up the hillside, and the leader actually had his hand on the doorway of the first hut when his naked foot trod full on a great thistle. The pain of the thorns piercing his flesh so unexpectedly made him cry out—and the sleeping Scots awoke!

History tells us how desperately they fought to defend their homes and how this time there was not even a remnant of the Danes left to escape to the ship, which the Scots sank deep in the sea. When the sun rose and they met on the shore to rejoice over their victory, they found the leader of the Danes, who had been struck down as he was grasping a thistle. Then they raised the sturdy plant, so like their own staunch natures, and stuck it in their shields. When a later civilization evolved a flag, the thistle was accorded the place of honor, where it still rears its beautiful, but rugged, head, beloved by every son of Scotland.

Edith Oliver.

The Rainbow

by Olive C. Richards

I USED to think the rainbow lived in the sky,
Until one day I blew a soap-bubble high,
And in it were the colors shining so clear,
I wondered how they ever came away down here.

And sometimes in glass they gleam so suddenly—
Red, blue, and yellow all at once you 'll see!
It 's just as if a smile or a fairy's little shout
Broke through from somewhere when the sun shines out.



THE HAPPY VENTURE

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

By the author of "Blue Magic"

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

WHEN Mrs. Sturgis is forced to go to a sanatorium to recuperate from a nervous collapse, following the loss of almost all her money, her children,—Kenelm, sixteen, Felicia, fifteen, and eight-year-old Kirk, who is blind, are left to shift for themselves. They move to a ramshackle old farm in Asquam, and little by little coax it into friendliness and comfort. Kirk has discovered a wonderful old musician who lives in a still, dreaming house set in a tangled garden near by, and, through his friendship, has entered into a new world. "The maestro," as he is called, invents strange games and fairy feasts, and plays divine music on the piano for this child, who, to him, replaces his own son, who ran away to sea years before. Ken, who has decided that something must be done to eke out the dwindling resources of his little family, decides to utilize an abandoned motor-boat he has salvaged. He starts the "Sturgis Water Line," and carries trunks from the railroad terminal to Asquam in an hour, a great improvement over the week usually required by the ill-managed electric freight. His line is popular, and he is kept busy. Felicia has no time to feel lonely, for she is teaching Kirk, whose education she thinks the most important part of the life at Asquam. The end of the chapter finds them at a country auction, where Felicia covets a little old melodeon which is for sale.

CHAPTER IX

FAME COMES COURTING

THE people were gathering at the sunny side of the house; the auctioneer, at the window, was selling pots and candles and pruning-shears and kitchen chairs. Felicia felt somehow curiously aloof, and almost like an intruder, in this crowd of people, all of whom had known each other for long years in Asquam. They shouted pleasantries across intervening heads, and roared as one when somebody called "'Lisha" bought an ancient stovepipe hat for five cents and clapped it on his head, adding at least a foot to his already gaunt and towering height. She felt, too, an odd sense of pathos at the sight of all these little possessions—some of them heirlooms—being pulled from the old homestead and flaunted before the world. She did not like to see two or three old women fingering the fine quilts and saying they 'd be a good bargain, for "Maria Troop made every stitch on 'em herself, and she allus was one to have lastin' things." Poor little Mrs. Troop was there, tightly buttoned up in her "store clothes," running hither and thither, and protesting to the auctioneer that the "sofy" was worth "twicet as much 's Sim Rathbone give for 't."

A fearful crash of crockery within brought her hand to her heart, and a voice from the crowd commented jocularly, "Huh! Breakin' up housekeepin'!" Even Mrs. Troop smiled wryly, and the crowd guffawed.

"Now here," bellowed the auctioneer, "is a very fine article sech as you don't often see in *these* days. A melodeon, everybody, a parlor organ, in size, shape, and appearance very unusual, so to *say*."

"Ain't it homely!" a female voice remarked during the stout auctioneer's pause for breath.

"Not being a musician, ladies and gents, I ain't qualified to let you hear the tones of this instrument, *but*—I am sure it will be an ornament to any home and a source of enjoyment to both old and *young*. Now—what 'll you give me for this fine old *organ?*"

"Seventy-five cents," a deep voice murmured.

"Got your money with you, Watson?" the auctioneer inquired bitingly. "I am ashamed of this offer, folks, but nevertheless, I am offered seventy-five cents—*seventy-five cents*, for this fine old instrument. Now who 'll—"

The melodeon climbed to two dollars, with comparative rapidity. The bidders were principally men, whose wives, had they been present, would probably have discouraged the bidding, on the score that it was impossible to have that thing in the house, when Jenny 's had veneer candle-stands and plush pedals. Felicia was just beginning to wonder whether entering into the ring would push the melodeon too high, and the auctioneer was impatiently tapping his heel on the soap-box platform, when a clear and deliberate voice remarked:

"Two dollars and ten cents."

Several heads were turned to see the speaker, and women peeped over their husbands' shoulders to look. They saw a child in green knickerbockers and a gray jersey, his hand in that of a surprised young girl, and his determined face and oddly tranquil eyes turned purposefully to the auctioneer.

"Make it a quarter," said a man lounging against the leader-pipe.

"Two and a quarter," said the auctioneer. "I 'm bid two dollars and a quarter for the organ."

"Two dollars and fifty cents," said the young bidder, a shade of excitement now betraying itself in his voice. The girl opened her mouth, perhaps to protest, and then closed it again.

"Two-fifty!" bawled the auctioneer. "Two-fifty? Going—any more? Going—going—" he brought his big hands together with a slap, "*Gone!* at two dollars *and* fifty cents, to—who 's the party, Ben?"

Ben, harassed, pencil in mouth, professed ignorance.

"Kirkleigh Sturgis," said the owner of the musical instrument, "Winterbottom Road."

"Mister Sturgis," said the auctioneer, while Ben scribbled. "Step right up, young man. Give Ben your money and put your pianner in your pocket. Now folks, the next article—"

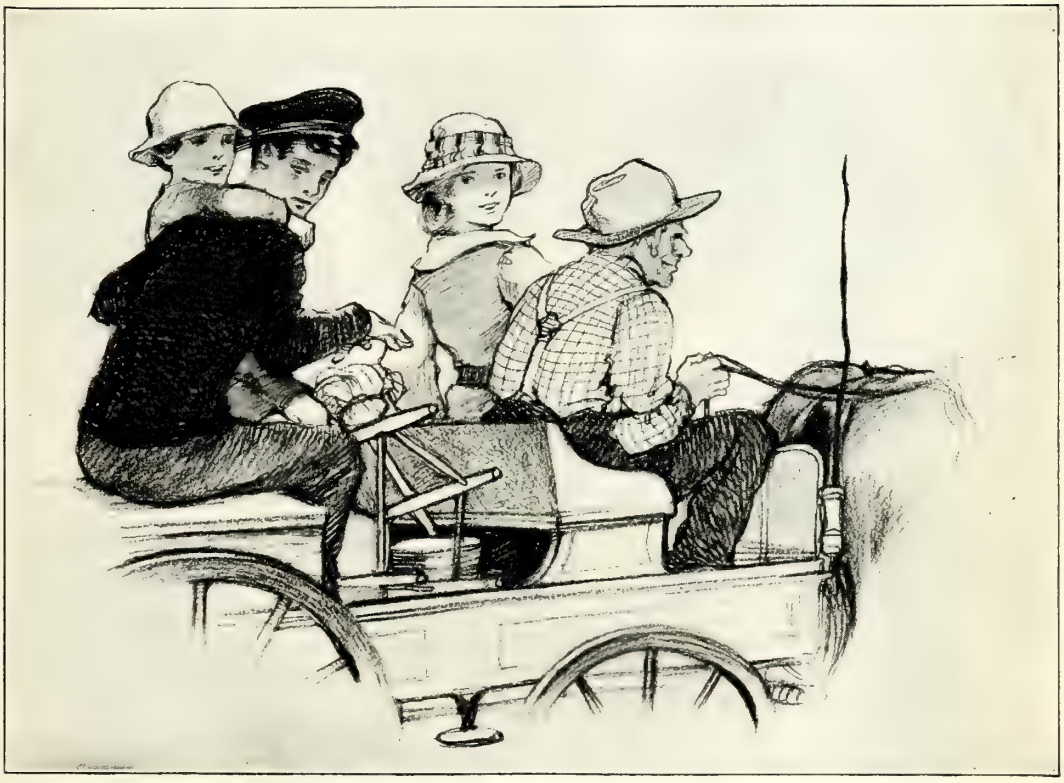
Kirk and Felicia, not to speak of the organ, two chairs, a wash-basin, a frying-pan, two boxes of candles, a good mop, and a pot of soft soap, were all carted home by the invaluable Hop. They met Ken, in from his second trip, in the middle of Winterbottom Hill, and they gave him a lift.

"Oh, if you knew what you 're sitting on!" Phil chuckled.

"Good heavens! Will it go off?" cried Ken, squirming around to look down at his seat. "I thought it was a chist, or something."

"It 's—a melodeon!" Phil said weakly.

"A melodeon! O, ye gods and little fishes!" shouted Ken. "Oh, my prophetic soul!" and he laughed all the way to Applegate Farm.



"OH, IF YOU KNEW WHAT YOU 'RE SITTING ON!" PHIL CHUCKLED

But while Felicia was clattering pans in the kitchen, and Ken went whistling through the orchard twilight to the well, the purchaser of the organ felt his way to it, not quite sure, yet, of its place by the window. He sat down in front of it, and pressed the stiff old pedals. His careful fingers found a chord, and the yellow notes responded with their sweet, thin cadence—the *vox humana* stop was out. He pulled, by chance, the diapason, and filled the room with deep, shaken notes. Half frightened at the magic possibilities, he slipped from the chair and ran out into the young May night, to whisper to it something of the love

and wonder that the maestro's music was stirring in him. Here is the twilit dooryard he was found by his brother, who gave him the hand unoccupied by the bucket and led him in to the good, wholesome commonplaces of hearth-fire and supper and the jolliest of jokes and laughter.

AT the first, each day in the old house had been an adventure. That could not last, for even the most exciting surroundings become familiar when they are lived in day after day. Still, there are people who think every dawn the beginning of a new adventure, and Felicia, in spite of pots and pans, was rather of this opinion.

It was, for instance, a real epoch in her life when the great old rose-bush below the living-room windows budded and then bloomed. She had watched it anxiously for weeks, and tended it as it had not been tended for many years. It bloomed suddenly and beautifully,—"out of sheer gratitude," Ken said,—and massed a great mound of delicate color against the silver shingles of the west wall. It bore the sweet, small, old-fashioned roses that flower a tender pink and fade gracefully to bluish white. Felicia gathered a bunch of them for the maestro, who had bidden the three to come for tea. Neither Ken nor Felicia had, as yet, met Kirk's mysterious friend, and were still half inclined to think him a creature of their brother's imagination.

And, indeed, when they met him, standing beside the laden tea-table on the terrace, they thought him scarcely more of an actuality, so utterly in keeping was he with the dreaming garden and the still house. Felicia, who had not quite realized the depth of friendship which had grown between this old gentleman and her small brother, noted with the familiar strangeness of a dream the proprietary action with which the maestro drew Kirk to him, and Kirk's instant and unconscious response. These were old and dear friends; Ken and Felicia had for a moment the curious sensation of being intruders in a forgotten corner of enchanted land, into which the likeness of their own Kirk had somehow strayed. But the feeling passed quickly. The maestro behind the silver urn was a human being, after all, talking of the Sturgis Water Line—a most delightful human being, full of kindliness and humor. Kirk was really their own, too. He leaned beside Felicia's chair, stirring his tea, and she slipped an arm about him, just to establish her right of possession.

The talk ran on the awakening of Applegate Farm, the rose-bush, lessons in the orchard, many details of the management of this new and exciting life, which the maestro's quiet questioning unconsciously drew from the eager Sturgises.

"We 've been talking about nothing but ourselves, I 'm afraid," Felicia said at last, with pink cheeks. She rose to go, but Kirk pulled her sleeve. No afternoon at the maestro's house was complete for him without music, it seemed, and it was to the piano that the maestro must go; please, please! So, through the French windows that opened to the terrace, they entered the room which Kirk had never been able to describe, because he had never seen it. Ken and Phil saw it now—high and dim and quiet, with book-lined walls, and the shapes of curious and beautiful things gleaming here and there from carved cabinet and table.

The maestro sat down at the piano, thought for a moment, and then, smiling, rippled into the first bars of a little air which none of his listeners had ever before heard. Eerily it tripped and chimed and lilted to its close, and the maestro swung about and faced them, smiling still, quizzically.

"What does it mean?" he asked. "I am very curious to know. Is it merely a tune—or does it remind you of something?"

The Sturgises pondered. "It 's like spring," Felicia said; "like little leaves fluttering."

"Yes, it is," Ken agreed. "It 's a song of some sort, I think—that is, it ought to have words. And it 's spring, all right. It 's like—it 's like—"

"It 's like those toads!" Kirk said suddenly. "Don't you know? Like little bells and flutes, far off—and fairies."

The maestro clapped his hands.

"I have not forgotten how, then," he said. "It *has* words, Kenelm. I hope—I hope that you will not be very angry with me."

He played the first twinkling measures again, and then began to sing:

> "Down in the marshes the sounds begin
> Of a far-away fairy violin,
> Faint and reedy and cobweb thin."

Cobweb thin, the accompaniment took up the plaintive chirping till the maestro sang the second verse.

"I say," said Ken, bolt upright in his chair. "I *say!*"

"*Are* you angry?" asked the maestro. He flung out his hands in a pleading gesture. "Will he forgive me, Kirk?"

"Why, why—it 's beautiful, sir!" Ken stam-

mered. "It 's only—that I don't see how you ever got hold of those words. It was just a thing I made up to amuse Kirk. He made me say it to him over and over, about fifty-nine times, I should say, till I 'm sure I was perfectly sick of it."

"Having heard it fifty-nine times," said the old gentleman, "he was able to repeat it to me, and I took the opportunity to write it off on a bit of paper, because, my dear boy, I liked it."

Ken's face grew a shade redder. "Of course," he stammered. "Oh, I beg your pardon."

"Then the permission is granted?"

Quite naturally, Ken granted it, with what he thought ill-worded thanks, and the Sturgises walked home across the meadow without knowing on what they trod.

"A real author!" Felicia said. "I *told* you that was n't a pome, when I first heard it."



"WE 'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT NOTHING BUT OURSELVES, I 'M AFRAID," SAID FELICIA

"A lovely, scrumptious tune," said Kirk. "It makes it nicer than ever."

"What do you say," said the maestro, "to our giving this unsurpassed song to the world at large?"

"Do you mean having it printed?" Felicia asked quickly. "Oh, what fun!"

She beamed at Ken, who looked happy and uncomfortable at once.

"I 'm afraid I 'm too unknown, sir," he said. "I—I never thought of such a thing."

"Perhaps," said the maestro, with a smile, "the composer is sufficiently well known to make up for the author's lack of fame."

But Ken chose to be severe and modest, and frowned on the "Toad Song"—as it was familiarly called—for a topic of conversation. And as weeks slid by, the whole affair was almost forgotten at Applegate Farm.

Those were weeks during which the maestro, from the shadowy hero of Kirk's tales, became a very real part of this new life that was slowly settling to a familiar and loved existence. The quiet garden and the still old house became as well known to Ken and Felicia as to their brother, and, indeed, the maestro might often have been seen in the living-room at Applegate Farm, listening to Kirk's

proud performance on the melodeon, and eating one of Phil's cookies.

CHAPTER X

VENTURES AND ADVENTURES

KEN had not much time for these visits. The Sturgis Water Line was so popular that he could not even find a spare day or two in which to haul out the *Dutchman* and give her the "lick of paint" she needed. He had feared that, with the filling of the cottages at the beginning of the season, business would fall off, but so many weekly visitors came and went at the hotels that the *Dutchman* rarely made a trip entirely empty, and quite often she was forced to leave, till the next time, a little heap of luggage which even her wide cockpit could not carry. Sometimes Ken made an extra trip, which brought him back to the pier at Asquam as the first twilight was gathering.

He had just come in from such an "extra", one day during the busy Fourth of July week-end, and climbed out upon the wharf when the shadows of the pile-heads stretched darkly up the streetway. Hop fastened the tail-board of his wagon behind the last trunk, rubbed his hands, and said:

"Wife sent ye down some pie. Thought ye desarved it a'ter runnin' up 'n' down all day."

He produced the pie, wrapped up in a paper, from under the seat, and presented it to Ken with a flourish and a shuffle that were altogether characteristic. Supper was waiting at Applegate Farm, Ken knew, but the pie—which was a cherry one, drippy and delectable—was not to be resisted, after long hours on the water. He bit into it heartily as he left Asquam and swung into Pickery Lane.

He hurried along, still wrapped in the atmosphere which had surrounded him all day. He felt still the lift of the boat over the short swell, he smelled the pleasant combination of salt, and gasoline, and the whiff of the hayfields, and his eyes still kept the glare and the blue, and the swinging dark shape of the *Dutchman's* bows as he headed her down the bay. Just before he reached Winterbottom Road, he saw, rather vaguely through the twilight, the figures of a man and a small boy, coming toward him. They had, apparently, seen him, also, for the man walked more quickly for a step or two, then stopped altogether, and finally turned sharply off the road and swung the child over a stone wall, with a quick remark which Ken did not hear.

He did hear, however, the child's reply, for it was in a clear and well-known voice. It said: "I don't think *this* can be the way. I did n't come over a wall."

The remainder of the cherry pie dropped to the dust of the Winterbottom Road. Not more than three gigantic leaps brought Ken to the spot; he vaulted the wall with a clean and magnificent spring that would have won him fame at school. The man was a stranger, as Ken had thought—an untidy and unshaven stranger. He was not quite so tall as Ken, who seized him by the arm.

"May I ask where you 're going?" roared Ken, at which the small boy leaped rapturously, fastened himself to Ken's coat-tail, and cried:

"Oh, I 'm so glad it 's you! I started to come and meet you, and I walked farther than I meant, and I got lost, and I met this person, and he said he 'd take me home, and—"

"Be quiet!" said Ken. *"And let go of me!"* at which Kirk, thoroughly shocked, dropped back as though he could not believe his ears.

"I was takin' the kid home," muttered the man, "just like he says."

"Why were you going in exactly the opposite direction, then?" Ken demanded.

As he leaped abreast of the man, who was trying to back away, the day's receipts of the Sturgis Water Line jingled loudly in his trousers pocket. The stranger, whose first plan had been so rudely interfered with, determined on the instant not to leave altogether empty-handed, and planted a forcible and unexpected blow on the side of Ken's head. Ken staggered and went down, and Kirk, who had been standing dangerously near all this activity, went down on top of him. It so happened that he sprawled exactly on top of the trousers pocket aforesaid, and when the man sought, with hasty and ungentle hands, to remove him from it, Kirk launched a sudden and violent kick, in the hope of its doing some execution.

Kirk's boots were stout, and himself horrified and indignant; his heel caught the stranger with full force in the temple, and he, too, was added to the prostrate figures in the darkening field. Two of them did not long remain prostrate. Ken lurched, bewildered, to his feet, and, seeing his foe stretched by some miracle upon the ground, he bundled Kirk over the wall and followed giddily. Stumbling down the shadowy road, with Kirk's hand in his, he said:

"That was good luck. I must have given the gentleman a crack as he got me."

"He was trying to steal your money, I think," Kirk said. "I was lying on top of you, so I kicked him, hard."

"Oh, *that* was it, was it?" Ken exclaimed. "Well, very neat work, even if not sporting. By the way, excuse me for speaking to you the way I did, but it was n't any time to have a talk. You precious, trusting little idiot, don't you know better than to go off with the first person who comes along?"



"HE WAS NOT QUITE SO TALL AS KEN, WHO SEIZED HIM BY THE ARM."

"He said he 'd take me home," Kirk said plaintively. "I told him where it was."

"You 've got to learn," said his brother, stalking grimly on in the dusk, "that everybody in the world is n't so kind and honest as the people you 've met so far. That individual was going to take you goodness knows where, and not let us have you back till we 'd paid him all the money we have in the world. If I had n't come along just at that particular moment, that 's what would have happened.

Kirk sniffed, but Ken went on relentlessly: "What were you doing outside the gate, anyway? You 're not allowed there. I don't like your going to the maestro's, even, but at least it 's a safe path. There are automobiles on Winterbottom Road, and they suppose that you can see 'em and get out of their way. I 'm afraid we 'll have to say that you can't leave the house without Phil or me."

Ken was over-wrought, and forgot that his brother probably was, also. Kirk wept passionately at last, and Ken, who could never bear to see his tears, crouched penitent in the gloom of the road, to dry his eyes and murmur tender apologies. At the gate of the farm, Ken paused suddenly, and then said:

"Let 's not say anything about all this to Phil; she 'd just be worried and upset. What do you say?"

"Don't let 's," Kirk agreed. They shook hands solemnly, and then turned to the lighted windows of Applegate Farm.

But it would not have been so easy to keep the unpleasant adventure secret, or conceal from Felicia that something had been wrong, if she herself had not been so obviously cherishing a surprise. She had thought that Kirk was waiting at the gate for Ken, and so had been spared any anxiety on that score. She could hardly wait for Ken to take off his sweater and wash his hands. Supper was on the table, and it was to something which lay beside her elder brother's plate that her dancing eyes kept turning.

Ken, weary, with good cause, sat down with a sigh, and then leaned forward as if an electric button had been touched somewhere about his person.

"What—well, by Jiminy!" shouted Ken. "I never believed it, never!"

"It 's real," Phil said excitedly; "it looks just like a real one."

"What?" Kirk asked wildly; "tell me what!"

Ken lifted the crisp new sheet of music and stared at it, and then read aloud the words on the cover.

"Fairy Music," it said—and his name was there, and the maestro's, and *"'net price, 60c,* like a real one,'" indeed. And within were flights of printed notes, and the words of the "Toad Pome" in cold black and white. And above them, in small italics, *"Dedicated to Kirkleigh Sturgis."*

"Just like Beethoven's things to the Countess von Something, don't you know!" Phil murmured, awed and rapturous.

When Ken laid the pages down at last, Kirk seized on them, and though they could mean nothing to him but the cool smoothness of paper and the smell of newly dried printers' ink, he seemed to get an immense satisfaction from them.

But the surprise was not yet over. Beneath the copy of the song lay a much smaller bit of paper, long, narrow, and greenish. It bore such words as *Central Trust Company,* and *Pay to the Order of Kenelm Sturgis.* The sum which was to be paid him was such as to make Ken put a hand dramatically to his forehead. He then produced from his pocket the money which had so nearly gone off in the pocket of the stranger, and stacked it neatly beside his plate.

"One day's bone labor for man and boat," he said. "Less than a quarter as much as what I get for fifteen minutes' scribbling."

"And the maestro says there 'll be more," Felicia put in; "because there are royalties, which I don't understand."

"But," said Ken, pursuing his line of thought, "I can depend on the *Dutchman* and my good right arm, and I *can't* depend on the Pure Flame of Inspiration, or whatever it 's called, so methinks the Sturgis Water Line will make its first trip at 8:30 promptly tomorrow morning, as advertised. All the same," he added, "what a lark it is!"

And he gave way suddenly to an outburst of the sheer delight which he really felt, and, leaping up, caught Felicia with one hand and Kirk with the other. The three executed for a few moments a hilarious ring-around-a-rosy about the table, till Felicia finally protested at the congealing state of the supper, and they all dropped breathless to their seats and fell to without more words.

After supper, Felicia played the Toad Song on the melodeon until it ran in all their heads, and Kirk could be heard caroling it, upstairs, when he was supposed to be settling himself to sleep.

It was not till Ken was bending over the lamp, preparatory to blowing it out, that Phil noticed the bruise above his eye.

"How did you get that, lamb?" she said, touching Ken's forehead, illuminated by the lamp's glow.

Ken blew out the flame swiftly, and faced his sister in a room lit only by the faint, dusky reflection of moonlight without.

"Oh, I whacked up against something this afternoon," he said. "I 'll put some witch-hazel on it, if you like."

"I 'm so *awfully* glad about the Toad Song," whispered Felicia, slipping her hand within his arm. "Good old brother!"

"Good old maestro," said Ken; and they went arm in arm up the steep stairs.

Ken lighted his sister's candle for her, and took his own into the room he shared with Kirk. There was no fear of candle-light waking Kirk, who was very sound asleep, with the covers thrown about, and Ken stood looking at him for some time, with the candle held above his brother's tranquil face.

"I wonder where he 'd have been sleeping to-night if I had n't come along just about when I did?" mused Ken. "The innocent little youngster—he never supposed for a minute that the rapscallion would do anything but take him home. How 's he ever going to learn all the ways of the wicked world? And what *ever* possessed him to shoot off the Toad Pome to the maestro?"

Ken put the candle on the bureau and undid his necktie.

"The blessed little goose!" he added affectionately.

THERE is nothing like interesting work to make time pass incredibly quickly. For the Sturgises were interested in all their labors, even the "chores" of Applegate Farm. It goes without saying that Kirk's music—which was the hardest sort of work—absorbed him completely; he lived in a new world. So, almost before they could believe it, September came, filling the distance with tranquil haze, and mellowing the flats to dim orange, threaded with the keen blue inlets of the bay. Asters began to open lavender stars at the door-stone of Applegate Farm; tall rich milkweed pressed dusty flower-bunches against the fence, and the sumach brandished smoldering pyramids of fire along the roadsides.

Ken came home late, whistling, up Winterbottom Road. Trade for the Sturgis Water Line was heavy again just now; the hotels and cottages were being vacated every day,

and more baggage than the *Dutchman* could carry lay piled in the Sturgis "warehouse" till next morning. Ken's whistle stopped as he swung into Winterbottom Road and began to climb the hill. Just at the crest of the rise, where the pale strip of road met the twilight of the sky, the full moon hung, a golden disk scarcely more luminous than the sky around it. As he moved up the hill, it moved also, till it floated clear of the dark juniper-trees and stood high above them. Crickets were taking up their minor creaking, and there was no other sound.

Through the half dusk, the white chimneys of Applegate Farm showed vaguely, with smoke rising so lazily that it seemed almost a stationary streak of blue across the trees. What a decent old place it was, thought Ken. Was it only because it constituted home? No; they had worked to make it so, and it had ripened and expanded under their hands.

"I should n't mind Mother's seeing it, now," Ken reflected.

He sighed as he remembered the last difficult letter which he and Phil had composed—a strictly truthful letter, which said much and told nothing. He wondered how much longer the fiction would have to be sustained; when the doctor at Hilltop would sanction a revelation of all that had been going on since that desolate March day, now so long ago.

As Ken neared the house, he heard the reedy voice of the organ, and, stopping beside the lighted window, looked in. Felicia was mending beside the lamp; Kirk sat at the melodeon, rapturously making music. From the somewhat vague sweetness of the melody, Ken recognized it as one of Kirk's own compositions—without beginning, middle, or end, but with a gentle, eerie harmony all its own. The maestro, who was thoroughly modern in his instruction, if old-school himself, was teaching composition hand in hand with the other branches of music, and he allowed himself, at times, to become rather enthusiastic.

"Even if I did n't want him to make music of his own," he told Felicia, "I could n't stop him. So I supply the bricks and mortar for the foundation. He might as well build his little tunes rightly from the beginning. He will go far—yes, far. It is sheer harmony." And the maestro would sigh deeply, and nod his fine head.

Ken, remembering these words with some awe, studied his brother's face, through the pane, and then came quietly in at the door. Kirk left his tune unfinished, and launched himself in the direction of Ken, who scooped him into his arms.

"Do you know, Phil," Ken said, voicing at once the thought he had felt all the way up Winterbottom Road; "do you know, I think, after all, this is the very best thing we could have done."

"What?" Phil asked, not being a mind-reader.

"This," Ken said, sweeping his arm about the lamplit room. "This place. We thought it was such a horrible mistake, at first. It *was* a sort of venture to take."

"A happy venture," Felicia murmured, bending over her sewing. "But it would n't have been so happy if the defender of his kindred had n't slaved on the high seas 'for to maintain his brither and me,' like *Henry Martin* in the ballad."

"Oh, fiddlestick!" said Ken. "Who wants to loaf around? Speaking of loaf, I 'm hungry."

"Supper 's doing itself on the stove," Phil said. "Look lively with the table, Kirk."

Kirk did so,—his efficiency as a table-setter had long since been proved,—and Ken, as the weary breadwinner, stretched out in a chair.

"Did you happen to remember," said Felicia, coming to the door, spoon in hand, "that the Kirk has a birthday this week?"

"It *has?"* exclaimed Ken. "I say I 'd forgotten."

"It 's going to be nine; think of that!" said Phil. "Woof! My kettle 's boiling over!" She made a hasty exit, while Ken collared his brother and looked him over.

"Who 'd ha' thunk it!" he said. "Well, well, what 's to be done about this?"

"Lots," said Felicia, suddenly appearing with the supper. *"Lots!"*

(To be continued)



THE SCHOOL-HOUSE IN VACATION

By MATTIE LEE HAUSGEN

A SPIDER-WEB 's across the door,
A layer of dust upon the floor.
A wren has built behind the shutter,
And sparrows twitter from the gutter.

But other things still look the same:
Dear Washington smiles from his frame;
The board holds sums not understood
And Honor Roll of children, good!

It 's queer without the fun and noise—
And how we miss the girls and boys!

PACKING-BOX VILLAGE—X

By A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "On the Battle-front of Engineering," "Inventions of the Great War," etc., etc.

It is time for us to promote our street commissioner to the office of park commissioner, for we are going to devote our attention now to beautifying the Village park.

In order that visitors may know where the village begins and the surrounding lawn or garden leaves off, the village grounds should be bounded by a fence or hedge or a stone wall. If large stones are handy, a low stone wall may readily be built by laying the stones without mortar. This the park commissioner must attend to, and he must superintend the building of a suitable entrance to the village. This in some respects will be the most important feature of the entire village, because it will be the first thing that visitors will see, and we must take care that their first impressions are favorable.

Three different types of gates are shown here, any one of which will make an attractive approach to the village, but we must leave it to each community to pick for itself the particular gateway that suits its fancy.

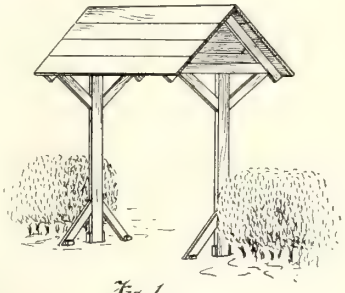


Fig. 1.

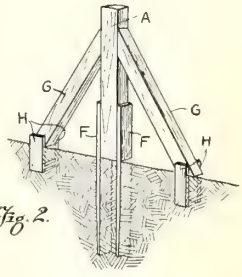


Fig. 2.

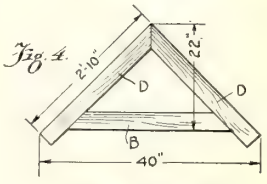


Fig. 4.

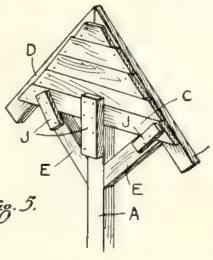


Fig. 5.

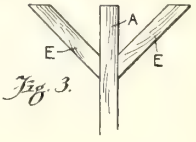


Fig. 3.

THE ROOFED GATEWAY

The gateway shown in Fig. 1 is the simplest one of the lot and can be made very easily, in view of the experience we have acquired in carpentry and building. Simple as it is, this gateway is a very pleasing one and harmonizes with the architecture of our village. First of all, we must get two posts, preferably 2″ by 4″ scantlings 5′-5″ long. If necessary, two 1″ strips 4″ wide, may be nailed together to give us the requisite thickness. Fig. 2 shows how the posts, *A*, are set up and anchored to the ground; but before anchoring the posts, we must build the roof and fix the upper ends of the posts, as shown in Fig. 3, to receive the roof.

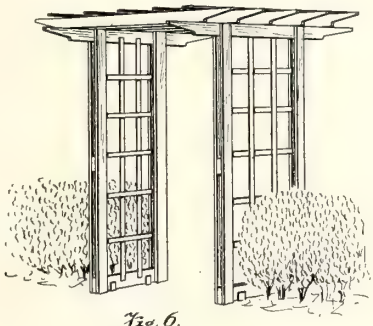


Fig. 6.

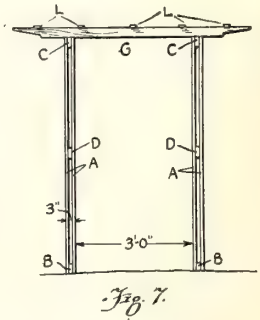


Fig. 7.

THE ROOFED GATEWAY AND PERGOLA GATEWAY

For the roof we must make two gable frames, the dimensions of which are given in

Fig. 4. They may be made out of strips 3″ or 4″ wide, carefully mitered together. Each gable is boarded up at the rear, as shown in Fig. 5. The bottom strip, *B*, of the frame is held in place by a board, *C* (Fig. 5), which overlaps and is nailed to the side pieces, *D*, of the frame. This gives a double thickness of wood at the bottom of the gable frame to rest on the post, *A*. To support the gable on the post, two braces, *E*, must be cut in our miter-box so as to fit against the post *A* and the bottom of the boards *B* and *C*. Nail the braces to the post, as shown in Fig. 3, but do not nail them to the gable just now.

We may now set up our two posts on opposite sides of the avenue leading into the village. They should be four feet apart. First drive two stakes, *F*, into the ground just far enough apart to receive the foot of the post between them. These stakes are cut out of 1″ boards, so that they will provide a broad and substantial anchorage. The post is laid on the ground to serve as a gage for the distance between the stakes. Note that the stakes are at the front and rear of the posts and not at the sides, so that, if they are not driven perfectly true it won't matter. The posts are carefully lined up and then nailed to the stakes. If they lean forward or backward, the inclination is corrected by the braces, *G*. These braces are about two feet long and their ends are cut off at a 45 degree angle in our miter-box, so as to make a neat joint with the post, *A*. They are nailed to this post, and their lower ends are fitted between pairs of stakes, *H*, driven into the ground. After the post has been adjusted to a truly vertical position, the braces are nailed to the stakes. Care must be taken to get the two posts, *A*, directly in line with each other and perfectly parallel.

We may now turn our attention to the roof of the gateway. The two gables are set up, in the usual manner, just 4′-0″ apart, and roof boards 5′-6″ long are nailed to them. After the roof is completed, it is lifted up and placed upon the two posts, and then made fast to the posts and the braces, *E*, by means of short pieces of wood, *J*, as shown in Fig. 5. This completes our roofed gateway.

Now let us consider another gateway, more ornamental, but not difficult to construct.

PERGOLA GATEWAY

A VERY popular type of archway for gardens is shown in Fig. 6, and it will make an excellent approach to Packing-box Village. It is made of a pair of latticed panels at either side of the driveway, with a trellised roof. The panels are 3′-0″ wide and are spaced 3′-0″ apart. For the panels we shall need four posts, each made of two strips of wood (*A*,*A*, Fig. 7) 1″ thick, 3″ wide, and 6′-0″ long. These are spaced apart by means of 1″ boards, *B* and *C*, and two central blocks, *D*, so that they give the effect of a post 3″ square.

Fig. 8, which is a side view of the pergola,

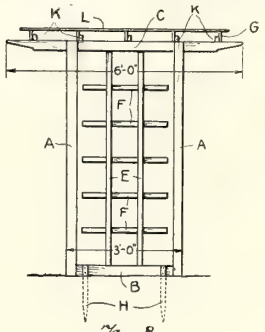


Fig. 8.

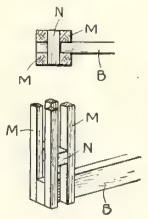


Fig. 9.

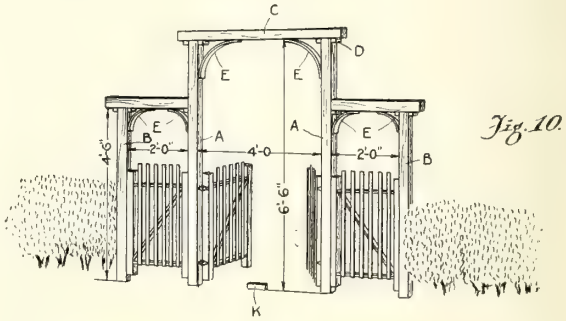


Fig. 10.

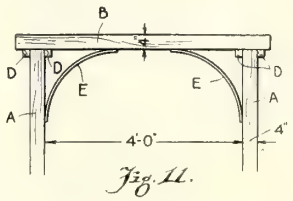


Fig. 11.

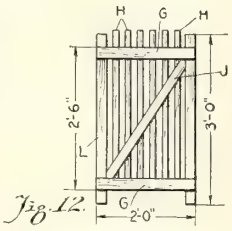


Fig. 12.

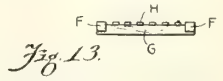


Fig. 13.

DETAILS OF PERGOLA GATEWAY; TRIPLE GATEWAY
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

shows how the panel is constructed. The board *B* is 3′-0″ long and 3″ or 4″ wide. The board *C* is 6′-0″ long, so that it overhangs the posts, *A*, 18″ at each end, and these overhanging ends are cut off on a slant, as shown in the drawing.

Before setting up the panels, the lattice-work is nailed on. This consists of two narrow strips, *E,E*, nailed to the boards *B* and *C*. They need not be more than 1″ or 1½″ wide and ½″ thick. Across them are nailed short slats, *F*, about a foot apart. Ordinary lath might be used for this purpose, but it is better to use planed wood. The simplest plan is to have a 1″ board sawed into ½″ strips at the sawmill and smoothed off in a planer.

Five beams, *G*, are now cut to the same form and dimensions as the pieces, *C*. These are to be nailed to beams, *C*, after the panels are erected. At the ground, the panels are anchored by nailing them to stakes, *H*, driven at each side of the base-boards, *B*, as shown in Fig. 8. The beams *G* are secured to the beams *C* by driving nails in on a slant. A simpler method is to nail 1″ blocks of wood, *K, K*, to the sides of the pieces, *G*, and then nails may be driven through them into the beams, *C*. However, our builders by this time have learned enough about carpentry to be able to fasten the beams, *G*, without using this roundabout method. Across the tops of pieces *G*, five thin slats of wood, *L, L*, are nailed. These slats are 5′-6″ long and are about a foot apart.

This completes our pergola archway and if climbing plants or vines are planted on either side, they will soon cover the trellis with a thatching of green.

Instead of making the posts of the pergola of two 3″ strips, we may make them of four strips, each 1″ square, as indicated at *M* in Fig. 9. In this case we shall have to have spaced blocks, *N*, running at right angles to the base-board, *B*, between the strips, *M*. This is shown more clearly in the sectional plan view.

TRIPLE GATEWAY

A SOMEWHAT more elaborate gateway is shown in Fig. 10, which has the advantage over the other designs of being provided with gates, which may be closed to keep out intruders. The design is very simple and hardly needs much explanation. It consists of four posts—two long ones, *A*, for the central gateway, and two shorter ones, *B, B*, at either side. The posts are preferably 2″ by 4″ scantlings, although, as explained before, they can be made up of 1″ by 4″ pieces nailed together. The posts are to be set in the ground to a depth of about 18″. The long posts should be 8′-0″ long, so that they will rise 6′-6″ above the ground, while the shorter posts should be 6′-0″ long, so that they will rise to a height of 4′-6″. They may be steadied by means of inclined braces at the rear, or village side, of the gateway.

The main gateway between posts has a clearance of 4′-0″, and the two at either side of 2′-0″. The lintel or crosspiece, *C*, at the top of the main gateway, is 5 feet long, so that it has a slight overhang at each end. It is a piece of 2″ by 4″ scantling set on edge. As nails driven into the end of a piece of wood are not apt to hold very well, it may be advisable to fasten the blocks, *D*, to the crosspiece, *C*, and then nail the blocks, *D*, to the posts, *A*. The lintels for the two gateways at either side are 2′-6″ long, and they are also made fast by the use of blocks, *D*, attached to the posts, *A* and *B*. In order to add to the finish of the gateway and give it an arched effect, short pieces of wooden barrel-hoops, *E*, are nailed to the

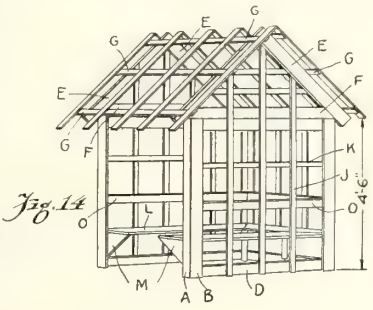


Fig. 14

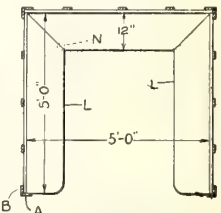


Fig. 15

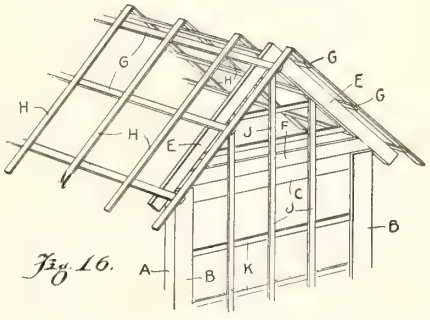


Fig. 16.

THE SUMMER HOUSE (SEE NEXT PAGE)

posts and lintels at the corners, as shown best in Fig. 11. Four gates must be built of the form and dimensions shown in Fig 12. These consist of two posts, *F*, 3′-0″ long, connected by crosspieces, *G*, 2′-0″ long, which are notched

at the ends so as to fit over the posts, *F*, as indicated in the small diagram of the top, or plan view, Fig. 13. To these crosspieces, *G*, the pickets, *H*, are nailed.

After they have been fastened in place, a diagonal piece, *J*, is fitted into place to hold the gate in shape and prevent it from sagging, as shown in the completed gate, Fig. 12.

The gates are hinged to the posts so as to swing inward, or toward the village. A block, *K*, is shown in the center of the driveway (Fig. 10).

This is merely a short bit of post driven into the ground. It serves as a stop against which the two gates of the driveway come together.

In the plans of Packing-box Village, which were published last October, you may remember that provision was made for a band-stand in the park.

But this does not need any detailed explanation, as it consists merely of a platform raised about a foot or so off the ground. The platform may be supported on four boxes of suitable dimensions, and, if desired, a hand-rail may be provided around three sides of the stand. And both platform and hand-rail can be easily planned and constructed by the young architects who have already constructed the "houses" of our village.

THE SUMMER HOUSE

IN another portion of the park, provision is made for a summer-house, and Fig. 14 suggests a design for such a structure. The summer-house is an open, latticed building, as the object is to have its walls and roof covered with vines. The structure is five feet square. There are four corner-posts, each made of two strips of wood, *A* and *B*, each 3″ wide and 1″ thick, which are nailed to each other at right angles, as shown in the plan view, Fig. 15, and in the detail view, Fig. 16. These posts are made fast to substantial stakes driven into the ground at the proper location. The posts are 4′-6″ high and connected at the top and bottom by means of strips, *C* and *D*. The roof consists of two pairs of rafters, *E*, connected by a bottom strip, *F*, which rests on the strips, *C*. The rafters, *E*, are spaced apart by means of strips, *G*, three on each slope of the roof, and on these strips are nailed the slats, *H*.

After the roof has been mounted upon the summer-house, vertical slats, *J*, *J*, are nailed to the strips, *C* and *D*, on three sides of the building, and crosspieces, *K*, *K*, are nailed to the slats, *J*. A seat, *L*, is built inside the summer-house. It consists of three 12″ boards, one for each side of the house. At the front of the summer-house, the seats are supported on triangular brackets, *M*, nailed to the uprights, *A*, and at the point where the seats join, as shown in the plan view, they rest on posts, *N* (shown by dotted lines), which are driven into the ground. At the rear, the seat-boards are nailed to the posts, *A* and *B*, and to the strips, *J*. At a suitable height above the seats, strips, *O*, are nailed to the corner-posts to serve as back-rests and prevent the occupants from breaking through the thin slats of the lattice walls, as shown in the diagram.

Aside from these structures, the park commissioner must provide for park benches, laying out walks, setting out shrubbery, and beautifying the village in general. In fact, his will be one of the most important official positions in Packing-box Village.

(To be concluded.)

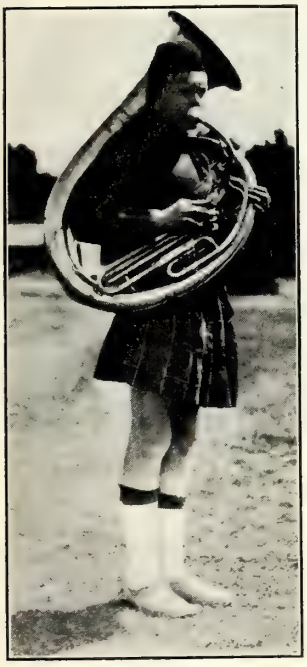
GETTING UP A BAND

By CHARLES K. TAYLOR

I NEVER yet saw a boy who did n't, at one time, want to play in a band! I always wanted to, myself. The bass drum appealed to me. A fellow could give it a big wallop, and it would howl, and would n't hit back! Or even mind being walloped! And at times I was dumfounded with admiration of the man who strode along with the big bombardon, —you know what I mean,—that boa-constrictor of a horn that goes around you two or three times, and grunts like the great-grandfather of all the pigs! Yes, and the drum-major used to turn me green with envy! If I could only twirl a baton like that—without braining myself—and wear a big, black, furry hat two stories high!

And, after all, it is just as easy as rolling off a log. All you have to do is to get together,—fellows who like that kind of thing, or who think they do,—gather a few second-hand instruments, get a start—and then! Well, if you don't mind working a bit, and if

your parents and neighbors of their minds before you can separate harmonies from discords, and get notes instead of squeaks—then, I say, you can have your own band, and make all the noise you like!



THE BOMBARDON

If you don't believe me, listen to this story: When the war started, of course everybody was interested in learning how to drill. If you drill, you want drums. Also, don't you remember how the "kilties" distinguished themselves "over there" when the trouble began? All right. So the crowd of fellows I am writing about started a drill. Also, for dress occasions they got for themselves something that looked not unlike a Highlander costume. It was in the highlands, anyhow, and looked quite appropriate. They finally secured four



THE BASS DRUM

drums and a bass drum. But a band wants more than that. So they also got a "musette." Did you ever hear a musette? Well, you



THE BEGINNING. NOTICE THE SERIOUS EXPRESSION ON THE FACE OF THE MUSETTE PLAYER



SECOND STAGE. A GOOD LITTLE BAND

Though no one could persuade the drummer that *his* way was not the way to carry a drum!

don't want to! It was procured because it was supposed to sound like a bagpipe. It did—but very much worse! It was like a caricature of a bagpipe, with all of the shrieks and squeaks, and none of the good qualities that all real Highlanders vow a bagpipe has.

And that was their band. The musette performer walked ahead, followed by the more or less proficient drummers. It was all very awful, but it was a beginning.

There was also in the crowd a lad of thirteen, who warbled a little on a valve trombone, and, when he got excited, looked as though he were going to blow himself into it! There was a flute, and there were two or three mandolins. But mandolins have nothing to do with bands, nor have flutes. And the trombone marching along with a musette would have looked, and sounded, ridiculous.

Nevertheless, interest was aroused, plans were laid for the following summer, a number of fellows guaranteed that they would get cornets, clarinets, *et cetera,* and, when the next year came, be ready for a sure-enough band.



THIRD STAGE. SOUSA? YES, INDEED—AND GREATER MUSIC, TOO!

And they did. The next summer showed fourteen fellows (counting the fellow who was going to try to form a band out of boys, drums, and cymbals!) who were going to make themselves into a band, or perish in the attempt. Well, they did n't perish, but everybody else did—almost. But, after all, it is n't a hard job, as you will find, I hope. By the end of the summer that little band played quite well, even to the youngest member, a ten-year-older, with lungs like a walrus's, who blew mightily. They could n't play Sousa; but they could play "easy pieces," and had no end of fun out of it.

But encouraged? You never saw anything like it! More fellows caught the fever. Those already in went to work with a will, and made good use of the winter. And then, the following summer, back they came, with a lot of new recruits, and there appeared on the scene a first-rate little band of twenty-three or twenty-four members, not only capable of playing Sousa, but some really difficult music. And they had even one of those boa-constrictor bombardons that bellowed like a bull!

And that 's all there is to it. All you have to do is to get a good start, get some one who can show you how to coax the right notes from the instruments, and there you are!

I don't know anything that is more fun than playing in a bang-up, ambitious, painstaking boys' band! Try it!

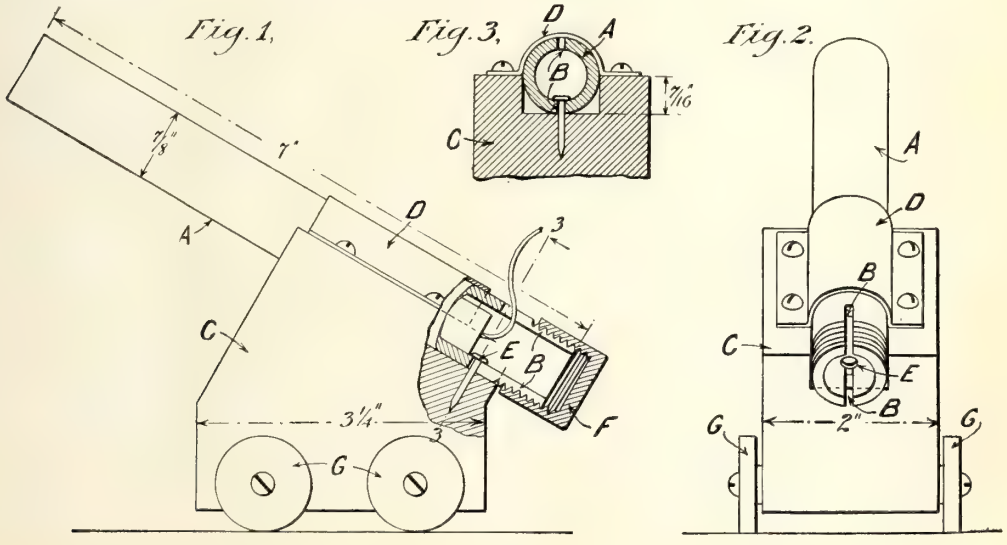
A SAFE AND EFFECTIVE FIRE-CRACKER CANNON MADE FROM A PIECE OF GAS-PIPE

By EDWARD THORPE

Fig. 1 is a side view; Fig. 2, a rear view, and Fig. 3, a sectional view, as though cut on the line 3-3 of Fig. 1.

Two slots are cut with a hack-saw in the threaded end of a 7" piece of pipe, *A*, about three quarters of an inch in depth. The pipe is then mounted in a block of wood, *C*, by means of a strap of sheet tin, *D*, as shown in the illustrations, the pin, *E*, having previously been driven into the wooden block, as shown in the sectional views, this pin preventing the revolution of the pipe when screwing on the cap, *F*, and also taking up the shock of the recoil. The threaded pipe and cap can be purchased from a plumber for a small sum; the writer used one left behind by the plumber after connecting up the gas-range. Wheels, *G*, made from old checkers, complete the cannon.

In operation, the cap, *F*, is unscrewed from the pipe, and the cracker, preferably one of the so-called dynamite variety, inserted into the tube, the fuse projecting through the slot. The cap is screwed on and it is then ready to fire. There is no danger of the pipe bursting, even when the muzzle is plugged, as the slots provide a safety-vent.



THE THREE BILITIES

By EDMUND J. RYAN

THREE brothers were discussing their standing in the world of business and their individual prospects for success.

One of them, whose name was A. Bility, proudly said:

"Owners of businesses and their executives want brains. They will pay any price for skill, capacity, dexterity. They want brains—*ability*—above all else. Therefore, I am the most eagerly sought of all, and I shall succeed beyond you both."

The second son was named Sta Bility. He wrinkled his brow in deep thought before he spoke.

"You may be right, brother. A. Bility is a great asset for any individual or any organization. But then you must remember what more than one of our great captains of industry has said."

"What was that?" demanded A. Bility, with just a note of disdain in his voice.

"Why, just this," answered Sta Bility, slowly, "that loyalty, energy, good sense, honesty, and day-in and day-out stick-to-it-iveness are as important as brilliancy or highly developed talents."

The third brother, whose name was Adapta Bility, remained silent, an interested listener to what his brothers were saying.

A. Bility turned to him and said: "Well, Sunny Jim, which is more desirable, think you—A. Bility or Sta Bility? Which will achieve the greater success?"

Adapta Bility smiled.

"I think you are both right, brothers. There is no question in my mind but what A. Bility, with his power of doing, his quick, brilliant manœuvres, his ideas and his resourcefulness, is a very valuable asset to any man or business."

A. Bility smiled.

"At the same time," continued Adapta Bility, "we must not forget that on many occasions when A. Bility is discouraged and tired after a poor trip on the road, or when he is in the dumps over a failure in trying to 'sell' the boss an idea, old Sta Bility, here, keeps right on ringing the time-clock punctually and pluckily, steadily tackling the tasks as they come along, lifting the top sheet off the pile, finishing it, and then taking up number two, three, four, and so on, in their order. Without him on the job, much time, much effort, much of the results of A. Bility's endowments would certainly be lost."

A. Bility squirmed in his chair restlessly. Sta Bility was listening intently.

"Of course," laughed Adapta Bility, "there are executives, particularly those over forty, who, while appreciating fully your genius, A. Bility, and your solidness, Sta Bility, are continuously wishing that I was on the pay-roll. You know how it is; there are many times when both of you resent a change in your work, a seeming slight by a boss who is too busy to be super-thoughtful all the time; or you become piqued because a new man is brought in to specialize on some important, highly remunerative work in which neither of you have been trained. That 's why some of them say, 'Give me twenty-five per cent. brains and balance, and seventy-five per cent. good disposition,—the tact and desire to get along well with all my organization and with me,—and I 'll be satisfied with my men, and they 'll all make bigger successes than either the high pressure temperamentals or the plodding grouchers ever will'."

As the calm tones of Adapta Bility's voice died away, he leaped quickly to his feet and smilingly slipped his arms about his father and mother, who entered the room together at that moment. The father's name was Relia Bility and the mother's Desira Bility.

"We heard you boys arguing," explained the father, looking at them seriously, "so Mother and I thought we should come in. We are both older and more experienced in the ways of the world," he continued, while the mother smiled lovingly at her sons, "and we, of course, do not wish to see you make any mistakes. Would you care for our counsel at this time?"

"Surely!" exclaimed Adapta Bility, smilingly.

"Yes, sir," replied Sta Bility, slowly.

"If you wish," answered A. Bility, after the others had spoken.

"We think and advise then," spoke Relia Bility, as his wife moved toward the boys and quietly joined their hands about her, "that you will do best to be partners—to join together inseparably, a triumphant triumvirate, which all men and all organizations will value and covet, each as much as the other, for you need each other, and together you make a perfect combination."

AN AMERICAN SHRINE

By RANSFORD MIX BEACH

"TAKE this road to the town clerk's office, then to the left for about a mile."

The day was such a one as a winter-worn spirit could welcome. The sky was of a blue that smiled, and the new green of trees and fields smiled back in a warm sunshine that gave a golden tone to the whole country-side. So along this road to the left we walked, despising the invitation to take a taxicab at Oyster Bay station.

To walk on such a day was an exhilaration, a perfect approach to the shrine we sought—past immaculately white, shingled Long Island houses, green shuttered; past apple-trees pink and white with delicious blossoms, lilac bushes heavy with their fragrance, and magnolia-trees whose blossoms had begun to fall, like giant snowflakes. Over all was the peaceful quiet of a perfect Sunday morning in spring broken only by the merry singing of birds.

Then we came to the place we were seeking. On the right side of the road, through a very modest, narrow, arched gateway, on which were the black-painted words, "Young's Memorial Cemetery," we entered this quaint, old-fashioned graveyard. Instinctively we felt the silence of holy ground.

The cemetery is small, situated on a rather steep knoll, and the path that leads up from the entrance is too narrow for a carriage. At the highest part, overlooking a quiet harbor of the Sound, and enclosed by a simple, high iron fencing, lies the grave of Theodore Roosevelt. There is no pretense, no ostentation—just peace and quiet and reverence under shady trees, with grass and flowers all around.

We stood before the iron gates and again realized, perhaps more strongly than ever before, the love that people feel for all that Roosevelt means in our hearts and minds.

A beautiful piece of granite, chaste in design and carving, marks the grave. A simple inscription tells who is buried there—not a word to tell of his greatness.

This stone is flanked on either side by two tall evergreens, like soldiers, straight-standing and fearless. Then, back of these, are growing lilies-of-the-valley, iris, and wild violets. At the foot of the grave, just inside the gates, are two smaller bushes—a setting truly beautiful.

The show of greatness is not needed. To have made it so would have been to create a new kind of Roosevelt. He, in all his bigness, was forever the man without pretense—this patriot who loved his country above all else.

Nor were there lacking signs of the affection that is felt for him. In front of the two iron gates the ground has been worn bare from the feet of those who have made a pilgrimage to this shrine. Here has stood another patriot, Albert of Belgium, and a prince of Britain—each in token of reverence and affectionate remembrance.

But Roosevelt belongs not only in the hearts of the world's rich and great. In the snug little cottage, or in the busy workshop, this patriot is a hero. No matter what the political creed may be, the greatness of the man is felt.

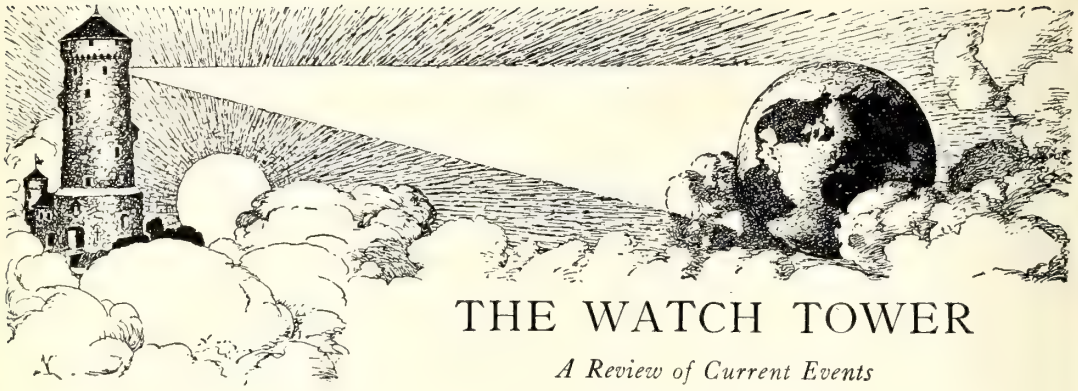
There on the grave lay a little bunch of violets tied around with a string—the gift, perhaps, from some tiny child; close by was a simple spray of lilacs, now beginning to wither in the warm sun; over by the granite stone was a beautiful cluster of pure white Easter lilies; here some pansies, there some sweet-smelling blossoms—all the tribute of loving thoughts, of stimulated ideals.

As we stood there, others came to look at the place—men with heads bared, with eyes that glistened. Then a little boy came up the hill; later, a lady in mourning, yet pausing to put a cheerful nosegay where the others were lying—her son had fought at San Juan Hill.

As we stood there, we were lifted out of ourselves, carried into a world of better thoughts, of cleaner living, of "always playing fair," and the faces of those about us were lighted with the same fire that warmed us. Each felt himself at the resting-place of a great patriot.

As we were turning to leave, a bright, cheerful, orange-feathered bird came to sit on one of the iron gates. He sang for a minute, pouring forth his sweet notes of joy. We went down the hill feeling ourselves new men and women.

What shall America build as a memorial to this, her great son? The answer came as we passed under the arched entrance: nothing cold and formal, nothing ornate or dead, but something that will live and grow—long roads across this country that loves him, bordered with big, sturdy trees that will renew each spring their fresh beauty, and bring with them the spirit of ever-renewed ideals that shall carry forward the work of this patriot. And let it be called Roosevelt Way.



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

THE FOURTH

JUST imagine what life is like when, every time the Fourth of July comes along, you feel that it is your duty to say something about our great national holiday! The praises of the Fathers and Founders have been sounded by a million orators in the dozen dozen years since 'Seventy-six. More powder has been burned (and, not impossibly, more lives lost) in celebrating Independence Day than the Continental Army gave to the winning of our national freedom.

And the boys and girls all over this broad land, and in Alaska and Hawaii and the Philippines and a few other parts of the world, know just as much about the Fourth and what it means as we of THE WATCH TOWER know. You don't need any reminders, or exhortations, from us! You know what the day means, and can tell it in three tenses.

Therefore, having now written enough lines to make a respectable showing, we say the only thing there is for older Americans to say to young ones:

Go to it!

AMERICANS AND THE AMERICANIZED

LATE in May the governor of New York signed three bills designed to establish, as a part of the state system of education, courses of instruction in American citizenship. These courses are, wisely, to be provided not only for immigrants, but for persons of American birth.

The three parts of the plan are: instruction in shops and factories for persons past the age of compulsory schooling; training in normal schools for teachers of good citizenship; and establishment of twenty-five scholarships for industrial teachers, to help them prepare to teach foreign-born persons. These provisions "cover the ground" pretty well.

Governor Smith said: "I regard education as the best remedy for mistaken or false political conceptions. The best way to meet the evils of ultra-radical agitation is with the reason which proper education supplies. There can be no higher function of state education than such training for citizenship."

Excellent! That 's about what THE WATCH TOWER thinks, too. But—there 's almost always a "but," is n't there?—we seem to see one addition that might be made. It would be a supplement rather than a correction, and would go about like this: Example is better than precept. Education is n't always as practical as it might be. Books are n't life. Therefore—

Let 's begin by being better Americans ourselves!

CUTTING THE PRICES

SOME folks must have smiled, some shrugged their shoulders, and some scoffed openly when they saw head-lines like these, late in May: "Price-Cutting Movement Still Spreading, Although Some Merchants Attack It—Chief Cut Is in Clothing—West and South Beginning to Lower Shoe Prices—Omaha Dentists Reduce Charges and St. Paul Milliner Makes 50 Per Cent. Slash."

And the National Association of Manufacturers, in convention assembled, unanimously adopted a resolution recommending endeavor to get prices down. As the Association has a membership of more than five thousand manufacturers, said to employ some six million persons and to produce three fourths of the country's manufactures, that seemed to mean something.

The dean of a famous university school of commerce said that prices would go down faster and faster in the next two years—perhaps fast enough to cause one of the panics that every so often plays hob with business. There was a mighty uncomfortable one in 1907.

When prices go up, there 's trouble; and when they come down—there 's trouble! If you want to study political economy, you 'll find the newspapers full of material.

IN MEXICO

THE revolution begun in Sonora spread fast, and General Obregon's forces swept the country. The Carranzistas went to pieces. General-President Carranza was killed.

About ten years ago the old dictator Diaz left the country, and Madero became President. He was assassinated, and Huerta took the perilous place. Seven years ago Carranza, refusing to recognize the Huerta Government, organized an army and party known as Constitutionalist, and set up a new national government. He was afterward elected to legal tenure of the office he had seized.

The next Presidential election in Mexico was scheduled for this month. Gonzales and Obregon were candidates. Carranza brought on the new revolution by trying to dictate the choice—and now he has come to the violent end that seems to be the doom of Presidents of Mexico.

For ten years Mexico, a land that is rich in resources and ought to be prosperous, has been torn by civil war, the people oppressed and plundered. Now it is just possible that the better elements will organize and prevail; that industry will be permitted to go on, and Mexican affairs be well managed. It is not impossible—though it certainly does not seem likely, as yet—that Mexico on the south of us may become as good a neighbor as Canada is on the north.

Haste the day!

TRADE AND THE TREATY

FINANCIAL reports do not look interesting, but they contain facts you need to know if you want to understand what is going on in the world. Consider, for instance, the following facts taken from a recent report of financial conditions in Czechoslovakia.

First, there is the budget. A budget is an estimate of income for a certain period, and a schedule of expenses. Many prudent people run their homes on a budget system; most business concerns use it; and governments find it necessary in the management of public funds.

If you know how much money you are likely



Times Wide World Photos

GENERAL VENUSTIANO CARRANZA, AS PRESIDENT OF MEXICO, PRESIDING AT A CABINET MEETING

to have in the next week, or month, or year, and plan in advance the use of it, you are making a budget. You will probably get more fun or profit from the money than some other person would who, having an equal sum, spent it without planning.

Suppose two boys start out on Circus Day, each with a dollar. One boy says: "Thirty-five cents for my ticket; sixty-five cents left. Fifteen cents for a side-show; balance, fifty cents. Guess I 'll go both ways on the car—a dime for the fare; still on hand, forty cents. I 'll have a bag of peanuts, too—first, though, I 'll put a dime away for to-morrow; then there 's twenty cents margin for any-old-thing-I-like." Perhaps he tucks the sums away in different pockets, and it all works out splendidly and he has a dandy time.

The other chap takes his dollar and away he goes, without a bit of a plan in his head. He gets a soda—ninety cents left; the dollar 's hardly touched. He tramps along, munching the candy he decided to have instead of a ride on the car; but the candy cost twice as much as the ride would have "set him back." Now he 's thirsty, and—another soda. Legs get heavy—well, after all, perhaps he 'd better ride. Outside the gate he buys a "hot dog," and then a bag of peanuts. What a jolly looking tent! Such a pity not to see everything—gee whizz! Only thirty cents left? Impossible! Yes, but true. And so the side-show loses its fun, and the Big Show is lost—by a nickel!

Mr. Budget-Boy wins. Mr. Spend-As-You-Go does n't go very far.

Well, Czechoslovakia has a budget. Expenses are figured at 10,416,000,000 crowns. Estimated revenues are only 7,750,000,000 crowns. So there 's a good-sized deficit to meet. As there seems to be no way to cut down the expenses, Czechoslovakia plans to borrow money, paying 4½ per cent. interest. Now Czechoslovakia knows at least where she stands. She must try to spend less, and earn more. She is really borrowing from the money she expects to make later on. That is not always good policy, but it is often necessary in hard times. And in Czechoslovakia's case it represents an improvement over her financial standing a year ago.

Another item in Czechoslovakia's problem is the fact that she has about $40,000,000 in this country that can't be used until the alien property custodian gives permission. It seems that this money cannot be released while the United States remains "technically" at war with Austria. (Perhaps I 'm inexcusably stupid in being unable *quite* to "figure" this, as we 've recognized the Czechoslovak Government. But that statement is made in the report, and I suppose it 's correct. Even if it is n't, it serves our purpose in illustrating the relations of international trade and the treaty.)

We 've gone all around the circle, and here we are back at our head-line, "Trade and the Treaty." President Wilson and his opponents have undoubtedly stood so obstinately for their differing views because of honest conviction by each side that, in a matter of principle, it is standing firm for the right. On the one side is the belief that the United States owes it to the world to take full partnership, as a part of the program begun in the war, in the League of Nations; on the other, an equally fixed belief that American individuality must not be merged in such an association.

Until this difficult matter is settled definitely and finally, one way or the other, the nations cannot be sure just where they stand or what they can do.

AIRPLANES EVERYWHERE!

THE two Yale boys who are shown on this page standing by their aëroplane won the twenty-five-mile intercollegiate air-race. Several colleges competed, and all the planes were run by fellows who served in the war.



Photograph by Paul Thompson
J. T. TRIPPE AND G. W. HORNE, OF YALE, WINNERS OF THE INTERCOLLEGIATE AIR-RACE

From Madison, N. Y., came another story of college birdmen. Guests for the Junior Prom were brought from cities in the State, and from Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Washington, by plane.

Then there was a report from Seattle that



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NEW YORK SCHOOL-BOYS, 30,000 STRONG, IN THE MAY-DAY AMERICANIZATION PARADE (SEE NEXT PAGE)

showed how the use of the aircraft in business is developing. Seattle folk are planning an air line to Alaska. The steamer needs 120 hours for the run. The plane will do it in ten. Why, if air boats are going to cut our time like that, dividing by twelve, a day and a night will be lived out in two hours!

Keyport, N. J., is "in on this," too. Keyport was planned as a key port for New Jersey. Sailing ships landed cargoes there, and Jersey products were shipped in small vessels across Raritan Bay and up the harbor to New York. But when steam navigation came in, Keyport lost its splendid trade. Now, however, Keyporters with imagination are beginning to think of what may happen when airplane commerce is the thing. Their neighborhood offers excellent landing spaces.

Keyport may become Airport.

SPECIAL DELIVERY"

THE oblong blue stamp with a boy on a bicycle, that gives a letter the privilege of special delivery, has been performing its service in great style. (It sometimes helps WATCH TOWER "copy" get through on time.) In its first year, special delivery was bought for 896,344 pieces of mail; last year the extra fee for extra service was paid 58,544,387 times. That boy on a bike is an interesting symbol!

The bill providing for a special stamp was introduced in Congress, in 1883, by Charles R. Skinner, a Representative from up-state New York. It was not until late in 1885, however, that the bill was passed and the new service put in operation.

Now that special delivery has become so common, it seems strange that there could have been so much opposition to it at the start. The opposition was principally partisan, for the minority party feared that it would be used to create jobs to be given out by the party in power. Democratic government is better than any other sort, but it is n't *quite* perfect when so useful a public service can be held up because of party jealousies.

FREIGHT AFLOAT

A PICTURE which recently appeared in one of the papers, of three flatboats loaded with automobiles on their way to Cincinnati, whence they were to be delivered under their own power, is interesting to those who know the romance of the history of transportation in this country. Before the railroads came, the bulk of our freight was moved by boat; and for years there has been an endeavor to revive the use of inland waterways.

Transportation by river and canal is slow, and the creation of connecting links between navigable channels is difficult and expensive. In normal times the railroads have little rea-

son to fear the competition of boat service. It is auxiliary, not competitive.

But now, when the railroads are disorganized by outlaw strikes, and freight shipments are tied up, while express moves like slow freight and even the mail service is crippled, carriage by water is helpful. Possibly its usefulness will be emphasized and increased as a result of recent disturbances.

It 's odd, though, to get back to something like the days when Abe Lincoln helped navigate a flatboat!

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

JUST as St. Petersburg became Petrograd, Posen has become Poznan. The streets of Poznan have now dropped their German names: the Berlinerstrasse is The Street of December Twenty-seven, that having been the last day of German occupation. Wilhelmplatz is now Liberty Place. Is n't that a good one?

IF your study of European history has left in your mind any one clear impression, it is that of many small states being put together to make a few large ones. And now some of those large countries have been split up into smaller ones, so that it seems a good deal like moving backward. In May the Allied High Commissioners in Siberia were notified that another new state, Verkhnie Udinsk, had been formed, east of Lake Baikal. The announcement came from the Provisional Government in Siberia, which hoped that the Allied and Japanese forces would be withdrawn. "The legations," the dispatch said, were "disinclined to consider it seriously."

IF your back yard had the soil and climate of Formosa, it would be worth while to set out a camphor-tree. "They say" that a single tree will produce about five thousand dollars' worth of camphor.

ACCORDING to a report published in May, the number of unemployed persons in Germany decreased considerably between January 15 and April 1. The number of men receiving unemployment help from the Government fell from 340,773 to 259,675; of women, from 106,887 to 71,441.

IN the northwest corner of a newspaper page was the headline: "Immigration Rush Overtaxes Force—Nearly 9,000 Aliens Come to Ellis Island in Week." And in the southeast corner of the same page was this: "Paris Hotels Crowded by American Tourists—Accommodations Insufficient for Arriving Throngs." That might have been called a well-balanced page.

JUST look at those chaps, on the preceding page, in the Loyalty Parade: finest ever!

And now these youngsters on the big guns of the battle-ship! Uncle Sam's Navy never surrenders—except to the kiddies.

Pretty good to be young, and a niece or nephew of Uncle Sam—is n't it?



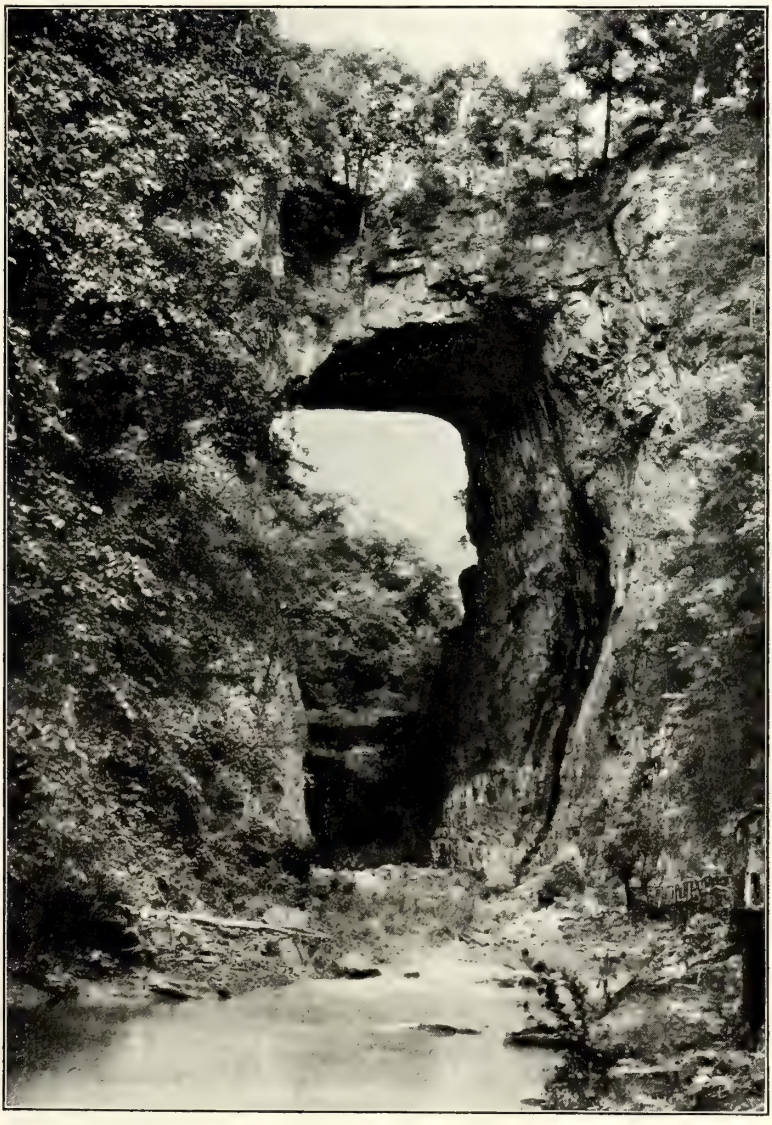
Times Wide World Photos

YOUNG VISITORS ON THE *PENNSYLVANIA*, FLAGSHIP OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET

TWO GREAT NATURAL BRIDGES

BY GEORGE BURBANK SHATTUCK

If the roof of Mammoth Cave should suddenly collapse, leaving behind a single, narrow arch, spanning an empty chasm between the cavern walls, we should have another natural bridge like that in Virginia. This is, in fact, the origin of the Natural Bridge. It is made of massive limestone. Grottoes abound in the vicinity, and the famous Luray Caverns, a few miles to the north, are excavated in the same formation. Geologists, therefore, consider the bridge a departed member of the family. It is the last roof-arch of a vanished cave.



THE NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA

Few people realize the huge proportions of this structure. From the level of the brook beneath to the upper surface of the arch, it measures 215 feet. That is to say, it is forty-

eight feet higher than Niagara Falls. The span of the arch is ninety feet, the width one hundred feet, and an important state highway passes over the top. It is, in reality, a natural bridge, the only one in America to be used in this way. Do not imagine for a moment that you will be disappointed when you see it. It surpasses all expectations. John Marshall, Chief-Justice of the United States, called it "God's greatest miracle in stone."



Photograph by U. S. Geological Survey

HOPE WINDOW, ARIZONA

The phenomenon of a hole eroded through a ledge is not uncommon. Such holes occur in many parts of the world, and have received various names, depending on the whims of the people who live near.

Down in the Bahama Islands, a ledge of coral rock which rises abruptly out of the sea, has an opening in it like a window. One may look through it and watch the great, billowy clouds drifting across the sky on the other side. Sailors call it "Hole-in-the-wall." Out in the desert of Arizona, about seventy-five miles northwest of Gallup, the huge hole, shown in our picture, has been named Hope Window. But over the state line in Utah, not far from the Colorado River, another window, similar to this one and formed in much the same way, is known as Owl Bridge. The origin of all these formations is much the same. They are examples of erosion, varying slightly, here and there, according to local conditions.

The most unique illustration of a window-hole, that has come to my attention, is mentioned by John Burroughs in one of his books. In central Asia he describes a high rock, near the Oxus River, called Lamp Rock by the natives. It was held in great dread by people in the valley, because of a peculiar glow which issued from a cave far up on its side. They believed that a dragon lived there and, in some mysterious way, was the cause of this light. One day a fearless explorer climbed to the cavern and found that instead of a cave, there was a hole or tunnel extending clear through the mountain, and the daylight entering at one end made the glowing effect at the other. The dragon with red eyes and fiery tongue disappeared, and plain, every-day sunlight took its place.

THE AIRPLANE LUBRICANT

THE war found a brand-new use for castor-oil, and lifted the humble castor-bean, from which it is derived, to a position of great importance in the commercial world, and the Department of Agriculture has been endeavoring to induce American farmers to undertake the cultivation of the plant.

The highly refined oil made from this bean has been proved, by numerous experiments, to be the only lubricant capable of meeting all the requirements of aëronautical engines.

The propellers of the aircraft are turned at a far greater number of revolutions a minute than the engine of an automobile. At every impulse stroke there is developed, by the explosion of the gas within the cylinder of the airplane engine, a very high temperature, and this intense heat will consume most mineral-oil lubricants, impairing the proper functioning of the motor's power-transmitting parts.

If this high temperature burns up the lubricating oil or thins it out so that it no longer furnishes the required anti-frictional film between contiguous metal surfaces, then the pistons and other parts become overheated, expand, and jam, and the engine stalls, endangering the life of the pilot.

It is not merely a question of supplying a lubricant that will stand up under the internal stresses imposed by the explosive mixtures within the engine cylinders, but it is equally essential that the oil maintain its body at all times and flow freely through the distributing system, whatever be the temperature of the enveloping atmosphere. The thermometer at the ground may mark the heat of a summer day, and yet aloft the airman may be working in rarefied air considerably below the freezing-point. The lubricant must not congeal; it must circulate freely from the reserve tank, feed steadily into the pistons and valves, and do its work without a hitch.

As soon as the war began, it was quickly seen that airplanes would play a large part in it; so chemists and mechanical engineers went to work to discover, if possible, a lubricant which would meet the requirements of airplane motors, as most of the ordinary machine lubricants proved unsatisfactory under the rapid changes in temperature and air-pressure.

After a great many months of experiment, some one suggested castor-oil. More out of curiosity than because it was believed to be the thing, it was tried when experiments were being made with lubricants for the Liberty motor, and, to the surprise of every one, was found to be the very oil they had been seeking.

As a consequence, not only did Uncle Sam want it in considerable volume for his own aërial fleet, but hurry calls for large quantities of it came to us for the planes of our allies.

Why these calls came to us can be easily explained by the fact that the United States is probably the second world-producer of castor-oil, and might easily have been first, as India is to-day, if it had not been for our rapid development of the petroleum industry, during which castor-oil was almost lost sight of, as petroleum was found to produce a very satisfactory lubricating oil at small expense. Even at that, the value of castor-oil produced in the United States just before the war probably amounted to nearly $1,000,000 a year.



THE CASTOR-OIL PLANT (*Ricinus communis*)

While the castor-bean grows with comparatively slight attention almost anywhere in the United States, and the plants, with their highly ornamental, large, and sharply pointed dark-green leaves, have been for years a common ornament to many gardens, they flourish best and yield the most oil in a hot, dry climate. In the south it is not uncommon for the long, slender stalks, by the time the beans are ripe, to attain a height of eight or ten feet; and when growing in numbers, they give the appearance of a grove of small trees.

In this country, only a single harvest is obtained in a season, but in the tropics, where the castor-bean reaches a state of productiveness in five or six months, the plant is a ceaselessly yielding perennial, and the beans can be gathered month in and month out the

year round. It has flourished in India for ages and its product has always been a source of considerable revenue to that country, which has been naturally much increased since the discovery of the value of the oil for airplanes. Here, so it is said, it is also used as an illuminant and is commonly employed in that capacity in the signal- and car-lamps of the government railways. It seems that the oil burns very slowly and gives a light of notable brilliancy.

Of the refined castor-oil marketed in the United States in normal times all but about 25 per cent., according to the authorities on the subject, has been devoted to manufacturing purposes.

Artificial rubber and artificial leather draw upon castor-oil for some of their essential ingredients; certain kinds of celluloid also have this oil as an indispensable component; some makes of soap could not be produced without it; and, strange as it may seem, this oil is employed in the preparation of butter coloring!

It has given further war service by being used in the making of the tracer-bullets fired by aircraft guns. Every third bullet in the supply-clip or belt is a tracer-bullet, which leaves behind it a smoky or luminous trail by which the attacking aviator may see just how his missiles are traveling, and thus bring them with precision to bear upon his target.

The best grade of castor-oil is obtained from the beans by hydraulic pressure. An added quantity of oil, but of lower quality, is secured by treating the remaining pulp with naphtha or some other volatile solvent. The fibrous material remaining after the second extraction can be used as a fertilizer to enrich the soil for the growing of tobacco, cotton, corn, and other crops.

James Anderson.

OUR LOWLY ALLIES IN THE GRASS

It has often been told us that the life of man is a struggle against his insect enemies, a war to the finish for possession of the eatable things of the earth. But while man, in a measure, wins by his wits, and to a certain extent protects his fruit-trees and his grain and root crops from his small foes, he would quickly lose the fight were it not for the assistance of a host of allies. For insect foes are in numbers beyond count; they attack every form of useful vegetation, from the cotton that makes our clothes, to the wheat and potatoes and corn that feed us. These insect foes are so numerous and multiply so enormously that if we were left to fight them unaided, in about three years, it has been calculated, we should be beaten—starved out. The green vegetation of the earth would be consumed; we should find ourselves in a ghastly desert.

But with our allies, we fight along and hold our own. Of these, the birds usually are put first; in fact, they are said to fight the battle, pretty much, while we look on and reap the fruits of victory. But we must not overlook other more lowly, less spectacular, but equally valuable, warrior allies: the toads and frogs, whose deadly tongues are busy in the evening; the moles that tunnel under the surface of the ground and gobble up the insect larvæ sleeping there; the bats that nimbly hunt winged prey in the dusk; and the little spiders that also are mighty hunters and have their nets spread for prey always.

While we may be cool enough to all our allies and seldom give them their due, it is safe to say that we know least of our spiders. Though their number is legion, they work so unobtrusively in wood and field that we scarcely notice them. It is only when we walk down a neglected woods path and blunder into the beautiful circular webs of the orb weavers, or when on a dewy morning in late Summer, the flat webs on the meadows gleam white, or when, on a warm Spring day, the air is full of floating gossamer streamers, that we get a real insight into the abundant numbers of our spider friends. These web spinners are all insect hunters. To further our knowledge of their numbers, we have only to go on a web hunt about our own premises: the corners of our rooms (especially if the house is in the country or the suburbs), the window-corners, the corners of the walls about the basement, either inside or out, in the shrubbery, in the grass and weeds and flowers, in the trees of the orchard, and about all upright structures, such as windmill frames. Everywhere we find the nets of these hunters, and always in strategic places. The house-spider tries to come into our homes and carry on his netting operations in the corners; but good housewifery and spiders seldom seem to agree, and usually the spider and his net meet annihilation. In the barn and out-buildings, however, he reigns supreme, monarch of the corners.

Spiders are not insects. They belong to the Arachnids, a slightly higher and more specialized type of life, having for close relatives the ticks and the king-crab. They have highly specialized organs, and are most interesting creatures to study with magnifying glass or in

the field. Their web-making habits are the feature that most attracts us, and the strange manner in which these lowly animals build



THE SNARES OF THE LITTLE GRAY GRASS-SPIDER

them is one of Nature's wonders. The material from which webs are made is secreted by the body of the animal. Before being exposed to the air, it is a gummy liquid. It passes through tiny tubes, called spinnerets, and is often drawn out by the hind legs. The line thus formed may be of more than one strand (depending on the number of spinnerets used), but the threads merely lie side by side, adhering, but not woven or twisted.

These webs, in field and wood, fall roughly into two classes: those that are circular (almost geometrically correct in their construction) and are suspended vertically, and those that are flat, spread horizontally over vegetation, and have a tubular retreat in them concealing the hunter. The first are more highly specialized, having snare-lines covered with sticky beads to hold the winged prey, and also dry, runway lines for the owner of the net. In the second, or flat-webbed traps, the hunter depends more on the immense number of very fine silken threads to entangle the prey. He is ready at a moment's notice, when the net trembles and vibrates from the struggles of a victim, to rush from his hiding-place and complete the capture. Such webs are shown in the accompanying pictures. They are the snares of the little gray grass-spider, *Agalena nævia*. These webs were almost invisible until covered with dew. The September sun one morning disclosed their numbers along a neglected parking in the city suburbs. In the close-up illustration, the funnel or hiding-place of the hunter is plainly visible.

Something of the numbers of our spider allies may be reckoned from a calculation based on these webs. Five hundred and ninety-eight webs were counted on this 100-foot section which was about sixteen feet wide, —approximately 600 to 1,600 square feet,—or 16,335 webs to the acre of parking! 16,335 little hunters, each with a snare set for some form of insect prey—mostly enemies of man. When it is taken into consideration that this grass-spider was probably as common along all the miles of neglected suburban parkings, along all the country roads and lanes, and covering every hay-field, it is seen what the work of such creatures really amounts to. A spider census of a county would give us figures so large as to be meaningless. And when we take into account also the vast number of species,—1,300 are known in America,—and that these various species range from the tropics to the arctic sea, are found from the seashore to high up on the mountains, and on the marshes and plains as well as in the deep forests,—everywhere,—we begin to see the im-

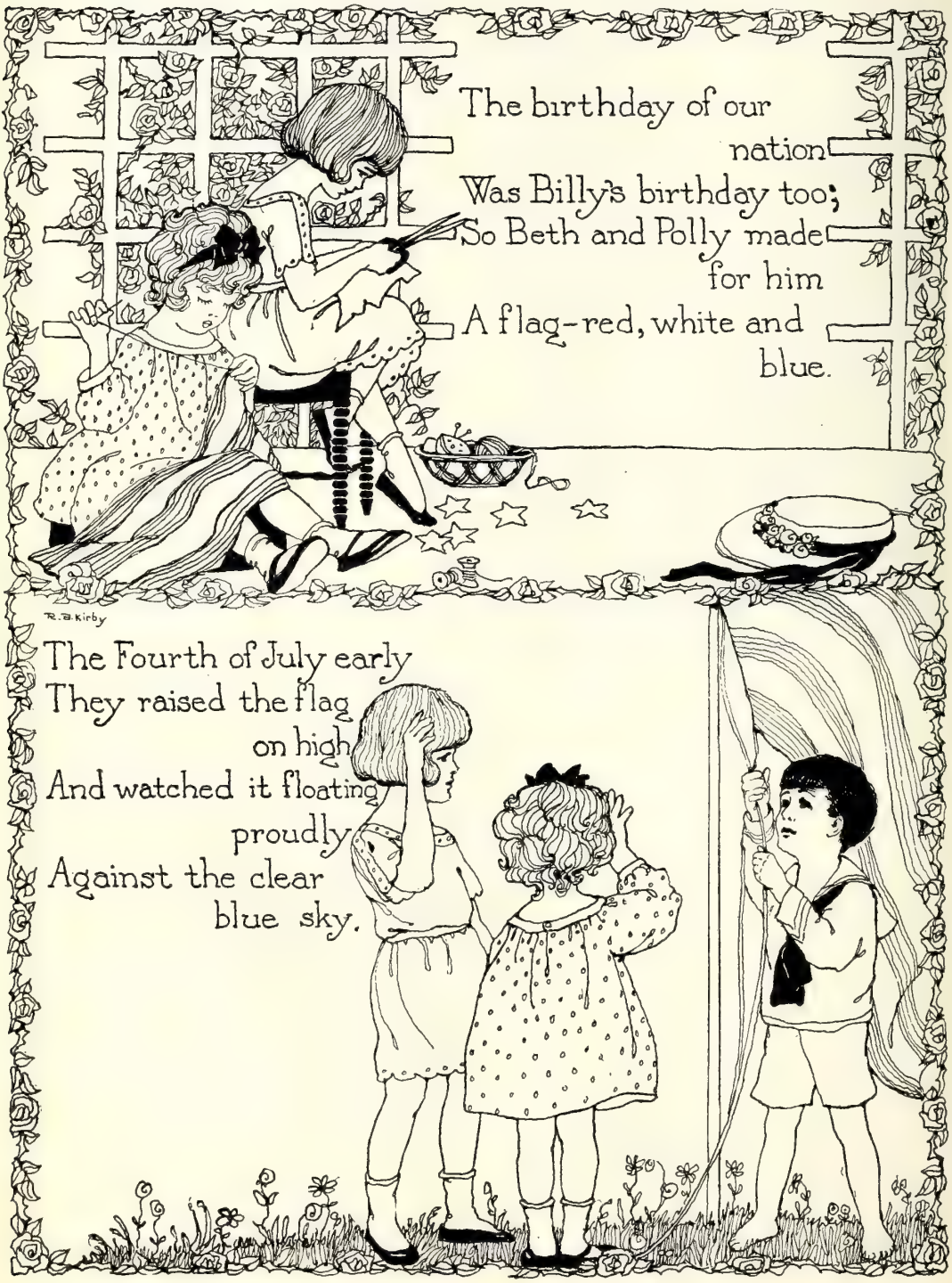


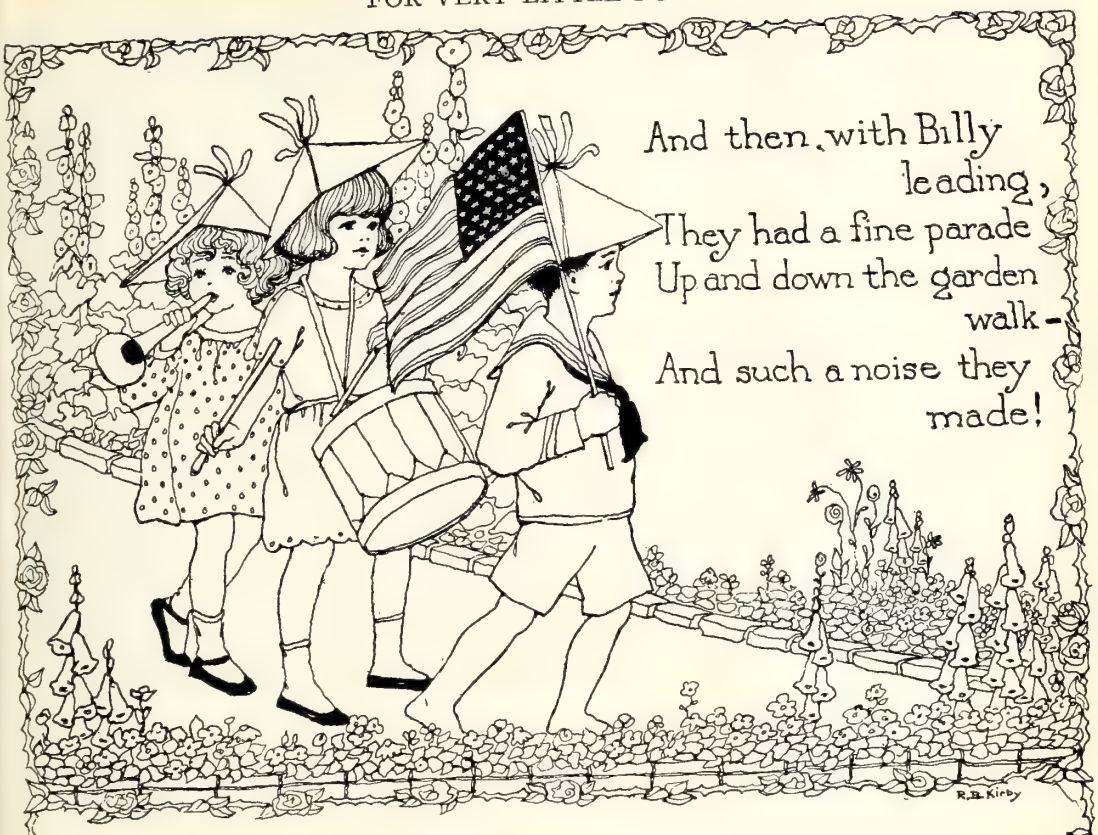
WEB, SHOWING THE SPIDER'S FUNNEL-LIKE RETREAT

portance of these little netters of winged prey and appreciate their value to man in his unequal struggle against his insect foes.

HAMILTON M. LAING.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK





Then, at the birthday party,
This Billy knew was true:
He loved his country more because
He shared its birthday too.



St. Nicholas League

THE SALUTE

BY ELIZABETH M. DUKES (AGE 17)
(*Honor Member*)

"—What did the other children do,
And what were childhood, wanting you?"
R. L. S.

ST. NICHOLAS!—the name 's a countersign
Admitting to the Land of Rainy Weather,
That pleasant place where all our childhood friends
Of story tales, have pitched their tents together.
Wood fires crackle here, the chairs are cozy,
Apples are close at hand, a gray rain pours,
And you may read and read—no tasks await,
And sunshine never drives you out of doors.
Here are old friends, "The Forest Castaways,"
"Young Crusoes of the Sky," and "Betty McGuire";
The child with "The Lucky Stone," and "Denewood's" maids;
"Lass" whose bright "Silver Sword" reflects the fire;
"The League of the Signet-ring," "The Motor-girl,"
"The Lady of the Lane," and "Peg o' the Ring";
"Knights of the Table Round,"—ST. NICHOLAS
All these, and even jollier ones, can bring.
Yes, dear St. Nick, you have been good to me:
The LEAGUE and I have tramped the way six years,
Till now we reach the end,—my journey's end,—
But not the end of my regretful tears.

"Depart, eighteen, depart!" the bugles call;
You 've sown the seed—go now and pluck the fruit.
And while your last "taps" echo your farewell,
In loving gratitude stand silent, yes—stand at salute!"

BECAUSE the effects of the printers' strike lingered far into the spring, the magazine had not been able to resume its regular date of publication when the subjects for this July competition were given out in April; and therefore, to our great regret, many LEAGUE members did not receive their copies in time to enter this month's competition. As a result, the contributions were decidedly lessened in number, but most of the manuscripts sent in were of high quality, whether in prose or rhyme. And once more—in order not to crowd out any new recruit from the LEAGUE's main pages—we give space in this introduction to a very graceful offering: a little poem in which one of our Honor Members has cleverly utilized the month's subject for verse ("A Salute") to extend to ST. NICHOLAS a charming farewell tribute. We are sorry indeed to say good-by to our loyal members as they reach the LEAGUE's age limit of eighteen. And while thanking them for their zealous interest in the LEAGUE, and for the affection they express for it, we bid each and all a hearty Godspeed as they graduate into the life of the great world.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 244

(In making awards, contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badges, **Meyer Lisbanoff** (age 15), New York; **Edna Peterson** (age 16), New York. Silver Badges, **Margaret Earle Walker** (age 17), Canada; **Jennie Nizzardini** (age 14), New York; **Louise S. Birch** (age 16), Pennsylvania; **Elizabeth Patterson** (age 14), Pennsylvania.

VERSE. Gold Badge, **Mollie L. Craig** (age 13), Massachusetts. Silver Badges, **Harriet Knowlton** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Madeleine Smith** (age 12), Illinois; **Emily Kingsbery** (age 13), North Carolina.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badges, **Celia V. White** (age 17), New York. Silver Badges, **Clement Dunn** age 14), Connecticut; **Josephine Stanton** (age 10), **Rowland Lyon** (age 15), District of Columbia.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badge, **Henry Beeler, Jr.,** (age 17), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges. **Grace Eckfeld** (age 13), Ohio; **Nancy Hull** (age 11), New York; **Florence M. Adams** (age 12), Massachusetts; **Irene H. Tremblay** (age 16), N. H.; **Frances E. Duncan** (age 11), Canada; **Mary Reeve** (age 13), Wis.

PUZZLE MAKING. Silver Badges, **Natalie Johns** (age 14), Connecticut; **Elaine Ervin** (age 12), Ohio; **Theodore Green** (age 11), New York; **Eleanor F. Clark** (age 11), Pennsylvania.



BY GRACE ECKFELD. AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY NANCY HULL, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

"JUST TO PASS THE TIME"



"JUST TO PASS THE TIME." BY HENRY BEELER, JR., AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1919)

"MY BEST HOLIDAY"

BY MARGARET A. EARLE WALKER (AGE 17)
(*Silver Badge*)

It was a perfect summer day. Blue sky, blue water and a lovely mountain breeze ruffling the surface of the water.

Grandfather and I launched a canoe and settled down to a long, lazy paddle and natural-history lesson.

We paddled out into the middle of the lake, where you could feel the breeze, and the water splashed in tiny wavelets against the sides of the canoe. We paddled briskly for a mile, and then entered the stream which led to Little Round Lake. The stream was quite narrow, and the sides were lined with wild mint. We crushed some leaves in our hands and inhaled the spicy fragrance. When at last we came to Little Round Lake, I felt as if "we were the first that ever burst into that silent sea." Only it happened to be a lake. I had never been there before, and it was glorious.

The water was covered almost entirely with water-lilies and the prow of the canoe divided them on each side of us, as we made a path through them.

Flashing back and forth across the water, were gorgeous dragon-flies, king-fishers, and many insects and birds I did not know the names of. Crickets chirruped on the sunny banks, and big bees hummed happily over the flowers.

I steeped myself in the satisfying peace of the great outdoors, and reveled in the sunshine that bathed everything in golden light.

What a companion Grandfather was! Answering all the questions I asked about the magnificent book of natural history, open before us, and spreading before me the ripened wisdom and knowledge of a well-trained mind and large experience.

And that is the day that stands out, in my memory, above all my other holidays.

THE SALUTE

BY HARRIET KNOWLTON (AGE 13)
(*Silver Badge*)

Why was our town all a-bustle?
  Why were all places so gay?
Why did the people so hustle,
  To greet the dawn of that day?

Why was the ancient old cannon
  Drawn out from its place of repose?
Why were the people dressed gaily,
  From their heads to the tips of their toes?

Now listen! The reason I 'll tell you;
  Bill Jones coming home from the war
Was the cause of all these preparations
  And the gathering of folks, near and far.

He stepped off the train; at that moment
  The cannon boomed forth from the hill,
Sending out the salute, so long planned for—
  To greet the home-coming of Bill!

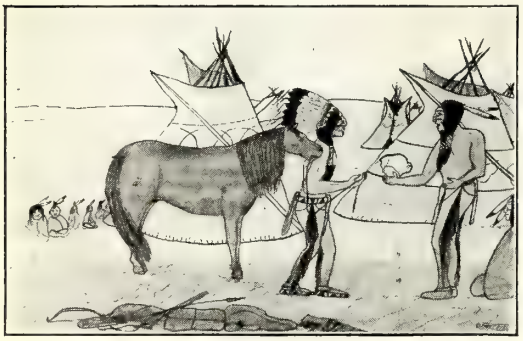


"A WELCOME GIFT." BY CELIA A. WHITE, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE, SILVER BADGE WON JANUARY, 1919.)

THE SALUTE

BY ELEANOR ELLIS (AGE 17)
(*Honor Member*)

UPON a hill-top, outlined in the dawn,
There waved a starry banner in the breeze;
It seemed to whisper to the sleeping world:
"While I am here thou mayst rest well at ease.
Though tumult, conflict, strife may rend the earth,
Despair not, mortals. For if I remain,
There yet exists a champion of the right,
One ready to give all for freedom's gain.
When Peace appears to leave us desolate,
When the red night of madness seems to fall
On countries crimsoned with our heroes' blood,
Have faith in me, and Him who rules us all."
As if in answer to the banner's pledge,
The countless booming guns as one did roar
In a salute for all the world to heed:
"We 're Freedom's champions now and evermore."



"A WELCOME GIFT." BY CLEMENT DUNN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

ONE OF MY HAPPIEST HOLIDAYS

BY JENNIE NIZZARDINI (AGE 14)
(*Silver Badge*)

OUR school, the famous Washington Irving High, had been invited to give a pageant in the stadium at City College in honor of Cardinal Mercier on October 10, 1919. We girls (teachers included) were in such a state of excitement!

The day finally came, and on arriving at the stadium I saw that many of the school-children wore the Belgian colors.

The girls who were not in the pageant marched forward singing the Washington Irving Marching Song, forming the initials W. I. The pageant then started. It was about the history of our city from the time it was purchased for twenty-four dollars to the styles of 1919. Each department tried its best to make it a success.

The commercial department produced a human typewriter keyboard. A group of girls wore hats on which were painted the letters, marks of punctuation, and figures of the universal keyboard.

The dressmaking department had individual girls dressed in different costumes showing the changes of styles from 1620 to 1919.

At the end of the pageant, the great cardinal spoke to us. This is part of what he said:

"Dear children: I beg leave to thank you all. I wonder at the harmony of your movements. I wonder at your training. I wonder at the piety of your songs and at the purity of your colors. Above all, I admire your spirit of discipline. I bring you the greetings of all the children of Belgium, and I shall carry back in my heart the wonderful spectacle exhibited to me to-day. I shall never forget it. I congratulate your masters and superiors, and the President of the Board of Education.

"My dear children, before I leave you, I ask to have the fatherly joy of giving you my blessing."

I was happy I had gone, because I had the privilege of seeing and hearing one of the greatest men of our day.

THE SALUTE

BY MOLLIE L. CRAIG (AGE 13)
(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December,* 1919)

ALL hail to Summer, the best of the seasons!
Poets may rave about springtime and fall,
And even of winter, but yet—for all reasons
Children hold Summer the best of them all.
Then is the time when we close up the school-book,
And haste us away from our lessons and care;
Then all city children toward dear country joys look,
And think of the good times ahead of them there.

"The sun shines bright on the slopes of a mountain!"
"The waves dash high on old Maine's rocky coast!"
"There 's a camp in the heart of the deep-tangled woodland!"
"Ho for the waters the blue lakes boast!"
"Ah, for the roar of the good old ocean,
As the surf dashes high on the golden sands!"
All these and more are the dreams of the children,
And they all come true when the Summer commands.

All hail to thee, Summer! This salute is the truest
Of all salutes that have gone before;
Thy clouds are whitest, thy skies are bluest,
Thou holdest the best of good times in store!
Hail to thee, Summer! The little brook flowing,
The bird warbling clear on the top of the tree,
The laughter of children, the little breeze blowing,
All offer salute—dear old Summer—to Thee!



"JUST TO PASS THE TIME." BY FLORENCE M. ADAMS, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)

MY BEST HOLIDAY

BY LOUISE S. BIRCH (AGE 16)
(*Silver Badge*)

IN the lovely days of early summer one cannot resist the call of outdoors, though his may be only a back yard. I climb high into our chestnut-tree where we have built a sort of nest, and lie there for hours, reading a favorite book and watching the robin family on a near-by limb. Here only the light of the sun can penetrate, for the cool, leafy



BY ELIZABETH SIEDLER, AGE 13.



BY SUSANNE H. RICKER, AGE 13.



BY IRENE H. TREMBLAY, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE)

"JUST TO PASS THE TIME"

roof excludes even the heat of noonday. Below me the bees are droning over the flowers around the sun-dial, and the birds are splashing eagerly in the little fountain. Here indeed is a world where one would not be surprised to meet Titania and her midsummer fairies. Sh-h! Was that the elfin Peas-blossom dancing on that twig? The little breeze rustles in the leaves and I turn drowsily to my book. Soon I have left even the robins and the fairies behind, as I follow the author through the enchanted realm of literature. I am vaguely conscious that Madame Robin has made many trips between nest and hunting-grounds, but time slips by until lunch hour. But even this most necessary interruption is soon over, and I climb once more into my green-walled castle. The garden below seems half asleep, and the splashing of birds in the fountain is only intermittent. And so, reading and dreaming in my tree-top, the afternoon passes. The young robins are calling vigorously for their dinner, and I go in to mine.

Later in the evening I sit in the hammock and watch the moon rise behind the chestnut-tree, and wonder, too, what I have accomplished to-day. Perhaps nothing, but it is the way that I love best to spend a holiday.

MY HOLIDAY

BY CHARLES EUGENE SMITH (AGE 12)

My best holiday was the day we climbed Killington Peak. It is the second highest mountain in Vermont. We could n't find a good road this side of Rutland, so we did n't reach the mountain till rather late in the morning. The trail to the summit is three and a half miles long. We hoped to see some wild animals on the way, but saw only a few birds.



BY GRACE WALLACE, AGE 12.



BY MADELEINE EDWARDS, AGE 15.



BY ANGUS CAMERON, AGE 13.

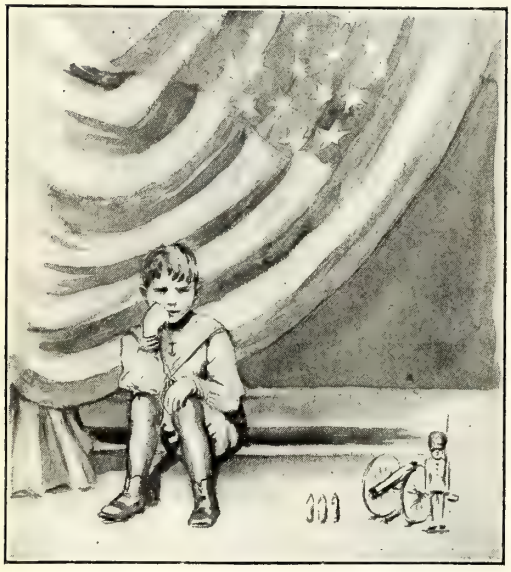
"JUST TO PASS THE TIME"

We all went to the very top of the peak. It was certainly a splendid sight. In the north, beyond a vista of hills and valleys, loomed the great bulk of Mt. Mansfield. The White Mountains were just discernible in the distance, to the east. A broad expanse of mountains, hills, valleys, lakes, and streams stretched far to the south. In the west, the vista extended to the highest ridges of the Adirondacks. It was the greatest view that I have ever seen.

When we returned to the base of the mountain we saw a young racoon eating something near where we had left the car. We thought of getting a picture, till George said he would go around behind it to head it off as we drove it toward him. We followed this plan, and drove him into the grass, where George got him by the tail, and put him under the back seat of the car.

When we were a few miles from home, we saw a fire—some barns on our road which were filled with hay. The burning pile was full of caverns, where the fires glowed, or burst into flames, sending showers of sparks high into the air.

I think that climbing to the top of Killington Peak, capturing a racoon, and seeing a big fire, made this a day to be remembered.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY JANET BLOSSOM, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER)

MY BEST HOLIDAY

BY SILVIA WUNDERLICH (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

I WAS Johnny's constant companion. Every day he employed me almost constantly. It was only when he was asleep that I secured any rest. However, I would n't have minded the constant use, if it had n't been for his misuse of me. I was made ridiculous and disgraceful within the hearing of learned and intelligent men and women. This humiliated me, and Johnny's parents, too. They tried to make him respect me, but all to no avail. Johnny only said: "Aw, nobody does it. I won't be called a sissy!"

All this, however, happened before last November. During that memorable month I enjoyed one of the best vacations I have known, a holiday from misuse and abuse, a time when I was known at my best.

Johnny came running home from school one day, crying, "Mother, what do you suppose this coming week is going to be set aside for? Better English! Did you ever!" At first Johnny was indifferent and careless, but by the middle of the week, he had caught the spirit of the time and was trying his best to use me correctly. I, of course, you must know, am the English language. How much Johnny discovered about me! How free I felt, released from the clutches of my enemy, slang.

That holiday is now over, but I am looking forward to a holiday next year, and perhaps some day I shall be freed from misuse and enjoy the pleasure of correct use the whole year round.

MY BEST HOLIDAY

BY MEYER LISBANOFF (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November,* 1919)

AMONG all our national holidays it seems to me that none so typifies the spirit of the American people, none so symbolizes our free and democratic institutions as does Election Day.

Election Day! It is the day of days. It is the day when the weak become strong and the humble become mighty. It is the day when millionaire and beggar, soldier and statesman, rich and poor, high and low, ascend or descend—as the case may be—to the same level and side by side cast their votes in the same ballot-box. Truly, it is a glorious day!

I walk along the gaily bedight streets listening to the clamor and turmoil of the festive crowds. From the toots of little urchins' tin horns to the ringing of the church bells, I seem to hear but one sound fraught with but one meaning—the irresistible, indomitable voice of humanity asserting in universal refrain the inalienable right of mankind to govern itself.

It is a time for rejoicing, gaiety, and merriment. From these happy hours I steal a moment for serious reflection. And in that moment my heart swells with patriotism, and with gratitude for the grand privilege of living in a country with a government of the people's—of *my* own choice; and not with a king to force upon us his despotic rule in the name of "divine right." I see my sentiments expressed in the glowing faces of the people. And nevermore than on that day do I long to shout with O. W. Holmes, "One flag, one land, one heart, one hand, one nation evermore!"

MY BEST HOLIDAY

BY BETTY NIVEN (AGE 14)

IT WAS the rainiest, most dismal Washington's Birthday I had ever seen. I was at a loss to know what to do. Mother had suggested that I call up my best friend Amy, and ask her over, which I did, only to find that she had to go shopping with her mother.

After wandering aimlessly about the house for a while, I finally ended my wanderings in the attic.

It always seems lonely up there, but it was made a great deal more so by the dark day and by the patter of the rain on the roof. The attic had always provided a never-ending source of amusement for me, but to-day, somehow, I did not feel like dressing up or rummaging in the old trunks.

Giving up all hope of having this an eventful holiday I was about to leave the room, when my eye caught a glimpse of some old magazines which I had not noticed before. They were dated nineteen



BY FRANCES E. DUNCAN, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARY REEVE, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY JOHN C. FERENBACH, AGE 14.

"JUST TO PASS THE TIME"

nine and the top magazines were covered by a thick layer of dust. I was very much disappointed to find they were of no interest to me.

But on reaching nearly the bottom of the pile I saw, to my great surprise and delight, ST. NICHOLAS, December, nineteen nine! I could hardly believe such good luck to be true.

What more could one desire than to curl up in a big comfortable davenport before an open fire, with a big box of candy, and, best of all, two whole years of ST. NICHOLAS magazines that one has never seen? It was indeed my best holiday.

MY BEST HOLIDAY

BY EDNA PETERSON (AGE 16)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June,* 1920)

WHAT a storm was raging in the little town of Gloiré in Alsace-Lorraine. Yet through that turmoil I wandered on my way to school—a German school.

Ich bin—I am. *Du bist*—thou art.

'Twas my day's lesson. Oh, how I hated the German language, how I despised it, how I dreaded it! Would I dare? Was there any one to hear my thoughts? I glanced around. No! Breathlessly I whispered, "*Je suis*—I am, *tu es*—thou art.

Oh, how I love it, French, my mother's language. At least it was until—— I can't say it. They might hear.

The clock ambled on till twelve o'clock. Suddenly the storm ceased. The sun broke out in a beaming smile. "I 'm happy," it seemed to say. But why? Soon came the answer. What was that? The town seemed to have gone mad. A running of feet, a shouting, the clatter of hoofs, came nearer and nearer.

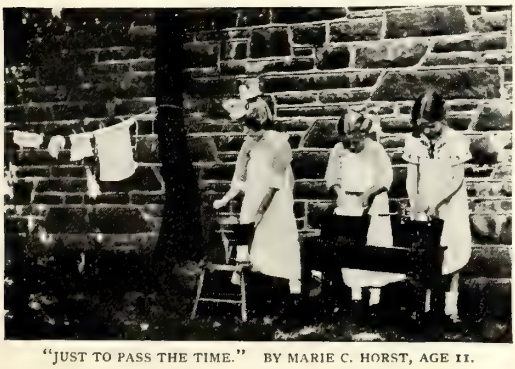
"We 're French! The armistice has been signed!" they shouted. In the crowd I saw my mother.

"*Bon jour, ma mère!*" I cried.

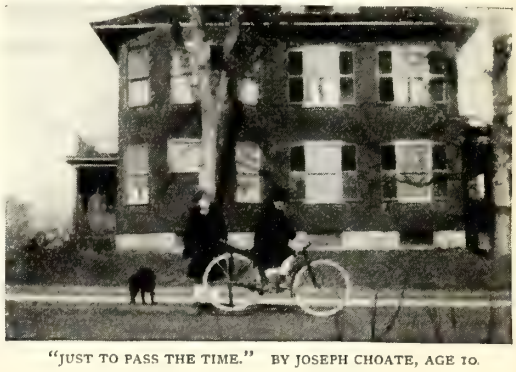
"*Bon jour, ma fille!*" Mother murmured.

Never again would any one call me that hated name "*Fräulein.*" With my head raised toward the sky, I whispered, "*Bon jour, mon frère!*" My brother had died for France!

After an afternoon of parading, dancing, shouting, singing, the shades of evening fell o 'er the town. Gathered 'neath the tri-color of France, every man, woman, and child sang the Marseillaise as it has never been sung before. "*Le jour de gloire est arrivé.*" How true it seemed! As the last notes swelled on the breeze, not a face was dry. Thus ended the best day of our lives.



"JUST TO PASS THE TIME." BY MARIE C. HORST, AGE 11.



"JUST TO PASS THE TIME." BY JOSEPH CHOATE, AGE 10.



"JUST TO PASS THE TIME." BY PLANTON MIDDLETON, AGE 12.

"THE SALUTE"

BY MADELEINE SMITH (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

SHE stands a figure noble and erect,
Her hands and feet the servants of another;
Her thoughts, bent all on kindliness, reflect
A spirit which all evil cannot smother.

She kneels with grace, as reverently she tends
That fire of humankind which her enlightens;
And as her knee thus earnestly she bends,
Each homely task, once feared and dreaded, brightens.

A Camp-Fire Girl in name and self is she.
Her I salute, for she is building fast
A path to womanhood, where she will be
An honored citizen—her goal at last!

MY BEST HOLIDAY

(*A true story.*)

BY ELIZABETH PATTERSON (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

I SHALL always look back to the good time I had last June as my very happiest holiday.

I had gone to school in Pennsylvania a year. For a whole year I had seen none of my family, except my father, for I live in Tennessee.

How glad I was one Saturday in early June to receive a telegram from Daddy, saying that he, Mother, and my little brother and sister would be in Washington, D. C., a week, and wished my grandmother and me to come there.

We arrived in Washington Monday afternoon, and I was with my family again.

The next day we spent motoring, and, as Daddy was once a Congressman, he was familiar with the city, and pointed out many interesting places.

I saw the government buildings, the White House with its beautiful grounds, the stately Capitol, in all its grandeur, and the wonderful Lincoln Memorial.

The Washington Monument impressed me more than any other structure. Its simple dignity seemed to me perfect. I thought of the man in whose honor it stood, and how like a shadow that gigantic shaft seemed when compared with his greatness. His memory is far more lofty and lasting than stone.

The next two days I spent on the water, sailing down the historic Potomac to "Old Point Comfort." For hours we were on the Chesapeake Bay, out of sight of land or human life, except an occasional lighthouse, that loomed high against the horizon. We passed many vessels, some camouflaged, and many historical places, including Mount Vernon, the Nation's shrine, which we afterward visited.

Saturday ended my eventful holiday, and I returned to school, profited by my historic sightseeing.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY BARBARA BAILEY, AGE 13.

THE SALUTE

BY EMILY KINGSBERY (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

IN olden times the warriors bold,
When they met their comrades, so I 'm told,
Would lift their vizors. Instead, we say,
"How do you do?" or a mere "Good-day."

But that courtly greeting which they gave
Was the source of what our soldiers brave
Call the salute.—To them we owe
This signal of courtesy we all know.

MY BEST HOLIDAY

BY LOVETT C. PETERS (AGE 6)

LAST year we were down at Saybrook for the month of July. On the Fourth of July we were setting off fire-crackers and having grand fun. I 'd take a punk and put it on the string of the fire-cracker and it would go off BANG!

That evening we went down to the beach and saw lots of sky-rockets and pin-wheels. Some of the sky-rockets were red and some green. They looked so pretty that it made me like that holiday best.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Edith E. Kearney
Sterling McMillan
Frances Gillmore
Gwynne H. Daggett
Corinne O'Toole
Clara P. Crane
Anna C. Roberts
Lilias Brown
Ruth M. Mitchell
Jean McCrum
Jane Dunlop
Elizabeth Marshall
Rachel Hack
Margaret Macon
Constance M. O'Hara
Salvatore L. Casano
Isabelle T. Ellis
Laura M. Smith
Ena Hourwich
Rose Grodsky
Emily M. Weeks
Dorothy M. Gervan
Dorothy Farley
Margery Saunders
H. M. Smith
Mimi Casano
Frances Wasse
Evelyn Voge

VERSE

Helen B. Valdes
Violet S. Crosby
Edna C. Kleinmeyer
Edna M. Deiss
Helen W. Meyers
Jennie Bruederlein
Luch W. Norton
Margaret Dill
Elizabeth Cavanna
Gurdon Chatfield
Virginia H. Clinger
Katherine Foss
Isabel A. Lockwood
Rosamond W. Eddy
Mary E. Mason

DRAWINGS

Harold Bartley
Audrey Graves
Katherine A. Shand
Theodore Hall, Jr.
Amy Tatro

PHOTOGRAPHS

Marie C. Horst
Katherine C. Campbell
Victoria Potter
Carrie Harper
Margaret Gaskill
Mary Alice Talley
Edith Smith
Kathryn Moran
Helen L. Hill
John H. Rowe, Jr.
Margaret Shippen
Isabelle Jeffrey

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Ella Bordine
June F. Flanders
Alice Walworth
Paul B. Copley
Frances R. Hallinan
Paul deN Burrowes, Jr.
Lois Bolles
Dorothy B. Smith
Helen Ruth Orr
Estelle Thompson



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY JOSEPHINE STANTON, AGE 10.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Blanche Smith
Marjorie Gibson
Mary M. Sterrett
Mary McMahon
Robert T. Clapp
Katherine C. Jones
Anna Belle Hudson
Phœbe Flanagan
Margaret Sheridan
Charlotte E. Penn
Katherine Orleman
Janice Perls
Anne M. Doyle
Rose Carrigan
L. S. Laurence
Katherine Hill
Margaret Rulifson
Beatrice Leavitt
Eleanor C. Johnson
John Mills
Patricia Sheridan
Katherine Smedley
Betty Carpenter
Charles C. Brownley
Mildred F. Holt
Thelma McClure
Blanche M. Morgan
Raymond G. McKelney
Jean M. Maisonville

William Gilligan
Harriet H. Witman
Richard P. Kent, Jr.
Harriet Howard
Marjorie Ware
Kathleen von Gontard
Dorothy Eshleman
Elisabeth Lane
George Wood
Dallas V. Stone
Eloise Wilson
Lalia B. Simison

Sally Childs
Hildegarde Mittendorff
J. Wilkins Cooch
Claire W. Faitonte
Sarah Bissell
Grace Waggaman
Frances G. Day
Julie S. Russell
Gertrude V. Scherer
Christine Hammond
Esther E. Elliott



"A HEADING FOR JULY."
BY ROWLAND LYON, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

VERSE

Pauline Burstein
Anna Nisbet
Pearl F. Hahn
Elizabeth B. Alsop
Mary Abby Hurd
M. Norma Nearing

DRAWINGS

Elizabeth Muir
Marjorie A. Bly
Caroline G. Johnson
Sarah A. Zimmerman
Eloise White
Wesley Dingman
Selma Morse
Alison Farmer
Elizabeth Irwin
Barbara Power
Margaret Haley
Hester E. Mount
Jack Whitwell
Gloria Hellar
Muriel Doe
Evelyn Brossman

Mary Watson
Tom A. Hickok
Bent E. Holtsmark
Reba F. Zelley
Leonora Egan
Elizabeth Waxter
Isabelle Haskell
Dorothy Woodhouse
Iva G. Tatton

Louise M. Howland
Theodora Machado

PUZZLES

Katharine Kridel
Annie May Young
Katharine Sheehan
Marian Giles
Rachel M. Baker
Katherine L. New
Gertrude Anderson
Marion Bluim
Rosemary Burgh
Betty Prentice
Alice D. Love
Emily Pendleton

PHOTOGRAPHS

Alice B. Critchett
Josephine Dudley
Claire Cromwell
Pauline C. R. Odell



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY FRANCES S. BADGER, AGE 15.

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now believed to be one of the great artistic educational factors in the world.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 248

Competition No. 248 will close July 30. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for November. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Magic of the Frost."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Story of the Woods."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "Taken in Vacation."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Good Friend," or, "A Heading for November."

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write *in ink* on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

New Milford, Conn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: How would your readers like to play with a wild partridge for an hour? I have, and this is how it happened:

I was in the Orange Mountains, west of Newark, New Jersey. While sitting by a swiftly running stream, thinking about the wonders of nature, I heard a slight rustling behind me. Turning around, I beheld a female wild partridge coming toward me. As she advanced, she began to strut back and forth, back and forth, pecking at the leaves continually. While moving forward all the time until only a foot away, she was constantly on the alert. When she was coming nearer, I began to whistle, softly at first and then louder. She did n't move, but regarded me suspiciously. I put my hand under some leaves and moved them up and down. The partridge looked at the leaves and, quick as a wink, spread her tail and went at them. Her hooked bill made quite a hole in my hand, so that I was not over anxious to make connections with her bill again.

After that, she stood off and looked me all over, going first to one side and then to the other in order to see my back (at one time she was within six inches of me). Just then a man came in sight and off she went, with a partridge's customary whir. When the man had gone, I gave the partridge up for good, but then I saw her off down stream. I whistled the same whistle I had used before, and back she came. She came as close as before, while I took off my cap and put it on the ends of my fingers. Whenever I moved them, she would rush at it, rolling over and over it in her haste. And then, when I took some leaves, tied them in a bunch with some string, and either jerked them up and down or pulled them in front of her, she would rush at them. But she liked the cap best. At times she rushed so close to my eyes that I stood up and put the cap on a stick.

The queer part of it was that she had an instinctive fear of man, which was shown by her flying off when the man approached; and again, when some children came along, she went quietly walking away from me and the children until out of sight. Then she must have circled around, because she came to me from a different direction from that she went away in. And yet she played, or rather fought with me, for she *was* fighting.

The only reason I can think of is that I was somewhere near her nest, and her instinctive fear was supplanted for the time by the protective spirit of motherhood. As this happened in the last part of March, she had probably already started to lay. During the whole time, the male bird did not appear.

ALLEN F. POMEROY (AGE 14).

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you how much I enjoy you. I think you are the best Christmas present I have received. My first acquaintance with you started about five years ago. I was very ill then, and I can not tell you how much I welcomed you.

My chief trouble is to wrest the magazine, when it comes, from my brother, for I am very much interested in "The Crimson Patch" and "Boy Scouts in the North."

I have the cunningest little dog. He is a Pekingese poodle about a foot and a half long. His white fur is very long and silky. It contrasts so strangely with his coal-black eyes and nose! On each ear he has a large splotch of brown; otherwise, he is all white. We call him Teddy, because he looks just like a teddy-bear. Teddy is always doing the funniest things. The one that always makes me laugh most is this: One day last summer he visited a neighboring farmer's children and got some fly-paper stuck to him. When he came back, my friend caught at it, and there he hung, dangling in the air. We had to hold him there till he dropped in order to get the paper off. That always makes me laugh if I think of it in a sulky mood.

Your loving reader,

HILDA M. ABEL (AGE 11).

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a baby canary-bird that I have seen through all stages of his baby life. One of his brothers flew straight out of an open window. We called and called and *called*, but he, in the highest tree on the street, never budged. Finally we put "Father Billy" in the window, and the minute *he* called, in came the baby canary and started to sing.

I am always wishing you the best of luck, "ST. NICK," and a long career.

MARGARET FOLLIN.

COLLEGE PARK, GA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are the best magazine I *ever* took. I hope to get you for years to come.

I hope that Augusta Huiell Seaman will keep writing stories as good as "Three Sides of Paradise Green," "The Slipper Point Mystery," and "The Crimson Patch." They are thrilling.

There is an aviation field a mile from our house, where an old race-track used to be, and there are aëroplanes going over our house nearly all day. They take people up for fifteen dollars a trip of fifteen minutes.

In the spring, we have thousands of yellow narcissus in bloom. The bulbs came from Holland. They are just beginning to open now, and the other night the temperature dropped to eighteen degrees, and killed those all ready to open.

I have been in Florida ever since October 27th, and I just came home last week. The weather is wonderful there, and we went bathing and fishing. I caught two fish. My grandma lives there all the time. I ate *so* many oranges! They are fine. Some were so ripe that they turned purple.

I live almost across the street from a military academy, and every Sunday the boys have a dress parade. We go sometimes.

I live eight miles from Atlanta. We go on a street-car. There are three camps near here. Camp Jesup and Fort McPherson, where a base hospital is, and Camp Gordon, where there were 40,000 soldiers at one time.

Your most devoted reader,

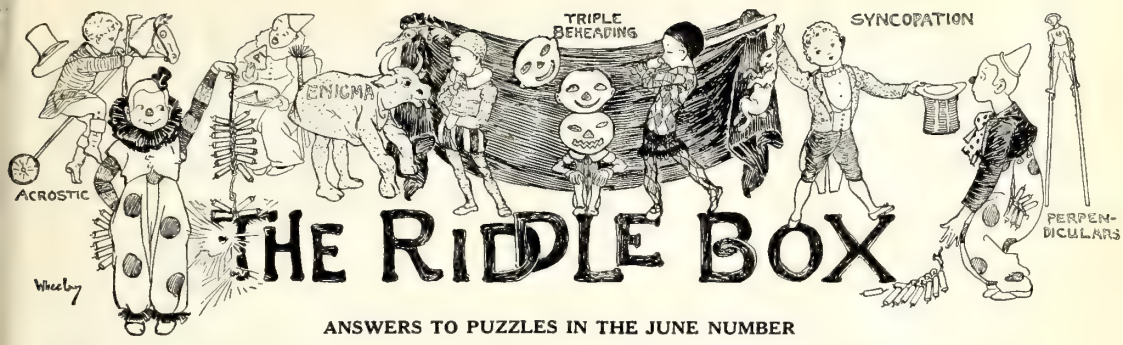
REBECCA BUTT (AGE 13).

CHRISTCHURCH, N. Z.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are the only children out here in New Zealand that get ST. NICHOLAS, I think. I do like you so much. We are just going for a long trip over the world. We are Americans, and I have been around the world one and a half times. Now we are going to England and then to America for a little time, and then will come back to New Zealand.

With love from

DYSON LORD (AGE 9).



THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER

BEHEADINGS. Whittier. 1. S-way. 2. S-hut. 3. W-ill. 4. S-tar. 5. S-top. 6. R-ice. 7. B-ear. 8. T-ray.

PROSE CHARADE. Rob-inn-sun-crew-sew.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, downward, Waterloo; finals, upward, Napoleon. Cross-words: 1. Win. 2. Ado. 3. Toe. 4. Eel. 5. Rio. 6. Lap. 7. Oka. 8. Own.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Chant. 2. Hosea. 3. Aspen. 4. Needs. 5. Tansy.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Bunker Hill Day. (Boston.) 1. Bolt. 2. Guns. 3. Cane. 4. Lock. 5. Deer. 6. Crab. 7. Hose. 8. Kite. 9. Doll. 10. Ball. 11. Lady. 12. Mail. 13. Yard.

A FAMOUS STRUCTURE. From 1 to 2, Eddystone Lighthouse. Cross-words: 1. E. 2. Add. 3. Odd. 4. Dye. 5. Ask. 6. Ate. 7. Hot. 8. One. 9. Gem. 10. Elm. 11. Priam. 12. Fight. 13. Ichor. 14. Water. 15. Other. 16. Float. 17. Calumny. 18. Cluster. 19. Decency.

DIAMOND. 1. J. 2. Car. 3. Japan. 4. Rat. 5. N.

A BIRD PUZZLE. 1. Adjutant. 2. Lyre-bird. 3. Lark. 4. Nightingale. 5. Crane. 6. Ptarmigan. 7. Turkey. 8. Cardinal. 9. Catbird. 10. Rail. 11. Humming-bird. 12. Wren.

A LITERARY ACROSTIC. Initials, George Eliot; third row, "Silas Marner." Cross-words: 1. Gassed 2. Editor. 3. Oblate. 4. Roamer. 5. Gospel. 6. Enmesh. 7. Enamel. 8. Lordly. 9. Innate. 10. Omelet. 11. Thrift. From 1 to 8, "Adam Bede"; 9 to 14, "Romola"; 15 to 31, "The Mill on the Floss."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Where boasting ends, there dignity begins." Young.

NOVEL FINAL ACROSTIC. Robert E. Lee. Cross-words: 1. Simper. 2. Studio. 3. Superb. 4. Square. 5. Supper. 6. Submit. 7. Settee. 8. Sequel. 9. Spruce. 10. Sample.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were duly received from Tom Farmer—"Allil and Adi."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were duly received from Margaret Day, 12—W. Hawthorne Carr, 11—Theodore H. Norris, 3d, 11—Dorothea Maier, 8—Thelma Laut Wade, 7—Mary Louise Edward, 7—Sam Martin, 6—Dorothy N. Teuton, 6—Katherine Dyer, 5—Margaret H. Monroe, 5—Miriam J. Stewart, 5—Margaret Waddell, 4—Suzanne Parker, 4—Anne Hale, 4—No name, Erie, 4—Eleanor Thomas, 3—H. Nalitt, 2—J. Oppenheim, 2—A. Olsen, 2—E. Pratt, 2—No name, Phila., 2—H. Wortham, 2—D. Chichester, 2—D. Trull, 2—E. Yungstrom, 2—M. W. Schuh, 2—E. MacLean, 2—One answer, L. W.—B. L.—R. W.—E. F.—B. M.—W. T. H., Jr.—C. W.—L. G.—R. H.—L. S. P.—G. D.—C. R.—K. S.—J. S. B.—E. R.—A. C. B.—D. S.—M. W.—E. K.—M. F.—D. F. S.—D. S.—E. H.—L. S.—M. A. B.—M. M. S.—M. A.—J. P. N.—M. H.—E. R.—M. S.

SOME USEFUL SCRIBES

EXAMPLE: A scribe that explains. ANSWER: De-scribe.

1. A scribe that is useful to doctors.
2. A scribe that dooms to destruction.
3. A scribe that makes you give a certain sum.
4. A scribe that dedicates informally.
5. A scribe that attributes.

ELIZABETH EDDY (age 11), *League Member.*

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in Shakespeare, but not in Darwin;
My second, in Darwin, but not in Longfellow;
My third is in Longfellow, but not in Hawthorne;
My fourth is in Hawthorne, but not in Emerson;
My fifth is in Emerson, but not in Keats;
My sixth is in Keats, but not in Pope;
My seventh is in Pope, but not in Milton;
My eighth is in Milton, but not in Chaucer;
My ninth is in Chaucer, but not in Wordsworth.
My whole is an American author.

KATHERINE KRIDEL (age 11), *League Member.*

ENDLESS GEOGRAPHICAL CHAIN

(*Silver Badge,* ST. NICHOLAS League Competition.)

The last two letters of the first name described will form the first two letters of the second name, and so on.

1. A large country of North America. 2. A large river of Europe. 3. An Irish seaport. 4. The capital of Pomerania. 5. One of the United States. 6. A British colony in South Africa. 7. A part of Canada. 8. A seaport in Florida. 9. A famous isthmus. 10. An island in the Indian Ocean. 11. A river of Italy. 12. The scene of the Luddite riots. 13. The finest of all continents. 14. The first country described.

THEODORE GREEN (age 11).

DIAMOND

1. IN POETRY. 2. An enemy. 3. Discovered. 4. Domestic fowls. 5. Ingress. 6. Arid. 7. In poetry.

ALONZO CHURCH (age 14), *League Member.*

ZIGZAG

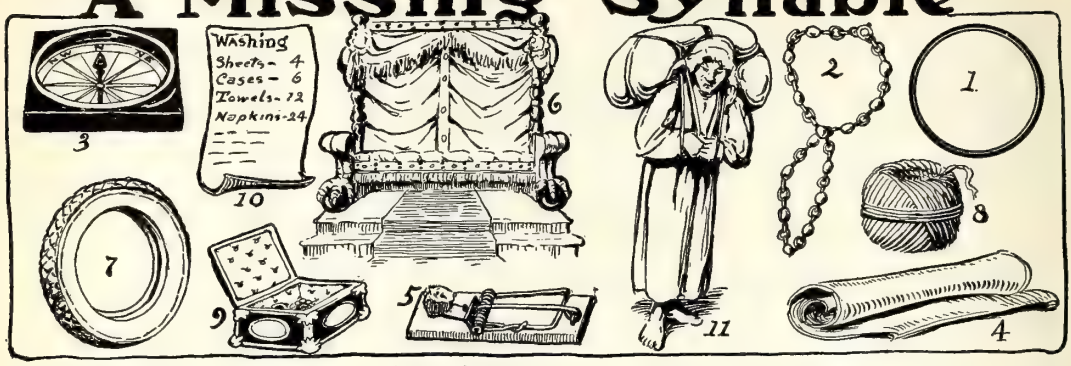
(*Silver Badge,* ST. NICHOLAS League Competition)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter) will spell a certain day that is duly observed every year.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An excuse. 2. A bright thought, tersely and sharply expressed. 3. To give an account of. 4. A performance by one person. 5. A small saucepan. 6. A large dog noted for strength and courage. 7. A lake in North America. 8. A kingfisher. 9. A masculine name. 10. The glass over the dial of a watch. 11. A rhythmical modulation of any sound. 12. Warlike. 13. More juvenile.

NATALIE JOHNS (AGE 14).

A Missing Syllable



Eleven objects are shown in the above picture. The same syllable may be prefixed to each object, making eleven new words. What are they?

NOVEL ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS League Competition)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the surname of a President, and another row of letters will spell the surname of another President.

CROSS-WORDS: 1, A native prince of India. 2, Open to view. 3, To present for acceptance or rejection. 4, Less hazardous. 5, Each. 6, A stanza. 7, To make experiment of. 8, Unattached. 9, A Roman garment.

ELEANOR F. CLARK (AGE 11).

RHYMING BOOKS

The six books whose titles are to be supplied are all by the same author.

I. It 's sad to think of those who have missed
The fun of reading "—— ——."

II. Some books improve by alterations;
Not so this one— "—— ——."

III. You 'll never stop, once you 've begun,
The charming tale, "—— — ——."

IV. Of all the world's great laughter-makers,
A masterpiece is "—— ——."

V. Scenes of life in the author's times
Are found in his Christmas book "—— ——."

VI. And though this name comes at the end,
'T is not his least, "— —— ——."

GWENFREAD E. ALLEN (age 15), *Honor Member.*

CENTRAL SUBTRACTIONS

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Take a letter from speed, and leave to detest. ANSWER: Ha-s-te, hate.

1. Take a letter from listens, and leave a pronoun.
2. Take a letter from pertaining to the sun, and leave to fly aloft.
3. Take a letter from to pillage, and leave to vex.
4. Take a letter from a pretty pink substance, and leave a useful black substance.
5. Take a letter from precipitous, and leave to move the foot in walking.
6. Take a letter from a lever acted on by the foot, and leave to resound.
7. Take a letter from a hard substance, and leave a repast.
8. Take a letter from a pointed weapon, and leave to contend with the fists.
9. Take a letter from to wash lightly, and leave to ascend.
10. Take a letter from pertaining to punishment, and leave a loud sound.
11. Take a letter from the surname of a man who used to be a cabinet official, and leave the coarse part of ground grain.
12. Take a letter from expenses incurred in litigation, and leave army beds.
13. Take a letter from a raft, and leave tasteless.
14. Take a letter from to chop fine, and leave troublesome quadrupeds.

The fourteen subtracted letters spell the name of a famous poet.

ELAINE ERVIN (AGE 12).

METAMORPHOSES

The problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order. Example: Change *wood* to *coal* in three moves. Answer: wood, wool, cool, coal.

1. Change *more* to *less* in four moves.
2. Change *rent* to *sell* in four moves.
3. Change *coat* to *vest* in four moves.
4. Change *boot* to *shoe* in three moves.
5. Change *oats* to *rice* in four moves.

HILDA MILLER (age 12), *League Member.*

CHARADE

It 's true my *first* is with a scare connected;
My *last*, a place where sinners are corrected;
My *whole* has disposition somewhat trying,
It 's often making trouble with its prying.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

SINGLE ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters will spell the name of a famous military man.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Sufficient. 2. To secure. 3. A mythological monster addicted to asking riddles. 4. Purchased. 5. A blossom. 6. An edifice dedicated to the worship of a deity. 7. Covetous. 8. Reply.

JEAN GOODWIN (age 10) *League Member.*

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.
NEW YORK

Most Miles *per* Dollar

Play Safe

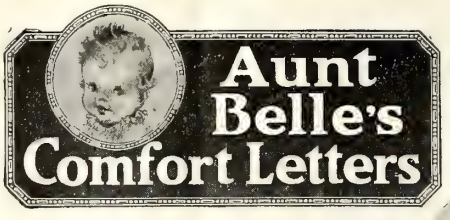
THE safe bicycle tires are Firestones, because they are sturdy, strong and long wearing; they are as carefully made for boys as the famous Firestone auto tires are made for men.

Play safe when you need tires, by going to see the Firestone dealer. He will show you the Firestone in blue, red and gray, with non-skid treads, at prices you can afford.

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Firestone Park **Akron, Ohio**
Branches and Dealers Everywhere



Firestone
Bicycle Tires



Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. She knows a lot about babies. Why not write to her about your babies?

Baby's Eyes



Dear Anna:—

So many mothers seem not to appreciate how sensitive and easily strained are Baby's eyes. Just a little neglect has often impaired an infant's vision for life.

Never let a baby look at pure white. I have seen many bassinets completely draped with white. Always mix in some other soft, neutral shades.

Don't you remember how it strained your eyes when you were making bandages during the war?

Also, never place Baby outdoors so he must look at a white house on which the sun is shining.

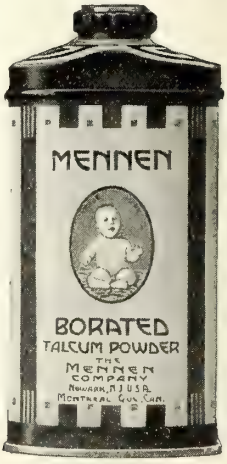
I agree with you fully that no one ought to experiment on Baby's skin. There may be talcums as good as Mennen Borated, but I know there are many which are very inferior.

A Talcum that has held the confidence of mothers, nurses and doctors for over forty years is the kind that I prefer to use on my babies —and on my own skin, too.

Grandma was saying the other day that she used Mennen's, in the familiar blue can, on Mother, who used it on me and I use it on my young ones. Mennen's must be safe to be handed down that way from generation to generation.

Lovingly,

BELLE



The familiar blue can

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

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Sales Agent in Canada: Harold F. Ritchie & Co. Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



Foods to enjoy
in Summer

With strawberries mix Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. They add as much as the cream and sugar. The grains are flimsy, crisp and flaky, and they belong to berries as crust belongs to shortcake.

In every milk dish float Puffed Wheat. These are whole-grain bubbles, crisp and toasted, puffed to eight times normal size.

The grains are enticing. Never was a wheat food half so inviting. And they make whole wheat wholly digestible, for every food cell is exploded.

For breakfast serve with cream and sugar—the Puffed Grain you like best.

For dinner scatter Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs on the ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups.

At playtime crisp and douse with melted butter. The children then have food confections.

All day long

Puffed Grains taste like tidbits. Children revel in them. To millions every day they bring an added joy.

Yet they are grain foods—two are whole grains. They are the best-cooked cereals in existence. You can offer children nothing that is better. In summer have them handy all day long.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Puffed Grains are Prof. Anderson's inventions. All are steam exploded, all shot from guns. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete. All are bubble-like and toasted. They are scientific foods.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3366

SURPRISES — plenty of them! Surprises in flavor, in wholesomeness, in nourishment! N.B.C. products make friends with children always and everywhere—just as they do with grown-ups.

Keep on hand a supply of these surprisingly good food products. Sold in the famous In-er-seal Trade Mark package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



"Oh! A Surprise Party!"

Beech-Nut Ginger Ale

"Great!"



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WHENEVER you hear about Beech-Nut making something new, you can just bet that Mr. Beech-Nut saw a chance to turn out *another* regular Beech-Nut flavor—good as Beech-Nut Peanut Butter or Beech-Nut Bacon.

Take this Beech-Nut Ginger Ale, the newest member of the Beech-Nut family. Why, it just slips down, soft and smooth, so mellow and sort of "fruity" tasting. Yet it has enough "zip" to make you want the whole bottle. *Everybody* likes it.

Tell Mother and Dad about it. Good big bottles, in three sizes. Doesn't cost much. Beech-Nut Birch Beer and Sarsaparilla just as good.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY *"Foods of Finest Flavor"* CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Welch's

"THE NATIONAL DRINK"



A PURE drink for little folks —as well as big. Just the pure juice of Concord grapes with all the richness and goodness that Nature has stored up in this delectable fruit. Nothing added, nothing taken away.

In these days flooded with "made" drinks, variously flavored, sweetened and colored—it is a comfort to know that the children can get Welch's at all fountains and at home—to know that Welch's is healthful and strength-building as well as deliciously refreshing.

Tell the children to ask for Welch's, always. It can be had at all fountains. And be sure to order a supply in bottles for your home. It is sold by the bottle or case at grocers', druggists' and confectioners'.

Write for the charming booklet "Welch Ways" containing 99 recipes for the use of Welch's





Welch's Grapelade

the pure grape spread

A velvety smooth spread made from whole ripe grapes, without seeds, skins or acid crystals. Only pure sugar added. At your grocers' in 15 ounce glass jars and 8 ounce tumblers.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.



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The Converse "Big Nine"

Some Inside Facts

"BIG NINES" are light, swift and sure—

—the shoes some of the fellows had last year—with the gum toe-cap, horse-hide mountings and ankle patches.

"Big Nines"—rugged as the best leather shoes, comfortable as moccasins and faster than sneakers—built for hard, every-day use—not only for athletic sports and camping—but for everything you do from morning till night.

Genuine "Big Nines", made in brown and white, have the Converse "Big C" on the soles. If they don't have the "Big C" on the soles, they are not "Big Nines". Be sure to look for the "Big C" when buying.



If you can't find Converse "Big Nines", write to us.

Nine Big Points of "Big Nine" Supremacy

(1) Leather ankle patch (originators).
(2) Real Horsehide Trimming.
(3) Double stitching.
(4) Leather Lacings.
(5) Cork innersole—cool in any weather.
(6) Fine Duck uppers and lining.
(7) Footform last.
(8) Big C sole of tempered rubber—and *plenty of it.*
(9) Reinforced toe and foxings.

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Service Branches:

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scouts out the slippery spots in the rolling stone ford—the narrow mountain trail loses its after dark terror before its searching beam and at night in camp to tighten a tent rope, to investigate a disturbance, Eveready Daylo becomes guardian of comfort and safety.

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AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
National Carbon Company, Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK



"Have You Bread?"
(IN CODE)
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Think of the fun and convenience of flashing messages from camp to camp or boat to boat. You can arrange a mutual code from the International Code Booklet "Signaling with Eveready"—It's free at Daylo Dealers.



ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

NEW ISSUES

THIS is another month in which the most interesting of the new issues are associated with "Middle Europe" or "armistice" countries. We have an entirely new idea in two issues of "Plebiscite" stamps, which will naturally fall under the "armistice" group of issues. The first issue is that of "Slesvig." We understand that these stamps are issued for use during the interregnum for that portion of Schleswig which by its plebiscite voted to pass from the control of Germany to that of Denmark. There is a complete set from 2½ pfennig up to 5 marks, the currency still remaining German. The lower values are all of the same design as the illustration, the word "Plebiscit" above and the name "Slesvig" and value below the central circle with two lions. The mark values are larger; the central design shows a landscape, in the center of which is a valley with a river flowing through it. On the right hill are houses and on the left are trees, the sea showing in the distance. A shield bearing the value is upheld on either side by a lion.



The second Plebiscite series is for East Silesia. It consists of a surcharge "S. O. 1920" upon the current series of Poland. Just what the purpose of this issue is we do not know.

From Esthonia we receive three stamps of recent issue. The first, 35-penni, is in rose-color. We think this design is rather a novelty in stamps, as we do not recall ever having seen anything exactly like it. The words at the top are EESTI POST. The city in the central design is Reval, and at the bottom is the value. It is a rather striking stamp, and many a boy will take great pride in owning a specimen of it. The 70-penni is purple in color and more conventional in design. The central picture shows two gulls flying over a stormy sea. The value is at the top, and near the bottom is a label with the words EESTI VABARIIK. The third Esthonian stamp is the most interesting of all. And, alas, for the pocketbooks of the boys, it is the most expensive of all! It is an airplane stamp. It seems that in February last the Gulf of Finland was so filled with ice that it was a danger to navigation, and the regular mail-service between Reval and Helsingfors was impossible. So an airplane service was temporarily instituted. This was an expensive undertaking, and a special charge of five marks, in addition to regular postage, was exacted. The new stamp covers that charge. As will be seen in the illustration, the stamp is triangular in shape. It is printed in three colors. The central design is a black airplane upon a blue background. At the top in black letters upon yellow are the words EESTI OHU POST (Esthonia Airplane Post). At the bottom is the value VIIS MARKA (five marks), in black letters also, while the figures 5, before and after the wording, are yellow on black. It is a very interesting little stamp.









Iceland sends us a pretty, green stamp of new design. Its value is 8 aur, and it bears a new portrait (nearly full face) of the King, Christian X. Note in each of the upper corners the crowned C with an X in its center. Compare this with the current issue of Denmark. It is interesting to note these similarities.

In a recent issue we illustrated a stamp issued by Latvia in commemoration of the expulsion of the Bolsheviki from Courland. This month we illustrate another stamp from Latvia, commemorating the relief of Lettgallen from the Bolsheviki, accomplished by Lettish and Polish troops. The colors are green and pink. The central design represents the mother nation, reaching out her arms to welcome a returning daughter, while by her side two other daughters are standing. Each of the three girls wears a star upon her forehead and in each of the upper corners of the stamp are three white stars upon a green background, symbolic of the reunion. There are two values, 50 kopecs and 1 rouble. In this latter value, the background is terra cotta instead of pink. Another interesting feature of this issue is that the stamps are printed upon the backs of sheets of ten-mark banknotes.



Germany has issued a new series of mark values. The design, however, does not vary much, if any, from the old type. There is a 1.25-mark green and 1.50-mark brown, that apparently were printed from the same plate as the 1-mark issue of 1902. Then there is a 2.50-mark, purple, which in design resembles the 2-mark of 1902, Scott's No. 79. The stamps are interesting, but the workmanship does not equal that of the older issues.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

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PLAYMATES *for* Boys and Girls

One does not buy a dog every day—that's why one should carefully consider the dog one buys.

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75 CENTS (no stamps) **FOR ALL THE PARTS**

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Dodson Wren House
4 compartments, 28 inches high, 18 inches in diameter.

A Summer Home!

All song birds raise two, and usually three, broods of young each year, selecting a new nesting site for each brood of young, so if your houses are put out now they are sure to be occupied.

Dodson Houses

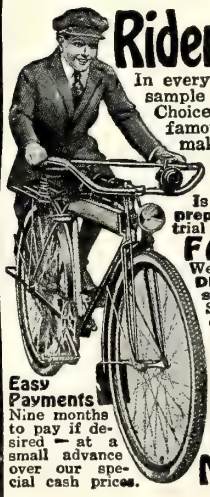
win the birds—built by a bird-lover who has spent a lifetime studying their habits and how to attract them to beautiful Bird Lodge, his home on the Kankakee River.

Price $6

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In every neighborhood to ride and exhibit a sample RANGER bicycle furnished by us. Choice of **44 styles,** colors and sizes in the famous **Ranger** line. Mead Rider Agents make big money in spare time hours—after school or work.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

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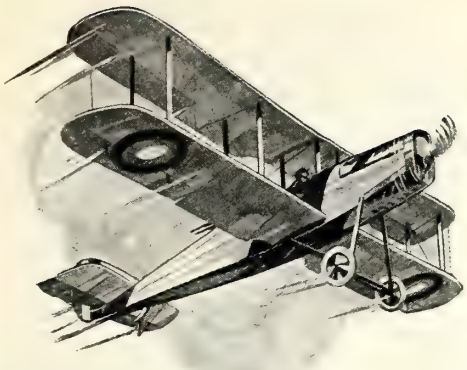
We sell bicycles made in our own big factories **DIRECT TO THE RIDER**—giving you a **superior** product at greatly reduced cost. Save time, money and trouble by dealing **direct** with our great Factory organization. Satisfaction in every detail guaranteed or money promptly refunded.

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FEDERAL



BICYCLE TIRES

ON a long hill, or in a fast race, you will generally find the boy with Federals on his bike setting the pace.

Federal Bicycle Tires seem to skim over the ground.

They are made to resist oil, skids punctures. They wear longer, too, on account of their heavy treads. Many different treads to select from. Send for illustrated booklet.

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electrical, rope, airplane, piano, pipe-organ, flat, hoops, bale-ties, tacks, nails, barbed-wire, concrete re-inforcement, springs, netting, wire fences, steel posts, trolley-road wires and rail bonds, wire wheels, auto-towing cables, horse-shoes.

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Why? Because it gives always plenty of room for all five toes.

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Learn to play a man's game now. No other game has the same fascination. Learn to play it while young — and play better and enjoy it more all your life.

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Golf Clubs have been the standard of quality with Golfers for over twenty years.

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wear wool next the body. There's a reason. Wool is the best protection against wind or changes in temperature, absorbs perspiration, does not feel cold when wet.

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"Outdoor Comfort," a booklet in colors, mailed free on request.

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RADIUM made it possible to have Ingersoll Radiolites, the watches that tell time in the dark.

Radium was discovered by the Curies about 22 years ago. Scientists combined radium with twelve other substances and produced a compound that glows in the dark. With this compound on the hands and figures of an Ingersoll you can see the time night or day.

Ingersoll Radiolite

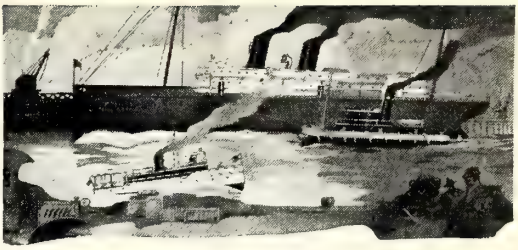
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Step into any store that sells Ingersolls and let the dealer show you just how a Radiolite looks and works—why it is the handiest watch for a boy to have—why Radiolites were used by the soldiers in the Great War.

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Ives Toys
Make Happy Boys

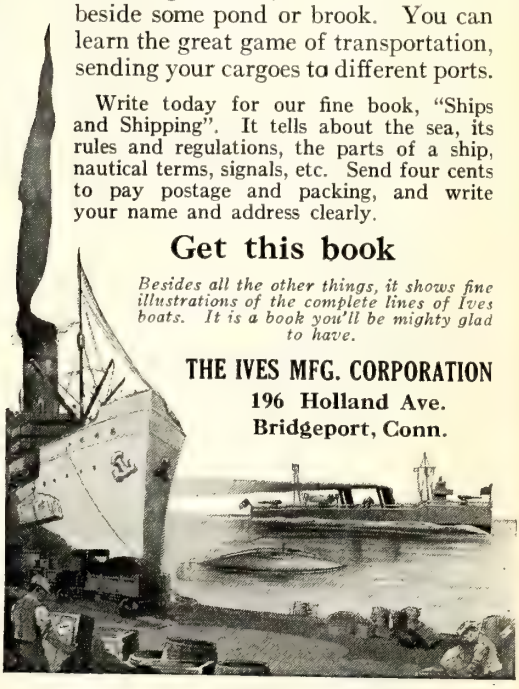
Think of the fun you can have with Ives boats—a whole fleet of them. You can have harbors, docks, wharves and freight sheds, at the seashore or beside some pond or brook. You can learn the great game of transportation, sending your cargoes to different ports.

Write today for our fine book, "Ships and Shipping". It tells about the sea, its rules and regulations, the parts of a ship, nautical terms, signals, etc. Send four cents to pay postage and packing, and write your name and address clearly.

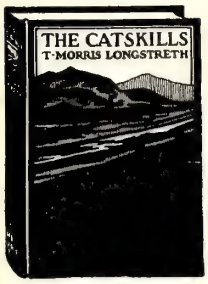
Get this book

Besides all the other things, it shows fine illustrations of the complete lines of Ives boats. It is a book you'll be mighty glad to have.

THE IVES MFG. CORPORATION
196 Holland Ave.
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Filled with the Fragrance of the Forest



THE CATSKILLS

By T. Morris Longstreth

A SORT of glorified guidebook—but much more! The author, a born tramper and camper, is an enthusiast about this picturesque region, and as we read his delightfully written account of the land of Rip Van Winkle and other quaint Dutch legends, his pleasure becomes contagious. For those who are familiar with the Catskills or are planning a trip there during the summer this book will prove a welcome friend. For those who prefer to do their traveling in an easy chair it will bring the whole beautiful panorama within eye-shot. Any way you look at it there is much enjoyment to be gained from this entertaining, intimate picture of a locale that is famous in American history and literature.

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THIS is the story of two jolly companions on a fascinating journey through a section of woodland wilderness larger than Connecticut, girdled and laced with over a thousand lakes, and shouldered into the sky by hundreds of mountains.

It is an informal history, told in a most engaging style, of the romantic region of the Adirondacks, from the days when the Indians held possession down to the present time.

Whether you have ever been to the Adirondacks or not, you cannot afford to neglect this absorbing record of the early settlement there of Napoleon's brother, the bloody warfare of the Indian tribes, interesting facts concerning Trudeau, Stevenson, Dewey, and others whose names are associated with the locality, and the splendid work now being done by the State Commission to preserve its natural beauty.

There is a wealth of practical information packed into this summer ramble, and it is all told with irresistible charm.

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Coming!

MAC OF PLACID

By the Same Author

A RED-BLOODED love story set amid the snows and pine forests of the Adirondack Mountains country. As full of action, color and vigor as the most robust Western novel, but has, in addition, a richness and variety of appeal that few novels of the last decade have contained. Don't miss this exciting fight for a woman amid rugged scenes that quicken the pulse. It is as invigorating as a breeze from snow-fed lakes on a hot, sultry afternoon.

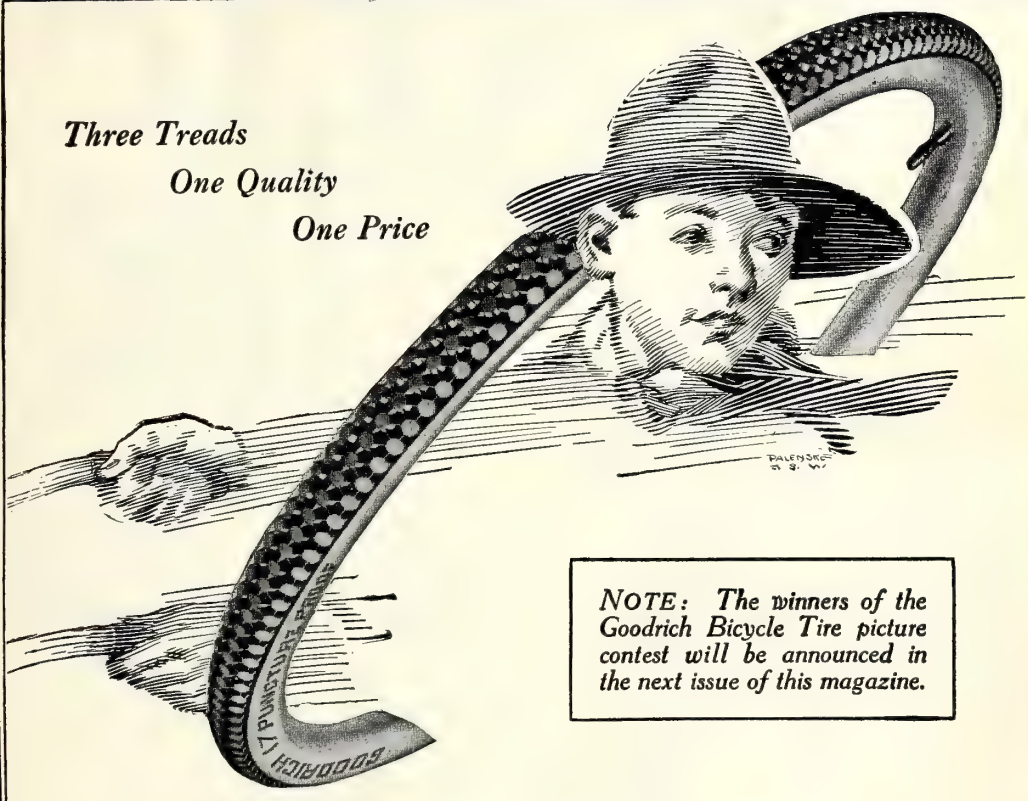
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Three Treads
One Quality
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NOTE: The winners of the Goodrich Bicycle Tire picture contest will be announced in the next issue of this magazine.

Pace Makers!

Out in front—leading the way! That's where you find Goodrich Bicycle Tires, those tough, steady, sure-footed companions to bike-riding, bike-loving Scouts.

Follow the leader—ride on Goodrich Bicycle Tires.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio

Goodrich Bicycle Tires

"Best in the Long Run"

VITALIC
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Bicycle Tires



"They've made good, all right!"

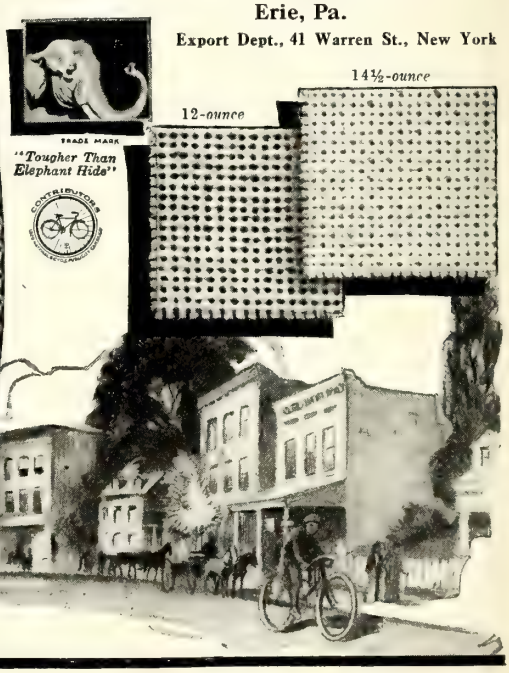
Vitalic Bicycle Tires cost a trifle more than other tires, but they run up a great deal bigger mileage. And they give their big mileage in easy-riding, puncture-free peace of mind.

The pure, strong rubber outside, and the tough, closely-woven fabric inside enable Vitalics to give the most miles for your money.

Manufacturers of such bicycles as Columbia, Dayton, Emblem, Excelsior, Harley-Davidson, Indian, Iver Johnson, Miami, Pierce, and Yale use Vitalic Tires as regular equipment on their better grade wheels.

Some Inside Information

All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra strong 14½ ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in most other bicycle tires is 12-ounce—and as a rule bicycle tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric.



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Finest White Shoe Cloth in the World

is scrubbed with a brush, cold water, soap. Make a stiff lather, apply with a 5 cent brush, wipe with a clean cloth and let the shoes dry over night. If trees are used the shoes will not only be perfectly clean but will regain their original shapeliness. The best shoe makers for men, women and children use Reignskin for their finest white shoes.



Look for the Reignskin mark inside the shoe when you buy. This is it ⟶

Can You Write Jingles?

We will pay $10.00 each for rhymes about our white Reignskin cloth, which, in our opinion, are suitable for use in advertising, and descriptive of Reignskin's supremacy as a white shoe fabric. Here is a sample of what we want:

Formerly Ma was in distress
When Sonny wore a dark hued dress
For Reignskin wasn't invented then
And White Shoes soiled, again and again.
At night, she scrubs the Reignskins now
And Ma has lost that careworn brow
Scrub, Little Mother, scrub with joy
Reignskin Shoes for your darling boy.

Send rhymes to our New York Office, Peters Building

PETERS MANUFACTURING CO.

Factories:

4109-4119 Park Avenue, New York **43-59 Lincoln Street, Boston**



As natural as paws

Shoes that are light and springy and yet so sturdy

HERE are shoes that can run almost as fast as a dog.

So light and springy they seem like paws. Keds are the best shoes in the world for a regular full-speed-ahead boy.

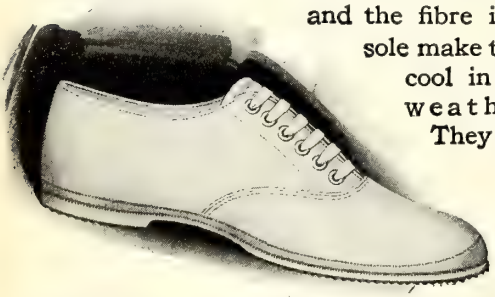
Notice the brown leather ankle patches and reinforcements and the rubber toe cap that matches. See how thick the waterproof rubber soles are. The canvas is extra thick and durable.

The loose lining and the fibre inner sole make them cool in hot weather. They are just the shoes for tennis and golf, for hiking and canoeing, and for all games and sports.

Wear them all the time—in school time and vacation. Make them your regular everyday shoes.

Get your Keds before the other boys have taken them all. See the different models. Look for the name Keds on the sole.

Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. Their years of experience and their tremendous resources make it possible for them to make the very finest kind of shoes. Look at them today.



The most popular outing snoe the country over. Strong and durable, light and cool. In white or brown or black.

Keds

United States Rubber Company

Healthy Babies Laugh and Play

Health in babyhood comes from proper digestion—by regulating the stomach and causing the bowels to move as they should.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

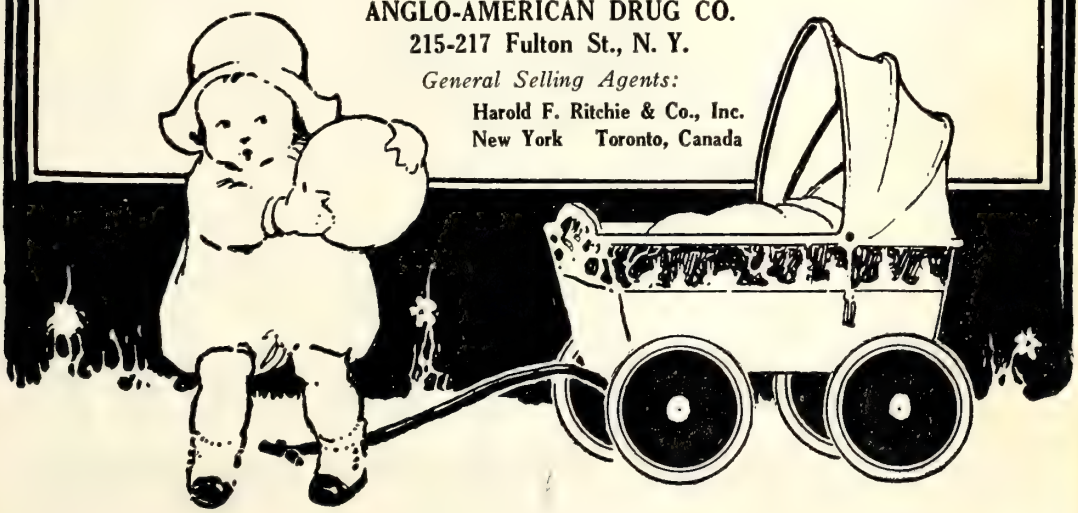
The Infants' and Children's Regulator

for this purpose produces most remarkable and gratifying results. Best of all children's remedies to relieve constipation, flatulency, wind colic, diarrhoea, and other disorders.

This health giving preparation is purely vegetable—contains no opiates, narcotics or alcohol—just an agreeable, highly beneficial and potent remedy, made of the very best harmless ingredients obtainable, as the formula below shows—

Senna	Sodium Citrate	Oil of Anise	Caraway	Glycerine
Rhubarb	Sodium Bicarbonate	Fennel	Coriander	Sugar Syrup

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U. S. Cords, U. S. Chain Treads and seven other treads in clincher and single tube styles.

WHO wants to be second? In every race, *somebody* has to finish in second place, but nobody wants to.

It's the same way when you pick out a bicycle tire. You don't want a second place tire when you can get the *leader* for the same money.

The same tires you get today—United States Bicycle Tires—were acknowledged the leaders since bicycle tires were first made. And they get a firmer hold on first place every year.

United States Tires

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The laborer is worthy of his hire

All service is worthy of its hire and good service cannot be continuously obtained unless adequately rewarded.

From the beginning of telephone history the American public has received the best telephone service of any country in the world. In proportion to the service rendered the people have paid less for this telephone service than any other country in the world.

The reason why the American people have received the highest type of telephone service at the least proportionate cost is because the Bell System has been operated on a scientifically economic basis. Every device which inventive skill, engineering ability, labor and time saving talent has been able to create; every efficiency known to buying, operation, executive control and financial conduct has been employed.

Public service companies feel the high cost of living as well as individuals. Pay them enough to make possible their giving good service. There is no permanent saving in poorly paid service.

In this land of opportunity none of us is willing to jeopardize his success or happiness by stinting the payment necessary to secure the most helpful and efficient service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

"AD"VENTURES of the IVORY HEROES



Don't Care Clan

Chapter VII

Part One

"MOTTO says there is no rest for naughty folks," said Peter, "but *good folks are the busiest* would make the saw completer." "That's true for you," Bill Goat replied, "but let us henceforth hope that we may rest in perfect peace by using IVORY SOAP." "Oh, Billy Goat and Peter Pig," said Betty, "I regret to tell you both that work for *us* is not all ended yet. In doing right and cleaning up it is not well to plan on too much rest and quietude in life's uncertain span. E'en as I speak thus earnestly I have no doubt you can both hear the lazy grumbles of the dirty *Don't Care Clan.*"





What Betty said was very true, for scarce had Betty spoken than all their hopes of further peace was very rudely broken. From bush and bramble, nest and nook there rose a sputtering of angry voices trying hard to hush their muttering. And as our little heroes looked at dark or hidden places they all caught glimpses here and there of sullen, dirty faces.

"ON GUARD!" called Gnif, "since that first day our cleanly drive began I've hoped to run against this most obnoxious *Don't Care Clan.* Ho, IVORY SOAPERS, there are no worse villains anywhere than those whose false philosophy is based on *I DON'T CARE.*" "Hear, hear!" cried Pete and Billy Goat, "but watch *me*"—said the latter, "with baleful butts thrice multiplied I'll make these villains scatter."

"STOP! Hold your butts!" called Captain Gnif, "the brave have *dooed and dared,* but those do best who make full sure that they are well prepared. This *Don't Care Clan* is dangerous. Neglect is their delight and wreck and ruin follow them like unto scourge or blight. They give no thought or care to things, nor to their mussy selves. They love disorder, dust and dirt, and sticky pantry shelves. Their faces and their dirty hands are dabbed and daubed with grime, and what is worse their *outside* dirt reflects their *inside* crime. So, heroes of pure IVORY SOAP, we want to, and we *can* relieve the world for good and all of this bad *Don't Care Clan.*"

The noble fight our heroes fought
Was fitten long and neatly,
And very soon I'll tell just how
The clan was crushed completely.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS · EST. 1837 ·

IVORY IT FLOATS IVORY SOAP 99 44/100% PURE

Reprinted By Permission of JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK THE CHILD'S MAGAZINE



"JULY—

"Made the first trip over my new paper route this morning. Did it easy, too — but then my wheel has a New Departure Coaster Brake and that's *some brake*, I'll say.

"And I'm going to add to my list of customers. No one has ever delivered papers out on the River Road — it's so far from town — but I can do it easily. Four extra miles isn't anything to the fellow with a bicycle — except a little extra pleasure.

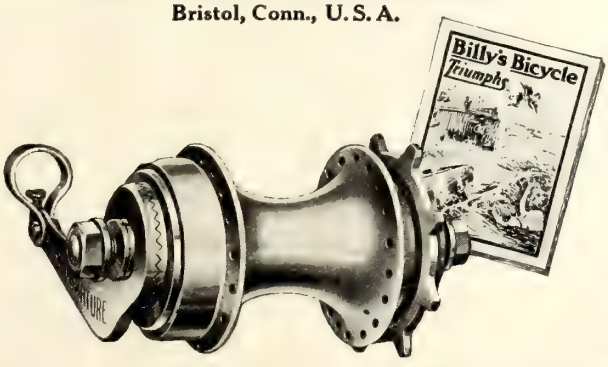
WE ARE SUPPORTING THE NATIONAL PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN

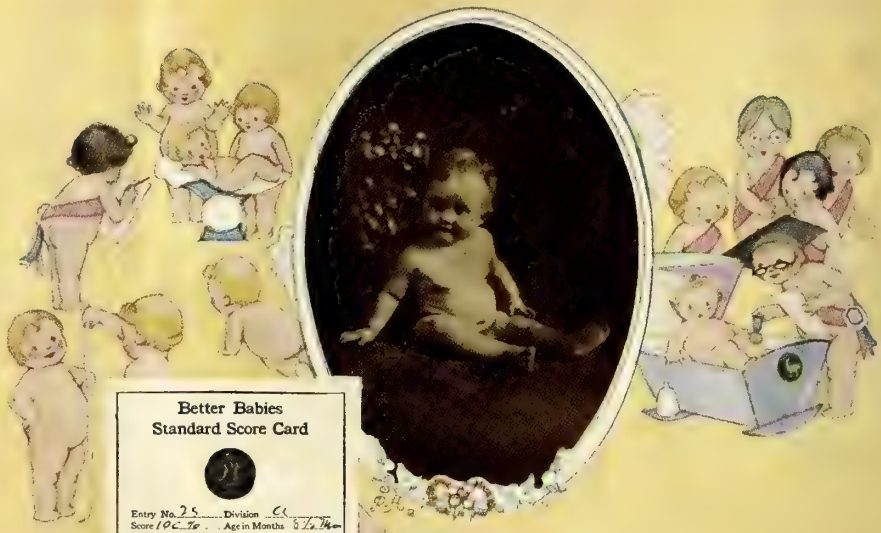
"I'm going to earn a nice little bit of money this summer — thanks to my New Departure — and I can keep it up even when I go back to school."

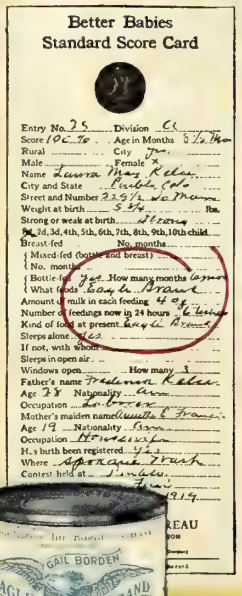
Lots of boys have found that a New Departure equipped wheel helps them earn extra money. Why not try it yourself? If you have a wheel your dealer can supply the New Departure Coaster Brake — or you can buy a new bike with this wonderful brake already attached.

Write to us, care of Department B, for an interesting story of what a New Departure equipped bicycle did for one boy — it's called "Billy's Bicycle Triumphs."

New Departure Manufacturing Co.
Bristol, Conn., U. S. A.









And little Laura May led all the rest

OUT in Pueblo, Colorado, lives little Laura May Kelce—8½ months old at the time this picture was taken. When born at Spokane, Washington, Laura May weighed 5¾ lbs., and two months later she weighed only 7 lbs. Then Eagle Brand became Laura's food, and since that day she has not only gained steadily in weight and good nature, but was awarded First Prize at the Colorado State Fair in 1919, passing all the health tests with a score of 100%.

At nine months the "most perfect" baby in Colorado weighed 18¾ lbs. She is blessed with common-sense parents who give her three open windows at night, for instance, but they freely give most of the credit to Eagle Brand. They know Eagle Brand is no experiment. It has been the standard infant food for 62 years.

Don't experiment with your baby. Nurse her if you can, but if you can not, don't risk giving her foods of doubtful purity and uniformity. Eagle Brand is not a prepared food at all. It is just pure milk from zealously guarded dairies, combined with pure, refined sugar. Thousands of mothers all over the country have used it and testified to its benefits. Thousands of physicians have recommended it for puny babies when other foods could not be retained, for Eagle Brand is exceedingly digestible.

You can get Eagle Brand anywhere, at any season—always uniform, and economical, too. At groceries and drug stores.

FREE—"The Best Baby" and "Baby's Welfare"—two booklets every mother should have.

THE BORDEN COMPANY

Borden Building 108 Hudson Street New York

Borden's
THE NATION'S MILK

Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
Evaporated Milk
Malted Milk
Milk Chocolate
Condensed Coffee

Established 1857

Borden's EAGLE BRAND

ST. NICHOLAS

for Boys and Girls



AUGUST 1920



What zest they add to summer dinners!

Pickles are so cool—so friendly to tired appetites on a hot day! They give you a sense of freshness like tender celery hearts—they are snappy as the first frost of fall days.

The perfection of Libby's Pickles lies in two things. They are crisp—not tough—but crisp—when you eat them. And they are delicately balanced as to seasoning—that indefinable balance which is always a secret with the cook.

Just so many peppercorns go with just so many mustard seeds. There is added a portion of cloves and the same of little red peppers—the cook knows just how much is needed.

Last comes the vinegar—Libby's special vinegar—made of white wine and with a delightfully smooth, mild quality.

Libby's Pickles come in a wide assortment — mixed pickles, dill pickles, sweet and sour pickles. Order a supply today from your own grocer. He has them or will get them for you.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 608 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd., Chatham, Ont., Canada

Libby's



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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR AUGUST, 1920.

		Page
Frontispiece: "Twilight" Painted by Alexander Harrison		
The Playtime of the Sea. Sketch. Illustrations from Paintings and Photographs.	Hallam Hawksworth	867
The Victory of Defeat. Story. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz	Joseph B. Ames	873
Golf in Bad Weather. Sketch. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.	Francis Ouimet	880
By the Garden Wall. Verse. Illustrated by Grace G. Kelley.	Caroline Hofman	885
The Carnival Cup. Story. Illustrated by W. V. Chambers.	Brewer Corcoran	885
Boy Scouts in the North: or, The Blue Pearl. Serial Story. Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull.	Samuel Scoville, Jr.	891
The Soft Step. Pictures. Drawn by E. W. Kemble		898
Sparrows. Verse. Illustrated by Hal Burrows.	Jessica Nelson North	899
The Mystery of the Sea-Lark. Serial Story. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.	Ralph Henry Barbour H. P. Holt	900
"When Great-Great-Grandmother Was Young." Picture drawn by Hal Burrows		907
Dan and the Little Folk. Verse. Illustrated by Harold Sichel.	George William Ogden	908
The Happy Venture. Serial Story. Illustrated by the author	Edith Ballinger Price	910
How Would You Plan a City? Sketch. Illustrated with diagrams	Charles K. Taylor	917
Midsummer. Picture. Drawn by W. H. Montgomery		919
The Magic Gem. Story. Illustrated by Charles A. Federer	Charles A. Federer George Van Schaick	920
Queen Anne's Lace. Verse.	Robert Emmet Ward	924
For Boys Who Do Things:		
Packing-Box Village—XI. (Conclusion)	A. Russell Bond	925
Making a Water-Clock.	S. Leonard Bastin	931
Baldy's Wound-Stripe. Story. Illustrated by Wilson V. Chambers and from photograph.	Jaqueline M. Overton	932
What Happened to the Tarts. Play. Illustrated by Albertine Randall Wheelan.	Nora Archibald Smith	936
The Watch Tower. Illustrations from Photographs.	Edward N. Teall	941
Nature and Science for Young Folks: Illustrations from photographs. **A Mine of Ice** (George Burbank Shattuck)—**Boulder Split by Tree** (L. M. Edholm)—**What a Grain of Wheat Will Produce** (S. Leonard Bastin)—**The Story of a Chain** (C. L. Edholm)		946
For Very Little Folk: Beach Jingles. Illustrations from photographs by the author.	Alice M. Cahill	948
St. Nicholas League. With Awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs, and Puzzles. Illustrated		950
The Letter-Box. Illustrated		958
The Riddle-Box		959
St. Nicholas Stamp Page. Conducted by Samuel R. Simmons	Advertising page	22

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NEXT MONTH

ST. NICHOLAS *for* SEPTEMBER

PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

The Sacred Silver Elephant — JOSEPH B. AMES

Mr. Ames is well known as a writer of exciting adventure stories for boys. And in this notable contribution he carries his young readers to new and unfamiliar ground—the strange and far-away Siam—and weaves a stirring yarn about an American boy's discovery of a small silver elephant in a deserted ancient temple and the dangers and narrow escapes that followed close upon the finding of the relic.

Your Measuring Rod — HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

Another of those inspiring, helpful, memorable talks which Miss Hawthorne is contributing to the current numbers of St. Nicholas. They ought to be treasured as pure gold by every one, young or old, who reads them. The keynote of this one is: "If our boys and girls will think as they grow to maturity and take the reins of government not *'what will this mean to me?'* but *'what will this mean to my country?'* then our future will be as great as those 'spacious times of great Elizabeth' which saw the building of a new world." And again: "When it comes to that old question 'your money or your life' choose your life." "Glorious citizens make a glorious country." The article ought to be read and cherished by every American.

Damaris Goes to School — NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

A vivid picture in spirited verse of school life in the Plymouth Colony of 1622, and recalling the quaint names and customs that were in strange contrast, indeed, with those of today.

How the Ships of Our Navy Communicate With One Another — B. B. WYGANT, U. S. N.

In this interesting article Commander Wygant tells his boy readers of the latest methods of radio communication developed by the great war, and of the "radio telegraph for long distance, the radio-telephone for aircraft, oscillators for submarines, and wig-wag, flag-hoist, searchlight or blinker for nearby ships." Illustrated with novel diagrams.

Yolanda Shows the Way — KATHARINE DUNLAP CATHER

The author of "Boyhood Stories of Famous Men" and other admirable biographical sketches, contributes an article, written in her usual brilliant style, concerning the remarkable Yolanda of Aragon, who played a great part in the history of France. It begins: "Thousands of people do not even know her name; yet, if it had not been for her, Joan of Arc might never have ridden to the siege of Orleans and perhaps Christopher Columbus would not have sailed westward in 1492."

The young readers of St. Nicholas have been constantly sending in letters of late to say that they "can hardly bear to wait" a whole month to learn more of what happens in the three great serials: "The Mystery of the Sea-Lark," by Ralph Henry Barbour and H. P. Holt; "Boy Scouts in the North: or The Blue Pearl," by Samuel Scoville, Jr., and "The Happy Venture," by Edith Ballinger Price. And besides the features enumerated above, the September issue will abound in lively contributions in prose and verse, and in sense and nonsense that will delight its boy and girl readers.



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Synopsis of Scene I.

Dorothy, aged 13, has passed a very successful year at Cliffside Hall, a school of her own choice, to which she has been attracted in ST. NICHOLAS. *Father and mother are very pleased and proud of her record. Plans for Junior, the son, are to be discussed. His last year at school was very unsatisfactory. Father has just called to his son to come down from his room, where he is studying, to join the family.*

Scene II

Same stage setting as in Scene I

FATHER. (*As Junior, a sturdy, wide-awake lad of about fifteen, enters in a sulky manner, seeming in an unhappy state of mind.*)
Son, I've just been thinking over your last year at school——

JUNIOR. (*Hurriedly crossing stage toward where his mother sits.*) Well, what have I been doing now? Has old Prof. Biglowe been telling you again what a poor student I am? Oh, I never do anything right, do I? (*Throws himself into chair, slumps down, with hands thrust in his pockets.*)

FATHER. (*Pausing at doorway during this disturbance, then coming toward another chair and sitting down.*) Now, Son, please keep such displays of bad manners under cover and let us have a friendly discussion for a few moments.

MOTHER. (*Looking up from her work, smiling.*) By the way, Junior, it has been all settled to send Dorothy back to Cliffside Hall this fall.

DOROTHY. Buddie, I'm, oh, so happy about it—I'll be glad as can be when September comes. (*Turning to her mother.*) Mother, I think I'll just make a pitcher of cold lemonade for us all, if I may. Would you all like some?

MOTHER. Yes, dear, and I'll go with you to get another ball of thread. (*Rising and putting her arm through Dorothy's, they exit through doorway to hall.*)

FATHER. Come over here on the davenport, Junior, and let us talk schools, while the lemonade is being made. (*They go to davenport and sit down.*) Now tell me just what you, yourself, think is the difficulty. When I was a boy and attended the same school as you, I found it a splendid place. That is the reason I sent you there. I thought that because it suited me when I was your age, it ought to suit you now. So, tell me, Son, what is the trouble?

JUNIOR. (*Surprised.*) Why, Father, do you know that is the first time in all my school life that you have ever asked my opinion about anything that was connected with school? I've almost given up hope that my point of view would ever be listened to. I suppose it is hard to realize that we boys of today have been taught lots of things that at my age you were not even thinking of. Since the war, a boy of fifteen is what a boy used to be at seventeen or eighteen. So the hardest thing we younger generation have to put up with is this—that our point of view is considered so seldom.

FATHER. Go on, Son, I'm listening.

(*Mother enters, and father makes a place for her on the davenport. She sits down and looks up at Junior, flushed and bright-eyed.*

JUNIOR. (*Rising and in a spirited manner.*) You chose Rumford Academy as my school, because it suited you. You liked it—therefore I must. Whether or not it was suited to me, or whether there was some other place I might be awfully anxious to go was not considered. The result was, and in many many cases it is just as it was with me, I did not get along at your school because I felt so keenly that I was being *forced,* as though I had no mind of my own at all. Even before I left for Rumford, any feeling of wanting to co-operate had been taken from me.

FATHER. Son, I never dreamed you were thinking this way.

JUNIOR. Well, Dad, you are letting me show you things from the boy's or girl's angle. After all, school life takes up eight months of my life each year. Does it seem fair to you that I should not even suggest my likes or dislikes about where those eight months must be spent?

MOTHER. (*Putting down her crocheting and turning toward father.*)
See Dorothy's case—she has been successful at school probably more because of her enthusiasm for it and her spirit of co-operation than for any other reason. I realize that fully now.

JUNIOR. That's just it, Mother dear, to make a successful student you must first get his enthusiasm for his school. After that, he is only too willing to do his share to justify his enthusiasm.

FATHER. (*Rising and standing by Junior.*)
Then, Son, you feel that the boy or girl should select his own school, and be guided by his parents' final decision as to its fitness?

JUNIOR. (*His voice happy and with his arm through his father's.*)
Oh, Father, that's just it. Help me in my choice. There are so many good schools to choose from, don't force me to go to the one that only you may decide on. Look at Jack Foster, Judge Foster's son. He picked Salisbury School. He had a wonderful year because it was the school of his choice. His father, who is your best friend, was his guide, seeing to it that there was no real reason why Jack should not go to Salisbury. He did go and continued to like it so much that he would not have failed for anything. Right there on the table is ST. NICHOLAS with some of the finest schools in the country telling the boys and girls their various attractions. (*Goes to table, picks up magazine and turns to school section.*) See here—now that's a school I'm very much interested in. That's where two of my best boy friends go and they love it. They found it in ST. NICHOLAS and their parents wrote to the schoolmasters and before long all the information was sent to them. Why, one of the boy's father says ST. NICHOLAS did more for him and his boy than he can ever express.

FATHER. (*Smiling and going over to mother sits beside her.*) Well, Son, give me the names of the schools you feel you would like to attend. I can do the same thing as other fathers who learned this lesson before I did.
(*Dorothy enters with tray of glasses and pitcher.*)

JUNIOR. (*Running toward her and taking tray.*) Oh, Dot, I never was so happy in all my life. A new year at school never seemed such a wonderful thing to look forward to. (*They go toward parents full of happiness.*) I am going to help select my own school.

(*Curtain descends as the family, smiling and talking cheerfully, enjoy their cool drink.*)





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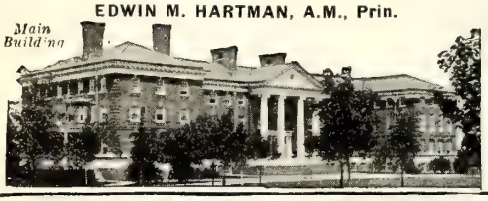
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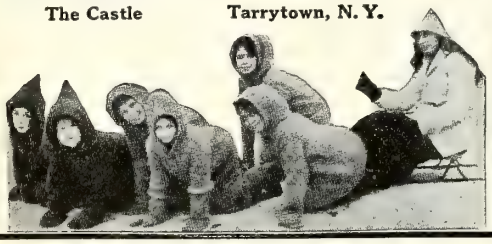
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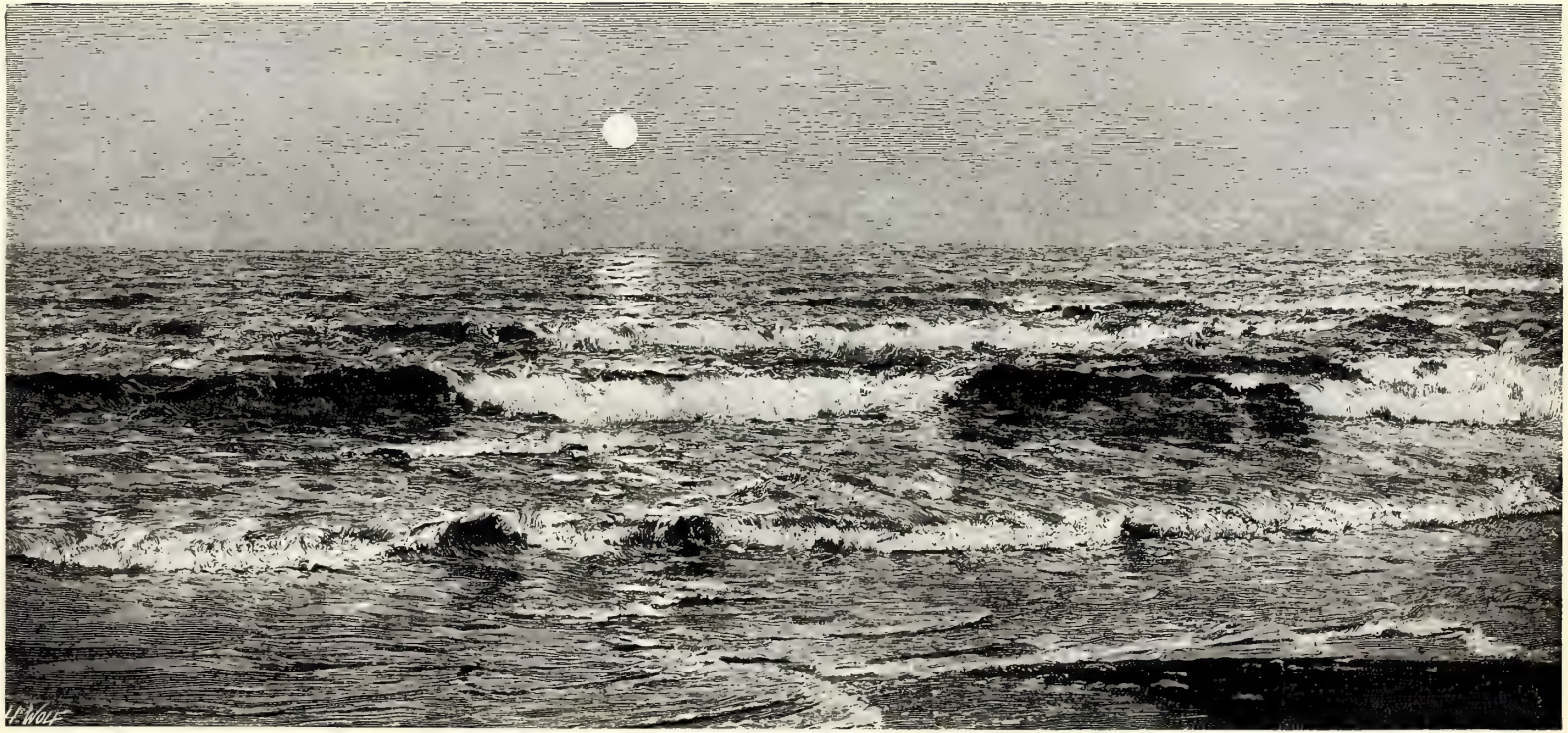
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"TWILIGHT." PAINTED BY ALEXANDER HARRISON

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"Look along the shore, after the tide goes out, and you will see reproduced in these little worlds of sand the whole contour of a continent, with cliffs, sea-caves, beaches, headlands, valleys, and terraced slopes, like the theaters of the Greeks that overlooked their summer seas."

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVII AUGUST, 1920 No. 10

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Photograph by Gramstorff Bros. Painted by Walter Field

"COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS"

THE PLAYTIME OF THE SEA

By HALLAM HAWKSWORTH

IT has always seemed to me one of the most admirable of the adjustments of Nature to the wants of man that the sea, like the rest of us, takes its long vacation in the summer.

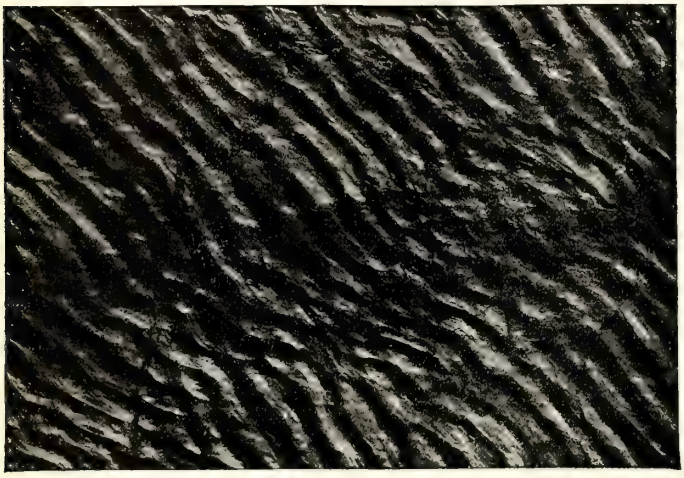
As we learned in connection with the discussion of "The Machinery of the Sea" (in ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1919), it is in the late autumn and winter, when we are back at our own work in the school, the office, or the home, that the sea also gets down to his heavier occupations, with his hammers, and frost-chisels, and planing-mills of ice-embedded stones; tearing down and relaying the foundations of the earth, shaping into new majesty the outlines of cliff and shore. As the sun retreats toward the south, the colder, and therefore heavier, winds from the north return in force, and winds are to the machinery of the sea what steam is to the engine.

That it is mainly the winds and waves of autumn and winter that deal the giant strikes is curiously illustrated in the thrifty conduct of the weed known as the sea-furbelow. During all its summer youth, it is as trim as the most dapper young man along the beach; but with advancing age,—that is to say, with the approach of autumn,—it develops a very pronounced waistband, a hollow disk on the stem about midway between the original root and the leaf.

Now, a similar increase in girth in a man would mean a corresponding loss of muscular vigor, but not so with Mr. Furbelow. From this enlargement grow down shoots which attach themselves by suckerlike feet to the rocks and prevent the plant from being torn up or blown over by the violent waves of autumn and winter, although these waves usually cut its big leaf to ribbons. By the time these anchoring roots appear, the plant has its full

growth, so they are evidently for just this purpose. Owing to the great expanse of its leaf, —sometimes twelve feet across when spread out,—as well as the bleak and unprotected situation in which this seaweed grows, it is exposed to the full fury of the waves.

This is only one of the many fascinating insights into the mind of Nature that a summer



From Brigham's "Text-book of Geology," by courtesy of D. Appleton & Co.

RIPPLE-MARKS IN THE SANDS OF YESTERDAY

by the sea affords, and it will add much to your vacation if you make it a point to keep your eyes open.

To begin with, take the pebbles on the beach. These alone, in their relations with the sea, afford endless subjects of observation and interest. By what simple magic the waves breaking on the beach transform them from dull stones to sparkling gems! "As pretty as a wet pebble," says Victor Hugo of a girl of sixteen.

THE PEBBLE AS AN OCEAN TRAVELER

But it is not only for a fine complexion that the little pebble is indebted to the sea. He is also a great ocean traveler. Even on the calmest day, the pebbles travel a little distance every time a wave strikes them. Take out your watch and time these pulsations, and you will find that the beats occur about six times a minute. The distance traveled by a pebble, back and forth, as the result of one wave stroke, Professor Shaler, of Harvard, placed at an average of ten feet — taking all kinds of summer weather together; sixty feet every minute. Multiply this by sixty, and then by twenty-four, and what is the aggregate of the daily promenades of one of these little fellow summer idlers of ours?

Over fifteen miles!

HOW THE SEA PLAYS MARBLES

As playthings, pebbles are to the sea what marbles are to boys; and you will find many curious analogies between the various forms of this time-honored game and the action of the waves. One of these marble games you will see played by the Zulus in South Africa and the cabbies in Belfast — a kind of primitive golf. Five or six holes are made in the ground, and the player must land his alley in regular succession in all the holes. The one who completes the "course" in the fewest shots wins. Similarly, you may see waves, increasing in violence with rising wind, carry pebbles into and out of successive pockets among the stones and the little pools on the beach where the seaweeds grow.

The game known as "Nine Holes" is suggested when the sea shoots pebbles through the arches and other holes, little and big, in the rocks, such as those in the vicinity of "The Ovens," at Bar Harbor. In "Nine Holes" you shoot your alley at any one of nine successive holes in a wooden bridge. Each hole has a number, and the "banker" pays you marbles accordingly. For going through hole three, you get three marbles, and so on. The banker



From Blackwelder & Barrow's "Elements of Geology," copyright, by arrangement with American Book Company, Publishers

RIPPLE-MARKS IN THE SAND AT LOW TIDE

makes his profit out of the marbles that miss. These he confiscates.

The simplest form of the game, corresponding to the ordinary ring-marble which boys play in the street, is going on all the time as the waves shoot one pebble against a more distant pebble farther up on the shore.

On the other hand, a wave, recoiling down a sloping shore, brings with it pebbles which strike others nearer the shore's edge, and so reproduces the essential feature of a game the little Romans used to play with pebbles, marbles, or nuts. The player let his little sphere toboggan down a sloping board toward a group on the ground, and he captured all that it struck. When a boy assumed the toga on his way to the dignity of Roman citizenship, he was supposed to leave this amusement to his younger brothers. *"Reliquere nuces,"* to lay aside the nuts, meant putting away childish things.

In still another form of the game the nuts or pebbles were pitched into a jar, into a circle drawn on the ground, or into a hole, those falling outside being forfeited to the next successful player. The sea repeats this form of the game when shooting pebbles into rock pockets and pools. *"Delta"* was the name given to the game when played within a triangular space, like the Greek letter of that name, traced in the sand or dust. Bars were drawn across the triangle, parallel to the base. The player shot toward the apex and won as many marbles as he crossed bars, provided he kept within the triangle. To go outside meant a forfeit.

Tributary rivers supply the shores of the sea with deltas; and as Father Neptune shoots his pebbles up the beach, the apex, of course, is always turned from the player—just as it should be.

As to who first played marbles, there can be no question. It was this same Father Neptune. And it seems highly probable that the first players among the children of men were his pupils. You will find in our museums not only the marbles played with by young Egypt, Greece, and Rome, but, among the relics of the neolithic time, are little balls of stone, obviously too small for use in argument with neighbors. They are, therefore, supposed to have been the implements of this fascinating game.

DID THE SEA ALSO TEACH MAN TO MAKE MARBLES?

Professor Shaler suggests that man borrowed the idea of his marble-making machinery from the sea. Wearing down by friction, lubrication by running water, so that the reduction may be smooth and uniform, are the same in both cases, and the forward movement of the waves and the opposite motion of the undertow supply the rotary motion of the tumbling barrel in the marble-mill. The grinding goes on in a pebble-bed to a depth of two or three feet, and frequently you can hear the roar of these mills several feet back from the beach.

Thoreau, in his summer wanderings on Cape Cod, found that not only stones of every



From "Elements of Geology" by Norton, published by Ginn & Co.

ONE OF FATHER NEPTUNE'S MARBLE FACTORIES

variety, but bits of glass from wrecks, and hard coal dropped by passing vessels, were rolled into pebble form by the waves.

In the eighteenth century most marbles were made from the chips struck off by the workers in marble—hence the name. The original alleys were made of alabaster, the commoneys of common clay. All these materials the sea, too, shapes in its marble-mills. Occasionally, also, you will find a nice round pebble with colored stripes running through, so reproducing the glass marble with the barber-pole interior so highly valued by the young.

TRADE-MARKS ON THE PEBBLES

There are two other pebble manufacturers in nature, but their products are inferior in shape to the marbles of the sea. These rival concerns are rivers and glaciers. Any adept in "pebbleology" can tell whose make a given pebble is; for each manufacturer has his "trade-mark." River pebbles acquire an elongated form, because they are rolled over and over, and mainly in one direction, by the flow of the river. Glacial pebbles are ground flat

on one or more sides, being held in one position by the grip of the ice. Then, when the glacier front melts, they are dropped, and are again picked up as the glacier slowly advances.

THE SEA AS AN EFFICIENCY ENGINEER

One type of the sea's marble-mills deserves special mention: where incoming waves strike rocks standing at an angle to each other, or where advancing and returning waves meet on the beach, eddies are formed in which pebbles are ground against each other. The action is like that of water-turbines, such as those at Niagara Falls.

But notice this: the Niagara turbines, like most human machinery, do only one thing—they convert the force of the waterfall into electric power. These little turbines of the sea, on the other hand, do five separate pieces of work at the same time: 1, they make marbles; 2, they grind the smaller and harder particles of rock into sand (most of the sand of the seashore is made in this way); 3, they grind bits of shell, seaweed, and other rubbish into a mass which, 4, the retiring waves carry back into the sea (where, in the course of time, it is pressed into rock for slates for future school-boys), and in so doing, 5, keep the "shop"—the beach—nice and clean! Moreover, while all this is being done, the working parts of the machine are kept in perfect order; for in carrying away the ground-up rubbish as fast as it is sufficiently reduced, the pebbles are kept grinding at their best. If this ground-up material were allowed to accumulate, it would prevent the necessary grinding friction between the pebbles—it would clog the little millstones.

Talk about your efficiency engineers!

THE PEBBLE AND THE SEA'S MOSAIC ART

But in the true classic spirit, the ruler of the deep—old Greek that he is—displays his art instinct even in his sport. (You remember that the Greek wrestler was expected not only to throw his opponent, but to do it gracefully.) In crescent-shaped beaches, or "pocket" beaches, as the geologists call them, you will often find the shore arranged in graceful, scalloped effects. Look at that picture by Alexander Harrison—our frontispiece this month; find the scalloped outlines of the spreading waves.

The "technique" of the process is this: the center of a current flows more rapidly than the sides, because it is subject to less friction, the water particles acting as ball-bearings between the center and the outer edges of the current. The result is just the rounded, flowing water-fronts you see. These first displace the pebbles they strike, and then rearrange them into graceful, flowing lines—the mosaics of the beach.



Photograph by George Garman Dexter

"THE WITCHES' PLAYGROUND." WIND MARKINGS IN THE SAND-DUNES

The same process which arranges the sea-pebbles in these scalloped effects accounts for



Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York Painted by W. T. Richards

THE SEA MAKING SOME OF THE MILLIONS OF SAND-RIPPLES ON A NEW JERSEY SHORE

the shape of all ripples. You remember they are always concave toward the wind. With a light breeze, they are short and move rapidly. As the breeze increases, the ripples grow to waves and move more slowly, because the increase in friction and weight is greater than the increase in the force of the wind.

In this alone, the modeling done by the waves in the sand, there is no end of delightful detail for study. Working with this plastic material, the sea shows infinite play of imagination; an artist's delight in reproducing great forms on a small scale.

Look along the shore, after the tide goes out, and you will see reproduced in these little worlds of sand the whole contour of a continent, with cliffs, sea-caves, beaches, headlands, valleys, and terraced slopes, like the theaters of the Greeks that overlooked their summer seas.

THE SEA'S MYSTERIOUS AUTOGRAPHS IN THE SAND

But perhaps the most interesting features of all the sea's diversions in the season of its play are those mysterious autographs in the sand—the ripple-marks which have been the subject of so much scientific controversy. No hieroglyphics of the dead empires of the East have been more carefully studied.

Notice whether you find them most on the upper or the lower part of the beach. And why is it that there are portions of the beach where, every morning, you find ripple-marks in the sand, although the day before the winds were calm and the sea like glass, while at other points there may be none, even when the wind has been blowing a gale?

That some of these marks are made by water there can be no doubt; but why do you find some of the largest ripples in deep pools on the beach and on the banks of small streams in a thick wood? In the case of the deep pools, ripples on the surface could not reach the bottom; and the woodland streams are protected from the wind.

As the result of long and patient observation, a French investigator, M. Espy, insists that all sand-ripples made by the water are due to the combined action of two currents meeting at right angles. One current carries the sand forward, but, being checked by a counter-current,—attacked "in flank," as it were,—both currents drop their loads along the line of contact, in this way forming little ridges.

That there are usually more ripples on the upper than the lower beach, M. Espy attributes to the fact that the upper part of the beach being steeper, the water of recoiling and advancing waves, meeting, piles up to greater depth, acts with more force, and so stirs up more sand. Doubtless, for the same reason,—the collision of advancing and re-

coiling waves,—the water experiences more frequent, as well as more violent, checks on the upper beach; hence more ripples.

In the widest part of pools you are apt to find the ridges arranged parallel with the shore, while in the narrower portion they are directed toward the sea. As the tide comes in, it fills the pools. Then, as it retires, the water emptying from the pool is gradually drawn out into a little stream; and where this stream is at right angles to the retiring tide, you have the conditions which cause the deposit of the sand and so get your ripples pointing in the direction of the retiring tide; that is to say, toward the sea.

M. Espy insists that it is under such circumstances and such circumstances only, that sand-ripples are found. But M. Espy goes too far. Water-ripples also record themselves in the sand where there are no counter-currents. Look through the clear water on the margin of the beach when there is a gentle onshore breeze, and you can see these ripples in the very act of forming.

THE LIVING RIPPLES AND THE DEAD EMPIRES

One of the most impressive things I ever saw—more impressive than its Niagara—is the section of upturned stone along the New York Central tracks near Fishkill Landing, which shows fossilized ripple-marks. On these are a second set of ripples at an angle of about forty-five degrees, due probably to a shift of the wind. From the position of the original strata, it is inferred that the first ripples were made by a south wind and the transverse ripples by a wind blowing from the north.

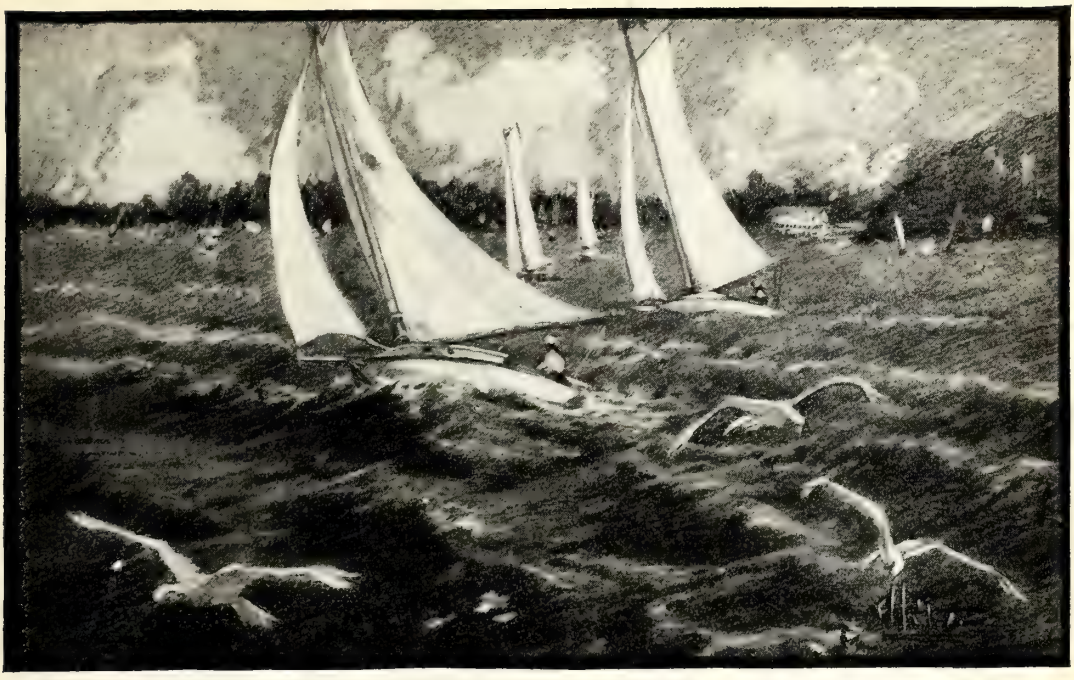
Of all the millions of sand-ripples, only a favored few, of course, are preserved in stone. This happens when their formation is followed soon by a quiet flow of tide without wind, that deposits a protective sediment over them as it rises. Or the protective sediment may come from the waters of a river flowing into the sea. In course of time, layer after layer is laid above them. Then rock strata develop above and below them by the usual process, and the ripples themselves are turned to stone.

And what a sermon! How many pompous dynasties have risen and passed away which time has not troubled to note by the breadth of a pen-scratch—while here we have carefully and minutely set forth for us, in records, ages and æons older than the inscriptions on the obelisks, the fact that once upon a day a south wind rippled the waters of a summer sea and then shifted slightly to the north!



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"FAME"—PAINTED BY EDITH MITCHELL PRELLWITZ



"THE CURLEW RESPONDED BEAUTIFULLY TO THE TILLER" (SEE PAGE 876)

THE VICTORY OF DEFEAT

By JOSEPH B. AMES

A SHORT, stocky boy with a square, good-humored face, profusely freckled, walked slowly past the wide cottage veranda. Just opposite the group gathered about the steps, he glanced shyly up the walk and made an awkward gesture of greeting to the tall, blond fellow who stood leaning idly against one of the vine-draped pillars.

"Who 's your friend, Bruce?" asked Pug Harris, curiously. "Seems as if I 'd seen him around this way a lot lately."

Bruce Vail flushed and an expression of annoyance overspread his handsome face.

"He 's no friend of mine," he answered shortly. "I wish to goodness he 'd quit hanging around here."

"But he waved to you," persisted Harris, who had an inquiring mind.

"I know it; he always does. But I never saw him in my life before the other day when that idiot Ashton introduced us down at the drug-store. Ever since then, he 's plagued the life out of me."

Ted Mason grinned. He was the only one in this little group of school intimates summering on the Maine coast who did not stand a trifle in awe of Bruce Vail. The latter was so undeniably handsome and accomplished, so very much the leader at St. John's, that most boys regarded him—with an entire lack of criticism—as a rather superior being and were proud to be numbered among his friends. Mason was fond of Vail and appreciated his charm, but he was not blind to certain little foibles which he felt needed occasional attention.

"Aha!" he chuckled. "Another crush, eh? Well, you can't blame them, Bruce. They all fall for you sooner or later."

"Oh, shut up, Mace!" retorted Vail. "I suppose you can't help talking rot, but you might make an effort now and then."

"But what 's his name?" prodded the inquisitive Harris. "And why does he hang around?"

"Haddock, or Haddox, or something that sounds like fish," snapped Vail, in an irritated tone. "Whenever I meet him he just tags along and asks silly questions about school and —and things. I wish he 'd leave me alone. He 's got to be a beastly nuisance."

"Surely not as bad as that, Bruce," protested

Mason, mockingly. "He does n't mean to be a nuisance, poor thing. He 's only smitten by your——"

But his remark remained unfinished. Goaded beyond endurance, Vail made a sudden dash for him and Mason leaped up and fled across the lawn. The race was brief, though brisk, for Vail's long legs gave him a decided advantage, and the two were presently rolling over and over on the grass in close embrace. When they finally arose, flushed and rumpled, Vail's slight attack of spleen seemed to have worked itself off, and Mason decided it was time to drop his teasing.

"Who 's going down to the harbor?" he asked, as they rejoined the others. "I want to put the *Agawa* through her paces once more and then give her a general looking over. There won't be time before the race to-morrow."

There was a general chorus of agreement, and the four St. John's boys cut across the lawn and strolled down the wide, elm-shaded street leading from the Cliffside section into the sleepy little village. Though only two of them had entered the boat-race, which had been arranged as part of the Fourth of July celebration, they were all keenly interested in its outcome, particularly since one of the contestants happened to be a leading spirit from Hillsdale, their great school rival.

"One of you fellows has simply got to pull down that cup," fussed stout Harry Taffinder, as they reached the dock. "If Singleton should get it, we 'd be everlastingly disgraced."

"Don't begin to put on crape yet, Taffy," drawled Bruce Vail. "Singleton may be able to pitch a little, but he 's a regular landlubber in a boat. Want a passenger, Ted?"

Mason looked up in surprise from where he bent over the rowboat painter.

"Are n't you going to give the *Curlew* a final try-out?" he asked.

"No. Reiley 's been working on her since yesterday morning and she 's all ready. Besides, I feel like loafing this afternoon."

In spite of his careless tone, there was a gleam of pride in his eyes as they rested on the slim, trim little sloop which rode at anchor some fifty yards away. The graceful lines, the dazzling white hull and immaculate canvas made up a picture of unusual beauty, and even Mason, fond as he was of his own boat, felt a sudden little stab of envy as he took it in. But this was only momentary.

"It takes more than paint and varnish to make a racer," he thought, as he dropped into the rowboat. "Even if she did n't cost half so much, the *Agawa's* a mighty good old scow, and I *know* her."

Vail settled himself comfortably in the stern, while Mason took the oars. Vail was n't exactly lazy, but at school, where the fellows were always running to do things for him, he had drifted unconsciously into the habit of being waited on. There was more reason for his remaining idle aboard the *Agawa*. One of the rules of the forthcoming race was that each contestant must manage his boat entirely alone, and Mason was bent on getting all the practice he could.

With Vail out of the way in the narrow cockpit, he took off the covers, hauled up the mainsail, set the jib, and cast loose from the mooring. The strong ebb tide caught the *Agawa* at once, and with a light breeze nearly astern, she glided smoothly out into the spacious harbor.

It was a perfect afternoon to be on the water. The sky was deep blue and cloudless. The brilliant sunshine glittered on the little dancing waves and brought into sharp relief the curving rocky shore with its spreading masses of dark pine and hemlock. Far and near gleamed the white sails of other moving craft, and in the bay the tiny, scattered, pine-clad islands stood out against the clear sky like so many sentinels.

It was toward one of these that Mason headed. Skeleton Island was to be their goal to-morrow, and Ted went over the course this afternoon with as much care and precision as if he were sailing in the race. Vail joked him once or twice about his earnestness, but his comments slid off the other boy like water from a duck.

"Every chap 's got his own methods," he shrugged, as he tacked back across the harbor. "I 've knocked around here for years, and every now and then I run up against new combinations of wind and tide. Besides, for all we may say, that Singleton is n't any slouch, and I 'm not going to let him——"

"What 's that boat over to starboard?" interrupted Vail, suddenly.

Mason quickly turned his head and stared interestedly at the small sloop coming up on their quarter. To the casual eye, she presented a somewhat disreputable appearance. The mainsail was patched in several places, the hull looked dingy and very much in need of paint. Nevertheless, her lines were good, and Ted was looking her over in an appraising fashion when all at once he recognized the figure at the tiller and gave a sudden snort of surprised amusement.

"By jinks!" he chuckled. "It 's your fri—er —Haddox. I wonder if he 's entered for the race?"

"With that scow!" sniffed Vail.

They were nearing the mooring now and he arose suddenly and slipped forward to the bow to catch it. Having made fast, he untied the rowboat and shoved it back toward the stern of the sloop.

"Do you mind taking me ashore and coming back afterward to do your looking over?" he asked briefly. "As sure as I stay here, that fellow will fasten on me the way he always does, and I 've had about all I can stand of him."

Mason agreed readily enough, but on the way to the dock he surveyed his friend curiously. He had a shrewd suspicion that Bruce was "putting on side," as he expressed it, and not for the first time, either. Certainly, of late his remarks about being bored with attention from this, that, or the other fellow had grown more frequent, and Ted felt it was a pity.

"I don't suppose he realizes how thundering conceited it sounds," he thought. "It 's those idiots at school who are to blame, always fussing around and soft-soaping him. He 's too good a chap to be spoiled that way. I wish he could get a good hard jolt that would wake him up."

At the moment no means of administering this occurred to him, however; and besides, he had other things to think about. Leaving Vail on the dock, he returned to the *Agawa* and spent a busy half-hour going over her rigging and fittings with the greatest care. Satisfied at length that everything was in good order, he hung up the riding-light and rowed toward the dock.

But part way, he turned suddenly aside and headed for the sloop which Haddox had moored a little farther out. The short, stocky chap was still pottering about in her, and as Ted appeared alongside he looked up in surprised embarrassment.

"Hello!" said Mason, in a friendly tone. "Great afternoon for a sail, is n't it?"

The freckled face expanded in a wide grin. "Y—yes, it 's dandy. I only went down the bay a little ways, though. I saw you and—and——"

"Vail?" Mason helped him out. "Sure; we were taking a last try-out before to-morrow. Have you entered?"

Haddox nodded, flushing a little. "I suppose it seems silly, but—she 's not nearly so bad as she looks." His eyes swept the length of the sloop with a sudden expression of pride and affection. "You see, my uncle took her for a bad debt three years ago, and she just laid around the shipyard until I persuaded him to let me use her this spring. If I 'd only had a little more money to spend on her, she 'd look a lot better."

Mason was conscious of a sudden friendly feeling for the boy, and his eyes twinkled pleasantly. "I should n't let that worry me," he remarked. "After all, looks don't count for anything, and if she's sound——"

"Oh, she 's sound, all right and she 's awfully quick at the helm. I don't suppose I 've much of a show, but if I *should* come in even as good as third,—" his level, candid brown eyes glowed for a moment,—"my uncle 's promised to give her a decent coat of paint and a new mainsail."

Mason smiled appreciatively; he could understand the boy's enthusiasm perfectly, and liked him for it.

"I don't see why you have n't as good a chance as anybody," he said reassuringly. "You live here, don't you? Well, then you know the course, and from the way you brought the boat in, I should say you knew how to handle her. Whatever you do, though, don't on any account let Singleton have a look-in."

"I don't mean to if I can help it," returned Haddox, with swift determination. "Why, he 's from *Hillsdale!*"

Ted was occupied with a refractory oar-lock at the moment and the boy's emphasis passed unheeded. But later, on his way up the hill, he remembered it with a feeling of surprised and amused approbation.

"That 's funny!" he exclaimed aloud. "Why, he said that just like a St. John's kid. I wonder if he can have been absorbing school spirit from Bruce."

Later, on the way to the bi-weekly movies with Vail, he broached the subject briefly.

"You 're away off about that Haddox chap," he remarked. "He 's not a bad kid at all."

Vail glanced at him in an odd way. "You can have him," he shrugged, "Has he had the cheek to enter in the race?"

"He has," stated Mason, emphatically. "What 's more, I 've an idea he 'll surprise some of us to-morrow. That sloop of his is n't half bad, and he 's just about as crazy over her as I am about the old *Agawa*. I never yet knew a fellow who really *liked* a boat the way he does that was n't a pretty darn good sport."

Vail stiffened perceptibly, and for a moment he did not speak. When he finally broke the silence his voice was slightly strained, with an undercurrent of anger.

"You 're dotty, Mace! He 's just a back-

wood's runt—a hick from Hicksville—and nothing will ever make him different."

Bruce Vail was not in the best of humors when he stepped aboard the *Curlew* half an hour before the starting of the race. He was not worrying particularly about the outcome of the contest. His sloop was the very latest and most expensive thing in racing craft, and he had entire confidence in his ability to handle her to the best advantage. To be sure, he had only been out in her half a dozen times, but that made little difference, he felt, to one who for years had knocked about the bay and harbor in almost every kind of sailing craft.

What annoyed and troubled him was Ted Mason's curiously changed attitude toward himself. Of course, Ted had always been more or less lacking in appreciation of what he was and what he had accomplished at St. John's. He expected that, and accounted for it by the old adage about familiarity breeding contempt. They had been chums long before St. John's was thought of, and it seemed natural that Mason should see nothing wonderful in the position he had gained at the big boarding-school.

But lately Vail had been vaguely conscious of something different. Certainly, during the last term, at least, Ted had been more than usually ready with criticism, comment, or belittlement. His manner was always careless, casual, outwardly good-humored, yet to Bruce there seemed to be a distinctly caustic undercurrent which vexed and yet which hurt him. And what hurt more was the feeling which came to him at times that Ted was somehow drawing away from him.

His unexpected championing last night of the Haddox boy seemed to bring the whole thing suddenly to a head, and it had thrown Vail into a strange sort of panic. He could not imagine what it would be like not to have Ted for his chum. There was something so sturdy and dependable about the boy; something so fresh and clean and wholesome, that Bruce realized, when he thought the matter over in the worried seclusion of his room, how utterly lost he would be without him.

And yet what was he to do? He had n't even a suspicion as to what had brought it all about or where the trouble lay. *He* had not changed, he told himself. Of course, during the past year he had been greatly taken up with football, hockey, the school dramatics, and numberless other duties, but Mace was n't the sort to grouch at that. Also he had made a lot of new friends, mostly important sixth-formers, and had been obliged to drop more or less some of the old crowd with whom he and Ted had formerly been intimate. Could that be it? Bruce told himself it could n't, and yet, tossing wakefully in bed, a faint nagging little suspicion came to him that perhaps it was.

He thought of it again this morning as, puzzled, troubled, unhappy, and resentful, he removed the sail-covers, hoisted mainsail and jib, and swung in halliards, with his mind not half on what he was doing. It was so stupid to be jealous! Yet he supposed some persons were.

And then, of a sudden, a quick glance at his wrist-watch told him that he had only a few minutes left for further preparations, and instantly thrusting everything else from his mind, he settled down to the business in hand.

The preparatory gun found him completely master of himself and his boat. The *Curlew* responded beautifully to the tiller, and Vail manœuvred for place with a skill and daring which brought him first across the line within a few seconds of the sound of the second gun.

The day was as perfect as yesterday had been, though the wind had shifted and was much stronger and rather squally. Seven boats were entered for the race, and as the *Curlew* swept over the line, leading the nearest of them by a full length, Bruce felt a thrill of keen joy which banished from his mind the last lingering traces of troubled perplexity.

Flushed, bright-eyed, his slim length stretched out in the cockpit, he trimmed the *Curlew* down and laid her close to the wind, watching the masthead pennant keenly. The breeze came mostly from the northeast, but there were occasional shifts, of which he took instant advantage. Presently, having come about and settled down into a long tack to windward, he could not resist the temptation of a momentary backward glance.

Already three of the boats were falling to leeward and could, he felt, be considered out of the running, save for some unexpected fluke. The other three, however, were fairly well bunched not more than fifty feet astern. One was the *Agawa;* another, the *Flying Fish,* Singleton's sloop; the third—Bruce frowned and gave an inarticulate grunt of annoyance and surprise as he recognized her patched sails and dingy hull.

It was some fluke, of course, which had enabled that disreputable apology for a boat to make such unexpected headway. She would fall behind directly, of course; it was incredible to suppose anything else. Vail did not deign to look back again for some little time:



Unhappy and resentful, he removed the sail-covers..

but when he did, he found that the *Agawa* and *Flying Fish* were still fighting nip and tuck, while the Haddox boat led them by a length!

In the sudden spasm of surprise and anger that came over him, Bruce committed an impulsive error and went about. At the moment it really seemed to him the right thing, but once on the other tack he realized that he had acted too quickly and, because of the tide, was losing ground. His color deepened and his lips tightened. At least, it would n't occur again; and after all, it was n't possible he had anything to fear from—Haddox!

But little by little it was forced upon him that he had vastly underestimated the boy's skill, no less than the capabilities of his boat. The latter must originally have been a craft of unusual speed, and apparently she had lost little during those years of idleness. Time and time again Bruce tried to shake her off, but, in spite of all his efforts, she stuck to him like a leech, and even gained a little now and then.

At length, with Skeleton Island looming up ahead, Vail was forced, savagely and reluctantly, to admit that the race lay between himself and Haddox.

That first hot anger had changed to a cold, stubborn determination to keep his lead at almost any cost. The very thought of losing to the boy he had sneered at and belittled was too humiliating to be borne. He could imagine Ted's quietly amused comments and the amazement of all his other friends. The fellow himself was more intolerable than ever.

He and Haddox were both on the port tack, the latter scarcely a boat length behind, but nearer to the island, when Vail suddenly perceived his chance. By pinching the *Curlew* a little closer to the wind, he thought he could force Haddox to pay off, and yet be able barely to clear the outer point of the island himself. This would mean a material gain, and at once Vail trimmed in the sheets.

His plan worked perfectly. The *Curlew* responded instantly, swerving in toward the shore and crowding out her rival. A moment or two later Bruce smiled grimly as the sudden swish of water against his opponent's swerving bow told him he had won a trick. He dared not glance back; the situation was too delicate and hazardous and needed his undivided attention. Just opposite the jutting end of pine-clad rock, he noticed that his backstay seemed a little tight, cutting into the mainsail, and he raised up to overhaul the block.

An instant later a strong puff of wind from around the end of the island struck the boat full abeam. Bruce felt the quivering force of the impact, and then, to his dismay, heard a sharp, omnious crack astern. Before he could stir a muscle, the boom, freed by the sudden breaking of the defective deck-block, swept to leeward, striking him on the head and carrying him irresistibly overboard.

Stunned and helpless, he was vaguely conscious of the green water closing over his head. He seemed to sink down, down, down for fathoms. Desperately he tried to struggle, and then, of a sudden, everything was blank.

His next conscious thought was one of thankfulness that he could breathe again. He was still in the water, but his face lay upturned to the sky and his head was supported by a yielding, yet sufficiently firm, object. Oblivious of all else, he was still gulping in the precious air when a shrill, panting, oddly familiar voice sounded close to one ear.

"Go on, Mason! Go on! Don't stop; we 're all right. You 've *got* to beat Singleton!"

Then the water churned, and Vail, feeling himself propelled slowly forward, managed to turn his head a little and stared into the dripping face of—Sam Haddox!

"Y—you!" he stammered.

The boy grinned broadly. "Was n't it—lucky—I was—so close?" he panted.

For a moment Bruce did not answer; he could not, somehow. They were within a dozen yards of the island, and Mason's *Agawa* was just rounding the point, with the *Flying Fish* not far astern. Vaguely Bruce wondered how they had managed to avoid the two empty sloops that were drifting to leeward of them, when suddenly a hot flush flamed into his pale face and he tried to draw himself away from Haddox's supporting arm.

"I—I can swim now," he protested.

"Better not try," cautioned Haddox. "You had a nasty knock, and we 'll be ashore in a second. There! I can touch."

Vail lowered his legs, and together they stumbled through the shallowing water to drop down, somewhat breathless, on a little patch of pebbly beach.

"After I 've rested a bit I 'll swim out to the boats," said Haddox, presently. "Is n't it great that Mason 's ahead? I do hope he beats that Hillsdale fellow."

Vail looked at him curiously. Apparently he was not in the least disturbed at being out of the race permanently. He honestly seemed not to care, so long as Mason won from Singleton, and Bruce was forced to admit that he himself would scarcely have behaved as well under the same conditions.

"Why do you hope that?" he asked suddenly.

Haddox's eyes widened. "Because he *is* from Hillsdale," he answered simply. "They won at baseball, but we—er—I mean St. John's, licked 'em in everything else last year. This will be sort of like another inning for the school if Mason only wins."

Vail wore a puzzled, almost bewildered, expression. "You talk as if you were—" he began, and then he paused.

Haddox blushed. "I—I 'm afraid I talk too much," he said apologetically. "But I really will be a St. John's fellow this fall. I 've wanted to go for ever so long, but they could n't send me before. It 's such a dandy school, and the fellows are all so corking!"

"But how does it happen that you already know so much about it?"

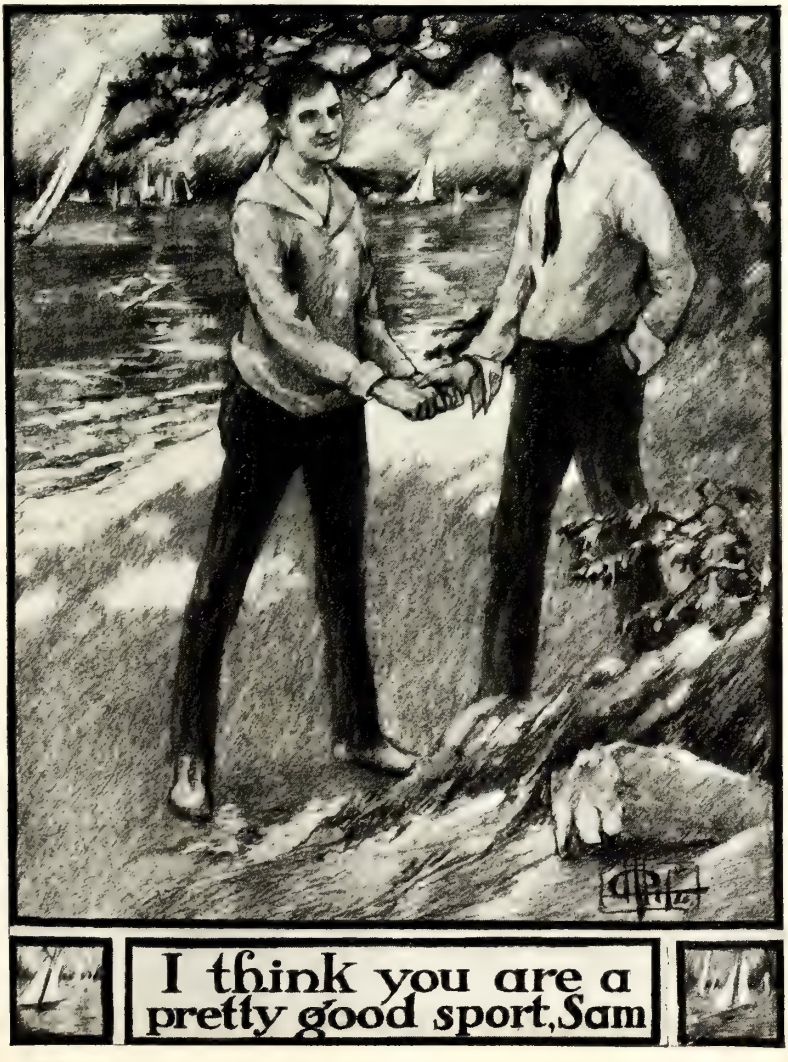
"My cousin 's one of the masters," explained Haddox. "He sends me the school paper and writes me about everything. I—I think so much about it that sometimes it seems as if—as if I really did belong. It was he who told

me about you and all you 've done for the school, in athletics and things. It must be simply great to be able to do so much for St. John's. That 's why I wanted to meet you and—and—" His voice faltered and the sparkle in his brown eyes gave place to a look of embarrassment. "I—I expect I 'm awfully fresh," he concluded abruptly.

Bruce Vail's glance swept out across the sunlit water and a bright flush stained his face. How beastly wrong he had been! This "backwoods runt"—he winced a little at the phrase—with his keen enthusiasms and ardent school spirit, which had been nourished on such tenuous, inconsidered trifles, put him to shame. Ted Mason would never have been so blind; in fact, he had apparently understood. And swiftly on the heels of this reflection there came another, even more mortifying. Perhaps he had been as blind in other things. It had been pleasant and flattering to be taken up by those sixth-formers, but what about the old friends he had dropped? The flush deepened and he bit his lips. He, who had always hated egotism and conceit, suddenly saw himself in a most humiliating light.

For a moment longer he stared frowning into vacancy, understanding dimly that it was he himself who had changed, not Mason. Then all at once he realized how this prolonged silence might be interpreted by Haddox and glanced swiftly back at the boy with a sudden smile of real friendliness and charm.

"Fresh?" he drawled. "*You!* Well, hardly that. On the contrary, I think you 're a pretty good sport—Sam."





GOLF IN BAD WEATHER

BY FRANCIS OUIMET

North and South Champion



As a youngster, my golf playing was of an odd sort. My brother and I had become enamoured with the game when quite young, so we made a private course at home in an old cow-pasture. It was a three-hole affair. But when cold weather and winter came along, we still had a yearning for the game, so we contrived to pass many a pleasant hour in an old barn. On bad days we would enter this structure with our mashies, several old balls, and two buckets. These latter we would set up in opposite corners of the large room of the barn, and a game of mashie pitching would follow. During the golf season, we spent our pleasant days on the improvised affair in the cow-pasture. That is, unless we happened to awaken early enough to get in a few holes at the country club before the green-keeper appeared. He always chased us away. But on wet days—and the harder it rained the better I liked it—we played to our heart's content over the well-kept club course without ever being interfered with.

One of our chief stunts on such days was to select some secluded hole, and play it over and over again with mid-irons and mashies. We soon found that our play suffered little in comparison with what we could accomplish in good golf weather. As a result of those odd moments of golf, I find that I have developed a great deal of confidence in my game when the weather conditions are far from normal; I even have an assurance that, when the rain comes down, I can almost equal my best. And as luck would have it, it has been my fortune to play many a match or medal affair under the most trying conditions. In nearly all of these cases, my score has been low.

As an example of what this training has meant to me, let me tell you of an experience I had in the latter part of May of this year. We were holding our annual tournament for the country - club cup and were down to the semi-finals. I had been lucky enough to work my way to this round. In it I was scheduled to play Fred Wright, a really remarkable player for a boy and one of the coming stars of golf in this country. The day of our match conditions were ideal for water sports—nothing else. The course was ankle deep with water, and it was coming down in torrents all the time. We waited quite a while after lunch in the hope that conditions would improve, but eventually had to sally forth in order to complete our match before dark. As proof of what a hold golf has on its followers, several hundred people followed us during our play. Of course, they were far better protected than we were.

It did not seem possible for good golf to be staged under the conditions. But Freddy Wright took only one stroke above par to finish the first nine holes, where he had me two down. I was playing as well as I knew how, and I can state right here that Wright was staging the sort of game that will put a golfer ahead in ninety out of a hundred matches. It was a most remarkable performance in view of the conditions. The day I defeated Vardon and Ray for the U. S. Open Title in the play-off match, nearly every reporter commented upon the fine golf exhibited under such trying conditions. Well, if it rained hard at that time, it was merely an April shower compared to the "near cloud-burst" that Wright and I were driving through.

At the turn a strange thing happened. Wright wavered just a trifle during the last nine holes, while I went better than I knew how. My score for this half the journey was a 34, which brought me the victory by 2 and 1. This gave me a medal of 75 against Fred Wright's 77. And I don't mind saying those marks are a feat in themselves even when conditions are perfect for golf.

The feature of our play throughout the struggle was our iron shots. With the rain driving in under our broad-rimmed hats, it was no easy matter to pick the ball out of a wet lie and have it land on the green fairly close to the cup when we used our mashies. Yet we had uniformly fine success at doing this. That is about the way almost every one looked upon the game, except those who have studied and played it longest. These latter know that golf is not such a difficult game in such conditions, warm clothing is quite essential. If one gets chilled, the muscles are bound to tighten; and when they do, good playing is out of the question. The grip of the club in wet weather is a matter of worry to many. A good many chaps "doctor" theirs, sometimes with resin. Tom Claflin, a well-known Boston golfer, winds a piece of cotton string around the leather grips of his clubs when it rains, and claims that he gets a much better grip as a result. As I happened to have played him



"WARM CLOTHING IS QUITE ESSENTIAL. AND MAKE YOURSELF THINK THE WEATHER COULD BE MUCH WORSE, NO MATTER HOW HEAVY THE DOWNPOUR"

wet weather, unless there happens to come a deluge. That is just what makes it such a fine sport. A tennis-match or ball-game could not possibly be run off on such days. But your golfer need not be denied his rounds by the weather, except where there is snow and ice. And we have our splendid southern courses to take care of such hazards.

I think, as I look back upon my game with Freddy Wright, that the cause for the sudden turn in our match in my favor was the matter of clothing. I was well bundled up to keep warm, whereas Fred was too lightly dressed. As a result, he felt the cold, and his muscles probably contracted a bit from its effect. This prevented him keeping up the terrific pace he set for the first half and gave me my opening.

In the matter of wearing-apparel to meet that same morning in just as hard a rain, I can vouch for the fact that his grip was steady throughout and that he never complained of any handicap of this sort. Indeed, I was most fortunate to defeat him after going an extra hole.

Another excellent wet-weather idea is to wear a pair of rough and inexpensive cotton gloves. These must be saturated in water before a firm grip results, but that is not difficult to accomplish when torrents are falling. Most golfers I know prefer this sort of grip, though my own view leans toward a wrapping of ordinary surgeons' gauze. This is easily procured at any drug-store, and any one can wrap it on the grips of his various clubs, as it is put on in precisely the same manner as the regular calfskin grip. Like the cotton

glove, it too has to be soaked first in water before a firm hold is assured.

Many friends of mine ask me continually how it is I can play almost as well in wet weather as I can in the sunshine. I do not know the exact reason, but I am inclined to attribute it to my early training, which I outlined briefly in the beginning of this story. There were many humorous incidents connected with those early school-days, which did not appear so to me at the time of their happening. I recall that I gave my good mother many opportunities to reprimand me for playing golf in the pouring rain. She has often told me since that on such days when she asked me to do anything for her, my reply invariably was, "Oh, please!—It 's too wet, Mother." Yet I never hesitated to brave the weather for a chance at golf! This seems altogether reasonable, for while I was taught to obey, I believe my dear mater sensed the situation correctly. She seemed to divine that the game was a sort of religion with me. This, I take it, is so of every real golfer, or should be.

My explanation of playing golf in the rain is not difficult. Most players are inclined to look upon wet weather as a calamity. It seems to them no time for golf. To my way of thinking, it is merely a matter of psychology. One can handicap himself greatly by thinking the rain is a big hindrance. The preferable view is to make yourself think the weather could be much worse, no matter how heavy the downpour. Have you heard the story of the optimist who accidentally fell from a window of the fifteenth floor of the Woolworth Building? As he came rushing by an open window of the third floor, he was heard to gasp, "Well, I haven't struck anything yet." Golf temperament must be of the same order on inclement days. We must not think that all is lost simply because the weather is not the most agreeable. And there is always the consoling thought,—never to be denied, as it is true,—that the other fellow has to buck just the same conditions. That is well worth thinking of.

This is much the frame of mind of Walter Hagen, our open champion. When Hagen was preparing to go to England in quest of the British Open Title, there was a great to-do about the effect upon his game of the high winds, so prevalent on the courses over there. No doubt, this wind proved a difficult handicap for Hagen; but he remarked before sailing that it appeared to him as though Vardon, Mitchell, and the other British cracks would find it just as big a one. That is the view to take of inclement weather conditions. Any other will wreck your game. The chap who grumbles is a goner.

To read what I have written, one may draw the conclusion that I thoroughly enjoy getting drenched during a golf match. Let me state right here that this is far from the case. I much prefer sunshine and a snappy air. But one cannot reckon on such weather; and as golf is played according to schedule, there is but one way to enter a game—to feel that the weather is by no means a handicap to you.

The golfer known as a mud-horse is popularly supposed to be one who can plough around in the rain and mud at about the same pace he would set on a good day. As a matter of fact, he is nothing more than the player who takes the breaks cheerfully and is prepared for whatever comes, be it a bad day or a corking good opponent. I recall a game I once played with the late Tom Anderson, which caused me to think some fellows were better in the rain than at other times. The links we played over resembled closely the Great Lakes done in miniature. Ordinary sand-traps were quicksands, and deep puddles filled the fairways. Even the putting-greens were covered in many places. And it was raining hard all the while. Tom got under way at a fast clip, and, without exaggeration I can say that I have yet to be treated to a better brand of golf than he displayed under the conditions. A difficult first nine was accomplished in 35, and he came in with a 72 to his credit, one under par. Tom was hitting prodigious tee-shots every time, and these, combined with some fine iron play, turned the trick. The thing that impressed me most was the height of all his shots. He had learned that good results can be obtained on wet courses only by hitting the ball into the air.

Low scores on heavy courses are not unusual and are easily explained. They are caused in part by the uniform condition of the putting-greens. A golfer can putt with more consistency on a slow green than upon one that possesses the speed of a skating-rink. Another reason is that his mashie approaches are more likely to stay close to where they fall than would otherwise be the case. That permits him to approach fearlessly. J. H. Taylor, the British golfer and reputed to be the best exponent of this fickle club, told me that the secret of his success with the mashie was due to the fact that he always tried to pitch his ball into the cup on the fly. He explains that, if it carried to the hole, it would usually remain in its near vicinity, as he put so much back-spin on the shot.

To return again to my early training as a



"MY PARTNER MADE A BEE-LINE FOR THE CLUB-HOUSE. (See Next Page.)

mud-horse and the manner in which I stole my golf (it was nothing else), I recall many stunts that more than helped my game as I grew older. You will remember my saying that another boy and I (sometimes it was my older brother Wilfred) would sneak off to a hole far removed from the club-house and there disport ourselves like members in good standing, except that the members would have had the pleasure of knowing that they could not be removed or ejected. In a great many cases we were compelled to play two holes over and over again. Instead of playing these holes in the orthodox manner, it was quite necessary to play from one green to another in order to avoid being seen. A rule was made to the effect that whoever won a hole had the privilege of saying just how the next one should be played. Needless to say the easiest ways were never selected.

For instance, one of the most popular selections was that of making the loser play over a wooded section. The length of such holes was about four hundred odd yards, and you can well imagine that it was not long before we discovered the best way of getting distance with our mid-irons and mashies. I have always felt that such training could not be improved upon. Nowadays, when I think I need a little practice in the use of my mashie or mid-iron, I go back to the schemes of those good old days and pick out the hardest shots I can work out, whether they happen to be the regular shots on the course or not. I find this does me more good than anything I can practise. Following this procedure, one is bound to get shots that he would never get in the course of a round of the links.

Usually, upon my return home on one of those "damp days," my folks would confiscate my clubs and balls as a punishment for playing golf at the Brookline Country Club. The clubs were usually hidden away. But the next day I invariably found them. My mother often remarked that she wished I could find my hat or coat as easily as I could those golf-sticks.

The day I played Fred Wright, I must confess, was the worst day I can ever remember playing the game. The wind blew sixty miles an hour; and had I not been clothed warmly, I know that it would have left me in bad shape. My advice to all who have to start their golf matches in a rain-storm is to dress warmly about the body. If you can avoid the cold feeling that is so certain to follow when your clothing becomes soaking wet, you will notice that your game suffers but little in comparison with what you may expect it to be when the sun shines.

A warm bath after you have finished, and you will really suffer no ill effects from your diversion.

At Pittsburgh during the Amateur contest last summer, we had quite a bit of all the elements. Every day for four days it rained very hard. Yet the scores that were turned in more than satisfied the most critical. Thundershowers cut loose with remarkable ferocity; yet the play went along, and splendid scoring was the result. In my first qualifying round I was treated to weather quite out of the ordinary. My partner was E. H. Bankard, of the Midlothian Club of Chicago. Lowering clouds as we started off the eighteenth tee told us that a storm was imminent. Playing as rapidly as we dared, we reached the last green as the storm broke. As Bankard stepped up to make his approach putt, a flash of lightning flared across the sky. In the next instant the heavens seemed to open, and, before one could say Jack Robinson, there was a perfect downpour of the largest hailstones I have ever seen. My partner hurriedly putted his ball out of sight and made a bee-line for the club-house, leaving me to the mercy of those icy stones. I could not blame him, though, because his day's work was over. Bareheaded, I stepped up and from a distance of twenty feet made a truly fine putt over the hobbly hailstones. The ball stopped eighteen inches from the hole.

Ordinarily, I feel pretty certain of making putts of this distance. I carefully removed the obstacles from my path and prepared to hole that short putt. Just as the ball seemed ready to drop into the waiting hole, an extra large stone landed directly between the ball and the hole and suddenly stopped my putt on the edge of the cup!





BY THE GARDEN WALL

By CAROLINE HOFMAN

Now this is our rose and hollyhock song—
And where do we find them all day long?
Why out in the yard
By the garden wall—
The roses and larkspurs
And hollyhocks tall!
They are nodding at us as we pass along,
A larkspur and rose and hollyhock throng!

THE CARNIVAL CUP

By BREWER CORCORAN

SUMMER people, as well as the natives of Green Harbor, liked Bob Sanford, both for himself and for what he could do. None of the younger members of the country club played as good games of golf or tennis; for two years he had been the short-stop on the nine which had conquered the Harbor's dearest rival, Sea View; and, best of all, it had been his swimming which had given Green Harbor two legs on the famous Carnival Cup.

So, naturally, there was both sympathy and distress when Bob tried to drive a runabout through a telegraph-pole and received a broken leg as the fruit of the experiment. His summer's fun stopped as abruptly as had the automobile, and Green Harbor's chances of winning the Carnival Cup from Sea View seemed as complete a wreck as both boy and car. Yet, if the Harbor grieved, its feelings were as nothing compared with the feelings of Bob.

"Of course I had to do this two weeks before the carnival," he groaned, the second afternoon following the accident. "I had a cinch on the swim this year, too."

"Oh, I don't know!" responded his sister, with a smile which made him want to throw something at her. "Maybe you saved your conceit by only breaking your leg. Hank Hart was over here this morning; I don't believe you could have given him a real race."

"Hart!" he grunted. "He 's a false alarm."

"He does n't swim like one," she retorted instantly. "You thought you were doing well when you could beat Bill Cleveland; Hank swam circles around him this morning."

"Honestly, Nancy?" There was real anxiety in the question.

The golden-haired girl nodded confirmation. "Teasing aside, Bobbie, Hank is faster than any of us guessed, and you 'd have had to work hard to beat him. And you never would work," she added, by way of sisterly comfort.

"Oh, you go jump off the dock!" he advised. "If you think you can sit here and rag me just because I 'm helpless, you 've got another guess. I could have beaten Hank with my hands tied."

"Maybe so," she laughed, as she rose from the window-seat. "I know one thing, though—you won't do it with your leg tied. I 'm going over to the country club, where people will be glad to see me."

"You certainly have n't lost any of your conceit," he chuckled. "Remember me to every one, Nance, and have a good time."

"I 've some reward coming for having sat here two hours," she answered. "Want anything before I go?"

"No, thanks. I 'll read awhile."

"Guess you 're safe to leave alone for a few

minutes, seeing they 've tied you down so you can't smash anything more." She waved a gay good-by from the doorway, then disappeared.

But two hours later, a decidedly different Nancy came into the room. Her carriage was so stiff, her face so set, that Bob took a second look, then burst out laughing. "Gee!" he gurgled. "You look madder than a wet hen."

"I don't know how mad I look," she snapped, "but it 's not one quarter as mad as I am. I wish I 'd told him a few of the things I thought of on the way home."

"What 's wrong?" he demanded, instantly serious. "Who said anything to you? You wait till I get up; I 'll take care of him for you."

His loyalty only added to her indignation. Her eyes were flashing as she perched on the edge of the bed. "Your being where you are is what makes it really bad," she said. "I never was so angry in all my life. He knew it, too."

"Who knew it? What happened?"

"That Dick Lee—the big sissy! All he can do is get up dances and drink afternoon tea. I always did detest him."

"Second the motion! But what did he say?"

For a moment she looked at him intently, then the story came with the headlong rush of an avalanche. "Told me that if you had n't taken the car against Father's orders, you would n't have broken your leg and the Harbor would n't have lost the cup, as it 's sure to now. Said your selfishness is n't hurting you half as much as it 's hurting the Harbor, and that we 've all got to be humiliated because you disobeyed."

"Phew!" The whistle was long-drawn and the boy's eyes grew round. That Dick Lee, the manager of this year's carnival, could say such things of him hurt him fully as deeply as they had hurt Nancy. Green Harbor meant much to them both, for all their summers had been spent there. And that meant seventeen for him and sixteen for her.

"It 's all right for me to rag you," she spluttered. "You don't care when I say things like that, because you know what I mean; and I know what you mean when you hit back. But when that big, overgrown Lee person takes it upon himself to criticize what you do, I—well, that 's different!"

He had never seen her quite so peppery. Had any one ventured a whisper against her, he would have gone into action with both fists on the instant. But he was a boy and that was his privilege. To see her bristling in his defense made him feel more helpless than ever. "Good old Nance!" he muttered between his teeth.

"Don't 'good old Nance' me!" she stormed. "What he said is true and you know it—every word of it. You *have* put the Harbor in an awful fix by being bad. But he 'd no right to say so."

Bob laughed in spite of himself. Certainly it did make a difference who said a thing. "Cool off," he advised. "You won't get anywhere by doing a war-dance all by your lonesome."

"I should think you 'd want to join in," she raged. "Have n't you any pride at all?"

"I have," he answered soberly. "I 've also got a broken leg. I 'm some mad, too. What you and Lee say is true. That 's what makes it hurt worse."

"But he 'd no right to say it," she insisted. "I had; I 'm your sister. And I won't stand it! No one 's going to say a Sanford has humiliated Green Harbor."

"That 's right," he agreed, his own eyes beginning to snap. "I had n't looked at it that way. I sure wish I 'd behaved."

"Too late for regrets!" she retorted. "I told Dick Lee he did n't know what he was talking about; we 've got to prove it."

"Some proposition."

"But I told him."

"Then it 's got to be done," he agreed instantly. "The Harbor 's got to keep that cup. We 've got to win the swim to do it. Hank 's going to win that for Sea View," he reasoned. "You 've said that. We 'd better poison Hank."

"Don't joke. I 'm in earnest. We 've got to win!"

"How?"

"I don't know," she confessed. "I thought you 'd tell me."

"They might coach old Bill Cleveland into some sort of form," he suggested thoughtfully.

"He swims like a Newfoundland dog," she retorted. "I beat him myself this morning."

"You did! Why did n't you tell me?"

"Was n't worth it."

He looked over the slender, graceful little figure with honest admiration. "Oh! was n't it? Did n't beat Hank, too, did you?"

"Of course not. I did n't try. He swims in better form than I do, anyway."

"Which is a polite way of saying I 'm a punk teacher."

"I don't think it 's a bit nice in you, Bob Sanford, to lie there and grin like the Cheshire

Cat and acknowledge you 're a quitter as well as everything else. If I was n't a girl, I 'd beat Hank Hart myself."

"Do it."

She looked at him closely and, to her real surprise, saw he was actually serious. "I can't," she acknowledged frankly.

"As long as we 've one full-fledged quitter in the family," he reminded her, "don't you quit before you 've tried."

"You mean you think I 'd have a chance?"

"Are you game enough to try it?"

For a long moment she was silent. Yet she was not thinking of what was in his mind, but of how hard the predicament he had got himself into must be for one of his spirit. "You 'd do it for me," she said thoughtfully. Then, in crisp tones, "Of course, I will!"

"You 're a regular fellow, Nance!" he declared. "I believe you 'd try. I could have my bed moved near the window where I could see the harbor, and I could watch you practise and then give you points."



"FOR AN HOUR EACH MORNING THEY DISCUSSED THE CRAWL, BEFORE NANCY PUT ON HER BATHING-SUIT"

"And I 'd do exactly as you told me," she agreed. "That would let you do your share toward trying to win the cup. We 'll do it!"

It was as like Nancy to put it that way as it was for her to consider herself only a substitute entry for the two-hundred-yard swim. She promptly forgot she was anything but a machine made to do exactly those things her taskmaster ordered done. And, in the two following days, Bob proved a supercritical coach.

For an hour each morning they discussed the crawl, before Nancy put on her bathing-suit and dived from the Sanford pier to put in practice the theories she had heard expounded. By the end of the first week she was sure she was making better time, and twice Bob had commended her stroke.

It was her own idea to train. She gave up golf for tennis, to improve her breathing, and she walked both ways from the country club. The only thing she worried about was the idea that some one would find out what she was doing. Twice Bill Cleveland had come splashing along while she was swimming; and on both occasions she had lured him into a race, so that the boy up in the distant window could get a better line on her work. Both times Bob appeared dissatisfied, although on both occasions she had left good-natured Bill far in her wake.

"You 're all right on the straightaway," Bob acknowledged, "and I honestly think you 'll hold Hank almost to the turn. But there he 'll get his lead, then leave you. You don't get the turn right. You lose time and speed. You 'll swim a losing race in the last hundred yards unless you learn that turn."

"I don't seem to understand it," she admitted. "I 'm stupid, I know. You 're used to a tank, and you learned how to do the take-off kick in that. It 's hard to do it against a float. I always miss the edge with my feet."

"I know that. It 's what wrecks you. You must get your feet high, set them on the edge, then kick out as if you were jumping."

"I guess I 'd just better trust to the old way," she sighed. "I don't lose so very much that way."

"You can't afford to lose even the fraction of a second," he insisted. "You work at it to-morrow."

She did. But without much success. Bob tried to be patient. He knew he could have taught her if he could have been with her for

five minutes in the water. But tied down as he was, it was impossible for him to expound what he could not illustrate. So they were forced to give up that turn, even though Nancy practised it in her dreams.

Three days before the carnival the entries for the seven events were announced, and Nancy's name, handed in at the last moment, set the Harbor talking. That night Sea View began to talk, too, and Hank Hart began to suffer. It was not pleasant to have his best



"NO ONE HAD SUSPECTED SHE COULD SWIM SO WELL"

friends tell him Green Harbor thought so little of his swimming that they had entered a girl against him. But Hank was as good a sportsman as he was capable athlete. "Girls can swim," was all he replied to the teasing, "and Nancy Sanford 's as game as any fellow I know."

Some one told her what Hank had said and she repeated it to the now thoroughly excited Bob. "Sure you 're game!" he agreed. "You 've proved it by the way you 've taken everything I 've handed you. And Hank 's going to know still more about your gameness before he 's through."

"Do you really think I can beat him?"

"Sure I do!" he declared, with a certainty he was far from feeling. "All you 've got to do is keep swimming."

When the long-awaited afternoon arrived, Bob was given a real surprise, for Green Harbor showed him what she thought of him by arranging the finish-line in front of the Sanford cottage, so that the boy could see every inch of the boat-crowded course as well as the gay throng on the shore.

Unlike most affairs of its kind, this one ran true to prophecy. Sea View won the boat-races with an ease which distressed its rival, but the Harbor captured the tilting and diving contests so handily that the crowd was disappointed. Close finishes and excitement were what the people wanted. They got their first tingle when Dick Lee megaphoned from the judges' boat that the cup went with the two-hundred-yard swimming-race, for the points were tied and all the other events out of the way.

Each resort had its full three entries in the race. Hart, Adams, and Swain were ready to swim for Sea View, while Dan Stokes, Bill Cleveland, and Nancy defended the cup for the Harbor. But every one knew that, if the Harbor was to win, Hank Hart must be beaten. Bob, up there in his bed, found himself biting his nails as the six stepped on the starting-float. What chance had a girl against such a chap as Hart!

The crowd felt the same way. Tall, beautifully set up, Hank stood on the float, his muscles outlined beneath the bronzed skin. There was no trace of nervousness about him. The school letters on his red jersey proved him an old hand in close contests. And beside him stood the slender, fair girl, not quite so tall, not nearly so heavy, but every bit as cool. And it was her first race!

As the judges' boat swung up to the float, Hank turned to her. "I know you 're going to swim this race for old Bob," he said, with a frank smile; "that 's why I 'm going to do my best to beat you. Good luck!"

"Good luck!" she repeated, shyly shaking the offered hand. "Bob 's watching us, and I 'm not going to disappoint him."

"You swimmers!" called Mr. Lee. "The course is to the other float, one hundred yards away. Touch that and return here. The one who gets a hand on this float first, wins. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Every one off the course," he commanded through his megaphone. "Line up."

The six stepped to the edge of the float and settled their toes over its edge. "Ready!" They crouched. *Crack!* As the pistol exploded, they sprang.

From his window Bob saw them dive, although the hand which held the binoculars shook. The figure in the red jersey seemed to fly through the air before it splashed out of

sight. But beside it flashed an arrow of black and white which seemed to slide into the smooth, green water. Even as the two struck, he knew he would see them next racing stroke for stroke. He had made Nancy perfect in her racing dive; it was now a matter of speed, of generalship, but, most of all, of courage to sprint when there was no sprint left in weary arms. And he had seen Hank's courage tested in many a close game at St. Jo's. "Go on, you Nancy!" he begged under his breath. "Go on!"

Already the two were drawing away from the four. Clean cut, sharp, rhythmic, their hands shot forward, descended, twisted, cupped back, while splashing feet set the beat of the racing crawl. Just a streak of red and a companion streak of black tore through the foaming water, for, faces buried, gulping breath greedily with every full stroke, Hank and Nancy were driving at top speed for the distant float with every ounce of power in their young bodies.

That she could hold him even for the first fifty yards made the Harbor people cheer like mad. No one had suspected she could swim so well. Bob, from his window, watched with anxious eyes. "Her technique 's perfect," he muttered, "but he 's swimming her out of water. She can't last through." He counted the beats. "One. Two. Three. Four." He repeated it over and over. "It 's too fast for her. Oh, why did n't I obey Father! Why have I got to see poor old Nance licked! He 's killing her. Only a boy can stand that pace."

"Hank! Hank!" roared the Sea View crowd. Bob saw a hand reach for the turning-point. It was brown, not white. The boy led at the half-way mark.

But a fraction of a second later, a white hand slapped the boards at the judges' feet, then Nancy doubled, whirled. She knew she was behind, knew her plight was desperate, and she risked that racing-turn she had practised over and over in her dreams. It was reckless, but she needed every advantage her nerve could give. And it paid. Bob gave a quick gasp, then a triumphant yell. They started back on even terms again. Green Harbor began to cheer in earnest.

Twenty yards more, and she still held him. Dick Lee forgot that he was an impartial judge. "Come on, Nancy!" he shouted.

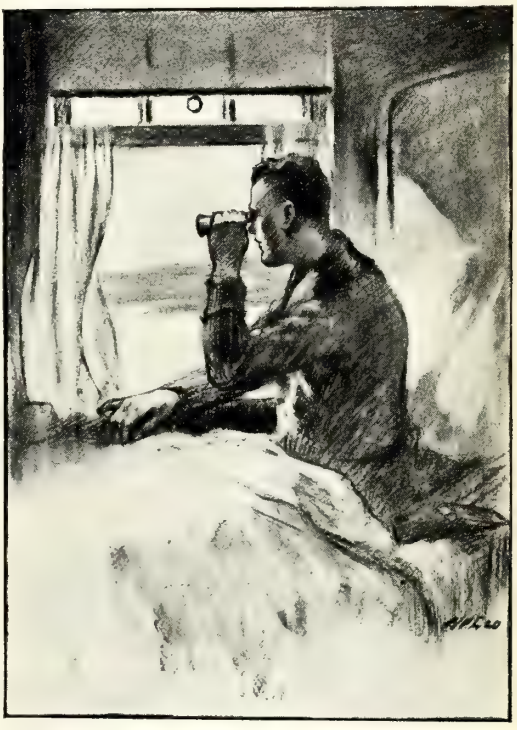
"Hart! Hart!" Sea View answered.

"Spurt, Nance! Spurt!" Bob, up there alone in his room, beat out the stroke with clenched fists. "Faster now! Faster, girl."

But it was Hank who spurted. Bob saw him speed up his already over-fast timing, saw the strong arms sweep back with a sharper snap.

"Look out, Nance!" he shouted at the top of his voice.

As if she had heard his warning, she tried to respond—tried desperately. Her arms were



"BOB, FROM HIS WINDOW, WATCHED WITH ANXIOUS EYES"

aching and her feet felt heavy. She wondered how far ahead Hank was. The race must be almost over. She had swum two miles instead of almost two hundred yards. She must know where he was. Eight more strokes and she would risk raising her face to see.

She counted them eagerly. One, two, up to seven and eight, then threw the water from her smarting eyes as she raised her face to breathe and see. He was ahead—three long, safe feet ahead! And, ten yards beyond, she saw the float at the finish. She could n't do it. She was too tired. She was only a girl and Green Harbor would not expect the impossible.

"Put down that head and swim!" Bob tried to sit up, and even the sharp twinge in his leg did not send him back against his pillows. "Swim!" he groaned. "He 's got you licked."

Sea View thought so, too. They saw the

Carnival Cup back in their country club once more. The girl had put up a brave race, but there was only one Hank Hart. Even Bob Sanford could not have beaten him as he had raced to-day. Yet they were good sportsmen, those Sea View people. They did n't cheer very loudly. Somehow or other they felt, rather than triumphant for Hank, sorry for brave little Nancy.

Yet, if Bob thought her beaten, such an idea was a long way from her mind. "I 'm a Sanford," she told herself. "I 'm racing for the Sanford honor and Green Harbor. I can still try."

Her tiring muscles answered her will. Her eyes hurt, her head hurt, but her heart was strong. If Hank had speeded up his beat, it was but a feeble effort as compared to the way she set out after him.

Bob saw and understood. He, too, had won races on his nerve. "Good!" he cried; "go it, Nance! Go to it!"

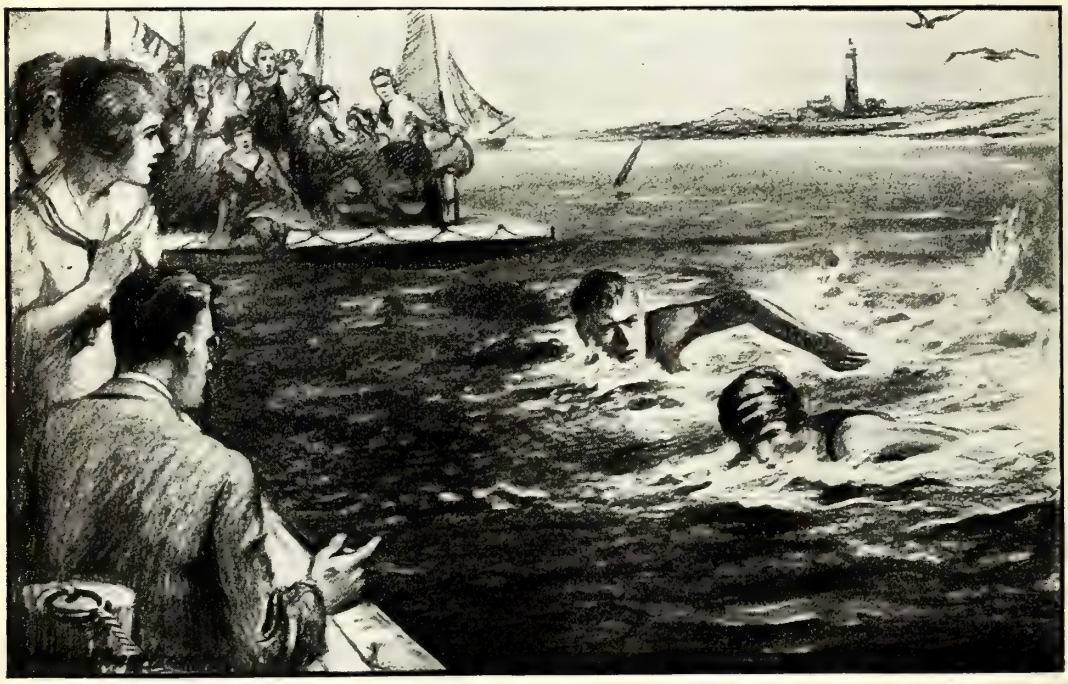
Five yards from the float, and she was again on even terms. Hank felt that she was there. Once more he tried to increase his speed. Old hand as he was at the game, he knew he had met his equal. Unless she was as tired as he, he knew he had met his match. As he breathed, he saw her. Five strokes, and it would be over. But the snap was gone from his arms, too. He knew he had never made such time before. The thought of defeat came to him. Desperate, he lunged.

On the float, the judges were leaning far out over the water, waiting for the brown or the white hand to reach—descend—clutch victory! It would be decided in that final grasp. Bob Sanford closed his eyes. "I can't," he gulped, "I can't see her beaten. Oh, Nance!"

The gold and the brown heads came out of the water together. A brown and a white arm reached forward. There was a feeble slap of a palm upon wet boards, then a second. Then came a yell from the crowd; then a fuller, deeper roar. Out of Green Harbor, a judge lifted a panting, gasping, trembling black figure. For a moment, Nancy stood there, shaking, dazed. Then she heard them shouting her name from every side. She had won. She, a girl, had won the Carnival Cup for Green Harbor!

She felt a cold hand gripping her colder one, heard Hank's panting, hearty congratulations, saw Dick Lee waving his hat and dancing like a Sioux brave gone mad. She tried to smile, but quick tears came into the blue eyes as she saw a handkerchief fluttering from a distant window.

"Look, Hank!" she said; "it 's old Bobbie waving. It 's because Green Harbor won the cup. It meant so much to him!"



"THE GOLD AND THE BROWN HEADS CAME OUT OF THE WATER TOGETHER"

BOY SCOUTS IN THE NORTH; OR, THE BLUE PEARL

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness"

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

JIM DONEGAN, the lumber-king, has a wonderful collection of gems. His specialty is pearls. He tells the Scouts that a blue pearl the size of a certain pink pearl which he owns would be worth $50,000 and that he would be glad to pay that sum for such a pearl, but that no such pearl has ever existed. Joe Couteau, the Indian boy, contradicts this and tells him of the strange island he once, when a little boy, visited with his uncle, the shuman, or medicine-man, of his tribe. There his uncle found a great blue pearl in a strange stream in the interior of the island, the hunting-ground of one of the great brown bears, the largest of known carnivorous animals. Joe is sure that he can find his way back to his tribe and can go again to the island. The lumber-king agrees, if Joe and his friend Will Bright will make the trip, to finance it. Old Jud Adams, who has trapped all through that region, hears of the plan and insists on going along. Another boy is needed to make up the party, and Will and Joe agree to choose the one who shows most sand and sense in the great Interscholastic Games in which Cornwall is to compete. The day of the games comes, and after a number of extraordinary happenings, everything finally turns on the mile run. Freddie Perkins, of the Wolf Patrol, finally wins this after such a heart-breaking finish that he is unanimously elected to the vacant place among the Argonauts, as the four christen themselves. The boys make the journey to the Pacific coast. At Puget Sound they travel north on the timber-tug *Bear,* and, after many adventures, reach Akotan, the Island of the Free People, where they met Joe's great-uncle the shuman. At Akotan they live for some weeks in the guest-lodge, and go hunting and fishing in preparation for the tests of courage which they must pass before they can journey to Goreloi, the Island of the Bear. They take part in a sea-lion round-up, and Jud by a cool shot saves Will from a sudden and deadly danger. Will qualifies for the journey to Goreloi by hunting and killing a sea-otter in the midst of a tremendous storm; and Jud, by killing old Three-toes, the man-eating grizzly bear. Fred has a desperate adventure with the walrus herd and saves the life of old Negouac at the risk of his own; and Joe, with the whale-killer, has a thrilling encounter with the wolves of the sea.

CHAPTER X

MAHMUT

AFTER Joe had won the bear-claw, there followed a long resting-time. Only the shuman knew the date of the trip to Goreloi. Day after day went by, and still he gave no sign, while the Argonauts went fishing on the bay and hunting with Tilgarda and Negouac. At first they tried to make new acquaintances among the tribe, but always the Indian boys and young men seemed uneasy and refused to talk much when the visitors were around. At last, Will spoke to Negouac about it, for they had seemed far more friendly when the Argonauts first landed than they did now.

"Those who wear the bear-claw are men apart," was all that the chief would say.

"I 'm getting kind of tired of this 'apart' business," complained Fred, a few days later. "I don't care about fishing and I 'm not much of a shot."

"You 've said it, boy," agreed Jud, heartily. "Not much of a shot is right. If there were a flock of balloons goin' by at thirty feet, you could n't get one with a shot-gun."

"None of these chaps will play around with me," went on Fred, pretending not to hear the interruption. "I want something to do."

Negouac looked worried. It was evidently part of his duties to keep these visitors from afar amused.

"I talk to Haidahn," he said finally.

That night the old chief joined them around the camp-fire, and a few moments later he was followed by the giant Saanak. Ever since their adventure with the orcas, the whale-killer had attached himself to the Indian boy, and to-night he curled himself up near Joe at the edge of the firelight with Tilgarda, at a respectful distance from the chiefs.

As they sat, full fed, around the fire, the talk turned to hunting and fishing. The Indians were never tired of telling and hearing about their lesser brethren of earth and air and water. They spoke of the beast-folk as of friends or enemies whom they had learned to respect or fear or hate from long lifetimes of meeting with them. Some were brave like the bear, others were cruel and treacherous like the wolf-people, and there were the malignant carcajou, the wise beaver, and the crafty fox. The habits of all the animals, their likes and dislikes and their strength and weaknesses, all seemed an open book to these hunters whose very lives often depended on their knowledge.

"You certainly know them all," remarked Will at last, admiringly, when the talk flagged a little.

"All but one," said Negouac, after a pause.

"Which one?" inquired Fred, much interested.

For a moment no one answered.

"Which?" persisted Fred.

"Mahmut," at last muttered Tilgarda, with his strange, sidelong glance.

"'Mahmut'," repeated Jud. "That means 'monster.' What does it look like?"

Once more the same silence fell upon the little group. Then Tilgarda spoke again.

"He live far under ground," he said in a low voice. "When he come above ground he die. Something of evil come to him who look upon Mahmut alive or dead. He one of bad-luck animals."

"Bad-luck animals!" scoffed Jud; "there ain't no such thing."

Haidahn looked at him reprovingly.

"White men know nothing about animals," he said at last. "Many of them bring bad luck. Mahmut is one. Another, men meet on the northern ice—a little black animal about size of mouse, with long nose and crooked jaw."

"One of the shrews," ejaculated Will, the naturalist.

"Unless man stands still and keep talking," continued Haidahn, "little animal runs at him, burrows down under his skin to his heart, and kills him."

"Fred, he 'd be safe," murmured Jud.

"But what about this Mahmut?" persisted Will.

"My brother he saw Mahmut," went on Tilgarda, "and was killed by bear. Then I go to look at it, and the next day bear nearly kill me."

"What does it look like?" queried Fred.

"Big, big," returned the Indian, "bigger than this tepee, and covered with long hair. Little pig-eyes, big curved teeth, twice as long as a man, long nose down to the ground."

There was a silence while the Argonauts considered the matter. It was evident to all that the Indian was trying to describe something which he had seen.

"The only animal which is as big as a tepee and has teeth longer than a man and a nose which touches the ground," Will finally said, "is an elephant, and there certainly are n't any elephants up here. Where was it that you saw the Mahmut, anyway?"

"One day to the west near the great glacier," returned Tilgarda. "He stand in middle of great block of ice. I not know whether he dead or only asleep, he stand so still. He very dreadful to look upon."

His hearers realized that, whatever the strange animal was, it must have been something fierce and unusual to have frightened a seasoned old hunter like Tilgarda, who did not fear to meet a grizzly, single-handed, or to take his chances with a wolf-pack.

"Can you guide us there?" Will asked finally.

Tilgarda looked at Haidahn doubtfully.

"Take them," said the latter at last. "It may be that the magic of the white man will keep them safe."

"You 've said something," assented Jud, patting his rifle, "I carry a little good magic here that will take care of us all right."

Early the next day the Argonauts were on the march, with Tilgarda as a guide. All the morning the party crept through deep ravines and worked their way through mountain-passes and defiles, until noon found them on a little plateau. Across a wide valley they could see a vast glacier winding its way down an opposite peak, like a huge, shining serpent. Masked by bare mountain-ranges, it could only be seen from the single point where they stood, and one might hunt that country for a lifetime nor ever know that there was a glacier in the heart of that tangle of impassable cliffs and towering peaks. As they started to cross the tableland, they found their path crossed by a sphagnum bog, probably the remains of what had been a little mountain lake a thousand years before. For a hundred acres the ground was covered with the green-gold sphagnum moss, which held the water like a sponge and into which they sank knee deep when they attempted to cross. Everywhere were tiny saplings of spruce and hemlock, sometimes joining together in thickets, but usually scattered here and there over the broad wet expanse where, in places, the water had collected into pools.

"How much farther do we go?" inquired old Jud, drawing his feet disgustedly out of the bog into which he had sunk deep at the very first step. Tilgarda waved his hand toward the opposite mountain-side, some five miles away.

"Well," asserted the old trapper, as he sat down on the dry bank, "here is where Judson Adams, Esquire, lies down an' takes it easy for an hour or so. We 're near enough the place so that there ain't no special hurry."

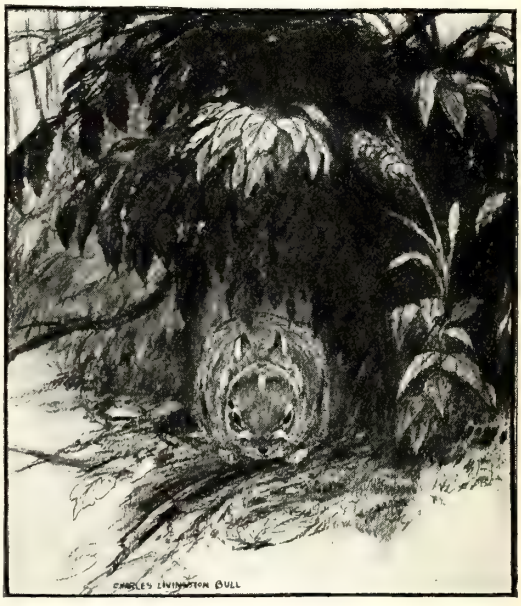
The rest of the party followed his example, all except Will, who, as the scientist of the party, longed to examine more closely that sphagnum bog. There are always rare orchids and strange flowers to be found in sphagnum bogs and even the birds which haunt them are

different from those which are seen anywhere else. To-day, as he stopped at the edge of the marsh, he heard a loud, unfamiliar song which sounded something like, *"Chip, chip, chippy, chippy, chippy, chippy, chippy."* The singer was a gray bird, with a line over its eye like that of a red-eyed vireo, which it much resembled, except that it had the pointed warbler-beak which, when it sang, opened so widely that it seemed as if it would split apart. For a moment Will stared at the bird with all his might, and at last recognized it as the rare Tennessee warbler, which an expert ornithologist had pointed out to him in migration as one of the rarest of the warblers, telling him that its nest and nesting habits and even its song were almost unknown. Will had the spirit of the true naturalist, to whom a new bird, a new flower, or a new nest is like hidden treasure.

"You fellows stay here and rest," he said; "I 'm going to explore this marsh." Whereupon he plunged in, followed by the faithful Fred, who, ever since the year before, had been trying to get his merit badge in bird and flower study.

Just beyond the Tennessee warbler came a jingling little song, something like that of a chipping-sparrow, from another bird, which had a chestnut topknot and a quaint habit of constantly wagging its tail up and down. When Will saw that its throat and breast were of a dingy white, he recognized the palm-warbler, the Western relative of the Eastern yellow palm-warbler with its bright-yellow under parts, the first of all the warblers to come north in the spring migration. As he listened to the singers he realized that somewhere in that marsh were hidden their almost unknown nests. None of the bird books which he had read gave any information about the nesting habits of these birds, but he and Fred at once made up their minds to be among the favored few who had actually seen their nests. Accordingly, they splashed into the marsh, followed by loud jeers from Jud, who could not imagine any one hunting a bird unless it were good to eat, and in a few moments were out of sight behind a fringe of bushes.

It was Fred, the novice, who had the first luck. Splashing through the wet moss, he parted with a long stick the thick grass and matted twigs in every likely place within reach, in accordance with the most approved methods of experienced bird's-nesters. Suddenly he saw peering out from the side of a tussock the little spectacled face of a Tennessee warbler. As he came nearer, the gray bird slipped away like a shadow, lit an instant on a near-by bush, and then seemed to fade away, giving only a few faint alarm-chips as she went. There, overhung by grass and shaded by the four green leaves of a dwarf cornel and beneath a tiny spruce sapling, was a little nest set in the side of a sphagnum tussock and made entirely of dry grass. It contained six white eggs peppered thickly with tiny russet-brown specks. For a long time the two boys stared into the nest of a Tennessee warbler. Probably the ornithologists who had ever found this nest could be counted on the



"A TINY NORTHERN HARE CROUCHING UNDER A BUSH"

fingers of one hand, and both boys felt that never-to-be-forgotten thrill which every bird student feels when he first discovers a new and unknown nest.

This was but the beginning of one of the most delightful hours that either of the boys had ever spent. It was Will who made the next discovery. From under a Labrador-tea bush a bird flashed out not four feet away, alighted on a near-by branch, and by the twitching of its tail identified itself as the palm-warbler. The nest was on the ground and made of fine grass and horsehair, with an inner lining of gray-and-white feathers, and held four long white eggs wreathed at the larger end with a reddish-brown aureole. After this, they found other nests of both these varieties, which were common in that marsh. Always the feather lining identified the dwelling of the palm-warbler, and Will

told Fred that this was the only warbler's nest found on the ground which was lined with feathers, although several of the tree-nesters of that family, such as the myrtle, the black-poll, and the pine-warblers, always insisted upon feather-lined homes.

As they came beyond the last palm-warbler's nest, Will suddenly pointed out to Fred a tiny Northern hare crouching under a bush. It could not have been more than a few days old, but already it had learned the first lesson of all the hare family—to lie quiet, no matter what happens. Unfortunately for Bunny, its soft nose was covered with the fierce mosquitos of which the marsh was full, and, in spite of itself, it could not avoid twitching it slightly from time to time as the sting of their bites became unendurable. It was this tiny movement which had caught Will's eye. Both boys crept up until they were within two feet of the little animal, which still lay perfectly quiet, and it was not until they stroked its soft back that, with a tremendous bound, it leaped the bush and disappeared into the marsh beyond.

As the boys beat back and forth across the marsh, from mid-sky dropped a sweet, whinnying note, like the tones of some high-hung Æolian harp. At first they could see nothing. Then a black speck suddenly showed, and volplaning down came a bird with a long beak and flashing wings whose rapid beats made the wing-song to which they had listened. As it coasted down the sky and disappeared in the marsh, Will recognized the Wilson snipe, which he had seen in the spring passing through Cornwall in migration. Here it was nesting. For a long time they searched for its rare and well hidden nest; and not until Will stepped on the very tussock where the mate of the singer was brooding her beautiful eggs did she flutter off her nest of withered fern.

Everywhere were painted trilliums, studies in triangles. In the center of triangular white petals was splashed a carmine-red triangle, while the petals were set in a green triangle of sepals which in their turn were enclosed in a reversed triangle of green leaves. Beyond the part of the bog where the snipe's nest was found they came to a curious peat formation. It seemed to be filled with tiny matted roots, and the peat itself cut like black, smooth wax. Poking a stick down through the layer of peat, Will found a solid mass of underlying ice which never melted even in mid-summer. The ground was covered with moss and tiny, stunted, spreading trees. Here and there were pitcher-plants and sheep-laurel and dwarf larches and spruces.

Overhead, now and then, flew pairs of red-breasted mergansers, so near that both the boys could see the dark-green crested head of the drake, with a white ring around the neck, and the white, black-barred wings. Always the female merganser led the way, the male flying submissively behind her. In one place was a bowl-shaped hollow nearly filled by a spreading, stunted spruce tree. As they approached this, there was a loud rustling and pattering, and suddenly from under the fringe of the tree burst a female merganser and flew off like a bullet, squawking loudly as she went. Fred crawled in under the tree and found the nest, about six inches in diameter and four inches deep and rimmed around with down taken from the bird's breast, while the bottom was lined with fragrant bay-leaves. It contained nine eggs, which looked much like brown hen's-eggs, except that they were more oval.

As they came back to the main bog, from the tops of the taller trees they heard a curious song which was unfamiliar even to such an experienced bird expert as Will. *"Chickaree, chickaree, chickaree, chick,"* it sounded on all sides of them, with a peculiar, bell-like timbre something like the ringing notes of a Carolina wren. Twice the bird would sing this loud, ringing strain and then would come a strange bar of melody, almost like a little laugh set to music. A moment later there would come a series of notes like those that a fish-hawk gives, *"Chu, chu, chu, chu."* It did not seem possible that all of these different songs came from the same bird. At last, however, with much difficulty, Will managed to focus his field-glasses on the singer and to his great surprise found that it was the ruby-crowned kinglet, that tiny bird with the concealed crimson crest on the crown of its head and a wing-bar. In migration Will had often heard its intricate, beautiful song, but found that that was nothing like the performance which it gives at home.

It was Fred, however, who first heard the great singer of the day. They were in a little gully in the marsh, half filled with brush and stumps and tangled masses of long grass and sphagnum moss. Suddenly there sounded a wild song filled with ringing, glassy overtones such as one makes by running a moistened finger along the inside of the rim of a finger-bowl. The notes of the song dashed and tinkled against each other, rising at times into a perfect spray of melody, with a dancing lilt through it all. At last they saw the singer—the little winter wren, the fourth smallest bird

in America. It hardly seemed possible that this tiny, inconspicuous bird, which the boys had often seen bobbing and curtseying along the edge of brooks during the fall and winter, could hold so much melody.

All around them grew amethyst sheets of rhodora against a background of the pure white petals of the shad-blow, while in places the marsh was filled with pussy-toes, a variety of cotton-grass with what seemed to be a little soft dab of brown fur at the end of each stalk. Suddenly Will fell on his knees in the wet moss, and when Fred reached him he found him kneeling in admiration of a little colony of brilliant flowers. Out of the moss at the end of bent stems, each with a single lily-like leaf, nodded brilliant blossoms. The petals of the pouch-like flower were crimson, with deep purple lines varied with pink and shading to yellow. It was Will's first sight of that lovely little bog orchid, the Calypso. For long, both boys bowed before these little marsh-dwellers. Then Will told Fred, who was the real flower-lover of the two, that all the rest of the family of this orchid lived in the East Indies. She alone had strayed into the North, thousands of miles away from the rest of her kin. The last sight that the boys had as they turned reluctantly away was the flash of their color—purple, pink, and yellow—gleaming against the setting of the gold-green sphagnum moss.

A little later, Will found another orchid, which delighted him even more than had the Calypso, although Fred at first could see nothing interesting or beautiful in it. There was only a naked, crooked stem some fifteen inches high on which seemed to have alighted a little swarm of tiny flies. When Fred looked close he saw that what seemed to be insects were really the brownish-purple blossoms of that rarity, the crane-fly orchis. Will told Fred that the insignificant little plant was one of the prizes which comes to an orchid-hunter only seldom in a lifetime, and was, perhaps, the rarest orchid on the North American continent, except the smaller, whorled Pogonia, with its greenish-yellow flowers set in three dusky purple sepals. Once this species must have been scattered widely over the world, for to-day in the Himalaya Mountains a crane-fly orchis is found exactly like the one which grows so sparsely on the North American continent, except for a slight difference in the tip of the leaf.

At last, tired and dripping, and bitten and stung with mosquitos and black flies, but happy with the happiness which only orchid hunters and bird's-nesters know, the two came back to the rest of the party, who were anxiously waiting for them. "We 're huntin' underground elephants," grumbled Jud, "not dicky-birds."

Tilgarda stopped Will's retort by leading the way down the slope by a trail which skirted the marsh and stretched directly across the low-lying ridges which separated them from the shining glacier on the opposite peak. When they reached the tip of the glacier, the walking became more difficult. Down from the far heights above, this vast river of ice had plowed its way. Nothing could withstand the approach of the almost incalculable weight of its moving mass. Vast boulders were picked up and carried forward like chips on the surface of a stream and the edges of flinty granite cliffs sheered off clean. In other places the crystal plowshare of the glacier had thrust its way deep into vast banks and ridges of frozen earth and torn them from the bed-rock below, carrying them along irresistibly and sealing, in clear ice, rocks, boulders, and trees, which thereafter moved with the irresistible march of the glacier itself.

Along its edge Tilgarda led them. Up and up the party pressed its way, until they came to where, stark and bare, a vast bank of clay and rubble had been cut through, perhaps a century before. As they rounded a bend in the dry bed of what had once been a mountain brook, Tilgarda, who had been leading the way, stopped with a hiss of his indrawn breath and with outstretched arms bowed forward, as if in the presence of the great chief himself. At his shoulder was Will, who had chanced to be next to him as, in single file, the party had followed the trail.

As the boy looked up at the wall of transparent ice which towered above them a strangled cry of alarm broke from his parted lips. There, frozen in a solid block of clear ice, towered a monster such as had not walked this earth for ten times ten thousand years. Unburied from the grave where it had rested, untouched by time, and intact as when some unknown fate had overtaken it when the last Ice Age overwhelmed the earth, the monstrous creature, standing erect, seemed ready to step forth out of an age-long sleep. Its vast body, larger than the largest Indian elephant, stood over nine feet high at its fore shoulder, and was covered with a thatch of drooping black hair which hung two feet long over the huge bulk. Underneath this mass of hair showed thick, massed, reddish-brown wool. The vast curved trunk made it evident that the monster was some member of the family of which our present-day elephants are all that remain.

It was the tusks which gave Will the clue to the name of the strange monster. They stretched out for some six feet and then curved back on themselves, while the points of each tusk turned toward each other, and not outward like those of an elephant. The boy remembered that on a vacation trip to New York he had once seen the skeleton of a mammoth which showed those same vast, back-curved tusks. To-day he saw the monster as it looked when it fed among the tundras and frozen wastes of the far North a hundred and a hundred thousand years ago.

There was something sinister and menacing in the great beast's appearance. The wicked little pig eyes were set much farther back than those of an elephant; and they were wide open, seeming to threaten the boy as he looked at them. Almost he expected to see the huge trunk upraise and to face the terrible charge of those curved tusks, as when the mammoth fought the hairy rhinoceros on those northern plains, and the saber-toothed tiger and the vast cave-bear, and the cave-lion watched the fray, and the few men of that earliest stone age skulked for their very lives. There was something unearthly and unnatural in the very presence of the giant mammal, and Will was almost ready to share Tilgarda's belief that he who saw to-day what the earth had hidden away ages ago must pay a price in danger and disaster.

One by one the others joined him, and looked long at the threatening monster. The sheet of ice which walled it in in front, under the summer sun had melted down to a few inches in thickness, and was as transparent as glass. Although they all knew that there was nothing supernatural about the mammoth, yet no one wanted to stay near it any longer. Even old Jud, the most practical of men, felt the menace of which Tilgarda had spoken.

"It kind of seems," he half whispered, "as if it were n't right to see this. Let 's get out of here."

As they turned down the path, their last glimpse of this monster of a forgotten age showed its grim figure towering above them, as if it were guarding its grave against the puny presence of latter-day creatures.

"Now for the bad luck," remarked Fred, cheerfully, to Tilgarda, as they wound their way down the long slope.

"It come to him," returned the Indian, pointing to Will. "Mahmut looked on him first."

"How about you?" persisted Fred.

There was a pause.

"I 've paid," said Tilgarda, at last, pointing to the terrible scars on his twisted, distorted neck.

In that high latitude it was light enough to read all night long, and when the party reached the other side of the bog on their homeward trip Will begged for another hour to examine some of his beloved bird's-nests. This time Fred stayed with Jud, and Will left them, promising to be back within the hour.

"Look out!" called Fred, jokingly; "the Mahmut will get you in the marsh."

"I 'll be watching for him," said Will, laughingly, as he waded into the sphagnum.

For a time the rest of the party lay on their backs on a bank of soft, dry reindeer-moss. Finally they decided to hunt along the upper slopes of the hill down which they had come, on the chance of running across a deer. Following the slopes here and there, they zigzagged away from the marsh until they reached a black cañon, hemmed in by huge ridges which ran down until they met a little stream that went racing through its depths. It was dark with silent pools never touched by the rays of the sun. Tiptoeing down a winding path, they followed the cañon, which stretched like a sword-slash across ridge after ridge. Finally, far ahead, they saw where it opened out, apparently at the far end of the marsh in which Will was hunting. The wind blew in their faces as, in single file, the party crept silently along toward the opening where, if in any place, they would be likely to find game. Turning a sharp corner of the ravine, they found themselves in a narrow glade full of withered grass, which widened out to the very edge of the marsh.

At that moment Tilgarda held up his hand warningly. Far ahead they saw some large animal moving through the tawny herbage. So lithe and silent and cautious was its every movement that it seemed to drift forward like a yellow wisp of smoke. Through his field-glasses, in the dim light, Jud made it out to be a mountain lion. Once it turned and looked back, but they were in the shadow, and even the fierce, pale, gooseberry-green eyes did not see them. It was evident that the great cat was hunting something. At the very end of the glade he crouched with every muscle tense, head laid between his extended fore paws, while his long lithe tail swayed at the end with a gentle, waving motion.

It was a far shot in the uncertain light, but Jud suddenly raised his rifle to his shoulder. He knew that, once in the bog, the chances were that the animal would scent them as they approached and would disappear like a shadow



"FROZEN IN A SOLID BLOCK OF CLEAR ICE, TOWERED A MONSTER SUCH AS HAD NOT WALKED THIS EARTH FOR TEN TIMES TEN THOUSAND YEARS"

in the long grass. Gradually the tail stiffened, until only the tip moved back and forth. Every muscle of the cougar was taut and tense as it crouched lower and lower. When the tail stopped moving, the spring would come. Jud waited until, in the wavering light, he had his sight clear and fair just above the fore shoulder, believing that the distance would drag the bullet down far enough to make the fatal shoulder-shot. Just as the tail stopped moving, he squeezed the trigger.

The shot and the spring came almost at the same instant. Like a tawny streak the great beast left the ground just as the whirling, pointed, steel-jacketed bullet pierced his fore shoulder and cut directly through its heart. There sounded a wailing, snarling shriek, followed by a shout for help.

That 's Will!" exclaimed Fred, sprinting like a race-horse down the cañon, with Joe at his heels, and Jud hurrying after.

At the edge of the marsh, deep in the sphagnum moss and a tangle of small bushes, they found Will struggling out from under the tawny body of the cougar, which was twitching in its death-agony. Fred and Joe pulled him to his feet.

"Are you hurt?" panted Fred.

"I don't think so," gasped Will, uncertainly, feeling himself all over. "What happened, anyway? I was just looking at another orchid, when something landed on me from behind. For a moment I thought the Mahmut had got loose."

By this time the other two had reached them. Jud looked down at the long tawny body, with the grinning jaws stiffening in death, and then back at the distance they had covered. Then he puffed out his chest.

"Some shot!" he murmured modestly.

"Say, Jud," shouted Will, grasping his hand, "I 'll tell the world it was!"

(To be continued)

THE SOFT STEP



"NOW I'LL CATCH DIS RAPSCALLION! I JES STEP SOFT-LIKE ON DIS BOARD"



THE "SOFT" STEP



"NEBER YOU MIN', HONEY! YOUR MAMMY GWINE TER BE HOME DIS EBENIN' SOME TIME"



SPARROWS

By JESSICA NELSON NORTH

What shall I say to the sparrow
Who lives in the near-by hedge,
  And daily comes
  For the wheaten crumbs,
That I strew on my window-ledge?

"Sparrow, sparrow, noisy and rude,
You anger me by your attitude,
  Do you feel no qualms
  When you take my alms
With never a hint of gratitude?

"Sparrow, sparrow, idle and bold,
Bread is sold for its weight in gold,
  But you flit and twit
  From bit to bit,
And you scold and scold and scold!"

And the sparrow answered never a word,
Though he cocked his head and he
    must have heard.
  He ate his fill and he left my sill.
  Upon my word!
A sparrow 's the impolitest bird!

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA-LARK

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR AND H. P. HOLT
Authors of "Lost Island," "Fortunes of War," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

THREE years before the story begins, Mr. Samuel Holden is robbed of a bag of money. A terrific gale is raging and the thief escapes in the darkness. Simon Barker, Mr. Holden's partner, accuses the latter of conniving at the robbery, and, to clear his honor, Mr. Holden sells his home in the little fishing-town of Greenport, pays back the money and goes to work as a clerk. When the story starts, his son Jack, eager to help his father, gets possession of a dismantled sloop, the *Sea-Lark*, one of many craft missing after the gale of three years before, and fits her up for use as a ferry across the harbor. With him in the enterprise is his chum, George Santo, and Rodney Farnham, to whose father the *Sea-Lark* formerly belonged. Two mysterious strangers, Martin and Hegan, appear and try to buy or rent the sloop. Failing, they take frequent trips in her and arouse the boys' suspicions by their interest in the boat. The *Sea-Lark* rescues Simon Barker's schooner *Grace and Ella*, the owner refuses to pay the salvage price agreed on, five hundred dollars, and Jack takes his case to a lawyer. Jack is attacked in the sloop's cabin at night and roughly handled. The assailant gets away unrecognized. Jack and George are caught at sea in a storm and, losing anchor and mainsail, drift helplessly. Simon Barker refuses to send his tug in search of them without being paid, and Martin and Hegan are starting a subscription when George's father appears and charters the tug.

CHAPTER X.

CASTAWAYS

THE tug turned westward, and for several miles the shore was scanned closely from a distance, without success. With a heavy heart, Tony at last gave Burke word to return to harbor. It was always possible, he reflected, that word had been received from some point along the coast that the sloop had gone ashore there or been picked up by a schooner. Further search in the tug, at any rate, was useless.

"Oh, they 'll turn up all right," said Cap'n Crumbie, as the tug puffed her way fussily back to her own moorings. He was, however, by no means certain that he would ever see the lads again.

Jack's father, having by now heard what had happened, was on the wharf awaiting the return of the tug. Mr. Holden shook his head gravely as Tony and Cap'n Crumbie stepped ashore.

"It looks bad, very bad, to me," he said, in a helpless fashion, addressing Tony. "They must have been blown right out to sea."

"I hope not, at any rate, Sam," replied the boat-builder. "All I know is that those two boys understand how to manage their sloop, and they 've both got plain horse sense. It 's no use trying to guess what 's happened to them, but you can be sure they did their best. I 'll believe they 've been drowned when we find the *Sea-Lark* smashed up somewhere on the rocks, and not until then."

The news quickly spread through the town that the sloop was missing, and the fact was duly chronicled that evening in the "Greenport Gazette." The reporter who had written the account had few enough facts to go upon, for there were none except the bare statement that the *Sea-Lark* had put off on a fishing trip and failed to return. But that did not deter the reporter from writing half a column, in which he told the story of how the *Sea-Lark* had come into Jack's possession, how the boy had started the ferry and actually made money with it, and how sincere was the wish expressed by everybody that Jack Holden and George Santo would soon be back plying to and fro on their regular "trade" in the harbor. A photograph of Jack and also one of his mate appeared on the front page, together with a snap-shot of the sloop which some one had taken during the summer as she lay at the hotel landing on the Point. Altogether, the boys occupied the post of honor in the "Greenport Gazette" that evening, even though it was a somewhat dismal honor. To fill up his half column, the reporter had written glowingly of the courtesy and intelligence of the ferryman and his assistant, and he also printed a curiously inaccurate interview with Cap'n Crumbie on the subject; inaccurate, because Cap'n Crumbie, far too worried by the lads' disappearance to bother about being interviewed, had merely glared at the man with a note-book and consigned him to oblivion.

One or two of the more venturesome Greenport skippers, including Bob Sennet, who never stayed in harbor on account of bad weather if it was humanly possible to get to the fishing-grounds, put off to sea, keeping a sharp look-out for any sign of the *Sea-Lark*. Captain Jordan, of the *Grace and Ella*, even went a dozen or more miles out of his way in the hope of being able to rescue the boys, but though the lads actually saw the sails of the schooner in the distance, and for a while had high hope of

being rescued until the *Grace and Ella* went about and disappeared, the sloop was not seen by any of the fishermen.

Meanwhile, even Tony was becoming terribly depressed. He had at first resolutely declined to admit even to himself the possibility that his son had been lost at sea; but as the day wore on without word, he began to have grave doubts.

The first intelligence Mr. Farnham received that anything was wrong was when he picked up the paper that evening and his eyes alighted on the picture of the sloop.

"By Jove! Rodney, the *Sea-Lark's* been blown out to sea!" he said.

Rodney, who, not having seen anything of the sloop all day, had imagined it had stopped running on account of the storm, threw down the book he was reading and hastened to his father's side. Together they read the printed account of the affair. A few minutes later they were speeding toward the town in an automobile. Cap'n Crumbie, Tony, and Mr. Holden were standing disconsolately at the end of the wharf as the car approached.

"Any news of the boys yet?" Mr. Farnham asked.

The watchman shook his head.

"Has the tug been off searching for them?"

"I went off in her myself," said Tony.

Mr. Farnham looked from Tony to Mr. Holden, and read in their faces the suspense they were enduring.

"Let 's go off in the tug again, Dad," Rodney urged.

"It can be hired, I suppose?" Mr. Farnham asked.

"Sure!" replied Cap'n Crumbie. "Barker 'd be tickled to death."

"Then please go and tell him to hold it at my disposal until darkness sets in. We 'll be on board in a little while. Mr. Santo, I want you to let me help you out in any way I can. I owe it to my boy's friends, you know."



"THE BOYS WADED ASHORE" (SEE PAGE 903)

"That 's all right, Mr. Farnham," replied Tony. "But there is n't much we can do, except, as you say, go off in the tug again."

"If the boys could n't make Greenport, is n't it likely that they 'd turn and run somewhere down the coast?"

"They might, of course. But if they 'd done that, we ought to have got word by now. They ought to have run into Penley, by rights. I 've telephoned down there twice, and if anything should be heard of the sloop there, I 'll get word over the wire immediately."

"Well, what 's the next place south of Penley? There is n't any port for miles, is there?"

"Nowhere that the *Sea-Lark* could put in, until you come to Bristow, and they would n't have to go as far as that for shelter."

"Bristow, eh? That 's about forty miles off. Too far, is n't it? Anyway, I 'll telegraph to the authorities there and at other places up and down the coast, so that, if any news is heard, we shall be advised."

Mr. Farnham drove off to attend to this matter, and immediately on his return the *Simon P. Barker* put off to sea once more, Tony joining Rodney and his father on board. The tug traveled south almost as far as Penley, and then, bearing off to the east, zigzagged her course northward again. Two incoming schooners were sighted, and Mr. Farnham ordered Burke to head these off, but the men on the vessels had seen nothing of the sloop.

"It 's been blowing hard all day," said one weather-beaten skipper, in reply to their enquiry, "an' if the sloop ain't been picked up, an' it ain't run into Penley, it 's long odds she 's been swamped afore now."

Not until darkness made it difficult to pursue their search further did those on the tug return to Greenport, by which time a crowd of anxious watchers had assembled on the wharf, hoping against hope that the *Simon P. Barker* might bring in the eagerly anticipated news. Neither Tony nor Mr. Holden slept a wink that night, for there was always a chance that some vessel might come towing the *Sea-Lark* back to port.

As the wild swirl of water rushed over Jack, he clung desperately to the handle of the sloop's pump. The vessel staggered under her load, but righted herself bravely.

"Are you there?" the boy spluttered, as soon as he could breathe once more. It was too dark to see anything.

"I—I think so," came back the mate's voice. "I did n't expect to be, though. We don't want much more of that stuff!"

The hours dragged along with leaden heels. Twice again during the night the sloop almost foundered beneath a terrible blow, but each time managed to right herself. It seemed to the distressed lads almost a week of darkness must have passed before a faint blur of light appeared in the eastern sky. When dawn began to approach, Jack had arrived at that state of physical exhaustion when further effort was almost intolerable, but the sight of returning daylight, with the possibilities it brought of being sighted, filled him anew with life. Then, a little later, his eyes opened wide with blank surprise.

"Why—why, where *are* we?" he exclaimed.

The boys stared into the half gloom away to the west. The roar of surf was distinct above the rushing wind, and, as the light increased, it was possible for the lads to make out a line of broken water less than half a mile away.

"That is n't the mainland," George declared presently. "It 's only a little bit of a place. It can't surely be Lobster Island! That 's forty miles or more away from Greenport."

"Well, and how far do you think we 've drifted in the last twenty hours or so?" asked the other. "I have n't the least notion where this place is, but I should n't be surprised if we had gone as far as Lobster Island. It 's a mercy we did n't bump up against it during the night. We 'd have been broken to splinters in that surf."

"I guess it *is* Lobster Island," said George. "There is n't any other place it could be. Does anybody live on it?"

"I don't believe so," replied the captain. "But even so, I 'm going to dump this packet on the shore."

"You can't, Jack, without wrecking her."

"Maybe, and maybe not. Anyway, it 's about the only chance I see sticking up at present. Wait till we drift more to leeward of the island, then I 'm going to make it or bust."

This sudden appearance of land was the most welcome sight Jack could have imagined, but there still remained a good deal of deep water between them and it; and he was by no means certain whether, in the sloop's badly crippled condition, she could be urged under the lee shore. Meanwhile, as the *Sea-Lark* drifted, the boy made ready to hoist the throat of the mainsail, and, when the sloop was slowly going past, he hauled up part of the jib.

The vessel shipped a heavy sea during this operation; and when the canvas bellied, the sloop was almost awash. But, on reaching the comparatively smooth water under the lee of the little island she became more tractable; and by dint of delicate handling, the boy was able to run her ashore on a sheltered, sandy beach.

The moment the keel grounded, the two lads, dripping wet though they were, worn out with the hardest and longest spell of toil they had ever known, and hungry as hunters, looked at each other and laughed.

"Gee, but that was what I call a narrow squeak!" commented George. "If you 'd told me an hour ago that we should be safely ashore by now, I should have thought you 'd gone crazy."

"It did n't look much like it!"

"Have you cut yourself?" the mate asked, seeing something dark drop from his chum's hand.

"That 's nothing," replied Jack, dipping his hand over the side in the water. "Just a bit of a blister that burst. Let 's look at your hands. Mine *hurt,* I don't mind admitting now."

George displayed the palms of his own hands, which were in no better condition than those of his friend.

Suddenly Jack sprang from his seat and, opening the door of the companionway, dived into the cabin. A moment later he emerged with a dry package of crackers and a bottle of water.

"You think I 've had my mind fixed on saving the sloop all the night, don't you?" he asked, proffering the package to the mate, and stuffing a cracker into his own mouth. "But you 're wrong. I kept remembering those crackers, and we 'd both have been drowned as sure as eggs are eggs if we 'd opened that door and shipped a sea. This stuff has been in a locker for almost a week, and I 'd forgotten about it."

"If ever you see me turn up my nose at a cracker after this," said George, munching away, "I give you full permission to kick me from one end of Greenport to another."

"We 're not in Greenport yet," replied Jack. "Oh, my back 's nearly broken. I don't think I could have gone on pumping for another hour if my life had depended on it."

Though their position was dismal enough, stranded as they were on a barren beach, with their boat half full of water, the lads were now strangely happy. The strain of their recent unnerving experience had been greater than they realized; and now it was over, the sheer joy of being alive and of knowing that death was not likely to overtake them any minute was more than enough to compensate for the fact that they were still far from being out of the figurative wood. The sloop was resting firmly enough on the sand, and the receding tide would soon leave her high and dry. There remained a great deal of water to pump out of her bilge, but that could stay where it was for the present. No sign of any human habitation was visible on the island, but, after resting a few minutes longer, the boys waded ashore and explored. They found nothing much to reward them. The island was little more than a barren rock, with sparse, coarse grass growing in places, and also a few low, straggling bushes. It was less than a thousand feet long, and only a couple of hundred feet across at its widest point. Possibly no human foot had stepped ashore there for years. Still, it offered a secure haven, and on that account the boys were thankful enough. By eating very sparingly of their slender supply of crackers, they would at least be able to keep alive for the present.

"I don't remember the geography of this part of the coast awfully well," said Jack, after they had made a cursory examination of the place, "but if this is Lobster Island, it can't be so far off the mainland. The wind certainly is n't quite so strong now. I believe the worst of the gale is over. I 'm going to climb up to the top of that rock and see if I can spot the coast."

The rock in question was not easy to scale, as it offered no secure foothold; but its summit was a full twenty feet above the level of the ocean, and before long the captain of the *Sea-Lark* was perched precariously on the top.

"Hooray!" he cried, shouting down to his chum, and pointing away to the northwest. "We 're all right! I can see the coast! And there are two ships in sight—schooners, I think. That must be Bristow harbor over there."

CHAPTER XI

BACON AND EGGS

In his excitement, he descended from his lofty perch a little too rapidly. Some distance from the bottom he slipped, and came perilously near to breaking a bone or two as he rolled heavily to the spot where George stood. He barked his shins and bruised one of his elbows, but was otherwise unhurt, and, after rubbing the sore places for a few moments, almost forgot about them, in view of the important discovery he had just made.

"If I can get that eye-bolt fixed in the top of the mast again," he said, "we 'll be away from here within the next few hours."

"There 's a biggish sea running," George cautioned, scanning the tumbling surface.

"It is n't so bad," replied the skipper. "Why, hang it, the wind is n't half as strong as it was during the night. In another six hours or so, we shall be able to slip across to Bristow in no time. You don't want another night of it, do you?"

"Go ahead," said George. "I 'm just crazy about sailing in lovely weather like this. And the pump is the best part of it, too, is n't it? It seems years since I used a pump. Guess I must have forgotten how to work the thing by now. If I have forgotten, Jack, I hope that you 'll do any little bit of pumping that might be necessary," he added with a laugh.

They had walked back to the *Sea-Lark,* and Jack was now standing on her deck, surveying the damage aloft. He soon realized that to replace the eye-bolt as it had been would be a task beyond him; but, equipping himself with a few yards of spare manila rope, he climbed the mast and set about the task of making temporary repairs. It had to be a clumsy job at best, but elegance was of less importance than strength; and before long he slipped down to the deck again, convinced that the gear would hold.

"The tide will float us again in about another eight hours," he declared. "If it 's safe to make a start by then, we shall have two or three hours' daylight to make the run across."

Toward noon, when the ebb tide had ceased and the water was coming in the direction of the sloop once more, Jack fished the entire commissariat supply out of the locker again. It consisted of exactly five crackers and about half a pint of luke-warm water at the bottom of the bottle. The wind had by now dropped considerably, and there was every prospect of the lads being able to start on the journey to Bristow as soon as the *Sea-Lark* floated.

"Two crackers and a piece of one for you," said the captain, dividing them out equally. "After we 've eaten this, we 've got to starve to death or eat sand. Gee, it 's funny how small a cracker is when you 've only got two and a half of them for dinner! If we 'd only thought to lash down that bluefish of yours!"

George, having eaten his share of the lunch, yawned. It was more than thirty hours since he had been asleep.

"It 'll be hours before the sloop 's afloat again," he said. "I 'm going to turn in and have a snooze."

He went into the cabin, and, stretching in his bunk just as he was, fell asleep instantly. Jack sat on the deck, with his back against the deck-house. He did not remember ever being so sleepy and tired. Presently his head nodded. He raised it with a jerk, and then lowered his chin to his chest once more, while leaden weights seemed to be dragging his eyelids down. Just a short nap, he reflected lazily, would make him feel much fresher. A moment later he, too, was sound asleep, and when he awoke a puzzled expression swept over his face. The water was lapping the side of the sloop. It must have been that which awoke him. He had been asleep for hours.

"Come on, George!" he shouted, leaping to his feet. "We 'll be afloat soon."

Rubbing his eyes, the mate emerged from the cabin. "Why, the wind 's gone right down," he said. "That 's fine."

The sloop, which had been canting over on her side while ashore, now lay almost on an even keel. Jack, armed with the boat-hook, and George with a pole which had been picked up from the beach in anticipation of this moment, leaned over the side when the *Sea-Lark* began to rock slightly, and without much difficulty they got her afloat once more. Up went the mainsail and jib, and away the sloop ran, in the direction of the shore which Jack had observed from the top of the rock. In half an hour they raised land; and not long after that, their craft was nuzzling one of the pile wharves in Bristow harbor.

"I 've got just a dollar and fifteen cents," said Jack, turning out his pockets. "How much have you?"

"A dime."

"We 'll manage all right. First of all, we ought to telephone to Greenport. You 'd better speak to your mother."

They found a telephone booth near the harbor, and presently, with Jack standing by his side, George was talking over the wire.

"Hello," he said. "Is that you, Mother? . . . We 're at Bristow. . . . No, we have n't got drowned yet. . . . Yes, we 're all right. You might tell Mr. Holden. . . . I 'm jolly hungry, that 's all. . . . Well, it *was* a bit rough, but you need n't have worried. . . . No, everything 's all right, really. . . . We 're going to sleep on the boat here to-night, and if the weather holds good, we 'll sail back in the morning. . . . Yes, thanks, a dollar and a quarter between us, and we sha' n't need any more. . . . In the *paper!* Our *pictures!* Oh, *crikey!* . . . All right, Mother. See you in the morning. G' by."

"Oh, splash!" he exclaimed, hanging up the receiver. "That 's done it! Jack, we 're dead and drowned and given up for lost, and in the 'Greenport Gazette' as corpses, and half the town's almost in mourning for us already."

"Two eggs," Jack was saying, already hurrying his chum away by the arm, "no, three eggs, and bacon. Lots of bacon. And toast and butter. And coffee, and——"

"Stop it, you 're making my mouth water," protested George. "Here 's a place to get eats."

Two of the hungriest boys who ever sat down in the restaurant were soon giving their orders and appealing to the waitress to hurry; and it took every cent of their available cash to settle the bill.

After supper they strolled around the little town for an hour or two, and then returned to the sloop for a good night's rest.

"We ought to get some one to fix that gear for us properly before we start off," said Jack, when they had turned in. "It 's all right as it is if we don't strike any more bad weather, but we don't want another time like the last.

"We 'll find somebody to do it," replied George, sleepily, from his bunk; and a few moments later the two young adventurers were lost in slumber.

The next thing Jack knew, he was sitting bolt upright in bed. Footsteps on the deck had awakened him.

"George!" he said in a loud whisper.

"Eh? Eh? What 's wrong?" asked the mate in the darkness.

Already Jack was out of his bunk.

"There 's somebody prowling about," replied the skipper. "Listen, he 's in the cockpit now!"

The cabin door opened, and Jack threw himself into a defensive attitude.

A light flared up in the doorway as a match was struck, and both boys burst into laughter.

"Well, you two!" said the familiar voice of Tony Santo.

"Dad!" George exclaimed. "How did you get here?"

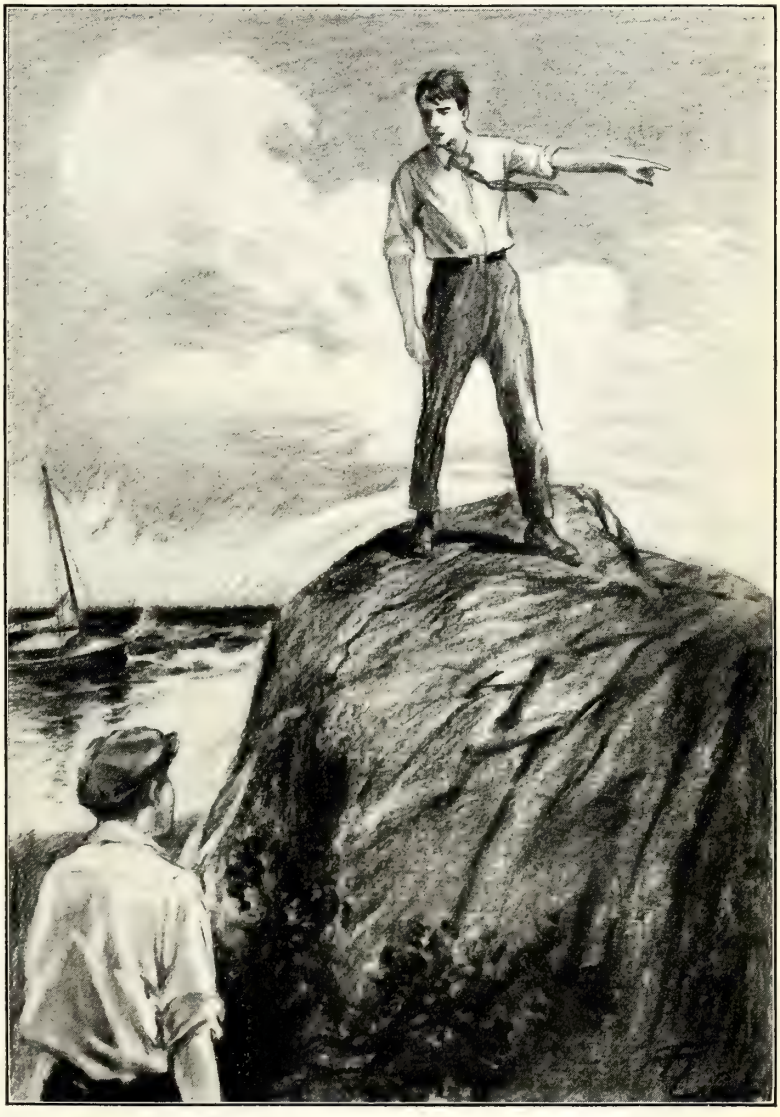
"By train, of course," replied Tony. "I just thought I 'd run down and see that you were all right."

"It 's awfully good of you," said George. "But I told Mother there was nothing wrong."

"Oh, no! Nothing at all wrong!" replied Tony, sarcastically. "What happened?"

"Some of the gear gave way and we could n't use our sails," Jack explained.

"Well, my boys," said Tony, "I 'm glad it 's no worse. You certainly did throw a scare into us all, but it was n't your fault. Go back to bed now. There 's a hotel quite close, and I 'll find a bed there. I 'll take you ashore for breakfast; and as soon as we get her overhauled, we 'll be off for home."



" 'HOORAY!' HE CRIED, 'WE 'RE ALL RIGHT! I CAN SEE THE COAST!' "

Next morning, Tony strengthened the temporary repair which Jack had made, and, with the breeze still favorable, the *Sea-Lark* headed for Greenport while most of the good folk of Bristow were still in bed. The summer gale had vanished as quickly as it had come, and the sloop had an easy passage back.

Jack and his chum, on returning to Greenport, found themselves overwhelmed with congratulations. They were stopped on the street and plied with questions, and the reporter of the "Greenport Gazette" who had, a couple of days previously, firmly believed he was writing the boys' obituary notices, wrung their hands warmly in the hope of extracting a good "story." But neither the captain nor the mate of the *Sea-Lark* cared for publicity of this sort.

"You don't want to print anything more about us in your paper," said Jack. "Everybody knows we got back all right, and there 's nothing else to it."

More than that he refused to say to the journalist, but to Cap'n Crumbie he opened his heart, and the watchman nodded understandingly as the boy recounted their adventures.

The reporter, however, awaited a favorable opportunity of tackling Cap'n Crumbie, and that worthy, without the slightest hesitation, told the reporter all he wanted to know. It was, therefore, with something of a shock that the boys found two columns of the local paper filled with a thrilling account of their narrow escape. Cap'n Crumbie, who at all times was inclined to make a little go a long way when he was telling a story, had polished up the high lights and introduced a few bright ideas of his own; and the reporter, who was none too particular about facts when it came to turning out exciting "copy," had let himself go. The combined result was a truly harrowing yarn, which made the heroes roar with laughter, but which also had the effect of swelling the number of ferry patrons.

Mr. Farnham, who was a business man to his finger-tips, stood on the hotel landing with his wife, watching the *Sea-Lark* discharging an unusually large load, and he laughed softly.

"Sweet are the uses of advertisement!" he misquoted, with a glance at his wife.

"You mean their adversity has proved an advertisement," replied Mrs. Farnham. "Yes, but I should be sorry if they had another advertisement of the same kind."

"Surely," replied the man of business, "but give Jack due credit. Lots of chaps would have taken a day or two off to rest, after going through all that. His hands were so sore, at first, that he could hardly hold the wheel. But instead of lying back and listening to congratulations, he got onto the job while the rush lasted."

"He certainly has worked hard this summer."

"He has," replied Mr. Farnham, thoughtfully; "and fellows with as much grit as that are n't any too plenty. He ought to go a good long way in this world. But it won't be as a ferryman."

"It won't?"

"No"; and Mr. Farnham smiled. "I have a notion that by the time he gets through high school he 'll be the sort of chap I shall find very useful in my office in New York. But there 's time enough to think about that. By the way," he added to Jack, stepping down on to the landing as soon as the last of the passengers had gone, "I have just got a new dinghy in place of the one I 've been using as a tender to the power-boat. I have no use for the old dinghy now, so, if you like to hitch it up behind the *Sea-Lark,* you can have her as a tender."

"Why—why," began Jack, who knew the tender well enough, and would have liked nothing better than to own her, but felt that Mr. Farnham had given him quite enough as it was, "that would be splendid, only—"

"Wait a minute," put in Mr. Farnham, quickly discerning what was in the lad's mind. "I 'm not going to make a gift of her to you, exactly. Let 's put the thing on a proper business footing, eh?"

Jack smiled. "I 'd be glad to," he said. "But how?"

"You can take her on condition that whenever I want to use your ferry during the rest of my vacation this year, I 'm allowed to travel without paying my fare."

"But you hardly ever come across," protested Jack.

"Well, well, I 'll have to make a few special journeys to work off the price of the dinghy. Not another word, now. She 's yours. Rod will hand her over to you to-day."

"Thank you ever so much," Jack called after Mr. Farnham, who had already turned and was walking away toward his bungalow.

Jack had but little time for gossip with his friend the watchman for several days after his return from Bristow, but early one morning, while Jack was preparing the sloop for the day's work, Cap'n Crumbie descended from the wharf and sat on the deck-house, watching the lad use the swab.

"There 's one thing I forgot to tell you," said the watchman. "I 've got a notion that p'r'aps we 've been misjudgin' those two fellers Hegan and Martin."

"Misjudging them?"

"Well, I dunno," replied the Cap'n. "P'r'aps it was only me that did the misjudgin', but I surely did think it was either one or the other

o' them that tried to brain you with a bar o' steel that night."

"Well?" said Jack, curiously.

"Well, 't ain't reasonable to think so now. If they 'd wanted to do you an injury, they would n't have acted as they did when we all thought you was gettin' drownded out there."

Jack put down the swab.

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"I watched 'em, watched 'em close, too, when they heard you 'd been blown out to sea," said Cap'n Crumbie. "An' if ever I seed a case of genooine sorrow in a feller's face, it was then."

"Really!" said Jack, a little puzzled. "You can't always go by looks, though."

"It was n't only their looks," said the Cap'n, shaking his head solemnly. "It was Hegan's idea to start a subscription to pay Barker for the hire of his old tug to go and save you. And Martin offered to chip in, too. They meant it, all right. In another minute or two we 'd ha' been handing that shark Barker the twenty-five dollars he asked for before he 'd send the tug out. But just about then Tony came along and he paid Barker out of his own pocket."

"How funny," said Jack, with a perplexed frown. "I 'm glad you told me. Next time they come along I must thank them."

"It just shows you," observed the watchman, "how you can be mistaken in folks."

"Ye-es," said Jack, a trifle doubtfully. Then: "Hello, here they come now," he added.

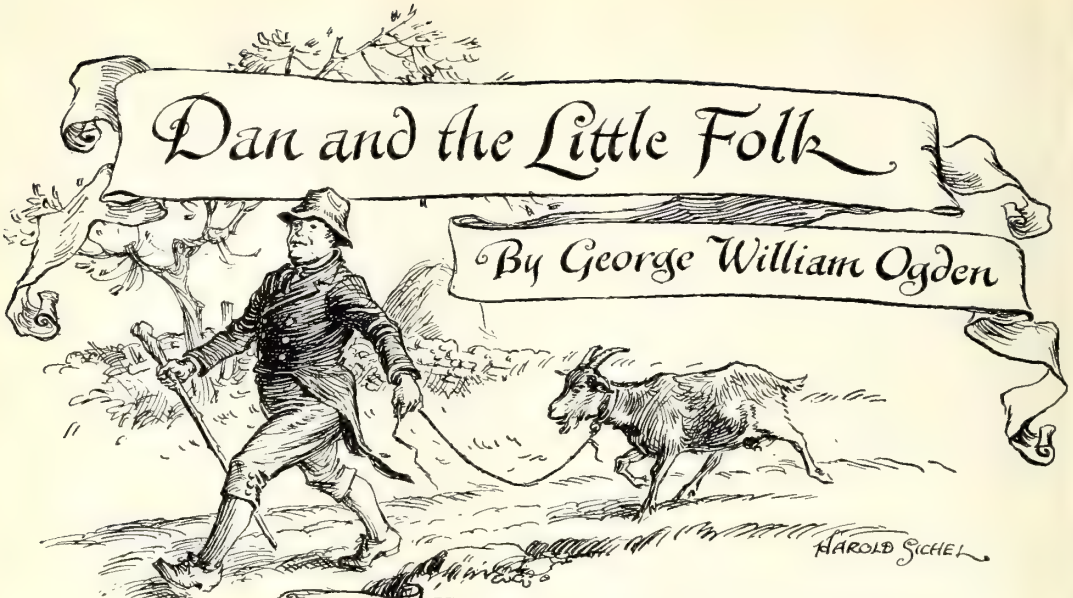
(To be continued)



"WHEN GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER WAS YOUNG"

Dan and the Little Folk

By George William Ogden



DID ye hear how Dan Costigan fell in the pit
Where they digged out the peat,
The time that the Powers of Evil bewitched
The wan of his feet?
The left wan kept walkin' in circles, he said,
Whiles the right was content to march on sthraight ahead

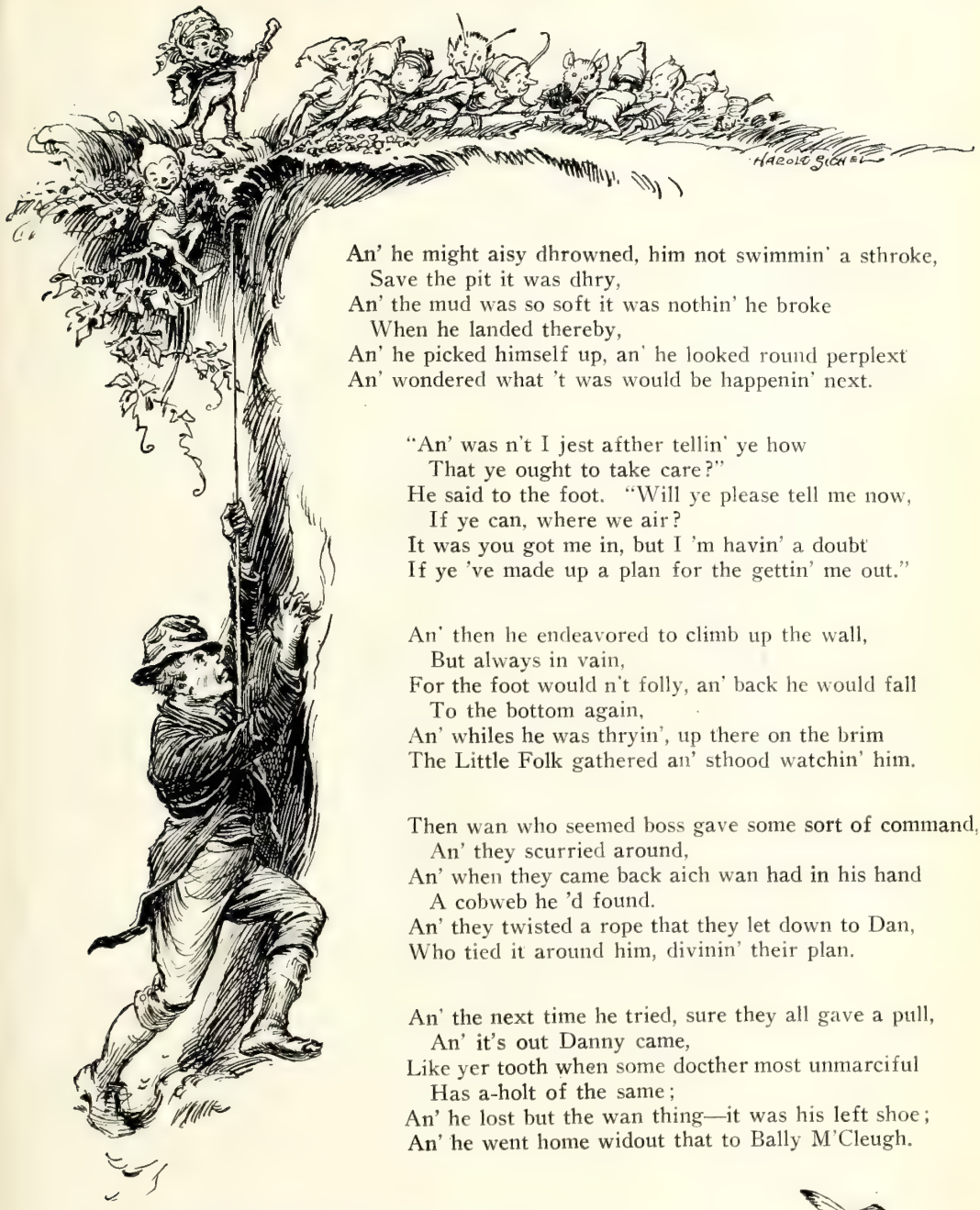
Dan went down that mornin' from Bally M'Cleugh
To sell his ould goat.
Twelve shillin's she brought, an' a good price 't was, too;
Then a pain in his throat
Induced him to sample the brand of potheen
They were sellin' that time in the town of Duveen.

'T was well on toward avenin' when Danny had done
Wid all his affairs
An' stharted fer home, wid his contrairy feet
As the worst of his cares.
Mr. Danny kept watch—it was always the same:
The right foot went sthraight; 't was the left was to blame.

"What 's ailin' ye now," Danny said to the foot,
"That ye travel that style?
I 've a right to lambaste ye fer doin' the same
Ivry wance in awhile.
Does ye think that I 'm wan of them compasses things
That a carpenter uses to make his round rings?"

"Now mind what ye 're doin', or wan of these times
Ye 'll be causin' me death."
But fer all that it heeded, he might jest as well
Have been kapin' his breath;
For shortly thereafter it circled a bit
Too wide, an' walked Danny right into the pit!





An' he might aisy dhrowned, him not swimmin' a sthroke,
Save the pit it was dhry,
An' the mud was so soft it was nothin' he broke
When he landed thereby,
An' he picked himself up, an' he looked round perplext
An' wondered what 't was would be happenin' next.

"An' was n't I jest afther tellin' ye how
That ye ought to take care?"
He said to the foot. "Will ye please tell me now,
If ye can, where we air?
It was you got me in, but I 'm havin' a doubt
If ye 've made up a plan for the gettin' me out."

An' then he endeavored to climb up the wall,
But always in vain,
For the foot would n't folly, an' back he would fall
To the bottom again,
An' whiles he was thryin', up there on the brim
The Little Folk gathered an' sthood watchin' him.

Then wan who seemed boss gave some sort of command,
An' they scurried around,
An' when they came back aich wan had in his hand
A cobweb he 'd found.
An' they twisted a rope that they let down to Dan,
Who tied it around him, divinin' their plan.

An' the next time he tried, sure they all gave a pull,
An' it's out Danny came,
Like yer tooth when some docther most unmarciful
Has a-holt of the same;
An' he lost but the wan thing—it was his left shoe;
An' he went home widout that to Bally M'Cleugh.

Some thought 't was all made up, exceptin' the part
Of the pain in his throat;
But then he had cobwebs an' mud, bless yer heart,
All over his coat.
An' as fer meself, I don't doubt it a bit,
For he found the lost shoe the next day in the pit!

THE HAPPY VENTURE

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

By the author of "Blue Magic"

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

MRS. STURGIS loses almost all her money, suffers a nervous collapse, and is forced to go to a sanatorium. Her children,—Kenelem, sixteen, Felicia, fifteen, and eight-year-old Kirk, who is blind,—move from the expensive town house to a dilapidated old farm in Asquam, which they little by little turn into a friendly and comfortable dwelling-place. Kirk is happy in the friendship of "the maestro," a wonderful old musician, who lives near by in a quiet house which is set in the midst of a tangled garden. The garden has never been tended since the maestro's son ran away to sea, years before. Ken, with a motor-boat he has salvaged, runs the popular "Sturgis Water Line," and carries baggage between Bayside and Asquam. One day, at tea at the maestro's, the Sturgises are astonished to find that the old gentleman has set to music a rhyme which Ken made up to amuse Kirk. Later, the "Toadpome," as it is familiarly called, is published as a song by the maestro, and Ken is amazed to receive a check. Ken has rescued his small brother from an attempted kidnapping, and the chapter ends with the reunited family talking of preparations for Kirk's ninth birthday, soon to come.

CHAPTER XI

THE NINE GIFTS

Two evenings later, Ken confronted his sister at the foot of the stairs as she came down from seeing Kirk to bed.

"Where," said Ken, "is your Braille slate?"

"What," said Felicia, "do you want with a Braille slate, if I may ask?"

"You may n't," said Ken, conclusively.

"But it makes a difference," Phil argued.

"If you want to write Braille with it,—which seems unlikely,—I 'll consider. But if you want it to prop open the door with, or crack nuts on, or something, you can't have it."

"I can think of lots better things to crack nuts on than a Braille slate," said Ken. "I want to use it for its rightful purpose. Come now, my girl, out with it!"

"Wish you luck," said Felicia, going to the educational shelf; "here it is."

Ken eyed it mistrustfully—a slab of wood, crossed by a movable metal strip which was pierced with many small, square openings.

"Also," said Ken, "the alphabet of the language."

"American Uncontracted, or Revised, Grade One and a Half?" Phil asked airily.

"They sound equally bad, but if there 's any choice, give me the easiest. Sounds like geological survey stuff."

Phil rummaged again, and brought to light an alphabet which she had made for herself in her early Braille days.

"And the paper and stuff you use," Ken demanded.

"Here, take everything!" cried Felicia, thrusting out handfuls of irrelevant books and papers. "Stop asking for things in dribbles."

Ken settled himself at the table, scowled at the embossed alphabet, and then clamped a piece of the heavy paper into the slate. He grasped the little punch firmly, and, with a manner vigorous, if not defiant, he set to work.

"You just poke holes in the paper through the squares, eh, and they turn into humps?"

"The squares don't turn into humps; the holes do. Don't whack so hard."

There was silence for a short time, broken only by Ken's mutterings and the click of the stylus. Felicia looked up, then gazed meditatively across the table at the enterprise.

"Is it for a Hebrew person?" she inquired gently.

"Hebrew?" Ken said; "I should rather say not. Why?"

"You 're writing it backward—like Yiddish."

"I 'm doing it from left to right, which is the way one usually writes," said Ken, in a superior tone. "You 're looking at it upside-down. You 're twisted."

"The holes," said Felicia, mildly, "in order to become readable humps on the other side, have to be punched right to left."

"Oh!" said Ken. After a moment of thought he exclaimed, somewhat indignant: "You mean to say, then, that you have to reverse the positions of all these blooming dots, besides writing 'em backward?"

"Yes."

"You have to read 'em one way, and write 'em another, and remember 'em *both?"*

"You do."

"And—and Kirk does that?"

"Yes; and he knows Revised, Grade One and a Half, too, and our alphabet besides, and embossed music, a little, and arithmetic, and—"

"Don't," said Ken. "It makes a fellow feel cheap."

With which he removed the paper and clamped in a fresh sheet. The work progressed silently; Ken occasionally gnashed his teeth and tore away the paper, but after a time the mistakes grew fewer, and Felicia, looking across at her brother's brown, handsome face, found it tranquil and sober, an earnest absorption in his gray eyes and a gently whimsical smile about his mouth. She knew of whom he was thinking, and smiled tenderly herself as she watched his big hand plod systematically and doggedly across the unfamiliar way. Bedtime found Ken elated and exhibiting to his sister several neatly embossed sheets of paper.

"'All day my—'" read Felicia.

"Murder!" cried Ken. "I forgot you could read the stuff! Go to bed, go to bed!"

At a rather early hour the next morning, Felicia was awakened by the stealthy approach to her bedside of a small and cautious figure in pajamas. It stood quite still beside the bed, listening to find out whether or not she was asleep. She spread her arms noiselessly, and then flung them about the pajamaed one. When the confusion of kisses, hugs, and birthday greetings had subsided, and Kirk was tucked under the quilt, he said:

"Now see me a story."

"But I can't—not like Ken," Felicia protested.

"Oh, *Phil!*" Kirk said in a tone of withering reproach. "Silly! A birthday special one, please."

Felicia thought for some time; then she said:

"It 's not very nice, but it 's a sort of birthday one. It 's called The Nine Gifts."

"One for each year," said Kirk, wriggling comfortably.

"Exactly. Once upon a time there was a nice person who lived in an old house on a hill. One autumn day was his birthday, but he was n't thinking of any gifts, because there could be no one to give him anything, and he was quite poor—as far as gold and silver went. So he was feeling just a little sad, because people like to have gifts. He came downstairs and unlocked his door, and opened it to the beautiful young day all strung with dew—"



"KIRK'S FINGERS SOUGHT OUT RAPTUROUSLY THE DETAILS OF THE SCHOONER"
(SEE PAGE 913)

"Could he see it?" asked Kirk.

"No," said Felicia, "he could n't."

"Then it *was* me."

"We-e-ll," said his sister, "possibly. But when he opened the door, in came the wind, all as fresh and dewy as a dawn-wind can be. It ruffled up his hair, and fluttered the curtains

at the windows, and ran all about the room. Then it said:

"'I am the wind. I give you the breath of the dawn, and the first sigh of the waking fields and hedge-rows, and the cool stillness of the forest that is always awake. Take my birthday kiss upon your forehead!'

"And that was the First Gift. The person was quite surprised, but he was very much pleased, too. He went out and brought in some bread and milk for his breakfast, and then he went to get some water at the well. There was a gentle, delicious warmth all about in the air, and a far-off, round voice said:

"'I am the sun. I wrap you in a glowing mantle of warmth and light. I make the earth grow and sing for you. It is I who wake the dawn-wind and the birds. Take my warm kiss on your upturned face.'

"And that was the Second Gift. The person thanked the sun very much, and went in, with his heart all warmed, to eat his breakfast. As he sat eating, in at the window came all manner of little sounds—twitterings and sighings and warblings and rustlings, and all the little voices said together:

"'We are the sounds of the open. We are the birds in the russet meadow, and the whispering of the orchard trees, the cheep of the crickets in the long grass, and the whole humming, throbbing voice of out-of-doors. Take our kiss upon your waiting senses.'

"That was the Third Gift. The person ran out at the door to thank the little sounds, when what should meet him but a host of the most delicious scents!

"'We are the smell of the tawny grass, and the good tang of the wood-smoke. We are the fragrance of ripening apples in the orchard, and honeysuckle over the wall. We are the clean, cool, mellowing atmosphere of September. Breathe our sweetness!'

"That was the Fourth Gift. To be sure, the nice person was quite overwhelmed by this time, for he never had expected such a thing. As he stooped to thank the delicious scents, he touched a little clump of asters by the door-stone.



"KIRK WAS ENTHRONED IN A BIG CARVED CHAIR" (SEE PAGE 914)

"'Greeting!' they piped. 'We are the flowers. We are the asters by the door, and burnished goldenrod in the orchard; trumpeting honeysuckle on the fence, sumach burning by the roadside, juicy milkweed by the gate. Take our cool, green kiss on your gentle fingers!"

"He stroked their little purple heads, and flung himself down beside them for a moment, to thank them. As he did so, a big, warm voice came from beneath him:

"'I am the earth. I am the cool clasp of the tall grass by the gate. I am the crispness of the heath-grass on the upland. I will rock you to sleep on my great, grass-carpeted breast. I will give you rest and security. Take my great kiss on your body.'

"That was the Sixth Gift. Dear me! the person was delighted. He lay with his cheek to the good earth's heart, thanking it, when a big, gusty voice came swinging out of the east.

"'I am the sea. I give you the sound of water about the boat's bow, and the cry of the gulls; the wet, salt smack of me, the damp fog on your face, and the call out into the wide places.'

"The person jumped up and turned his face to the blue glint of the bay, and thanked the sea for the Seventh Gift. Then he went into the house to tidy up the hearth. As he came into the room, a queer, gentle, melodious voice, which seemed to come from the organ, said:

"'I am Music. I hold the key to enchantment. It is I who will sum up for you all the other gifts and make them mine—and yours. Take my kiss within your soul.'

"And that was the Eighth Gift." Felicia paused.

"But the ninth?" Kirk whispered.

"I 'm trying to think of it."

Kirk clapped his hands suddenly.

"*I* know what it was!" he cried. "Don't you? Oh, *don't* you, Phil?"

"No, I don't. What was it?"

"Shall I finish?" Kirk asked.

"Please do."

"And the person said, 'Thank you,' to the organ," Kirk proceeded gleefully; "and then in the door what should stand but a beautiful lady. And *she* said: 'I 'm your sister Felicia—Happiness,' And *that* was the most best gift of *all!*"

"Naughty person!" said Felicia. "After all those really nice gifts! But, but if you will have it that, she said, 'Take my kiss upon your heart of hearts.' Oh, Kirk—darling—I love you!"

Flowers twined Kirk's chair at the breakfast table—golden honeysuckle, a sweet, second blooming, and clematis from the maestro's hedge. Kirk hung above it, touching, admiring, breathing the sweetness of the honeysuckle; aware, also, of many others of the Nine Gifts already perceptible about the room. But his fingers encountered, as he reached for his spoon, a number of more substantial presents stacked beside his plate. There was the green jersey which Felicia had been knitting at privately for some time. He hauled it on over his head at once, and emerged from its embrace into his sister's. There was, too, a model boat, quite beautifully rigged and fitted, the painstaking care with which it was fashioned testifying to the fact that Ken had not been quite so forgetful of his brother's approaching birthday as he had seemed to be.

"She 's called the *Celestine,*" said Ken, as Kirk's fingers sought out rapturously the details of the schooner. "It 's painted on her stern. She 's not rigged according to Hoyle, I 'm afraid, but I was rather shaky about some of it."

"She has a flag," Kirk crowed delightedly. "Two of 'em! And a little anchor—and—" he became more excited as he found each thing; "oh, Ken!"

There was another gift—a flat one. A book of five or six short stories and poems that Kirk had loved best to hear his sister read—all written out in Braillle for him in many of Felicia's spare hours. Now he could read them himself, when Phil had no time to give him. Breakfast was quite neglected; the cereal grew cold. Kirk, who had not, indeed, expected so much as the nine gifts of Phil's tale, was quite overcome by these things, which his brother and sister had feared were little enough. There was one thing more—some sheets of paper covered with Braille characters, tucked beside Kirk's plate.

"That 's Ken's handiwork," Felicia said, hastily disclaiming any finger in the enterprise. "I don't know *what* you may find!"

"It 's perfectly all right, now," Ken protested. "You 'll see! You can read it, can't you, Kirk?"

Kirk was frowning and laughing at once.

"It's a little bit funny," he said. "But I did n't know you could do it at all. Oh, listen to it!"

He declaimed the following, with some pauses:

"TO MY RELATIVE, K. S.

"While I am at my watery work
All up and down the bay,
I think about my brother Kirk
A million times a day.

"All day my job seems play to me,
My duties they are light,
Because I know I 'm going to see
My brother Kirk that night.

"I ponder over, at my biz,
How nice he is
(That smile of his!),
And eke his cheerful, open phiz.

And also I am proud of him,
I sing the praises loud of him,
And all the wondering multitude at once exclaims:
"Gee Whiz!"

"It seems this relative of mine
Is going to have a fête.
They tell me that he 'll now be nine,
Instead of half-past eight.
How simply fine!
We 'll dance and dine!
We 'll pass the foaming bowl of wine!
And here 's our toast
(We proudly boast
There is n't any need to urge us):
Hip, Hip, Hooray for Kirkleigh Sturgis!"

Ken gave the three cheers promptly, and then said: "That one 's silly. The other 's the way I really feel. Oh, for heaven's sake, don't read it aloud!"

Kirk, who had opened his mouth to begin the next page, closed it again, and followed the lines of the Braille in silence. This is what he read:

At eight o'clock on the day you were born,
I found a fairy under a thorn;
He looked at me hard, he looked at me queerly,
And he said, "Ah, Ken, you shall love him dearly."

I was then myself but a wee small lad,
But I well remember the look that he had;
And I thought that his words came wondrous true,
For whom could I love more dear than you?

To-day at dawn I was out alone,
I found a wee fairy beside a stone;
And he said, as he looked at me, far above him,
"Ah, Ken, you have only *begun* to love him!"

There could be no possible answer to this but a rush from Kirk and an onslaught of hugs, from which it was long before Ken could disentangle himself.

"Oh, what have I done!" Ken cried. "Yes, of course, I mean it, silly! But do, do have a care—we 're all mixed up with the marmalade and the oatmeal, as it is!"

Ken had proclaimed the day a half-holiday for himself, but Kirk was to go with him on the morning trip, and Phil, too, if she wanted to go. She did want, so Applegate Farm was locked up, and three radiant Sturgises walked the warm, white ribbon of Winterbottom Road to the *Dutchman*. Kirk was allowed to steer the boat, under constant orders from Ken, who compared the wake to an inebriated corkscrew. He also caught a fish over the stern, while Ken was loading up at Bayside. Then, to crown the day's delight, under the door at Applegate, when they returned, was thrust a silver-edged note from the maestro, inviting them all to supper at his house, in honor of the occasion.

CHAPTER XII

"ROSES IN THE MOONLIGHT"

THE maestro's house wore always a mantle of gentle aloofness, like something forgotten among its overgrown garden paths. To Kirk, it was a place under a spell; to the others, who could see its grave, vine-covered, outer walls and its dim interior crowded with strange and wonderful things, it seemed a lodging-place for memories, among which the maestro moved as if he himself were living a remembered dream.

On this rich September afternoon, they found him standing on the upper terrace, waiting for them. He took Kirk's hand, offered his arm gallantly to Felicia, and they all entered the high-studded hall, where the firelight, reaching rosy shafts from the library, played catch-as-catch-can with the shadows.

Supper, a little later, was served in the dining-room—the first meal that the Sturgises had eaten there. Tall candles burned in taller silver candlesticks; their light flowed gently across the gleaming cloth, touched the maestro's white hair, and lost itself timidly in the dim area outside the table. Kirk was enthroned in a big carved chair at the foot of the table, very grave and happy, with a candle at either side.

"A fit shrine for devotion," murmured the maestro, looking across at him, and then, turning, busied himself vigorously with the carving.

It was a quite wonderful supper—banquet would have been a more fitting name for it, the Sturgises thought. For such food was not seen on the little table at Applegate Farm. And there was raspberry wine, in which to drink Kirk's health, and the maestro stood up and made a beautiful speech. There was also a cake, with nine candles flaring bravely,—no one had ever before thought to give Kirk a birthday cake with candles that he could not see,—and he was deeply impressed.

And after it was all over, they gathered content about the library fire, and the maestro went to the piano.

"Kirk," he said quietly, "I have no very exciting present for you. But once, long ago, I made a song for a child on his birthday. He was just as old as you. He has no longer any need of it—so I give it, my dear, to you. It is the greatest gift I have to give."

In the silence that followed, there crept into the firelit room the star-clear notes of a little prelude. Then the maestro sang softly:

"Roses in the moonlight,
To-night all thine,
Pale in the shade, and bright
In the star-shine;
Roses and lilies white,
Dear child of mine!

My heart I give to thee,
This day all thine;
At thy feet let it be—
It is the sign
Of all thou art to me,
Dear child—"

But the poor maestro could not finish the verse. He swung about on the piano-stool, trying to frame a laughing apology. Kirk went to him instantly, both hands outstretched in his haste. His fingers found the maestro's bowed shoulders; his arms went tight about the maestro's neck. In his passionately whispered confidence the old gentleman must have found solace, for he presently smiled,—a real smile,—and then, still keeping Kirk beside him, began playing a sonata. Ken and Felicia, sunk unobtrusively in the big chairs at the hearth, were each aware of a subtle kindredship between these two at the piano—a something which they could not altogether understand.

"He brings out a side of Kirk that we don't know about," Felicia thought. "It must be the music. Oh, what music!"

It was difficult to leave a place of such divine sounds, but Kirk's bedtime was long past, and the moon stood high and cold above the maestro's garden.

"Is it shining on all the empty pools and things?" Kirk asked, at the hedge.

"Yes, and on the meadow, and the silver roof of Applegate Farm," Phil told him.

"'Roses in the moonlight, to-night all thine,'" Kirk sang dreamily.

"Do you mean to say you can sing it so soon?" Ken gasped.

"He ran away in the moonlight," Kirk murmured. "Away to sea. Would you, Ken?"

"Not if I had a father like the maestro and a brother like you," said Ken, fitting the key to the door of Applegate Farm.

A VERY few days after Kirk had begun on his new year, he and Felicia went into Asquam to collect a few things of which the farm-house stood in need. For there had been a hint that Mrs. Sturgis might soon leave Hilltop, and Felicia was determined that Applegate Farm should wear its best face for her mother, who did not, as yet, even know of its existence. A great many little things, which Felicia had long been meaning to buy, now seemed to find a legitimate hour for their purchase. So she and Kirk went a round of The Asquam Utility Emporium, B. B. Jones Co., and the Beacon Light Store, from each of which places of business they emerged with another package.

"I told Ken we 'd meet him at the boat," Felicia said, "so we might as well walk over there now, and all come home together. Oh, how thick the fog is!"

"Is it?" Kirk said. "Oh, yes, there goes the siren."

"I can hardly see the *Dutchman,* it 's so white at the end of the pier. Ken is n't there —he must have gone with Hop to see about something."

"Let 's wait in the boat," Kirk suggested. "I love the gluggy way it sounds, and the way it sloshes up and down."

They put the bundles on the wharf and climbed into the boat. The water slapped vigorously against its side, for the tide was running, and above, a wraith-like gull occasionally dropped one creaking, querulous cry.

"Goodness!" Felicia exclaimed, "with all our shopping, I forgot the groceries! I 'll run back. I 'll not be a minute. Tell Ken when he comes."

She scrambled up the steps and ran down the pier, calling back to Kirk: "Stay just where you are!"

There were more people in the grocery store than Felicia had ever seen there, for it was near the closing hour. She was obliged to wait much longer than she had expected. When she returned to the wharf, Ken was not in sight. Neither was the *Flying Dutchman.*

"How queer!" Phil thought. "Ken must have taken her out. How funny of him; they knew I was coming right back."

She sat down on a pile-head and began humming to herself as she counted over her packages and added up her expenditure. She looked up presently, and saw Ken walking toward her. He was alone. Even then, it was a whole second before there came over her a hideous, sickening rush of fear.

She flew to meet him. "Where 's the boat—*Ken,* where 's the boat?"

"The boat? I left her temporarily tied up. What 's the mat—" At that moment he saw the empty gray water at the pier head. Two breathless voices spoke together:

"Where's Kirk?"

"He was in the boat," Felicia gasped hoarsely. "I ran back after the groceries."

Ken was at the end of the wharf in one agonized leap. In another second he had the frayed, wet end of rope in his hand.

"That salvaged line!" he said. "Phil, could

n't you *see* that only her stern-line was made fast? I left her half-moored till I came back. That rope was rotten, and it got jammed in here and chafed till it parted."

"It 's my fault," Felicia breathed.

"Mine," Ken snapped. "Oh, my heavens! look at the fog!"

"And the tide?" Felicia hardly dared ask.

"Going out—to sea."



" 'AND THE TIDE?' FELICIA HARDLY DARED ASK"

A blank, hideous silence followed, broken only by the reiterated warning of the dismal siren at the lighthouse.

"It 's like looking for a needle in a haystack. A boat would have to comb every foot of the bay in this fog, and night 's coming. How long have you been gone?"

Felicia looked at her watch. She was astonished to find it had been over half an hour.

"Heaven knows where the boat could have got to in half an hour," Ken muttered, "with this tide. And the wind 's going to sea, too."

Felicia shook him wildly by the arm. "Do you realize—Kirk 's in that boat?" she moaned. "Kirk 's *in* that boat—do you realize it?"

Ken tore himself free.

"No, I don't want to realize it," he said in a harsh, high voice. "Get back to the house, Phil. You can't do anything. I 'm going to the harbor master now—I 'm going everywhere. I may not be back to-night." He gave her a little push, "Go, Phil."

But he ran after her. "Poor old Phil—must n't worry," he said gently. "Get back to the farm before it 's dark and have it all cheerful for us when we come in—Kirk and I."

And then he plunged into the reek, and Felicia heard the quick beat of his steps die away down the wharf.

The harbor master was prompt in action, but not encouraging. He got off with Ken in his power boat in surprisingly short order. The coast guard, who had received a very urgent telephone message, launched the surf-boat, and tried vainly to pierce the blank wall of fog—now darkening to twilight — with their big searchlight. Lanterns, lost at once in the murk, began to issue from wharf-houses as men started on foot up the shore of the bay.

Ken, in the little hopeless motor-boat, sat straining his eyes beyond the dripping bow, till he saw nothing but flashes of light that did not exist. The *Flying Dutchman* — the *Flying Dutchman* —why had he not known that she must be a boat of ill omen? Joe Pasquale—drowned in February. "We got him, but we never did find his boat"—"cur'ous tide-racks 'round here —cur'ous tide-racks."

The harbor master was really saying that, now, as he had said it before. Yes, the tide ran cruelly fast beside the boat, black and swirling and deep. A gaunt something loomed into the light of the lantern, and made Ken's heart leap. It was only a can-buoy, lifting lonely to the swell.

Far off, the siren raised its mourning voice.

(To be continued)

HOW WOULD YOU PLAN A CITY?

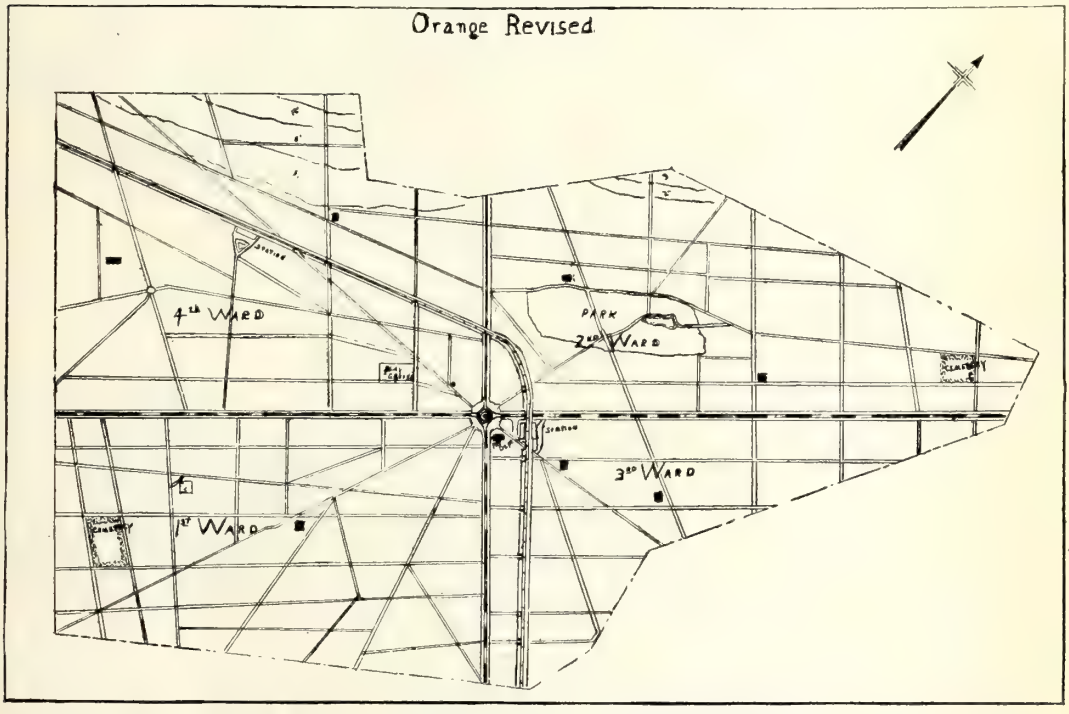
By CHARLES K. TAYLOR

I SUPPOSE you have always taken the city or town you live in for granted—just as it is. One is likely to feel that all the various streets and public squares were always about as they are. But often you would be greatly surprised to know just how they all happened—why First Avenue, let us say, never goes in a straight line, but crawls all over the map, like the trail of a distracted cow! And then, there 's the street right in front of your house. Perhaps it may go straight for quite a distance and suddenly dodge off to the left and then come sneaking back again, for no apparent reason in the world!

Suppose you get out your encyclopedia and look at the street plan of Boston, and then at that of Washington, and then at that of Philadelphia. Perhaps they will all three start you thinking about city plans, and what they might mean. For, after all, cities should be planned just as carefully as houses—indeed a great deal *more* carefully!

How about that plan of Boston? Especially Old Boston. Does it look as though any one had spent a great deal of time planning it beforehand? Or do the streets look as though they "just happened"? In fact, I have a suspicion that this latter view is correct. Speaking of distracted cows, you probably have heard it said that the old streets of Boston merely followed the ancient paths worn by the early colonial cows, walking back and forth from the pasture to their barns! And one may well believe it—so strangely do they curve and twist! And they sometimes seem tremendously inconvenient! When the suburbs of Boston began to spread out, folks knew better—as you can see.

And now look at the map of Philadelphia—especially that great section lying between the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers. Was it planned before it was laid out, do you think? Well, you suspect that it may have been. For here we find the streets running regularly north and south, and east and west, cutting the city into innumerable "squares" that are very nearly square, too. There are no winding cow-paths. It looks as regular as a grid.

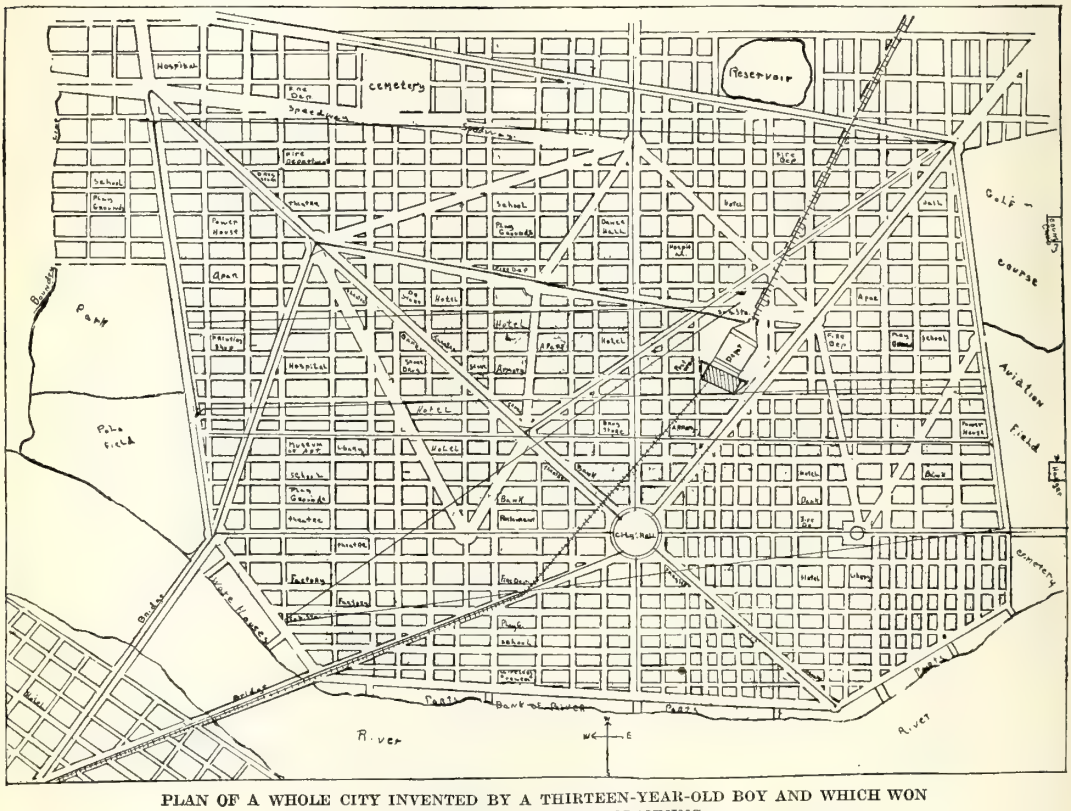


ORANGE, NEW JERSEY, AS REPLANNED BY A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY

Perhaps the old Quaker, William Penn, knew what he was about, when he decided to start a city on the Delaware.

Now I wonder if you can see any flaw in such a plan—for instance, when it grows too large. You see, Penn never imagined what an enormous area this city was finally to cover. straight to the center, and perhaps from other diagonal directions, too.

So the gridiron plan is good—when you have a small city. But when you have a large city you must have a more direct way of going to its center than by wandering around the two shorter sides of very large triangles!



PLAN OF A WHOLE CITY INVENTED BY A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY AND WHICH WON A COMPETITION IN CITY PLANNING

Suppose this great space to be nicely and evenly covered with "squares," and that you wanted to go from the northeast corner to the center of the city (where the City Hall is). How would you do it? Well, you would probably have to go south until you reached the street the City Hall was on, and then west along that street till you reached it. That is, you would travel along the sides—the two smaller sides—of a right-angled triangle. If you are only a short distance from the City Hall when you start, then it does n't make much difference. But if you are several miles away, then to go along the two smaller sides of such a large triangle takes up much more time by far than it would take to go along the long side of it! That is, it would be a great time-saver if there were a *diagonal* avenue running from the northeast corner

Therefore, rather late, it is true, Philadelphia has set about making such diagonals. Already, from the City Hall, they have torn away all kinds of buildings to the northwest, and made, right through the city, a diagonal avenue going in that direction all the way to Fairmount Park, one of the largest municipal parks in the world. And this, I dare say, is just a beginning.

And now suppose you look at the map of the capital of the United States. Ah! does n't this look as if it were indeed planned carefully before it was built? For here you see not only the parallel streets cutting each other at right angles, but you see fine diagonals running not to any one center, but several centers, not only making it easy to reach any part of the city from any other part, but aiding also to render it possible to develop the whole idea in a man-

ner by which it has grown more and more into one of the most beautiful of cities.

So, you see, there are many things, a great many things, to think about, when it comes to planning a city!

Then there is the park question, for a city should have large public parks reasonably near at hand. And there is also the school problem, for not only must there be a sufficient number of schools, but, in an *ideal* city, each of these should have plenty of room around it, as well as large playgrounds also, yes, with grass, even, and trees!

Then, if there is any manufacturing at all, this must be arranged for, so that the factories and their employees need not be jammed and cramped into abominably narrow quarters, as in New York City, but can be well spread out, so that the buildings can have abundant room, light and air, and the employees decent places to live in. And the factories must have their railroad connections near by, and, when possible, shipping connections on bay or river close at hand.

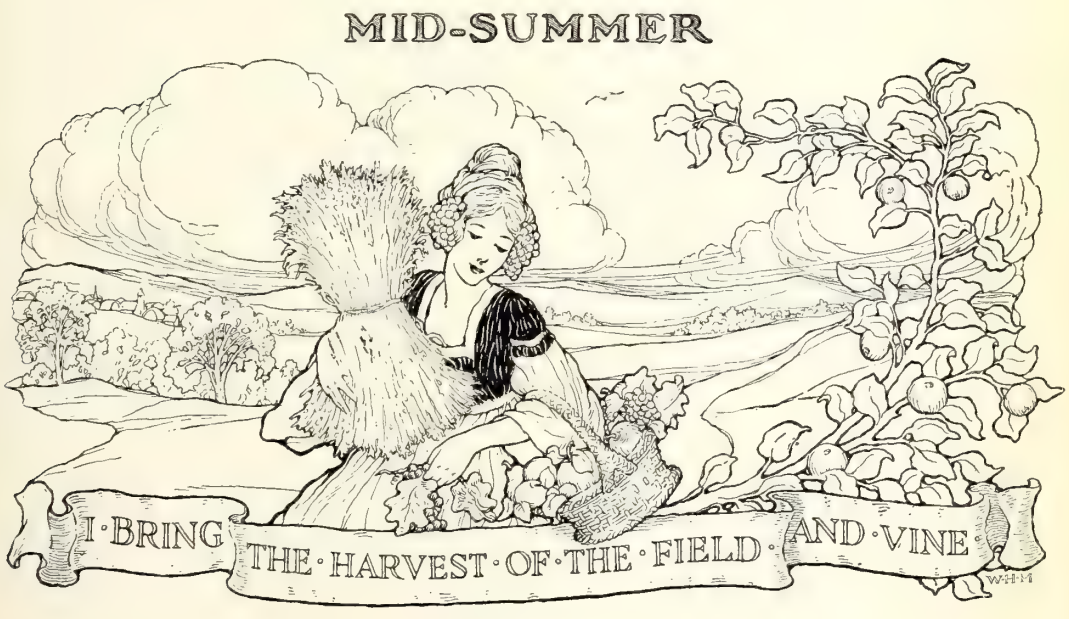
And then there must be fire protection, a civic center, where the municipal buildings can be gathered together, and a business center, and so on. As you can see, there is a lot to be considered in this matter of city planning!

There is a school that begins a study of city government with an interest in this very subject. Before you can govern a city you must *have* a city! Is n't that true? So these classes of boys, of from twelve to fourteen years old, begin by trying to plan a city. They do this at first without any preparation or study of the subject. And you never saw more badly planned cities in your life! (Just as bad, perhaps, as some actual ones you may have seen or know of!)

Then they discuss the matter. Tentative plans are worked out on the blackboard. Parallel avenues and diagonals and "centers" are finally evolved, along with parks, playgrounds, and other necessary or desirable features.

And then, by and by, they have a competition in city planning, and some grown-up folks (who probably have n't thought a great deal about such things themselves!) might well be astonished at the excellent plans these lads turn out—excellent in design and in workmanship!

Sometime, when there is a rainy day on hand, and you don't quite know what to do, try your hand at planning a city. And, if you don't want to invent a brand-new one, it is really good fun to take one that you already know, and *plan it over again!*



THE MAGIC GEM

BY CHARLES A. FEDERER AND GEORGE VAN SCHAICK

In the street of the filigree workers and cutters of gems, in the city of Bagdad, no man toiled so hard, for scant reward, as Vereef the Polisher. His wife Yamlika sorrowed, and the children were ill clad and often hungry, but nothing she could say would stop him from taking undue time over his work, seeking to better perfection, and poring for days over gems he should have taken to their owners and obtained from them the dinars to which he was entitled.

One day, before the window at which he worked, came a stranger, who stood there, between Vereef and his light, till the polisher begged him many times to stand aside. But he never stirred, and at last Vereef became angry.

"O man of ill omen!" he cried. "Other shops are plenty before which thou canst stop! Get thee out of my sight before I take the koorbash to thee!"

He rose, and from the wall took the whip of hide stripped from river-horses, used to chase away stray, pestering dogs.

"I have one hundred dinars," then said the man, turning evil eyes on him. "I will give them for the gem thou art polishing."

"Hence with thee!" shouted Vereef. "The stone is worth far more and belongs to the grand vizier!"

"Then I will give a thousand dinars!" insisted the stranger.

"'T is not mine to sell! Get out of my sight before I strike thee!" shouted Vereef, angrily.

The man shook his fist, uttering maledictions, and hastened away to the outer gates of Bagdad, where waited his caravan of camels and horses and mares with their colts, with the slaves that looked after the lading of the beasts. There the man searched a box of brass inlaid with ebony, and from it he took a large stone which he placed in his bosom and hurried to the Sultan's palace, where Hassan Al Khorassan dispensed justice, punishing and giving reward. When his turn came he bowed till his brow touched the dust.

"Great Sultan!" he cried, "I am the merchant Ibn ben Ouardan, and in my travels I purchased a gem fit only for kings. 'T is the largest in the world, and the brightest, yet one side needs slight polishing."

From his bosom he drew the stone, which Mohammed ben Omar, the grand vizier, handed to the sultan, with due obeisance.

When the great one held the stone he was dazed at its brilliancy and stricken dumb by its hue and amazed at its size.

"Some clumsy child of evil has spoiled it," he said at last, "for one facet lacks luster. Yet it is indeed a marvelous stone. O vizier, have brought to me at once the ablest polisher of gems in Bagdad!"

"To hear is to obey!" bowed the vizier, who hastened so that by the time a man could have eaten a score of dates he returned with Vereef, who trembled in his babooshes at being haled before the sultan. But when the stone was placed in his hands his eyes grew wide and his breath stopped.

"A wonder!" he cried at last; "but some luckless one has well nigh spoiled it in the polishing!"

"Canst thou cure the gem and make it perfect?" asked the sultan.

"Yes, O Great King, but only after much toil for many weeks," he replied.

Then Ibn ben Ouardan was sent away, after his spare camels had been laden with the gold of the purchase. But before he went he gave an evil glance at Vereef, who also went home, guarded by janizaries against thieves.

Then for weeks and months he toiled, not knowing that it was a magic gem; and when night came the facet had a purer glint, but at dawn it was rough and dull again, till at last he was in despair and Yamlika and the children were unhappy, while Ali, the young black slave, was often in tears.

Then came the sultan, one day, and grew angry when he saw that there was no progress.

"O Sultan! Chief of the Faithful!" cried Vereef, prostrate on the floor. "'T is a stone of strange nature. I polish and polish, but at cock-crow 't is dull again. In the water of Bagdad, perchance, or in the fine oil or the dust of gems used here there may be something unsuitable. In Amster-dam in the Hollow Land are cunning polishers. Mayhap there I could get better oil and dust and accomplish the work—for no greater skill than mine may be found, as all know."

"I have heard," said the sultan. "Go thou forth with the gem, leaving all else behind, save one trustworthy slave. If in a half-year thou art not back, with the gem well polished, thy house will be razed, thy wife and children made slaves, thy name used for a malediction!"

So on the next day Vereef, mounted on a mule from the sultan's stables, and followed by the lad Ali, tore himself away, with many tears. Thus he traveled long toward the Hollow Land. But one day at dawn, as the two slept, came a half-score of robbers, who pounced upon them, carrying away the mule and the bag in which was the stone, that had been mounted on a ring. Vereef and Ali were left well nigh naked, and nearly dead with the many blows.

WHEN Ali roused himself to consciousness he found Vereef groaning and trying to sit up.

"Allah!" cried the polisher, "my body is but one great pain, and I sorrow that death did not come. In a desert are we, with the mule gone and the food stolen and the sultan's gem carried away!"

When Ali sought to comfort him, Vereef wept the harder. Just then the lad, spying about him, saw an eagle that dragged itself on the ground.

"It is a fowl forbidden to true believers," he said, "but we are starved. The bird is in evil plight. Perhaps I may catch it and find a little meat on its bones!"

So he ran after the eagle, which seemed much weakened. Yet when Ali sought to catch it, the bird hurried along the ground with its cloud-cleaving wings all bedraggled and its plumes all ruffled. Always he kept a little ahead of Ali till they were out of sight of Vereef; but finally Ali came up to the fowl, which sought to defend itself with beak and talons, until, exhausted, he at least ceased to threaten, and Ali saw that an arrow had pierced the great wing.

"It is very thin and feeble and sorely hurt," sighed Ali, breaking the shaft beneath the head and drawing the arrow out. "Surely there is no meat worth eating on its bones, and it suffers even as I do, so let me leave it in peace."

The bird then rose to its feet, unfolded its pinions, and ran a few steps along the ground, till at last he rose and spurned the wind again. Yet he flew low, close to earth, and uttered cries, circling about Ali all the while. When the lad looked about him he realized that he was lost, and, dazed with hunger and fatigue, staggered away in the direction taken by the eagle, toward a far mountain that loomed on the horizon.

At last he reached its foot. A few trees were high up above the cliffs, and Ali began to scramble up, with the eagle slowly circling above him, till he stood on the mountain-top where, not far away, he saw a palace, toward which he dragged himself. And the eagle seemed to guide him toward a gate that was in the great wall.

"Perchance I may find food here," Ali told himself, "and be able to bring some back to my poor master!"

So he passed through the gate into the thickness of the huge wall and out again into a great courtyard, in the middle of which played



" 'IF THOU WILT NOT COME, THEN GO TO THE CARRION-EATERS BELOW!' HE ROARED" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

a fountain. There, upon the ground, he saw the robber band, all sleeping soundly as they lay upon their cloaks. At this sight Ali's limbs shook with fear. Another door was close at hand. On tiptoes, he crept to it and entered a room thickly carpeted with rugs of Bokhara and Samarkand and whose walls were hung with curtains of sombre velvet.

Behind one of these he slipped swiftly, for through the folds he saw the robber chief, lying upon a couch of ivory and precious metals. And behold! In his hands was the magic gem, which he turned about and admired before slipping the ring on his finger. Yet the ring of Vereef was much too large for him; and after gazing at it for a long time, he took it off and placed it in a pouch beneath his pillow. Finally, his flashing eyes dulled and closed in sleep, and Ali crept toward him, silent as a moving shadow. With a beating heart, he possessed himself of the gem, slipped it in a fold of the long scarlet sash that was wound about his body, and retraced his steps.

In the court, one of the robbers moved and Ali stopped breathing. But the man turned and snored loudly, whereupon the lad dashed to the door that led to the outer wall. As he passed it, a stone rolled beneath his feet and clattered upon others. At once the robber chief awoke and, seeing a swiftly disappearing shadow in the doorway, dashed in pursuit.

In fear of death, Ali ran; and again the eagle wheeled above him. To the nearest spot on the edge of the cliff he sped, where a small tree grew at the edge. The robber chief was nearing him. Swiftly unfolding the long scarf he wore about his waist, the lad tied one end to the slender tree-trunk and slid down. Too late he found that, in his wild haste, the place he had chosen was a precipice with an azure sea beating at a dizzy depth below, where, as he swayed, he saw spuming waves and cruel spurs of rocks, above which sea-birds wheeled.

Then the robber reached the place and peered below.

"Ho! Now I shall get thee and the gem!" he roared. "If thou hast dropped it, thou shalt feed the jackals!"

The robber loosened the scarf from the tree, and, for better purchase, wound the end about his own body. But Ali struggled, grasping the scarf with one hand, digging his toes in great cracks in the rock, seizing upon a root that curled out beneath the ledge, till the man above could scarce see him. Ali fought for his life, wildly, breathlessly, while above him the chief pulled and panted, slipping on the rock, feeling that even his huge strength was waning.

Thus the strife continued till the robber was exhausted. About them the eagle wheeled, and his cries seemed to give Ali greater courage. At last, in his fury, the man pulled out a dagger.

"If thou wilt not come, then go to the carrion-eaters below!" he roared, and slashed at the scarf.

As he cut it through, Ali's feet dislodged a rock, that hurtled down, crashing at the foot of the cliff. But the lad had clung to the root and was now hidden beneath the ledge.

"The fishes and gulls will now fight for thy carcass!" cried the robber, furiously, and he turned away, wrathful and disappointed and wiping his streaming brow.

For a long time Ali clung to the root, feeling that he must soon let go and fall to the rocks beneath. Still the eagle cried and circled near. The lad gave a despairing glance below, and at one side saw a shelf of rock on which there might be room for a small man and upon which were piled many sticks. With a last fierce effort, Ali swung himself back and forth and then let go, landing, with little hurt, upon a hollow space left by the woven branches. In this were bones of kids and hares and lambs and straggling feathers, so that he knew it was the eagle's nest, but there were no eggs nor eaglets.

Here the lad lay more dead than alive for a time, but presently courage and strength returned. Under his hip he felt something hard, and, searching, found a stone of bright hue, which he stuffed into one of the folds of his belt. After this, the eagle alighted farther along on the shelf and Ali crept toward him. By the aid of a crack here, a projecting spur there, and irregular jumbles of fragments from a landslide, clinging to anything that offered a hold, he made shift to slide down the perilous face of the cliff till he finally stood at the bottom, on white sand, with green and sapphire seas curling in froth at his feet.

Still hovering above him, the eagle seemed to point the way along the shore; but Ali, exhausted, could only lie down and sleep. When he awoke the great bird was perching near, and close by was the dead kid of one of the wild goats of the mountain. Behind him whinnied a horse, lifting his head from cropping the meager herbage growing above the line of the sea sand. Ali took the kid, which the eagle appeared to have placed near, ready for him, and leaped upon the horse's back, digging his heels into its ribs. The animal dashed off at marvelous speed, the eagle still going before with great beats of its pinions. Finally, at a furious gallop, they came to a place that Ali remembered, where dry bushes cropped out of the sand. And here he found Vereef, the polisher, who cried out with joy at his return, and even more loudly when he saw the magic gem again.

So the tale was told and a fire kindled of the dry twigs and the kid roasted, after a share had been set apart for the eagle. Then

the two mounted the horse and sallied forth through the desert, still following the eagle's flight.

For days and weeks they wandered, feeling utterly lost, but the eagle seemed to point the way and the horse followed. But one morning, as they awoke, they saw in the distance a great city, with many mosques and minarets and houses, and a great river flowing by. But when they looked for the eagle, the great bird had disappeared.

"Allah is great!" cried Vereef. "It is none other than our great city of Bagdad again! Yet alas! my life is forfeit, since I bring the gem unpolished! Yet I must hie me to my dwelling and see Yamlika and the little ones again before I die!"

So they waited until night before going to the street of the filigree workers and cutters of gems, and stole into the house, where the mother was weeping and the children bewailed themselves.

"*Yahi!*" cried the unhappy woman. "My poor man is surely lost! Never shall my eyes rest upon him again!"

But she cried far more loudly when Vereef entered the room, and for a moment there was great joy. Yet presently came tears again, owing to the unpolished stone, wherefore at last Yamlika went off to put the little ones to bed.

Then Vereef pulled out the gem, and his face reddened with the anger that came over him, and he kindled the fire over which he melted precious metals.

"Thou art the cause of all my pains and suffering!" he cried. "Empty-handed shall I go to my doom, but first shalt thou be destroyed!"

So he cast the gem into the roaring brazier, and plied the bellows till the stone was but a fiery glow. From the well outside he drew icy water in a jar. With long-handled tongs he picked up the gem and cast it into the water. Instantly it burst, and a cloud of steam rose into the shop, from the midst of which came a roar as of a wounded elephant.

And as the cloud dispersed, a djinn stood before the terrified polisher, yataghan in hand.



"AS THE CLOUD DISPERSED, A DJINN STOOD BEFORE THE TERRIFIED POLISHER, YATAGHAN IN HAND"

"Call out thy prayers to Allah before I slay thee!" he roared.

"Why shouldst thou kill me, who released thee from durance in the stone?" sobbed the poor man. "Wouldst thou slay thy benefactor?"

"Oh-ho! Thou art the fellow? Mayhap I shall spare thee if thou tellest me where is Ibn ben Ouardan the merchant!"

"Alas! How may I know where a wandering merchant's steps may lead him?" cried Vereef.

"He it was that changed me into a stone and sold me to the sultan!" roared the djinn.

"Ay, I know him; a man of evil look. I angered him when I bade him stand from my light!"

"He knew I should bring trouble upon thee," said the djinn. "He coveted the vizier's stone, the only one lacking to make perfect his bride's necklace of twelve. Me he changed long ago into a magic gem—a maker of trouble till it should be destroyed in fire and water. And now for thy reward!"

"Alas! There can be no reward worth my having!" cried Vereef, "for now, coming empty-handed before the sultan, I shall indeed be slain!"

"Not if thou searchest the belt of Ali," said the djinn.

So Vereef roused Ali, who slept exhausted in a corner, and bade him loosen his scarf; whereupon fell out the stone he had picked up in the eagle's eyrie.

"All-powerful is Allah!" cried Vereef, "for here is the finest gem in the world!"

"Ay! Brought from Cathay through Persia by Suleiman the Great," said the djinn, "and lost in the desert, where a thousand slaves sought for it a year. But a wise hadji, returned from Mecca, said it had been taken by magic fowls of the air. And now come with me in search of Iben ben Ouardan—or forthwith be slain!"

So Vereef followed him all the way to the sultan's palace, where Hassan Al Khorassan dispensed justice. But when he saw Vereef he rose and asked eagerly for the stone, whereupon Vereef brought out the gem of Cathay.

"It is not the same!" cried the sultan; "nay, but—one finer beyond compare!"

"Ay! And the other I have destroyed," said Vereef, "for this one alone is worthy of thy greatness!"

"Bring the merchant Ibn ben Ouardan," ordered the sultan.

When the man was brought forth the sultan looked at him in anger.

"Thou didst sell me a gem, telling me it was the greatest on earth!" cried the sultan. "Once thou hast deceived me; never more shalt thou lie to any one!"

He made a sign, but, before the janizaries could seize the merchant, there was a blinding flash more vivid than lightning, and when sight returned to the sultan and his courtiers and soldiers, Ibn ben Ouardan and the djinn had utterly vanished.

An hour later Vereef returned to his wife and children, riding the finest steed in the sultan's stables, while men scattered largess to the people, crying that all should bow before Vereef the Polisher, an honest man, made chief vizier of the caliphate, and of Ali the Brave, no longer a slave, but clad in robes of honor.

QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

By ROBERT EMMET WARD

"My lady Queen Anne, she sits in the sun"—
The lace that she wears by the fairies was spun;
So dainty, so airy,
So snowy-and-green!
The work of a fairy,
How fit for a queen!

My lady Queen Anne, if your beautiful lace
Were not scattered so lavishly over the place,—
Every field, every fence, roadside, pasture, waste bit,—
With what pleasure intense we should cultivate it!

My lady Queen Anne, if the lace that you wear
Only grew, like an orchid, with costliest care,
Under glass, over heat, how its delicate grace
For the flower-shows were meet!
"First Prize, Best Queen Anne's Lace!"

But, my lady Queen Anne, if the fairies should weave
Somewhat less of your lace, no good farmer would grieve:
For, though fairies might wear it,
It must be confessed
It is "only wild-carrot,"
A weed and a pest!

PACKING-BOX VILLAGE—XI

By A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "On the Battle-front of Engineering," "Inventions of the Great War," etc., etc.,

One more structure is necessary to complete our village, and this is a windmill. Referring back to the map that appeared in the October issue of St. Nicholas, we shall see in the upper right-hand corner of the map the location of the windmill. We have left it to the last because it is a rather difficult piece of construction work, but by this time the builders and carpenters of the village, with all the experience they have acquired, should be able to master it.

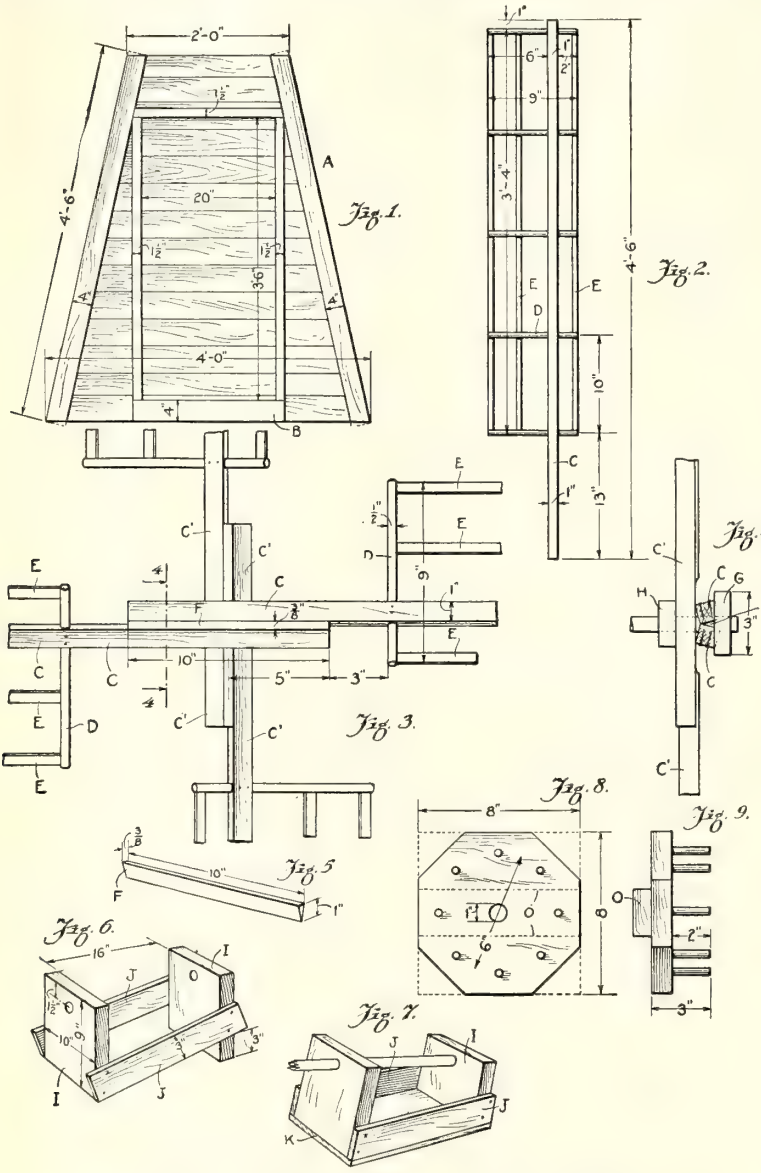
Three types of windmill are shown here, and we shall have to leave it to the villagers to decide which one they wish to erect. Probably the most interesting type is the old Dutch windmill. Such windmills are usually made in one of two ways. Unfortunately, the wind is not obliging enough to blow always from one direction, and consequently a wind-wheel must be turned around to face the wind. In some of the old Dutch windmills, the building that carries the wind-wheel is mounted upon a post, so that the whole building may be turned. This is known as a "post" mill. In the other type, only the upper part of the building in which the wind-wheel is mounted turns, and this is known as the "tower" mill. It will probably be easier for us to build a tower mill.

DUTCH WINDMILL

First we must start with the building or tower. For our village, the main body of the tower need only be about 4′-6″ high. Two frames must be constructed as shown in Fig. 1. Two sticks of wood, *A*, 4″ wide and 4′-6″ long are laid on the ground with a spread of 4′-0″ at one end, and 2′-0″ at the other. Then they are connected by boards so as to form one wall of the tower. A similar frame is made for the other side of the tower, but, in this one, a door is to be cut. The frame is turned over so that the boarding is on the under side, and then a door-frame is nailed to the boards, as shown in Fig. 1. The door opening is to be 20″ wide. For the door-sill, *B*, a piece 4″ wide is used. After the frame has been nailed in place, a couple of boards are knocked off the frame, so as to admit a saw, and then the door opening is sawed out. Of course, the boards that were knocked off must now be replaced and sawed away where they cross the door opening. The projecting corners of the sticks *A*, which are shown in dotted lines in the drawing, must be cut away flush with the top and bottom boards. The two side-walls are now set up on end, 4′-0″ apart at the bottom and 2′-0″ apart at the top, and are connected by means of boards (see Fig. 10) to form the other two walls of the tower. A floor (*W*, Fig. 10) is laid across the top of the tower and securely nailed in place. Windows may be cut in the tower if desired.

So far the work has been simple; the hard part is to construct the wind-wheel. For this we shall need four strips of wood each 4′-6″ long and 1″ square. These are to form the arms of the wind-wheel, and they are shown at *C* in Figs. 2, 3, and 4. In each arm, five holes 10″ apart are to be bored to receive the ½″ round sticks *D*. The position of these sticks is indicated in Fig. 2. The sticks *D* are 9″ long, and they project 2″ from one side of the arm *C* and 6″ from the other. The ends of the sticks are connected by means of light strips of wood, such as lath, as indicated at *E*. After the four arms, or sweeps, have been completed, all exactly as shown in Fig. 2, they are spliced together in pairs. Figs. 3 and 4 show how this is done. The sweeps must not lie parallel to the plane of the wheel, but must tilt back at a slight angle so that the wind will glance off them and turn the wheel. In order to give them the proper tilt, a wedge, *F*, is prepared. This is shown in detail in Fig. 5. It is 10″ long, 1″ wide, and ⅜″ thick at one edge, tapering to a knife-edge at the other. It must be made of soft wood that will not split readily. Two arms, *C*, are laid together so that they overlap 10″ and the wedge is placed between them as shown in Fig. 3. Then they are securely nailed together, but do not drive any nails near the center of the

splice, because here we are later to bore a hole for the shaft of the wind-wheel. When two arms are spliced together, care must be taken to have the longer ends of the rods *D* on one arm facing in the opposite direction from those on the other arm. After the first pair of arms has been spliced in this way, the second pair, which for convenience we shall call *C'C'*, are also spliced together with a wedge between them in exactly the same manner. Fig. 4 shows a section of Fig. 3 taken on the line 4-4 and viewed in the direction of the arrows, and it shows how the arms *CC* are tilted by means of the wedge *F*. At the center of the splice, the arms and wedge are whittled or planed to a flat surface, so as to receive a block, *G*, which is nailed to them. This block is 1″ thick and 3″ square. The dotted lines in Fig. 4 show the corners of the arms *CC* that must be planed away. In the same way, the other pair of arms *C'C'* is flattened so as to provide a good bearing against the first pair of arms, *CC*, and a block, *H*, is nailed to the second pair of arms, but at the rear side of them. A 1″ hole is now bored through the block *G*, and the two arms, *CC*, and the same sized hole is bored through the block *H* and the second pair of arms, *C'C'*. The shaft of the wind-wheel is a piece of broom-handle 1″ in diameter and 2′8″ long, on which the two pairs of arms are mounted. One pair is set exactly at right angles to the other, and they are both secured to the shaft by driving nails through them, and also through the blocks *H* and *G*.



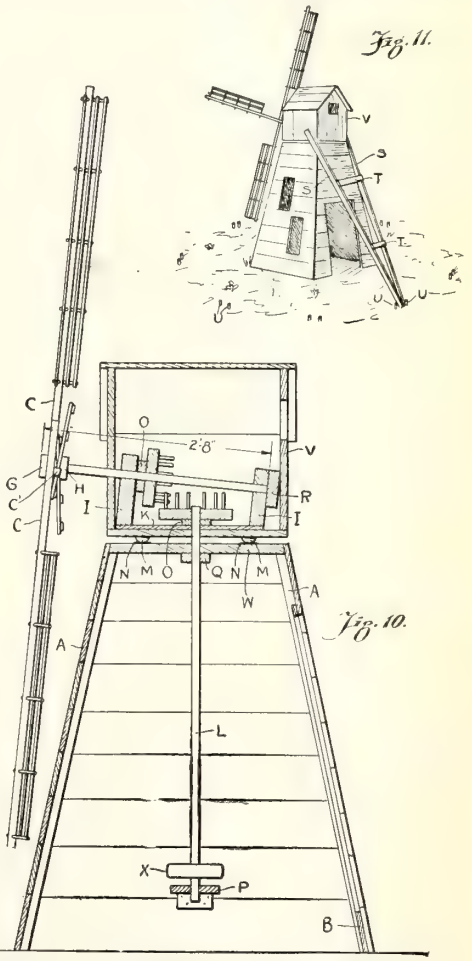
DETAILS OF CONSTRUCTION OF THE DUTCH WINDMILL

We must now turn our attention to the bearings for the wind-wheel shaft. It is customary to set the shaft on a slight angle, because the wind is more apt to blow downward than upward, and we should like to have somewhat of a downward thrust on the wheel, anyway. To get the proper angle, take two 1″ boards 10″ wide and 9″ high, and in each, on the center line and 1½″ from one edge, bore a hole just large enough for the wind-wheel shaft to turn freely in it. Set them up on edge

16″ apart and with the bearing-holes at the top, as shown in Fig. 6. These boards are then connected by strips of wood, *J*, which are nailed on a slant as shown, being 3″ higher on one side than on the other. This done, the boards *I* are sawed off flush with the edges of the strips *J*, and corners of the pieces *J* are also sawed off flush with the boards *I*, so that the bearing-box then takes the shape shown in Fig. 7. To add to its strength, bottom boards, *K*, are nailed to it. A block of wood, *R*, Fig. 10, is nailed across the bearing-hole in the shorter piece, *I*, to take the end thrust of the shaft.

The head of our tower consists of a box, *V*, 2′-0″ square and 12″ high on each side, and it measures 2′-0″ to the top of the gable roof that covers it. This is shown in the general view of the windmill, Fig. 11. However, the roof should not be nailed on until after the wind-wheel has been mounted in place. The tower head is to turn on a 1″ shaft, *L*, Fig. 10, 4′-6″ long, and so a hole is bored through the center of the floor of the tower head, *V*, just large enough to receive the shaft freely, and a hole of the same size is bored through the floor, *W*, of the tower. To the under side of the tower head are fastened "domes of silence," or little hemispheres of steel of the kind that are used on the bottoms of chairs so that they will slide over a rug more easily. On these "domes of silence," shown at *M*, the tower will bear as it is turned, and a strip of tin, *N*, should be fastened to the floor, *W*, to prevent them from digging into the wood. The bearing-box for the wind-wheel shaft must now be fitted in the tower head and carefully centered before nailing it fast. Then the hole in the floor of the tower head is continued through the floor, *K*, of the bearing-box. This done, a hole is bored through one of the gable walls to receive the wind-wheel shaft. It will be rather difficult to center this hole perfectly with the holes in the bearing-boards, but we can get around this difficulty by making a large hole and sawing it out with a keyhole saw until we get the opening in the right place.

Our wind-wheel will be of little value to us unless we can make use of the power that it furnishes. This is somewhat complicated by the fact that the wind-wheel must be free to turn to any point of the compass, yet the power must be delivered to a shaft which runs vertically in the tower. This means that we must have a pair of gears running practically at right angles one to the other. Two pin-gears must be made, similar to those that were used in our tower clock, but in this case they are much larger, and for the pins we are going to use ⅜″ rods. The two gear-wheels are made exactly alike, according to the design shown in Figs. 8 and 9. We shall need, first, two disks 8″ in diameter. We may use peach-basket bottoms for this purpose, or else we may take a square board measuring 8″ on the side and saw off the corners, as indicated by dotted lines in Fig. 8. On this a circle is



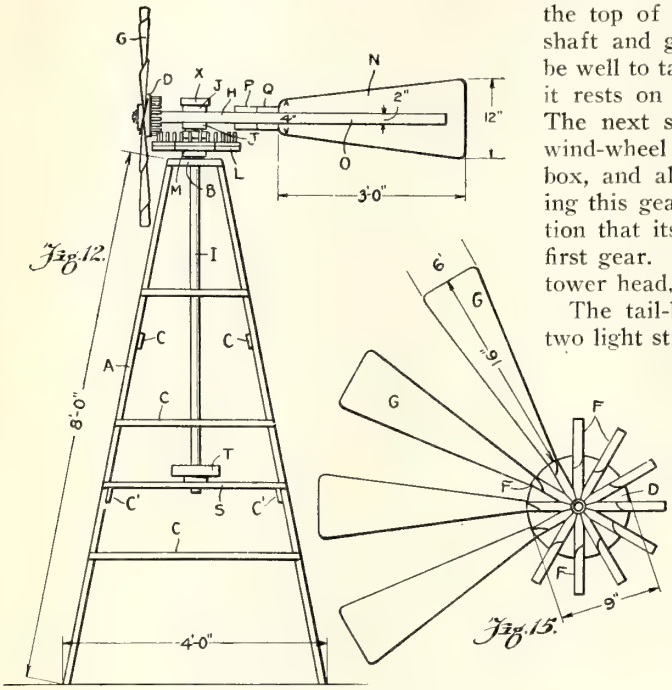
DUTCH WINDMILL, EXTERIOR AND IN CROSS-SECTION

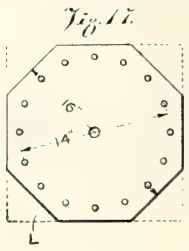
laid off 6″ in diameter, and the circle is divided into eight parts and eight ⅜″ holes are bored, as indicated. Eight wooden pins ⅜″ in diameter and 3″ long are driven into the holes and made fast by nailing through the edge of the gear-wheel. Before these pins are driven in place it will be well to nail a cross-piece, *O*, 1″ thick (shown by dotted lines in Fig 8 and in full in Fig. 9) across the grain of the wood. This serves the double purpose

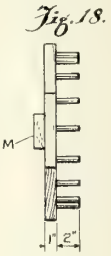
of providing strength to the gear and also furnishing a hub through which nails may be driven into the shaft to hold the gear in place. A 1″ hole is now bored squarely in the center of the gear-wheel. The second gear-wheel is made exactly in the same way, and we are now ready to assemble the windmill.

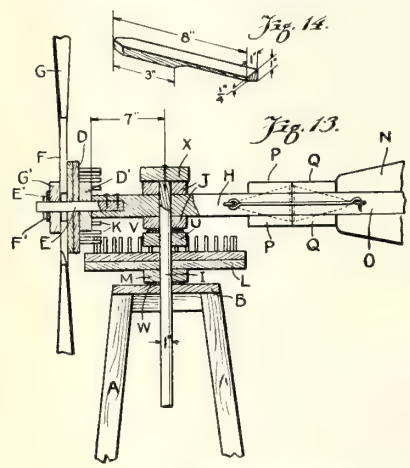
One of the gear-wheels is nailed to the end of shaft, *L*, and then the shaft is inserted through the hole in the tower head, *V*, and in the floor, *W*, of the tower. The lower end of the shaft fits in a hole bored in the crosspiece *P*, as shown in Fig. 10. A pulley-wheel, *X*, is mounted on the shaft, so that we may use the power of the windmill to drive any piece of machinery that we wish. A collar, *Q*, is secured to the shaft just under the flooring of the top of the tower. In order to have the shaft and gear-wheel revolve readily, it will be well to tar the hub of the gear-wheel where it rests on the floor, *K*, of the bearing-box. The next step is to insert the shaft of the wind-wheel through the holes in the bearing-box, and also through the second gear, nailing this gear fast to the shaft in such a position that its pins will engage the pins of the first gear. We may now put the roof on the tower head, *V*.

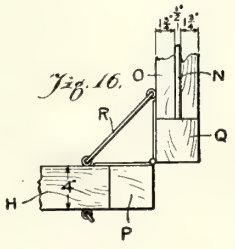
The tail-beam of the windmill consists of two light strips of wood, *S*, Fig. 11, which are nailed to the sides of the tower head and are sprung together at their lower ends, where they come in contact with the ground. The beam is strengthened by means of crosspieces, *T*. The tail-beam serves to hold the wind-wheel into the wind, and to keep it in place. Pairs of pegs, *U*, are driven into the ground in a wide circle around the windmill tower. To change the position of the windmill, the tail-beam is sprung up from between a pair of these pegs, and the head is moved around to any other pair of pegs.

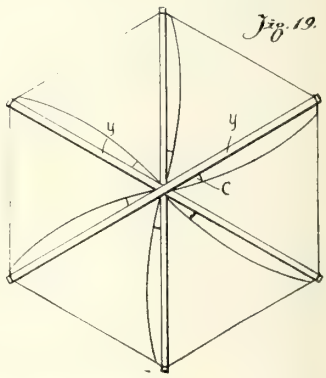












AMERICAN WINDMILL, AND DETAILS OF CONSTRUCTION (SEE NEXT PAGE)



PACKING-BOX VILLAGE

Built according to the plan printed in ST. NICHOLAS *for October, 1919, showing the various buildings and other features for which diagrams and directions have been given*

The arms of the windmill must be provided with sails. These are strips of cloth 9″ wide and 3′-4″ long, with the edges neatly hemmed. They are laid over the front face of the sweeps and are tacked to the arms *C*. They are provided with strings sewed to them at their outer edges, by which they may be tied to the pieces *E*, so as to cover the sweeps of the windmill. These sails must be furled when we do not wish the wind-wheel to revolve, that is, they must be rolled up and tied to the arms *C*. It will be well to do this every night, lest a gale arise and wreck our mill.

AMERICAN WINDMILL

A more modern type of windmill is shown in Fig. 12. In this case, the tower is much taller and the wind-wheel is considerably smaller. The tower is 4′-0″ wide at the bottom and 10″ wide at the top. It is made of four corner-sticks, *A*, 8′-0″ long, and 2″ wide by 1″ thick. These are connected to a board, *B*, 10″ square, at the top, and are spaced 4′-0″ apart at the bottom and braced by means of crosspieces, *C*, at frequent intervals, as shown.

The wind-wheel of this mill is made of wooden arms, with thin blades of wood or tin tacked to them. Pieces of shingle will probably be more handy than tin. First, we must get a disk 8″ in diameter. Two peach-basket bottoms will do for this purpose. They are laid one on the other and nailed together with the grain of one at right angles to the grain of the other. A block of wood 4″ square, indicated at *D′* (Fig. 13), is nailed to the face of the disk *D* to form a hub, and a ¾″ hole is bored at the center for the axle, *E*, of the wheel. Twelve sticks of wood, *F*, 1″ square and 8″ long, must be prepared for the arms of the wind-wheel. Each arm is formed as shown in Fig. 14. The arms are now nailed to the face of the disk, *D*, on the opposite side from the hub. They should be carefully spaced apart at a uniform distance, one from the other, as shown in Fig. 15. The blades, *G*, of the wheel are cut to the dimensions given in Fig. 15 and are nailed to the beveled faces of the arms *F*. Of course, there is a blade for each arm of the wheel. A thin block of wood, *G′*, is nailed over the arms, *G*, and the ¾″ hole for the axle is bored through it.

The wind-wheel revolves on a short axle, *E*, ¾″ in diameter and 8″ long, which is driven into the end of a beam, *H*, and nailed fast. A washer, *F′*, and a nail, *E′*, hold the wind-wheel in place. The beam, *H*, measures 2″ by 2″ by 18″ long; 14″ from the end from which the shaft *E* projects, a hole is bored through the beam *H* to receive a 1″ vertical shaft, *I*, of the windmill; but before boring this hole, in order to provide a good bearing for the beam, a block of wood 4″ square and 1″ thick is nailed to the top, and another to the bottom of the beam. These blocks are indicated at *J*. Then a hole is bored through blocks and beam large enough to turn freely on the shaft *I*. Before the wind-wheel is mounted on the axle, *E*, eight ⅜″ holes are bored in the disk *D* to receive pins, *K*, 3″ long. This converts the disk into a pin-gear, which is to mesh with the large gear, *L*, secured to the vertical shaft *I*. This large gear, as shown in Figs 17 and 18, must be 16″ in diameter, and it is made of two ½″ boards, 8″ square, fastened together by means of another pair of boards of the same dimensions nailed at right angles to them. A circle 14″ in diameter is drawn on the face of this gear, and this is divided off into sixteen parts to receive sixteen ⅜″ pins, or just twice the number in the gear *D*. The pins are 3″ long and project 2″ from the face of the gear. A block, *M*, nailed to the rear face of the gear serves as a hub, and after it has been nailed fast, a hole is bored to receive the shaft *I*.

The tail, *N*, of the wind-wheel is now to be made. This consists of a board 3′-6″ long, which tapers from a width of 4″ at one end to 12″ at the other. As it would be difficult to get a thin board 12″ wide, we had better make it of two 6″ boards, fastened together by means of two strips, *O*, ½″ thick by 2″ wide. The tail is hinged to the end of the beam, *H*, as shown clearly in Figs. 13 and 16. It is this tail which keeps the wind-wheel into the wind. When we wish the wind-wheel to stop running, the tail must be turned at right angles, or parallel with the wind-wheel. As there will be a severe strain on the joints, blocks, *P*, 1″ thick, are nailed to the top and bottom of the beam *H*, and similar blocks, *Q*, are nailed to the top and bottom of the tail-beam, *O*. A large strap-hinge is used to hinge the tail to the beam. This is shown by dotted lines in Fig. 13. A hook, *R*, is fastened to each side of the beam *H*, and corresponding eyes are secured in the rib of the tail at either side, so that the tail may be secured in working position, as shown in Fig. 13, by means of one of the hooks and eyes, or in idle position, as in Fig. 16, by means of the other hook and eye.

The windmill is now assembled by mounting the shaft *I* in the tower, with the gear-wheel, *L*, nailed to the shaft near the upper end, and with the lower end engaging a bear-

ing-hole in a crosspiece, *S*, nailed to the braces *C'* (Fig. 12). A block of wood, *U*, bored to fit the shaft, serves to carry the weight of the beam, *H*, which is now fitted upon the shaft. The collar, *U*, Fig. 13, is nailed fast after the beam has been adjusted so as to bring the two gears, *D* and *L*, into proper mesh. A couple of large washers, *V*, are placed on the shaft between the collar *U* and block *J*. A similar washer is placed under the hub, *M*, of the gear *L* as shown at *W*. A pulley-wheel, *T*, is carried by the lower end of the shaft *I*. A block, *X*, is nailed to the top of the shaft *I* so as to prevent the wind-wheel from lifting off the shaft.

GRECIAN WINDMILL

A SIMPLER windmill may be made which will be quite effective and probably serve our purposes as well as the more elaborate ones.

The same sort of a tower must be built as is shown in Fig. 12, and we must make the same gearing and the same sort of tail, the only difference being in the wheel, which, instead of being made up of a lot of wooden blades, is provided with cloth sails. The wheel is shown in Fig. 19. It consists of six arms, *y*, *y*, each 2'-0" long, nailed to the disk *C*. On each arm a triangular sail of cloth is tacked. The free corner of each sail is tied to the outer end of the next arm, and, whenever desired, the sails may be furled and tied fast to the arms to which they are tacked.

The windmill will be found one of the most interesting things in our village, and it will serve a variety of purposes: for instance, it might be used to run small tools, such as a lathe or a jig-saw, or it even might be used to run a small dynamo to furnish lights for the village. This, however, is a rather ambitious idea, and only those boys who are well up in matters electrical will undertake to carry out such a plan.

Our village, as originally planned, is now completed, and it is time for us to elect a mayor and a common council and have a big celebration. However, this is not the end of the work. No progressive city is ever finished; there is always more to be done; and the builders of this village, after they have progressed thus far, will find plenty of improvements and new developments to occupy their time. There is no danger that the Packing-Box Villagers will ever settle down to a lazy, humdrum existence.

THE END

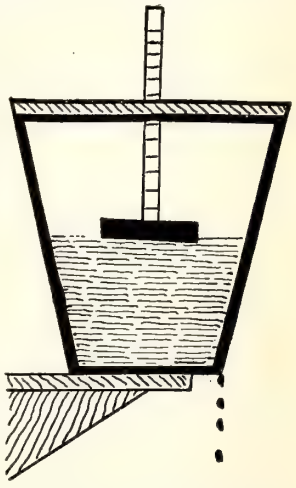
MAKING A WATER-CLOCK

By S. LEONARD BASTIN

ALMOST the oldest timekeeper in the world was the water-clock, or clepsydra. To make one is quite a simple matter, as can be seen by a glance at the accompanying diagram, and the device will give a good record of the passing hours.

Secure a wooden pail of moderate size and make a round cover to fit on the top. In the middle of the cover bore a hole which will accommodate a 14-inch length of broom-stick and give it free play of movement. At the base of the stick nail a piece of wood four inches square and one inch thick. Make a very small hole in the bottom of the pail.

Fill the pail with water, push the broom-stick through the hole in the cover, and let the square of wood float on the liquid. As the water trickles away, the stick descends and shows less and less above the cover. When the water has been running out for one hour make a mark on the stick. Do the same at the end of the second hour, the third hour, and so on. If it is not convenient to mark the whole of the stick on one day, plug the escape-hole and resume the process later. The distances between the marks will not be quite uniform, since when the pail is full the water passes out somewhat more rapidly than when it is nearly empty.



When the entire stick has been marked, paint it with black rings at the marked points. If desired, the spaces may be numbered, beginning at the bottom. The water-clock when in use may be placed upon a shelf and another pail placed underneath to catch the water as it drops away.

BALDY'S WOUND-STRIPE

By JACQUELINE M. OVERTON

BALDY belonged to the army and was enlisted in the Red Cross, since that was the branch of the service in which a sleek, lively little yellow canary with a saucy flick of black on one wing, a sharp pair of eyes, the sweetest kind of a voice, and a natural disposition for making people happy, really could do the most good.

The fact that he must live in a cage at the end of the big ward seemed in no way a limitation to Baldy, for ten minutes after the nurse had hung the cage up in the window he began to coo and trill and chirp in such a particularly teasing, coaxing manner that he was soon surrounded by a group of big fellows in khaki, one of whom leaned on his crutches while another looked up at the little bird from his wheel-chair. And when Baldy found he had caught them, that his music for the time could rival even that of the victrola, which was seldom silent, then he threw back his little head and burst into song; not sharp or shrill, but rippling, liquid music that sang of all outdoors and spring and hope and love—a song that flooded the whole ward and reached the ears of the big sergeant in bed in the quiet room at the far end who, for the past few moments, had been lying with his yellow head buried in the pillows, because—well because, "try as he will, a fellow gets discouraged sometimes." And now, as Baldy's song reached his ears, he raised his head for a second to see where the new music sprang from; and when he lay back again, the light had returned to his eyes, and gradually a little smile stole over his lips, and closing his eyes, he began to dream of things far beyond the hospital walls.

From that moment Baldy was the pet of every man in Ward A, but the sergeant adopted him on the spot, and the next day asked to have the cage hung near his bed so that he might watch him and talk to him when no one was by.

It was he who gave Baldy his name when the discussion arose as to what they should call him.

"Was n't there a god in Norse mythology we used to read about called Balder? Balder, the bright god, who always brought happiness? Let 's name him that and call him Baldy for short."

So Balder he became, and truly lived up to the name of "one who brought happiness."

It did not take him long to learn that this big man with dreamy blue eyes, who must lie in bed day after day, was his special friend and patient and needed his cheer even more than the others, who were able to be up and about.

He sang for all of them, of course; chirped and chattered and showed off, too, when the occasion required, balancing at a perilous angle on his swinging perch, pretending to fly into a fury when some of them teased him by poking their big brown fingers into his orderly cage, or putting his head on one side, cocking his tiny bright eyes at them in a droll, knowing fashion when they asked him questions or talked to him in bad French.

He *was* inclined to be a bit put out and jealous the first time he discovered that his voice was no match for the volume of sound produced by the jazz band when McNulty played the piano and Duffy his cornet and Scotty his drum. But every one was so gay and they all sang so loudly that it was impossible to stay ill-natured long. Besides, the sergeant seemed to enjoy it, too, and beat time on the counterpane with his long slim fingers; so Baldy soon forgot to sit in puffed-up dignity, and enjoyed it with the best of them.

But when he and his friend were alone, somehow he sang differently. Day in and day out, rain or shine, his good cheer never failed. He knew when the sergeant needed him most and kept a keen eye on him while he hopped about the cage apparently deeply absorbed in the contents of his seed-cup. He grew to know the big man's moods—when it was time for comforting chirps and twitters, and when it was time for a rousing song.

The sergeant was always surrounded with books—some large, heavy ones, that took a long time to read and often produced a frown between his eyes, others with gay covers that went quickly and sometimes made him chuckle or throw them down suddenly with an exclamation directed at Baldy or anybody or nobody in particular, "I 'll say that 's good!"

When he was absorbed in one of these, Baldy knew he was happy, and he could take his own time to doze off a bit or think things over generally, for there was so much more to think over here than there had been in the big house down in the town where he had lived day after day before he joined the army, with no particular chums and never a patient or a problem.

But there were days, especially as spring

came on, when the books did not seem to hold the sergeant's attention, and he would lie and look out of the window beyond the hemlock-trees with far-seeing eyes, and did n't even seem to hear Baldy when he sang, which discouraged the little bird very much. For how could he know that his master was not there at all, but back in his home town, hundreds of miles away, before he went to medical school, before the war began—and ended so many things! Back ten or fifteen years before, when the home town was country and he was "just a kid," strolling down the road after a shower. Oh, how deliciously the mud had oozed through his bare toes! And had he ever heard, since that time, a more delightful sound than the kind he himself had produced with a long stick on the picket-fence that lined the road?



"BALDY DISCOVERED THAT HIS VOICE WAS NO MATCH FOR THE JAZZ BAND"

And the county fair and the carnival, lit by gasolene flares in those days! Could anything have been more exciting or enchanting?

Then those days later on—delicious, long, lazy vacation days after college that he and Steve had spent together. ("Lucky Steve! to think he 's still with the outfit.") They had always carried their guns, he remembered, but he had no recollection of their doing much shooting; there had always been so many things to see, so much to talk about, as they lay on their backs under the trees contentedly puffing their pipes.

And then the thrush's song as they had tramped silently home through the twilight. Oh, to be part of it all again! To be free once more to hear the birds sing in the woods! Then suddenly becoming conscious that Baldy was trilling and chirping, as if to say, "I understand it all, my friend; I know what it means to long for freedom," the big sergeant would turn and stretch out his long arm toward the cage crying, "Baldy, boy, you 're the best pal a fellow ever had!" And Baldy would be utterly happy. Who could have asked for greater praise?

One gusty morning in April it seemed to Baldy that the sergeant was more preoccupied than usual. A great many letters, big and little, had arrived by the morning mail, and postals, too, colored ones, lots of them. It was very puzzling. His friend got letters nearly every day, of course; most of the men did. Baldy was always sorry when they did n't, and tried his best to comfort them when they came and stood by his cage and poked their fingers at him and asked him foolish questions, pretending not to notice that their mates all had letters.

But this was a most unusual number, and he was not quite sure that he approved, because they had both wakened up very happy that morning, and now some of these letters seemed to be making the sergeant look quite sad.

Presently the nurse came in bringing a bunch of daffodils, yellower than Baldy's own feathers, and placed them in a jar near the window. Really, this must be an occasion. And there was a package, too, large and square and important looking, that the sergeant began to

open as soon as the last letter had been read. Layer after layer of paper he pulled off the box until there on his lap lay a cake, a big, frosty, white one, with red candles, a great many of them it seemed to Baldy, stuck in on top. What a feast! How the other fellows were going to enjoy it. For Baldy knew about cakes when he saw them; no one could have lived in a ward and not have sampled any number of kinds when the boxes came from home. Why, on one memorable occasion had he not had four different kinds tucked in between the bars of his own cage? This certainly was an unusually festive one. Why did n't his master call the other men in at once? Hello! Why, what was the matter? For there, in the face of that wonderful cake, his friend had covered his face with his hands and his shoulders were shaking!

For once, Baldy was too surprised and bewildered to know how to sing. It certainly was a puzzle. Birthdays, then, were sometimes sad affairs? And yet he was not so sure his friend was altogether sad, perhaps one could be sad and happy all at once.

At this unusual idea, Baldy gave a quick little chirp; and then he was sure, for his friend threw back his head, and, though his eyes were quite wet, his lips were smiling, and, pushing a lock of hair out of his eyes with a familiar gesture, cried, "Oh, Baldy, boy, this *is* a good old world, is n't it?"

And then one night Baldy "got his," as the men said, and won his wound-stripe as truly as any man in the hospital.

It all began with forgetting to hang up the cage in its accustomed place when the nurse was hurrying to go off duty. It was left on a table near the window, a place which did not suit Baldy, anyway, after the sun left. It was draughty and cold, and he ruffled up his feathers and tucked his head farther down to keep warm.

The sergeant surely would have had his cage hung up if he had realized it, but this had been a hard day, the doctors had been giving him examinations and extra treatments and he had fallen asleep early.

Besides, reasoned Baldy, after one joined the army they must learn to put up with such slight inconveniences as draughts and such, and he dozed off, suddenly to waken and feel himself seized by something sharp. A horrible pain shot through his little side, and he was looking into two steely eyes that glared at him ferociously in the darkness.

It was a rat that had worked its way in and crawled up on the table, ready to make Baldy an easy prey.

But Baldy was too game to give in without an effort. With a shrill squeak, he struggled for a moment with this monster, who poked his sharp nose and claws through the bars of the cage, and then, with a desperate wrench, pulled himself free and tumbled all in a heap to the bottom of the cage where he lay quivering and panting, too frightened to know how badly he was hurt.

His first shrill call and the rattle of the cage wakened his friend, "Baldy, what is it?" the sergeant cried, at the same time hammering on the little bell at the side of his bed so that the sleepy night orderly tumbled in on the double-quick and switched on the lights. There lay poor Baldy among a mass of downy, bloody feathers, but no trace was to be seen of the villain who had done the harm.

Something fierce glowed in the eyes of the sergeant as the orderly put the cage into his lap, though no one could have lifted the little bird out more gently and tenderly.

"It was a rat! I knew there was something wrong when I heard Baldy squeak and struggle and the cage rattle. Oh, why did n't I ask one of you to hang the cage up when the nurse forgot it? I just went to sleep and left him. It 's all my fault! Don't stand there staring at me. We 've got to do something for him. If we can't do anything to ease him, we 've got to—— Oh, why can't I get out of this confounded bed? Go get the doctor, will you? *He* might do something."

And the bewildered orderly fled to the house telephone and called the O. D., the only doctor on duty at that hour, racking his brain, meanwhile, to recall the particular officer holding the post that night. A fine "bawling out" they 'd probably all get for calling him up past midnight to prescribe for a canary-bird!

But because the doctor was a big, genial, sympathetic man, he was neither angry nor visibly amused when he found his emergency patient lying a limp heap in the sergeant's cupped palms while a group of men who had been wakened by the commotion clustered around offering advice and condolence.

"It es Baldy," big Carlotti, the Italian, almost whispered, his eyes full of tears, as the doctor came in. "He wos *always* a singin'."

If it had been one of their own pals whose fate they were waiting to hear, they could not have stood with more bated breath than while the O. D. felt the little bird all over. Finally, he declared he was sure no bones had been broken, but the skin had been badly torn, of

course, when the wing was lost, and he was terribly frightened. They would put on a little salve to ease the pain and keep him in a quiet place and Nature would be the best doctor Baldy could have.

Then, as he caught the relieved expression on the faces around him and remembered that these same men, who were now feeling real distress over the suffering of a helpless little bird, were the same ones who had been facing such terrible things with apparent carelessness only a few months before, the humor of the situation, and something else very strong besides, swept over the doctor; and turning upon them, he ordered them off to their beds, demanding gruffly to know why they were out of them, anyway; did n't they know the rules, etc., etc., as he bolted through the door.

For the next few days Baldy and the sergeant changed places. It was the sergeant now who watched and tended with jealous care and anxious eye the once gay little bird who sat huddled on his perch, his beady bright eyes now very dull indeed.

Hour after hour he held the cage on his lap, coaxing Baldy to eat a bit, blaming himself bitterly for the harm that had come to his pet every time he looked at the poor torn side where the jaunty wing had once been—the wing with the saucy flick of black.

The other men paid the two frequent and consoling visits, declaring, "He 's such a game little cuss, he 'll snap out of this all right!" "Feels kind of funny though, don't it, old boy, to have only one fin?" asked the chap whose own right sleeve was empty.

They asked him how he enjoyed life in the trenches, and vowed they were going to give him a wound-stripe when he came around lively again.

If attention could do anything, Baldy's recovery was certain, and his midnight bout with the rat was a topic of conversation in the ward for some days.

Then one morning, to the sergeant's great joy, Baldy began to dip into his seed-cup of his own accord, to smooth and preen his sadly neglected feathers, and once more take an interest in life.

Occasionally he would pause, cock his head sadly to one side, and look at where his bright, sleek wing had once been. How proud he had been of those wings!

Then he tried a chirp. It was not as hard as he had supposed, so he tried another. Now he knew how his friends in the ward felt when he heard them whistling softly to themselves as they hopped about on their crutches for the first time. He would try to hop, too. He felt like a very one-sided Baldy indeed as he tried it,—but his friend was watching him, so he kept it up bravely, even balancing on his swinging perch for a second in a very uncertain and topply way.



"BALDY, BOY, YOU 'RE THE BEST PAL A FELLOW EVER HAD"

At a hail from the sergeant, half a dozen came flocking to see the spectacle and vowed they 'd said so all along. "What 's a wing off to Baldy?"

"Of course," said McNulty, "he 's not as handsome as he once was. Well, neither will a whole lot of the rest of us be when we get through this bloomin' war. But he 's sure done his part all right and made things kind of cheerful like. I 've always thought of canaries before as kind of window ornaments, but Baldy 's different somehow."

"Yes," said the sergeant, slowly, "Baldy 's different. He 's just one of us."

And then Baldy put back his head and sang!



What Happened to the Tarts

A Drama in the Heart Dynasty in Six Tableaux, closing with a Dance.

by

Nora Archibald Smith

TABLEAU I QUEEN SWEETHEART MAKING THE TARTS
TABLEAU II KNAVE BLACKHEART STEALING THE TARTS
TABLEAU III THE INTERRUPTED SUPPER
TABLEAU IV THE THIEF DISCOVERED
TABLEAU V THE KNAVE BEFORE THE QUEEN
TABLEAU VI THE DANCE OF TARTS

CHARACTERS:

King Greatheart. *Knave Blackheart.*
Queen Sweetheart. *Reader.*
Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, Courtiers and *Servants,* as many as desired.

(*For costumes and accessories see page* 940)

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TARTS

READER (*seated at one side of the stage in high-backed, medieval chair, rises*).

King Greatheart was a sovereign of valor and renown;
Queen Sweetheart was as grand a dame as ever wore a crown;
Her servants swarmed about the court like ants about a hill,
But still a housewife she remained and did her cooking still.
One summer morn, 'mid idle chat, King Greatheart chanced to say,
A dish of tarts he 'd relish well for supper on that day.
The beauteous queen, beloved by all, the model of a wife,
Had but to hear and then obey, for duty was her life.
She called the butler, called the maids, called footmen two and three,
She ordered cupboards all unlocked and gave the knave the key.
"Set all within the summer-house that is for tarts required;
I 'll do my mixing there to-day, quite from the court retired."
Thus spake the queen, and quick were brought the butter cut in dice,
The water, flour, jelly, salt, the rolling-pin, the ice.
"Where is the cake-board, careless lad?" she asked the Knave of Hearts;
And straight the pert young sprig replied, "Use *marble,* Queen for tarts!"
"I'll marble thee!" the sov'reign cried, and with the rolling-pin,
She made a marble-like effect about his saucy chin.
With tears and sobs he fled away, a-swearing in his pain,
Or soon or late he 'd have revenge on Sweetheart and her train.
But little cared the lovely queen for Blackheart, wretched knave!
For all her mind was set on tarts for Greatheart, good and brave.
She sifted, salted, mixed, and rolled, she shaped with touches light,
And soon the tarts were baked and filled, a truly beauteous sight.
She set them on a dainty dish and left them there to air,
The while her maidens brought her robes and dressed her shining hair.

TABLEAU I.

QUEEN SWEETHEART MAKING TARTS.

A summer-house in center of stage is indicated for this and the following tableau. Queen Sweetheart stands at table in center of summer-house with materials for tarts at hand, and, as curtain rises, is disclosed rolling out her pastry. The Knave of Hearts is half seen in background, stealthily peeping out from behind trees.

* * * * *

READER.

Meantime, the knave had hid away within that garden sweet,
And watched the cook until her task was perfect and complete.
When all was still he ventured forth, with sly and stealthy mien,
And crept about the summer-house where late had stood the queen.
He spied the tarts, all red and white, upon their regal bed,
And there and then a horrid thought beset his naughty head!

He 'd steal the tarts to spite the queen and thus to spite the king;
They 'd find to shame the Knave of Hearts was not so slight a thing!
He seized the prize and wrapped it close within his ample cape,
A brilliant robe that covered him from knavish knee to nape;
He sauntered forth with lordly air, believing none could see,
And none could dream that Blackheart bold a paltry thief could be.
Without the garden, swift and still as any velvet mouse,
He fled by lane and byway dark until he gained his house.
Arrived triumphant, straight he hid the precious tarts away,
Resolved it never should be known wherein his treasure lay.

TABLEAU II.

BLACKHEART STEALING THE TARTS.

Summer-house and table, with tarts on platter, basket, or tray. Blackheart discovered as curtain rises, leaning over table on tiptoe, and grasping the dish. His head is turned over his shoulder toward the audience, with stealthy look, and one hand and arm are raised as if listening.

* * * * *

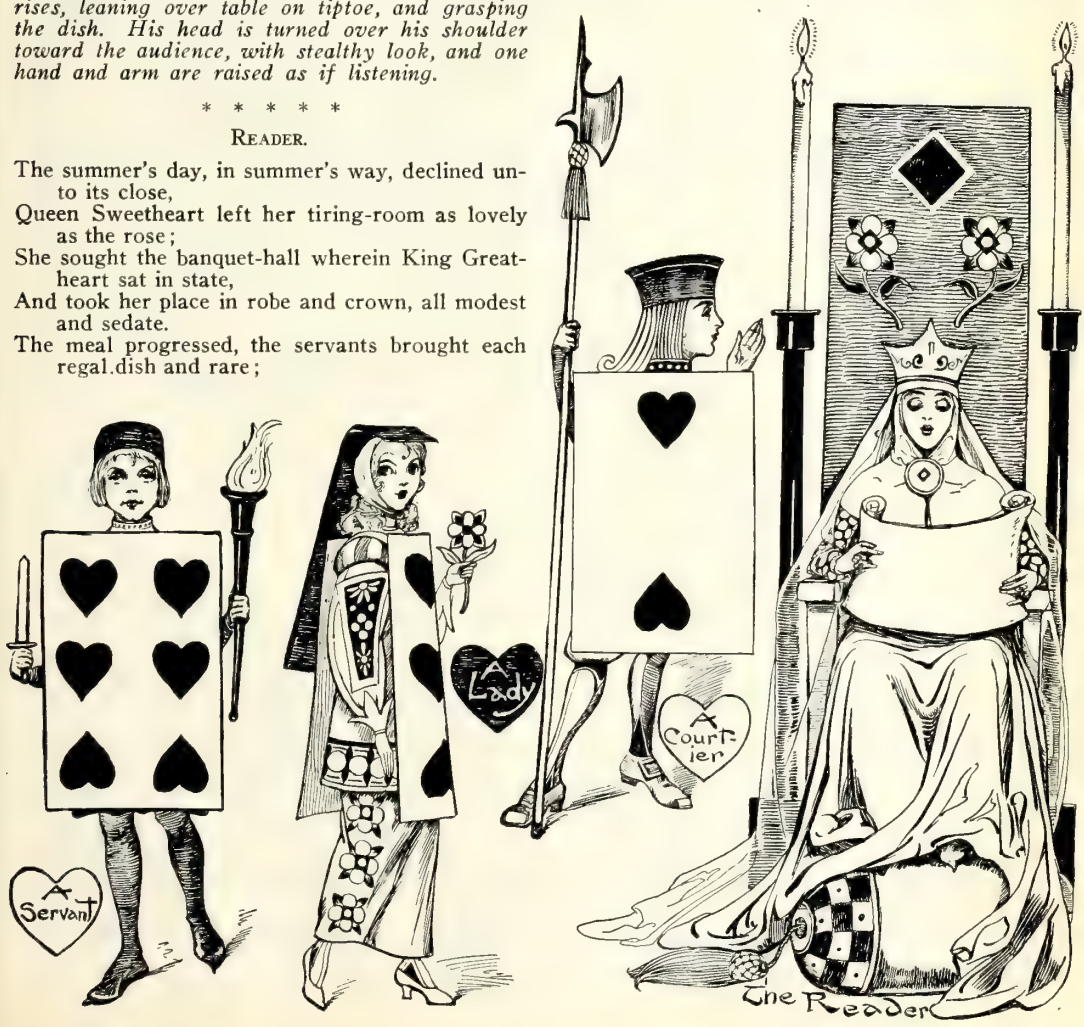
READER.

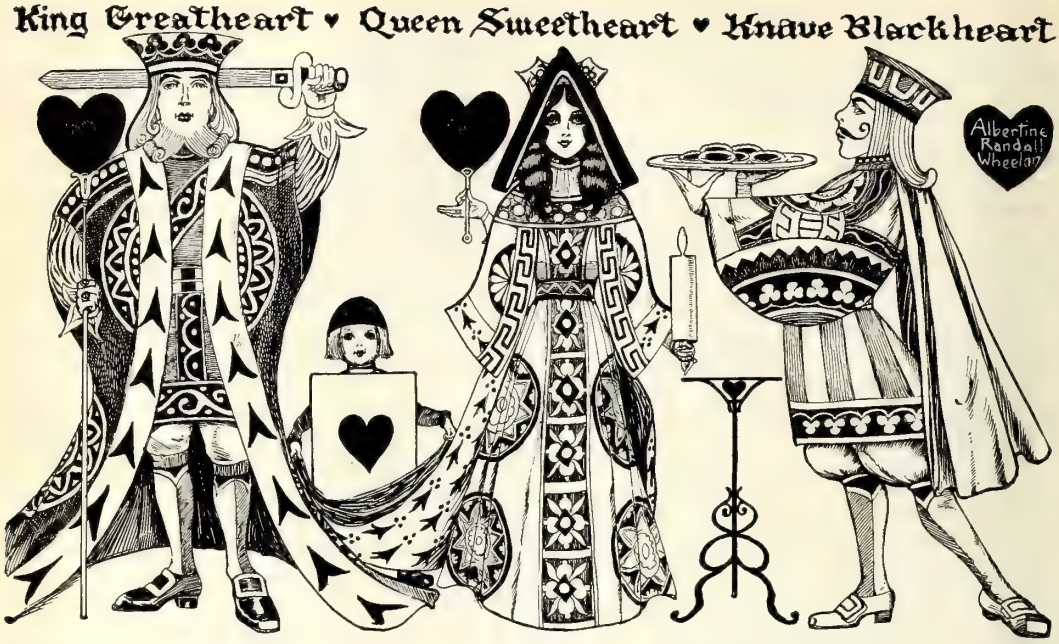
The summer's day, in summer's way, declined unto its close,
Queen Sweetheart left her tiring-room as lovely as the rose;
She sought the banquet-hall wherein King Greatheart sat in state,
And took her place in robe and crown, all modest and sedate.
The meal progressed, the servants brought each regal dish and rare;
King Greatheart ate and relished all, nor gave a thought to care.
Sudden a servant hurried in, and, ghastly pale with fright,
Cried: "Madam! Queen! Alas, the tarts! Lo, they have vanished quite!"
"Ah, woe the day!" the king exclaimed; "Ah, woe the day!" the queen,
"My morning's work has sped away as it had never been!
My Liege," quoth she, "let vengeance fall upon this petty thief!"
And as the monarch grasped his sword, she sought in tears relief.

TABLEAU III.

THE INTERRUPTED SUPPER.

The stage is set as a banquet-hall, and may be as grand as time and the resources of the actors will permit. It may be quite unornamented, however, and backed by screens or curtains, for interest will be centered on the table where the monarchs sit. This may be set off stage and brought in during the interlude and should have as much silver





on it as parents will lend, or the actors, beforehand, will mold and paint or cover with gold and silver paper. The lights are lowered, as it is evening, and candles are on the table. The moment chosen for the tableau is when the servant has rushed in to announce the loss of the tarts and is standing in doorway. His face should be well floured before entrance, to show terror. Queen is weeping, head in hands, two court ladies kneeling beside her, one offering handkerchief, the other smelling salts. Courtiers and lackeys stand about the stage in various attitudes of dismay. A servant is holding a dish to the king, but casts his eyes upward in horror. The king is starting up from his seat and brandishing his sword.

* * * * *

READER.

While yet the courtiers stood agape, a lackey came apace,
And told how he had lately seen young Blackheart, pale of face,
Run down a lane with something hid beneath his knavish arm,
A treasure, sure, or why should he thus guard it safe from harm?
"'T was Blackheart, then, who stole the tarts!" thus ran the murmur 'round.
"A murrain on him!" cried the queen, "he 's earned a beating sound!"
Forth from the hall King Greatheart strode, and soon at Blackheart's door
He thundered in a regal tone that threat and menace bore.
"Come forth, thou Blackheart, naughty knave! and quickly fetch the tarts;
Thy deed is known, thy doom is sealed, in spite of all thine arts!"
The door was forced, the knave appeared and then and there did he
Receive a punishment most fit for blackest treachery.

TABLEAU IV.

THE THIEF DISCOVERED.

A door center back of stage is needed for this tableau; but if this is wanting, screens, or even sheets or curtains hung at the back, may be pulled apart and held by courtiers, as if they had just been opened for the exit of the knave. The king holds him by the collar, and is raising his sword as if to beat him. Knave hangs as limp as possible, knees bent, arms pendent, half dead with terror. A number of courtiers in martial attitudes, with weapons drawn, stand at back of king to guard him. Servants may be present also, if stage is large enough, and may seem to light the scene by torches (*see page* 940) *which they hold aloft.*

* * * * *

READER.

Still at the table sat the queen, surrounded by her train;
She would not eat, she would not drink, persuasion was in vain.
Sudden a stir was heard without, and then, with vesture torn,
Appeared the knave, a sorry sight, all tattered and forlorn.
He bore the tarts, all red and white; he sank upon his knee
And vowed repentance long and late, if he might pardoned be.
Queen Sweetheart faltered; Greatheart cried, with proud and lofty mien,
"Serve up the tarts, forgive the knave; be every inch a queen!"
The lady smiled; she took the tarts; she raised the weeping knave;
She ordered music; to her lord her lily hand she gave.
The courtiers followed in her train, exultant, one and all
That dance of tarts was ne'er forgot in cottage or in hall!



THE HAPPY ENDING OF THE DRAMA IN THE HEART DYNASTY

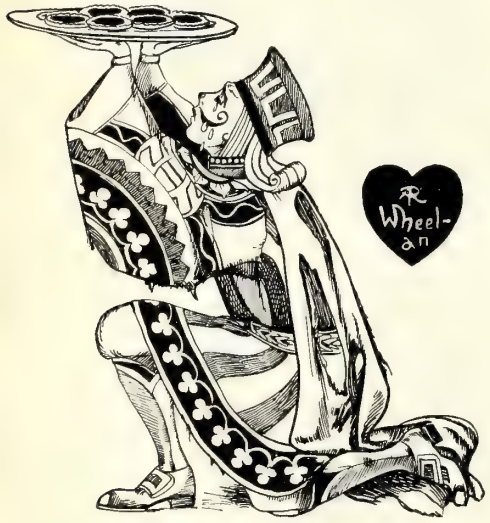
TABLEAU V

THE KNAVE BEFORE THE QUEEN.

Scene same as before. Curtain rises on knave of hearts kneeling at feet of queen, holding up the dish of tarts. His face is pale and his clothing torn. The king stands behind him, with frowning face, leaning on his sword. Courtiers, maids, and men look on in interested attitudes. Swords are sheathed, and servants have laid aside torches.

After a few moments have been given to look at the tableau, it becomes a moving picture. The queen rises, motions the knave to rise also, takes the platter with a gracious smile and hands it to a servant, who sets it on the table and waves his hand as if to invisible orchestra. Music begins. Sweetheart gives her hand to the king, and the servants lift the table to back of the stage. Each courtier and servant finds a partner and a stately dance is begun, if the performers can manage the minuet. Knave stands with hanging head, at left, until one of the maids draws near, pats him on shoulder coquettishly, and draws him into the dance.

If the minuet is too difficult, begin with Grand March and end with "Sicilian Circle," or something equally simple, which will engage all the performers at once, ringing down the curtain while the dance is still going on.



COSTUMES

THESE should be copied as nearly as possible from the suit of hearts in a pack of cards. If an elaborate presentation is desired, the dresses may be made of light-weight satin, satine, Turkey-red cotton, cambric, Canton flannel, etc. Otherwise, heavy sheets of brown paper may form the foundation of the dresses, the colors being laid on with water-colors or pasted on in strips and patterns of red, black, and yellow glazed paper. If of brown paper, they should be cut alike back and front, no curved lines being used, but straight lines and angles. If reinforced with extra strips along the edges, they will stand out like pasteboard. There is to be no fullness in the costumes, the object being to make the actors look like the cards themselves. The king, queen, ladies, and maids of the court wear robes to the floor; the knave, lords, and lackeys, to the knee only, with knee-breeches, long stockings, and slippers or pumps. The eyebrows of all should be heavily marked, eyes shadowed and lips reddened, to resemble cards.

KING GREATHEART. Costume as per card; bands of ermine (Canton flannel or white muslin, spotted with charcoal) over shoulders, and sword in hand. (See picture.) King has long hair and beard, but no mustache. The wig and beard may be made of cotton yarn from a mop, or of curled paper. Crown of cardboard covered with gilt paper, with black stencil-work around it and red and black band where it fits the head.

QUEEN SWEETHEART. Costume as per card. Black hair loose on shoulders, parted in middle and drawn down each side nearly to eyebrows. Crown like king's, but smaller, set on a black, hoodlike drapery which falls over hair.

KNAVE BLACKHEART. Costume as per card. Yellow hair, slight mustache. Red cap (see card) stenciled in Greek pattern (white), and black head-band. No weapon need be made for Knave, as he has no opportunity to hold it.

COURTIERS. The courtiers (lords and ladies) should be the Ace, Deuce, Three and Four Spots. Their robes, knee length or ankle length, according to sex, should have a little ornamentation, black and yellow, about neck and sleeves, and the proper number of red hearts pasted on their breasts. The men have red caps, like Knave's, but without ornament, and carry battle-axes, if desired; the women wear red draperies (crêpe paper) in Italian peasant-fashion over loose hair.

SERVANTS. The servants are the remaining cards in the pack. Brown-paper robes, with red bands at neck and sleeves and the proper number of red hearts. Tight-fitting skull-caps of red crêpe paper.

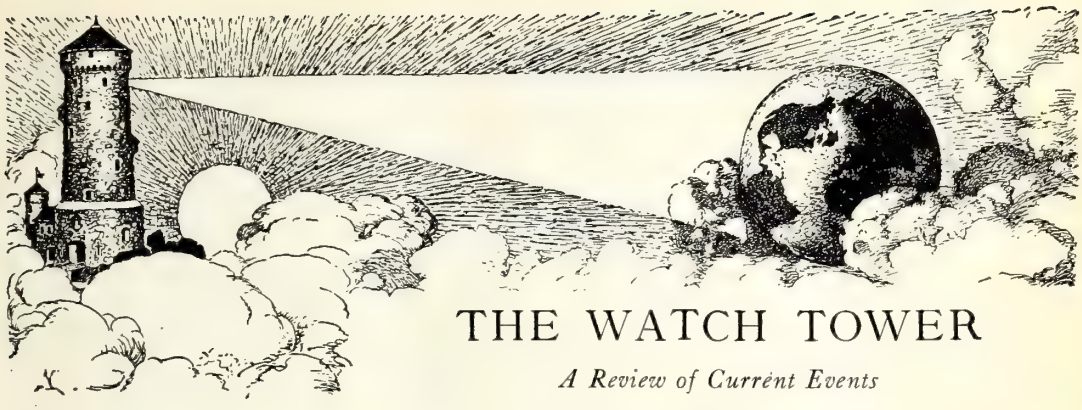
READER. This part may be taken by a person in ordinary evening dress, by one of the lords or ladies in waiting in costume, as he or she is to appear later, or by a resplendent figure, on which great art may be lavished, arrayed as the Queen of Diamonds. Reader need not leave stage during tableaux, but be seated, in ornamental high-backed chair, rising for his or her next part. An ordinary arm-chair can be given a medieval effect by inserting a high back made of a board, covered with stenciled material or bold-figured wall-paper.

ACCESSORIES

THE summer-house may be made with four uprights and a skeleton roof, covered with boughs or thatched with straw or hay. If either of the latter materials is used, it should be made into long bundles and fastened down with cords. Paper vines may run up the posts and gay hollyhocks grow on each side of the front. If this is too elaborate, the four uprights may be connected by a few cross-pieces and roofed with a large Japanese umbrella. Even more simple, but quite effective, would be a large Japanese umbrella set in a tall standard. Two or three fir-trees are placed in Christmas-tree stands near the summer-house.

If the supper-table can be set on a raised platform at the back of the stage, it will be more effective. The hanging lights may be made of barrel-hoops covered with gilded asbestos paper and to which are wired tin cans (gilded) to hold the candles.

The torches for the fourth tableau may be made of poles with bunches of orange paper cut in fringes to represent flames, fastened to one end.



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

SHANTUNG

For a long time we heard nothing much but Shantung; and then for another long time we heard nothing of Shantung. We must either have given it too much attention at first, or have given it too little of late. Overshadowed in American interest by events nearer home, the Shantung matter is in reality just as important as it ever appeared. It was, therefore, mighty interesting to read Japan's long statement, published about the time this instalment of The Watch Tower's serial story was written.

The Japanese statement boils down to this: The Peace Treaty gave to Japan the rights and interests in Shantung previously held by Germany. The Japanese Government requested the Government of China to negotiate with regard to the restoration of Kiao-Chau, and asked it to arrange to guard the railway after Japanese troops were withdrawn.

The Chinese Government replied that, as it had not signed the Peace Treaty, it could not negotiate with Japan upon a matter embodied in the Treaty. It said that it was friendly toward Japan; that, the war being over, no force, either Japanese or Chinese, was needed to guard the railway; and that the Chinese people (not the Government) were "indignantly antagonistic" toward the Shantung question.

Japan then asserted that the Chinese Government had consented, before the Peace Treaty was signed, to the transfer of German interests in Shantung to Japan. It declared also that all that was desired, along the railway, was the assurance that police protection would be provided for both Japanese and Chinese property.

Now, it is clear enough that there is a real "situation" here. China certainly was hurt, in Shantung, by Germany. It would be very noble and beautiful, on Japan's part, to step aside, bow politely, and say "You 're not in our way at all!" But this is not a perfect world, and things just simply are n't done that way.

Let 's not try to say who 's right and who 's wrong. But let 's go as far as this: Japan has made what seems a fair and reasonable, honest and constructive offer to negotiate the whole matter; and China, confident in the justice of her claim, is not altogether wise in being so stand-offish.

TWO VIEWS OF THRACE

Prime Minister Venizelos of Greece, speaking to the Greek Chamber of Deputies, said: "By the acquisition of Thrace, Greece expands over a number of cities which for many centuries have been the enthusiastic centers of Hellenism. Bulgaria is assured an economic outlet through Dedeagatch."

The Bulgarian Premier, however, calls the award of Thrace to Greece by the Supreme Council of the Allies a great injustice. Bulgaria ceded Thrace to the Allies in the peace treaty; but the Premier declares that he signed the treaty "in the firm conviction" that the Allies would make Thrace a separate state, under control of one of the Great Powers.

The Premier of Bulgaria thinks that if the Allies did not care to make Thrace independent, they should at least have permitted the people to vote whether they should go with Greece or with Bulgaria. He has no doubt at all that they would have expressed a preference for Bulgaria.

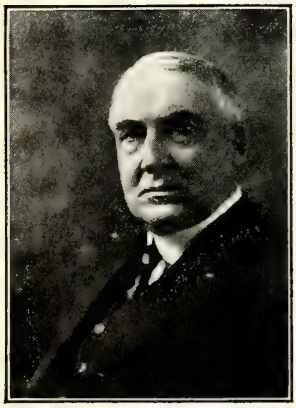
"I cannot see," he said, "how the Allies could be so blind as to award this narrow strip of territory to Greece and deprive us of access to the sea. By closing the door to us on the

Ægean they are forcing us north to the Danube, which can mean only one thing—a resumption of our trade and economic relations with Germany." Bulgaria, he said, now desires "sincerely" to unite itself with the Allies.

The Bulgarian Premier spent three years in prison for telling the Bulgarian King that if he went into the war on Germany's side he would lose either his throne or his head. He is evidently a person of keen perception, and perhaps, after thinking it over a bit longer, he will see how much better off Bulgaria will be if she decides to let her deeds rather than her words speak for her for quite a while.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES

THE WATCH TOWER is hardly scoring a "scoop" when it announces that the Republican Party, in convention assembled, has nominated Senator Warren G. Harding, of Ohio, for President and Governor Calvin Coolidge, of Massachusetts, for Vice-President. It is a little early, though, to discuss the probable outcome of the campaign—so we are a bit puzzled what to say.



© Edmonston, Wide World Photos
WARREN G. HARDING

Mr. Harding was once a printer, and it may be that the American people will find it pleasant to vote for an ex-printer, after eight years of an ex-college president. Still, it can hardly be said that a record as a printer fits a man for the Presidency, any more than having been a college president makes him unfit. It depends pretty much on the man himself; does n't it?

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote something once about trying to hold a squirrel on your lap, instead of the family cat. It is not impossible that the opportunity to change from a "genius" President to a plain business man will be an important factor in the election. There seems to be a pretty general desire for less brilliance and more simple business-managership in the White House. And, now that the war is over, that may be the best thing.

(I can say these things with better grace than some folks could, because I 've been an open admirer of President Wilson's record.)

Mr. Coolidge has been in THE WATCH TOWER before. We praised him when he took care of that police strike in Boston, and stood so stoutly for old-fashioned Americanism.

A Presidential campaign is a severe test. We trust this campaign will be hard-fought but clean, and free from mud-slinging and bitter personalities. The two gentlemen nominated by the Republican Party are fit representatives of it in the big political battle, and, whether they win or lose in November, will surely do credit to the nation they seek to serve.

WHAT DOES LABOR STAND FOR?

THE American Federation of Labor held a convention at Montreal, in June. The convention was a lively one, and when the question of Irish independence was brought up, President Gompers had a busy time trying to keep order.

The result of two weeks of stormy meetings was that the convention declared itself in favor of ratification of the Peace Treaty; in favor of the League of Nations; for government ownership of the railroads; for punishment of profiteering by imprisonment of persons found guilty thereof; for abolition of laws compelling arbitration of labor disputes; for a hands-off policy in Mexico; for a standard



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GOVERNOR CALVIN COOLIDGE AND FAMILY

of wages that will meet the cost of living; and for action to prevent unemployment, even by means of a shorter work-day, if no other way could be found.

On the very day when the labor convention came to a close, the Supreme Court of the



Wide World Photos

OPENING OF THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN THE COLISEUM, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. CHAIRMAN HAYS INTRODUCING SENATOR LODGE

State of New York made a most important decision in a labor case. A firm of clothiers sued a labor organization for damages, and asked the court for an order to prevent the organization from making further attempts to *force* the firm to employ workmen who were members of this organization. The court decided that the conduct of the union was in effect an endeavor to establish a monopoly.

America believes in justice for all. It does not believe in the use of force and intimidation by any person or organization to compel other individuals or organizations to conduct their business in any way but their own, so long as that way is lawful and does not itself invade the rights and freedom of others.

These problems come home to every man and woman, boy and girl, in this country.

"BIG BUSINESS"

THE Socialist Party in Wisconsin held its convention in June, and adopted a platform which, in addition to "demanding" impeachment of President Wilson, Attorney-General Palmer, and Postmaster-General Burleson, placed the blame for the war on "Big Business." Judging by its wholesale demand for impeachments, the Socialist Party in the Hon. Victor Berger's State has "Big Business" ideas of its own.

Big Business is bad when its power is based upon monopoly or oppression. Big Business is good when it comes from Big Brains. Big Business can thrive only when it is producing greatly, paying workers what their work is worth, and giving the public the best goods that can be produced—at prices which Little Business cannot offer to consumers.

Big Business does not kill off Little Business, except where it can do more for the workers and for the public. Modern civilization is based upon Big Business.

The Wisconsin Socialists are trying to pull down the pillars of the roof that shelters them. And we cannot afford to close our eyes to the fact that there is in America to-day altogether too much of the discontent and thoughtlessness that brings people to that state of mind.

Let 's strengthen the weak spots. Let 's look for faults—so that we can correct them. Let 's not tear down, but build up. It may not be so exciting, but in the end it 's much better for the health!

THE LATEST "INFANT PRODIGY"

Samuel Rzeschewski is his name. He is eight years old, and he plays chess. He is a Polish boy, and so, we suppose, is able to pronounce without difficulty the name that looks so difficult to us. We certainly sha' n't make fun of it, for there were a good many like it borne by fellows who fought under the Stars and Stripes in France.

And then if you will only stop to think what we do with *"ou"* in our own language,—though, through, bough, cough, tough,—you can't say a word—can you?—about the other fellow's language.

Well, sir, Samuel, aged eight, thinks just nothing at all of walking up and down one side of a table with twelve, fifteen, twenty old graybeards of eighty or so apiece on the other side, each with a chessboard in front of him, and beating 'em all at their own game.



Wide World Photos

SAMUEL RZESCHEWSKI AT HIS HOME, PLAYING A CHESS EXPERT

Samuel must have a peculiar sort of mind. You have to be born that way, to do stunts like that.

In June, Samuel went to Paris, and showed the French experts a thing or two. He also went to the Neuilly fair, and worried his father by wanting to ride all day on a painted pig on a merry-go-round. Father Rzeschewski did n't like this at all. He thought Samuel ought to stick to his knights and castles, bishops and kings and queens, to say nothing of the pawns. But we, for our part, like Samuel all the more because Samuel liked the painted pig. Evidently he 's a real boy, and the chess is something extra, for good measure.

"MOPPING UP"

An important part of the work of an army in modern war is "mopping up." An advancing force is expected to make sure of every inch of ground over which it passes.

One criticism that was made of our American soldiers was that they thought only of going ahead, and were careless about what they left behind. A fault on the right side, as we say; but still a fault.

Mopping up is part of the work of peace, too. After the armistice was declared, it took a lot of time to prepare the Treaty, present it to the enemy Powers, and get it signed.

Many details were left open in the Treaty; such, for example, as the amount of indemnity to be paid. These many months have been spent in discussing those details. That is "mopping up" work.

Until that work is done and every detail determined, the world will be uneasy. Therefore, the sooner we are past the period of conferences, the better for all. For the Allies, because we can settle down to the work of rebuilding; for Germany, because doubt is more distressing than even a quite unpleasant certainty.

For these reasons, we very sincerely wish success to every endeavor to reach some hard and fast decision on every point at issue.

A QUEEN WHO WORKS AND SMILES

There was a good story in the newspapers about Queen Marie of Rumania. Her country, wrecked by German invasion, needs—among many things—railroad locomotives. American, French, and British agents went to Bucharest to try to sell them, but they did not care to open a charge account. They wanted cash.

The Queen had an interview with one of the Americans. She told him some things about the resources of Rumania and the spirit

of the people that interested him. Finally, by the force of her own faith, she persuaded him to supply the rolling stock, payment to be made in Rumanian Government bonds. Faith is contagious.

Queen Marie knows her people. She devotes her time, strength, and fortune to their service. She is a hard worker, and a good business woman. She is also an author.



Wide World Photos

QUEEN MARIE OF RUMANIA AT THE OPENING OF THE RED CROSS ORPHANAGE AT BUCHAREST

The photograph reproduced in this number of THE WATCH TOWER shows Rumania's Queen in a characteristic pose. She has been a great Red Cross worker, and put off her visit to the United States to be present at the opening of the American Red Cross Orphanage in Bucharest.

If all the kings and queens had been like the Rumanian Queen, the cost of living in America to-day might not have been quite so high.

THROUGH "THE WATCH TOWER'S" TELESCOPE

MAIL carriage charges, now paid to vessels of foreign registration, make quite an argument in favor of the development of an American merchant marine. We pay more than three million dollars a year to have mail carried across the ocean, and five sixths of this goes, it is said, to foreign ship-owners.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, whose service as assistant secretary of the navy has won general praise, suggested some ways in which the conduct of our national business by the Government might be improved. One was, to give the heads of the executive departments more freedom of action, and hold them more directly responsible for results. This moves us to predict that it will not be many years before some real progress is made in organizing the nation's business at Washington in a way more like that of great private enterprises. But we must remember that the present political way, expensive as it is, does in a degree bring the work closer to the people than it might be under a more economical system. Still, there is plenty of room for improvement without sacrificing democracy!

BETWEEN ten and eleven thousand immigrants came into the Port of New York in one week in June. It was said that they seemed to be a better type than those who came in the years before the war. Figures were given in support of this observation. It seems that where from two to three per cent. of the applicants for admission were then rejected because of some form of undesirability, barely more than one half of one per cent. were turned back in the first five months of 1920.

"PRIME MINISTER LLOYD GEORGE, drawing an analogy between Ireland and the United States, said that President Lincoln faced a million casualties and five years of war rather than acknowledge the independence of the Southern States, and that the British Government would do the same thing if necessary."—*News dispatch, in June.*

THE "right to strike" involves the right of the public to defend itself. Union truckmen went on strike in New York, and the citizens organized a transportation committee to take charge of moving the goods on the piers, which the strikers meant to tie up. In the first week they moved thousands of truckloads of freight. Labor's worst enemies seem to be among its own leaders!

A MINE OF ICE

On the northern slope of the Shawangunk Mountains (pronounced shon-gum), about eighty miles northwest of New York City,



ONE OF THE ICE CAVERNS

there is a group of caverns in which ice may be found all the year round, even in midsummer, for it never entirely melts.

The mountain is composed largely of tough sandstone and conglomerate, which has been rent with deep cracks. These cracks have opened wide enough, in certain places, to allow one to enter safely, and they extend straight down into the mountain for a hundred feet or more. They are so deep and narrow, however, that direct sunlight cannot penetrate them.

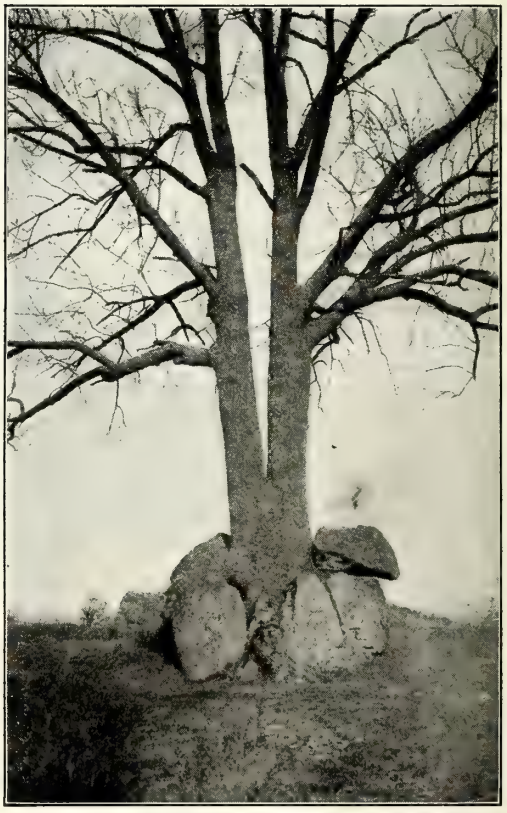
During the winter, snow and ice collect in these caverns in large quantities, and when the hot summer days arrive, this ice begins to melt. The process of melting so chills the air which is in contact with the ice, that melting is retarded, and several tons of ice remain over the season for the next winter's storms to build on. Many times in summer and autumn I have packed custard, rock-salt, and a freezer up the mountain on my back, and frozen ice-cream *a la carte* with the ice I have mined from one of these caverns.

Our illustration is from a photograph taken late one November, before new ice had formed. It shows a mass of ice at the bottom of one of these caverns that had withstood all the heat of the previous summer.

George Burbank Shattuck.

BOULDER SPLIT BY TREE

When the tree, shown in the accompanying photograph, first began to grow, it was a wee sprout of a thing that seemed to have come from a slight crack in the rock. The little plant evidently got enough sustenance from air and rain, for it continued to develop, sending its roots deeper and deeper into the tiny



A RHODE ISLAND LANDMARK

crack on its way to the earth. And so as the seasons rolled by, it continued to grow in spite of its stony handicap, until it struck root in the ground and finally split the rock entirely

apart. It is a landmark that is known all over Rhode Island, as it is on one of the main roads running through that State.

L. M. Edholm.

WHAT A GRAIN OF WHEAT WILL PRODUCE

Some remarkable experiments have recently been carried out in England to show the possibilities of a grain of wheat. It has been proved that under special treatment the grain will produce an almost indefinite number of ears. The particular experiment was carried out in this way: a conical pit was opened up in the ground; this was about eighteen inches deep, and measured about a yard across at the top. In the spring of the year a grain of wheat was placed in the bottom of the pit and covered with about half an inch of soil. When the shoot appeared, in a few weeks' time, it was covered with another shallow layer of soil. After an interval, six shoots appeared, and these in turn were covered. The next time that shoots appeared, there was a great increase in their number. The covering-up process was repeated again and again, and, on each occasion, the shoots showed a remarkable increase. By the time the top of the pit was reached, the whole of the square yard was thick with growing wheat-plants. In the course of time these were allowed to mature, and the result was that no less than eighty-five ears were developed. About a dozen of these were imperfect, but the remainder, more than seventy altogether, were well formed ears with good grains. On a count being made, it was found that no less than 2,800 grains were the result of this novel culture. When one considers that these were the outcome of a single grain the result is very astonishing indeed.

S. Leonard Bastin.

THE STORY OF A CHAIN

A chain that once spanned the Hudson River now occupies a place of honor on the lawn of a New Jersey estate. Its links are two feet long and are forged of bars up to three and a half inches thick, and at one time it had a length of fifteen hundred feet.

It was during our revolutionary War, in 1778, that this 186 tons of metal was extended across the river at West Point to prevent raids on the upper Hudson Valley by the British fleet. In the preceding two years, vessels had ascended the river, towns had been burned, and the Continental armies threatened by the occupation of the valley. This was effectually guarded against when the huge chain was fabricated at the Sterling mine, smelter, and forge. The barrier was secured by anchors and kept afloat, a little below the surface, by logs. No vessel was able to pass up-stream thenceforth until, in 1783, after peace was declared, the chain was removed, with every sturdy link intact. The iron mine from which this metal was secured is still producing, and a monument at the ruins of the Sterling forge tells the story of the chaining of the Hudson.

C. L. Edholm.



PART OF THE CHAIN STRETCHED ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER NEAR WEST POINT DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

BEACH JINGLES

RHYMES AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALICE M. CAHILL



LAND and sea,
And Buddie and Me!

AND all the day
To dig and play!



BRIGHT as you are,
Bright as you be,
Now which is Sister
And which is Me?



We're twins, too,
But we guess you can tell
Which one is Carl
And which is Nell.



WE meet him on the beach each day,
Our life guard, big strong "Gus."
He 's very nice to every one,
But 'specially nice to us.



DON'T be scared, Ted!
Don't act up!
That 's just Bill Brown
And his new bull pup.



ONE, two, three, four—
Very good friends.
Why say any more?

St. Nicholas League



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY JOHN H. WHITCOMB, AGE 13.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON FEBRUARY, 1920)

THE subject "A Narrow Escape" evidently hit the mark, so far as our young prose-writers are concerned, for they sent in a seeming ship-load of interesting contributions, recounting every imaginable kind of narrow escape, on land or sea, or in the air—and more beside! Some of the best of these await you in the following pages, and more than forty others, of virtually equal interest and merit, are represented by the names of their authors in the Special Mention List.

The young folk who prefer to write in rhyme did nobly, too, with their subject; and we are indebted to our boy and girl artists and photographers for some remarkably fine pictures this month—including the notable decorative drawing alongside this Introduction and the truly successful snap-shot of a cat on the opposite page. Altogether our zealous young League members have crowned their midsummer number with high honors and deserve our warmest thanks.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 245

(In making awards, contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badges, **Harriet Knowlton** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Margaret Ridgway Pott** (age 14), New Jersey. Silver Badges, **Evelyn I. Perkins** (age 11), Connecticut; **O. P. Metcalf, Jr.** (age 11), New York; **Jean Douglass** (age 12), New York; **Frances B. Allen** (age 13), Massachusetts.

VERSE. Gold Badges, **Polly Palfrey** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Elizabeth Patterson** (age 14), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, **Pamela Burr** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Faith E. Kenniston** (age 14), New Hampshire; **Aline Fruhauf** (age 13), New York.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badges, **Ruth Alden** (age 14), New York; **John Hull Whitcomb** (age 13), Wisconsin. Silver Badges, **Eudora Alice Welty** (age 10), Mississippi; **Dorothy Stephenson** (age 16), Indiana; **Justine Whittemore Chase** (age 13), Connecticut.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver Badges, **Elizabeth L. Page** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Frances L. Parker** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Margaret Waldo Newcomer** (age 13), Maryland; **Madeleine Edwards** (age 15), New York; **Mary Stuart** (age 14), South Carolina; **Elizabeth Cheatham** (age 15), North Carolina.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold Badge, **Marion C. Pickard** (age 16), Massachusetts. Silver Badge, **Edith Read** (age 16), Illinois.



BY ELIZABETH L. PAGE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)



BY FRANCES L. PARKER. AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

"A LUCKY SNAP-SHOT"



"A LUCKY SNAP-SHOT." BY MARGARET WALDO NEWCOMER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

A NARROW ESCAPE

BY EVELYN I. PERKINS (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

TEDDY and Lydia Spencer lived near a large lumber-camp. Nearly every day they went over and watched the lumbermen at work. The logs were put into small cars and brought to the sawmill, three miles away. The tracks led down a steep mountain where at one point a stream went tearing under them. The children had often been taken on such rides and were aching for another one.

One hot August day, they saw two empty cars standing on the track. There was no one near, so the two got in and "shoved off." At first they went rather slowly, but when they came to the edge of the hill they started tearing forward.

Bill Johnson, one of the lumbermen, came up to the station a few minutes later and saw one of the cars missing. He ran down the tracks, and caught a glimpse of Lydia's pink dress fluttering in the breeze. He sprang into the empty car and started after them.

If he could only stop them before they reached the river!

The hill swam before his eyes. He did n't touch the brake, but sat watching the children in breathless suspense. Another hundred yards and they would reach the bridge where even the most skilful lumbermen had to be careful. There was a slight bend in the track here, and one had to pass slowly to avoid mishaps.

The children were within ten yards of the bridge when a lucky thing happened. A branch, fallen in a recent storm, lay across the track. The car reached it and stopped short a moment. That was Bill's luck. He caught up, not a second too soon, and seized the brake from behind just as the two cars pulled up at the bridge.

"That was a pretty narrow one, eh?" he asked with a smile.

THE WHISPERING PINES

BY PAMELA BURR (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE twilight lingers in the sky.
I hear the long-drawn, loving sigh—
The wind among the pine-trees' height
Breathing a soft good-night.

The whispering pine-tree bows its head
To the gold streak where day has fled,
And murmurs in its swaying might,
Breathing a soft good-night!



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY EUDORA ALICE WELTY. AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE)

A NARROW ESCAPE

BY CAROLYN STETSON (AGE 12)

"OH, dear! I 'm so tired that—" This sentence was never finished, for at that moment Julia Rothington spied her dear ST. NICHOLAS, for which she had long been waiting. Eagerly she seized the magazine and rushed to her room, where she was able to pore over the pages to her heart's content.

In a few minutes she heard footsteps on the

stairs, which Julia recognized were those of big brother Bob. That magazine must be hidden from Bob's searching eyes or it would mean trouble and another long waiting for Julia. But where could it be safely hidden? Julia quickly thrust the book into the laundry-bag under a pile of towels.

That evening, when she came to look for it, it was gone! Julia searched everywhere, but it was of no avail. She sank discouraged into a near-by chair, when the maid thrust the copy in the door saying, "If you want to keep that ST. NICHOLAS, I advise you to put it in some other place than the laundry-bag, for I nearly soaked it in a tubful of water."

"Oh, thanks ever so much!" cried Julia. "My, but that was a narrow escape!"



"TIRED." BY DOROTHY LACOCK, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER)

THE WHISPERING PINES

BY FAITH E. KENNISTON (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE setting sun sends rays of gold
Across the cathedral aisle.
The choir chants low the vesper hymn
Which fades away in the shadows dim
At the end of the closing lines.

The cathedral old is an ancient wood
In the hush of the twilight hour;
The aisles are the rows of stately trees;
The music is caused by a passing breeze:
The song of the whispering pines.



"A LUCKY SNAP-SHOT." BY EDITHA WRIGHT, AGE 12.

A NARROW ESCAPE

BY DOROTHY JEANNE MILLER (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

IT was a warm, sultry August evening, with the strange calmness and occasional rustling of leaves which forewarn of an oncoming storm. Our little porch party, convened for the purpose of meeting my friend, Marjorie R——, of Philadelphia, seemed in the humor to hear thrilling tales.

"Have you no daring escapades to tell us, Marjorie?" I inquired.

"I had a narrow escape last spring," she replied. "I, no doubt, wrote to you about it, but perhaps the rest of the girls might be interested."

"We certainly should," came the prompt answer.

"Well, Mr. Woodward, a friend of Father's, who owns a small aëroplane, invited me to go up with him. As he lived about ten miles from Philadelphia, it was necessary for Father to take me in the automobile. Of course, I was nervous, because I had never been many feet above the ground. But you can imagine how provoked I felt when, before we had half-way reached our destination, the automobile had to get something the matter with itself! An hour later we started again but I was quite annoyed about keeping Father's friend waiting so long.

"As we approached the house, we noticed that something unusual had occurred. Every one seemed excited. Father and I were both horrified when we heard the reason: Mr. Woodward had, while waiting for me, taken a short preliminary flight. He had ascended but a few hundred feet when something happened to the machinery—I do not understand it well enough to explain it to you—and he dropped to earth.

"Although not seriously injured, he did not recover for several weeks. With such a narrow escape," concluded Marjorie, "to this day I have not been brave enough to accept any of Mr. Woodward's invitations for a flight."

A NARROW ESCAPE

BY O. P. METCALF, JR. (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

LIEUTENANT DEWEY was ordered to the steam sloop *Mississippi*, one of the Gulf Squadron, of which Admiral Farragut was the commander.

When the fleet passed the forts below New Orleans, the *Mississippi* was the third in line. All through the fight, Dewey stood on the bridge, amid shot and shell. Whenever the guns flashed out in the darkness, the sailors saw him holding the rail, giving orders calmly, as if a battle were an everyday affair.

When the Confederate iron-clad, *Pensacola*, tried to ram the *Mississippi*, Dewey never lost his presence of mind. By a quick move, the *Mississippi* avoided the *Pensacola*, and, passing by, poured such a broadside into it that her crew ran her ashore. Farragut praised the young lieutenant warmly for his brave conduct in the battle.

About a year later the *Mississippi*, when trying to pass the forts at Port Hudson, ran aground. The vessel was directly in the range of the forts, and there was no hope of saving her. Shot after shot crashed through her sides.

The officers who had the task of saving the crew never returned to the ship when they reached safety. The rest of the crew were saved by Dewey, who made several trips to a near-by ship before he saved the rest of the crew.



BY JOSEPH REGAN, AGE 17.



BY CONSTANCE SELLMAN, AGE 13.



BY PERMELIA PRYOR, AGE 13.

"A LUCKY SNAP-SHOT"

When no one remained but Captain Smith and Dewey, they set the ship on fire in five places, so that it would escape the enemy.

As Dewey and the captain were leaving, Smith said, "Are you sure she will burn, Dewey?"

"I will take one more look and be sure," Dewey replied; and, at the risk of his life, returned to see that the fires they had started were making headway. He then rejoined the captain and they pulled away from the burning ship.

WHISPERING PINES

BY ALINE FRUHAUF (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

As I passed through the woods one morning,
I heard a beautiful sound;
'T was the wind that stole thro' the branches
Of the tall, stately pines all around.

Like a harp that is played by light fingers
Came the whispers, soft and sweet,
As I stooped and gathered the needles
That lay all around at my feet.

I listened—yet, no, 't was not pine-trees
That I heard just behind me then,
For I turned about, and laughed aloud
As I saw there—a saucy brown wren!

A NARROW ESCAPE

BY PATRICIA SHERIDAN (AGE 10)

I HAD just finished all my lessons but grammar, when the door opened and Father walked in.

"Dorothy," he said, "Mother and I are going to the moving pictures this evening. Would you like to come?"

Of course the temptation was too great, and, almost before I realized it, I was enjoying the show.

The next morning I was very sorry I had gone, as I did not have a chance to open my grammar. At half-past nine our class was called up, but before the teacher had asked me my grammar question, a knock was heard at the door and the teacher left the room. In a few minutes she reappeared,



"TIRED." BY RUTH ALDEN, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE, SILVER BADGE WON MAY, 1920)

and, calling me to her desk, said, "Dorothy, your mother wishes to take you to town to-day. You may go at once."

And although you may think I am very lazy, I was very glad to escape from grammar!



BY EDITH JENKINS, AGE 13.



BY MADELINE EDWARDS, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE)



BY JOHN S. ROBERTS, AGE 9.

"A LUCKY SNAP-SHOT"

THE WHISPERING PINES

BY POLLY PALFREY (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November*, 1918)

Tall dark sisters of the forest,
Stretching up to reach the sky,
Flowers round your feet are standing,
Children on the green moss lie.

When the south wind rushes past you,
Dropping news from every land,
You whisper back and forth among you,
Swaying gently as you stand.

At your feet all 's still and quiet,
As within some solemn church —
No sound except your gentle sighing,
And rustling leaves of oak and birch.

High o'erhead white clouds are sailing,
Golden sunlight all day long;
Now the west wind tells his story,
And your whispering grows more strong.

Should the north wind gallop southward
With his bag of ice and snow,
Then you moan and roar in chorus,
And wave great arms to and fro.

Summer, winter, spring, and autumn,
Seasons come in lines and lines,
But spite of hail and rain and snow-storms,
Stand, unchanged, the whispering pines.



"A LUCKY SNAP-SHOT." BY SARA CAROLINE BEHREND, AGE 14.

A NARROW ESCAPE

BY JEAN DOUGLASS (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

The thrilling film ended, the lights flashed on, and the audience moved restlessly, impatient for the next number. A hum of conversation filled the theater, but partially ceased as a man came forward to the footlights. Short and fair, with keen, flashing eyes and heavy brows, he was a typical German, and had I met him on the street, I should certainly have singled him out as one—perhaps even a fierce propagandist. One would never have thought him a Liberty Loan speaker, but he was one, and at first I was not much interested, and listened idly.

"I am of pure German parentage," he declared, "but I am one hundred per cent. American."

Suddenly he leaned forward and said in a tone that made me sit up straighter:

"I had a narrow escape, I tell you! I was almost a godson to Kaiser Wilhelm, as every seventh son born in Germany is. My mother and father were German citizens, but shortly before I was born they came to America to live. I was born here—what luck!—and barely escaped that fearful godfather!"

His speech ended, I leaned back in my seat, ready for the next picture; but this man's narrow escape has always remained in my memory.

THE WHISPERING PINES

BY JOSEPHINE BOYLAN (AGE 11)

THE shadows black are falling fast,
And cool, calm night is here at last.
There are few sounds upon the hill
Except a little whispering, still—
The whispering of the pines.

The river 's shining far below,
Shining in the star's bright glow;
There is soft music in the air,
Soft music floating everywhere—
The whispering of the pines.

How I love the twilight hour!
That lovely music, soft and clear,
The music that 's to me so dear,
Drifts down to me from far and near—
The whispering of the pines.

A NARROW ESCAPE

(A True Story)

BY MARGARET RIDGWAY POTT (AGE 14)

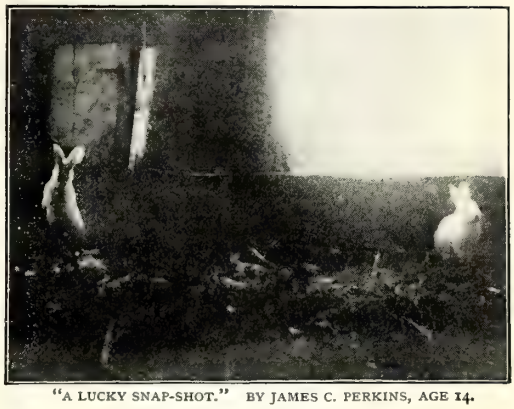
(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April, 1920)

JACKO was a little fox terrier that belonged to Carita Newcombe. He was frisking in the woods, having a grand time, much nicer than if he had stayed with "those stupid girls," he thought. Those stupid girls were Carita and her friend Kitty, who were talking so busily that they had n't noticed the absence of Jacko. The girls were so entirely absorbed in each other that they had walked farther than either of them were allowed. Carita and Kitty were very near the railroad track; and since they had gone that far, they decided to go the rest of the way, because they knew the express was due about that time and it would be such fun to watch the train go by.

Just then they could hear the rumble of the train as it came nearer and nearer, and they hurried on. The train was in full sight as the girls came out into the open space near the tracks.

At the same instant that they saw the train, they saw Jacko in the middle of the track! He was quivering with fright and stood rooted to the spot. Carita was a quick thinker and she saw in a second that it was too late to call Jacko to her.

"Lie down, Jacko!" came his mistress's voice in a calm, commanding tone. Jacko lay down just in time, while the long train passed over him, just grazing his back. Jacko was safe, however, because he had trusted and obeyed his mistress.



"A LUCKY SNAP-SHOT." BY JAMES C. PERKINS, AGE 14.

A NARROW ESCAPE

(A True Story)

BY HARRIET KNOWLTON (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July, 1920)

EVEN our large boat was tossing greatly on those huge waves that Sunday. We were about five miles from land, sitting on the bow of our boat. The spray was dashing over us and the bow, so that, thoroughly drenched, we decided to retire to the cockpit. We made our way, one by one, clinging to the small railing, with our feet on the tiny platform which surrounded the boat. One of my older sisters happened to be coming in when the boat lurched greatly and one of my cousins leaned upon her. Her feet slipped off the platform, and, at that moment, another lurch loosened her hands, and she slipped backward into the water.

In a second, thanks to our experienced captain, the engine was stopped, as she might have been caught in the revolving propeller. One man started for the dory; my father threw two life-preservers overboard, and every one was alert. The brave girl knew her danger and, although every wave went completely over her head, she swam on. There were moments when she was lost from view. The only time her strength gave way was when she saw the boat coming toward her.

But our captain steered directly beside her. My father put out the boat-hook and she, with her last bit of strength, seized it, and, on the boat at last, she fainted.

It was certainly a narrow escape, and we, ever since, have marveled at her courage and endurance.



BY MARY STUART, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)



BY SALLY WALDEN, AGE 13.

"A LUCKY SNAP-SHOT"



"A LUCKY SNAP-SHOT." BY ELIZABETH CHEATHAM, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

A NARROW ESCAPE

(A True Story)

BY FRANCES B. ALLEN (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

It was the nineteenth of April, and we were glad, because it meant a picnic. We were going to my cousin's camp on the edge of a pond in the woods. My father, four cousins, my two sisters, and I, all stepped aboard the electric car and we were soon off into the country. After a short walk, we reached the pond. We passed a pleasant morning, either rowing around the pond or walking in the woods.

At twelve o'clock my father noticed a cloud of smoke coming over a ridge which was across the pond from my cousin's camp. We finally managed to reach the top of the ridge, although the brambles and underbrush were very thick. Looking over to the next ridge we saw clouds of dense brown smoke rising. A forest fire! With all the wind behind it!

We hurried back to tell the others. There were four men, three boys, and four girls from my cousin's camp, and four men and three women in another. By two o'clock the trees around a little barn that was under the ridge were all cleared away, a ditch dug, and earth spread around the edge of the barn. Then we ate our luncheon, and at half-past three the flames had almost reached the nearer ridge.

The men immediately started making back-fires all along that side of the pond. We girls formed a "bucket brigade," and filled all the buckets of water for the men to put on the fire. Soon the real fire came down, but there was not much for it to burn, owing to our back-fires. We arrived home after seven o'clock, tired but very glad that the camps were safe.



"A LUCKY SNAP-SHOT." BY CELIA V. WHITE, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER)

THE WHISPERING PINES

BY ELIZABETH PATTERSON (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July, 1920)

The pines have a secret I would I could know,
For, when through their branches the soft breezes blow,
They pour out their story in whisperings low.

The burden of sorrow they have to tell
Floats through the forest swell after swell,
And casts on the woodland a dreamy spell.

But their mournful sighing is sweet to me,
And oft, when my work is finished, I flee
To the sweet-scented forest wild and free.

And there, on the spongy needles of pines,
Lying, full length, where the warm sun shines,
Their whispering inspired me to write these lines.



"TIRED." BY DOROTHY STEPHENSON, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Elizabeth Dudley
Eugenia Schmitz
Elizabeth Hamburger
Gertrude C. Cole
Polly Wells
Barbara Simison
William M. Hester
June Flanders
Edna Peterson
Helen C. Bolstad
Charles G. Bennett
Jennie Nezzardini
Margaret Alltimes
Jessie Hughes
Marian E. Seeds
Evelyn M. Wagner
Gurdon F. Chatfield
Emily A. Smith
Elizabeth A. Gilbert
Maxwell Cone
Virginia Farrington
F. Ethel Fulper
Alice D. Love
M. Evelyn Colgate
Jeannette Alexander
Ruth S. Lurie
Minford W. Bond
Kate L. Lyon
Margaret Eisenhardt
Mary A. Johnson
Nathalie Freid
Myra W. Matthews
Hera C. Starkey
Gertrude T. Starkey
Sally Tenney
Marian MacLeod
Jean Poindexter
Louise Stewart
Kate E. Turner
Elizabeth Sussman
Eva Titman
Carol W. Kynes
Blanche Lehman
Dolores O'Toole
Eleanor Ellis
Caroline Rankin
Elizabeth Fox
Jean Cameron
Barbara Donald
Patsy Graves
Elizabeth Brown
Glena Wells
Elizabeth Brainerd
Frances M. Garriott
Isabella Poer

VERSE

Elizabeth Hale
Georgina McCurdy Frost
Gertrude D. Smith
Helen F. White
Charlotte M. Reynolds
Eloise Frye Burt
Dorothy R. Burnett

DRAWINGS

Selma Morse
Katherine Rodgers
Emerson Smith
Frances S. Badger
Elizabeth Noyes

PHOTOGRAPHY

Adele C. Adlard
Elizabeth A. Marsh
John Roedelheim
Dora Mitchell
Barbara S. Thayer
John W. Sweigert
Martha L. Robinson
Dorothy Elder

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Ruth Roeschlant
Dorothy Neuhof
Jeannette Bailey
Cornelia B. Rose
Elizabeth L. McCraney
Efrosine Wilkie
David M. French
Elizabeth Newby

Dorothy V. King
Jane Atkinson
Edith Hammond
Ethel Bowden
Dorothy M. Gervan
Gladys Mitchell
Katharine Carter
Marion Deans
Dorothy Gaehr
Philip Ryder
Angelica Gibbs
Frances M. Long
Nancy Barker
Betty Cameron
Isabelle T. Ellis
Florence Downs
Josephine Silberg
Frances M. G. Maher
Mildred W. Cochran
Nancy Noyes
Priscilla Gove
Marguerite McMullen
Meredith Wilson
Dorthy Perkins Marble
Katharine Nash
Eleanor L. Ham
Beatrice Mitchell
Erminie Huntress
Florence L. Merriam
Doris S. Crapon
Elizabeth Abell
Jane Cameron
Ruth Buckner
Josephine Daneman
Katherine Curran
Helen Jones
Margaret Redington
Dorothy L. Bing
Carolyn Gruger
Janet L. Evans
Brenda H. Green
Ruth N. Press
Elizabeth Runkle
Mary E. Eaves
Anne Newton

DRAWINGS

Katherine E. Wale
Ralph Travis
Hilda Ashford
Ruth Jones
Parmenia Migel
Alice Schreiber
Elizabeth Wightman
Elisabeth M. Hedenberg
Carita Ortiz
Helen P. Bassett
Helen F. Norton
Ruth Goldberg
Lillian L. Noyes
Frances Swan
Barbara Sisbower
Isabel Coryell
Helen O'Connor
Frances Armstrong
Elliot R. Hedge
Helen Loughren
Adele Bolton
Ethelyn Abraham
Isabelle T. Brumby
Leila S. Crowell

PUZZLES

Fred Elich
Virginia Miller
Helen D. Davidson
Edith Read



"TIRED." BY HOPE CROUCH, AGE 13.

Helen G. Bell
Lillian Weiss
Elizabeth B. Cattelle
Marion Bussang
Samuel Claggett
Estelle Thompson
Betty Niven
Jean McCrum
Thomas M. Rutherford, 3rd
Henry Cohen
Lydia Wilson
Katharine L. Bryan
Sarah E. Bradley
Mary H. Risk
Henrietta H. Brannon
Anne Hale
Dorothy Farley
Christopher Gerould
Jessie Chester
Rose Grodsky
Elizabeth E. Parker
Marguerite Himel
Marjorie Groce
Isabel Knapp
Ruth Hollaway
Katharine Krieg
Moira Flannery
Mary R. Billings
Philip A. Arnold
Esther Crane
Anita Tone Potts
Betty Luft
Eleanor C. Johnson
Miriam E. Fogg
Alison Farmer
Arthur M. Collens, Jr.
Dorothy Darrow
Bertha Berolzheimer
Kate Denison
Kenneth Atkinson
Ruth Hovey
Elizabeth Scheerer
Virginia Newcomer
Betty de Morinni
Doris Walker
Gwenfread E. Allen
Eleanor I. Waddill
Betty Sargent
Jennie Sottardi
Nancy Alling
Karl Gasslander
Marian S. Holbrook
Donald Huss
Mary L. Edwards
Dorothy Doty
Winifred Wieland
Adele M. Katz
Anne W. Ames

VERSE

Lillian D. Thomas
William A. Rose
Norma Nearing
Margaret Durick
Lucia C. Jenney
Dorothy W. Hawes
Rose Bechtel
Betty Kuck
Lucy Sperry
Cerell E. Hequembourg
Edith Clark
Jennie Bruederlein
Anna Nisbet
Dorothy E. French



"TIRED."
BY JUSTINE WHITTEMORE CHASE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Virginia M. Burmister
Charles Arcularius
Jeanne Thorpe
Shirley Snyder
Astrid Nielsen
Norah B. Longworth
Margaret Kelsey
Norman Bosworth
Winifred Jones

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now believed to be one of the great artistic educational factors in the world.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 249

Competition No. 249 will close August 30. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for December. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Christmas Bells," or "For a Christmas Card."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Great Decision."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "Coming Home."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Christmas Card," or "A Heading for **December.**"

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write *in ink* on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

KINDERGARTENS FOR THE NATION'S CHILDREN

Every child is entitled to enjoy the advantages and happy experiences of the kindergarten.

Now is the time to petition your Board of Education to establish a kindergarten this fall.

If there is no kindergarten in your school, write for a blank petition and leaflets to the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

Merrill, Wis.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have taken you for two and one half years. I love you very much. The stories I like best are, "*Vive La France*," "The Code Signal," "The Slipper Point Mystery," "Fortunes of War," and "Lost Island." All the stories are good, but those are the ones I liked best. We have a lot of old copies of you that my sister took when she was small. We are going to have them bound. I live in the northern part of Wisconsin. It is the most beautiful state in the Union, I think. There are two tame bears up here. One can roller-skate, and the other can drive a Ford car. The one who can skate has been all around the world, acting in theaters. I shook hands with her once. Her name is Alice-Teddy. The other one's name is Queeny.

Your most devoted reader

Wesley Martin, Jr. (age 12).

New York City, N. Y.

Dear St. Nicholas: My sister gives me your lovely magazine for my birthday. I have taken you for two years and I love to read everything in you. I belong to the League, and I am very fond of writing stories. Although I have not had any published yet, I keep on trying to do better.

I am very much interested in making scrap-books for the poor little French children. I have made two and I have started the third. I think it is better to make them of paper-muslin, as that wears better than plain paper. I paste pretty pictures in them, and, besides having the fun of arranging them, it is nice to think that you are doing a little bit to help the children of France. At the school I go to, one of the teachers who taught French gave up her teaching and went back to France to take care of the little French children. She takes care of over a hundred.

I love to ride horseback. I have a horse of my own. Her name is "Betty Mine."

Your interested reader,

Peggy Cook (age 11).

Denver, Colo.

Dear St. Nicholas: St. Nicholas has visited me for a little over a year. However, long ago, I read some copies which belonged to my sisters. It is very interesting, especially the stories. I read every one. I am also much interested in the League. It is my belief that Colorado is the most interesting state in the Union. Denver, the capital, is the gate for the mountain parks. To the east are large barren plains, stretching as far as it is possible to see. But in the west, the sight is blocked by huge masses of rock—the Rocky Mountains.

From the mountains themselves, however, a wonderful view is seen. The most inspiring view I have ever seen is from the top of one of our twelve-thousand-foot mountains. From there may be seen many silver lakes, cañons, lower and higher peaks, the plain, and Denver.

Your interested reader,

Alberta Fish (age 13).

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have only had you three times, but I love you so, I feel as though I had taken you for years.

This is a picture of my racoon. He is tame and has many curious ways. He puts everything he



"A GENUINE GEORGIA 'COON' "

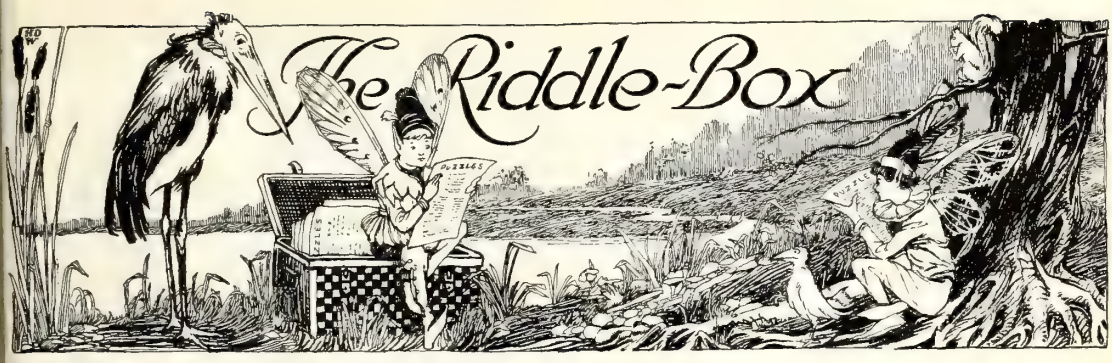
eats in water; and he eats standing on his hind legs, like a squirrel.

He is a genuine Georgia "coon" and knows nothing but the red hills of Georgia. I was very disappointed that there could be no League pictures in the March number.

The stories I like best are "The Treasure-Chest of the Medranos" and "The Crimson Patch."

I will always be one of your loving readers.

Betty Davison.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER

SOME USEFUL SCRIBES. 1. Prescribe. 2. Proscribe. 3. Subscribe. 4. Inscribe. 5. Ascribe.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Edgar A. Poe.

ENDLESS GEOGRAPHICAL CHAIN. 1. Canada. 2. Danube. 3. Belfast. 4. Stettin. 5. Indiana. 6. Natal. 7. Alberta. 8. Tampa. 9. Panama. 10. Madagascar. 11. Arno. 12. Nottingham. 13. America. 14. Canada.

DIAMOND. 1. P. 2. Foe. 3. Found. 4. Poultry. 5. Entry. 6. Dry. 7. Y.

ZIGZAG. April Fool's Day. Cross-words: 1. Apology. 2. Epigram. 3. Narrate. 4. Recital. 5. Skillet. 6. Mastiff. 7. Ontario. 8. Halcyon. 9. Charles. 10. Crystal. 11. Cadence. 12. Martial. 13. Younger.

A MISSING SYLLABLE. En. 1. Encircle. 2. Enchain. 3. Encompass. 4. Enroll. 5. Entrap. 6. Enthrone. 7. Entire. 8. Entwine. 9. Encase. 10. Enlist. 11. Enslave.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Roosevelt; third row, Jefferson. Cross-words: 1. Rajah. 2. Overt. 3. Offer. 4. Safer. 5. Every. 6. Verse. 7. Essay. 8. Loose. 9. Tunic.

RHYMING BOOKS. 1. Oliver Twist. 2. Great Expectations. 3. Dombey and Son. 4. Pickwick Papers. 5. The Chimes. 6. Our Mutual Friend.

CENTRAL SUBTRACTIONS. Alfred Tennyson. 1. He-a-rs. 2. So-l-ar. 3. Ri-f-le. 4. Co-r-al. 5. St-e-ep. 6. Pe-d-al. 7. Me-t-al. 8. Sp-e-ar. 9. Ri-n-se. 10. Pe-n-al. 11. Br-y-an. 12. Co-s-ts. 13. Fl-o-at. 14. Mi-n-ce.

METAMORPHOSES. 1. More, lore, lose, loss, less. 2. Rent, bent, belt, bell, sell. 3. Coat, cost, lost, lest, vest. 4. Boot, soot, shot, shoe. 5. Oats, rats, rate, rite, rice.

CHARADE. Crow-bar.

SINGLE ACROSTIC. Second row, Napoleon. Cross-words: 1. Enough. 2. Fasten. 3. Sphinx. 4. Bought. 5. Flower. 6. Temple. 7. Sordid. 8. Answer.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be mailed not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddlebox, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were duly received from Ruth M. Willis, 12—Betty Sharp, 8—E. J. and F. E. Bleakley, 8—Dorothea Maier, 8—Thelma Wade, 7—Miriam J. Stewart, 6—Jane L. Martin, 5—Mary I. Fry, 5—Doris Dockstader, 4—Nancy Alling, 4—Neville Gherardi, 3—Fred W. Stoddard, 3—Mary Smith, 2—M. E. Abrams, 2—S. Wilson, 2—H. F. Spottiswoode, 2—J. Crane, 2—J. E. Clark, 2—K. S. Goodman, 2—E. Morrison, 2—H. Dylly, 2—E. Finney, 2—M. Monroe, 2—M. Janis, 2—C. M. Hill, 2. One puzzle: J. W. F.—H. G.—E. MacL.—C. B.—D. G.—J. D.—E. B.—H. B.—A. M. K.—N. S. McL.—O. L.—M. H.—S. L. O.—L. S.—H. A. D.—W. H.—M. E. F.—M. T.—J. S.—No name, Medford, C. H.

A PROSE CHARADE

My *first* is a part of the body; my *second*, a river of Italy; my *third*, a cooking utensil; my *fourth*, a letter; my *fifth*, to disarrange.

My *whole* is an animal.

MILDRED A. HAYES (age 12), *League Member*.

ANAGRAM WORD-SQUARE

The letters in the four following words may be transposed so as to form four new words. When the four new words have been rightly guessed, they will form a word-square and they will answer the following definitions:

To defy; in a little while; a track for travel; terminations.

READ, DEAN, ROAN, NODS.

KATE UPTON (age 14), *League Member*.

CONCEALED WORDS

One word is concealed in each sentence. When rightly guessed, the initials of these eight words will spell the name of a famous old Spanish citadel and palace. The concealed words are all of the same length.

1. She wore a cute little watch on her wrist.

2. I saw her handle velvet as if it were cheap gingham.

3. If the word is hard you may look it up in the dictionary.

4. The narrative was not wholly fact or fiction.

5. It took me longer to pare the red apples than I thought it would.

6. He fancied he saw a bugaboo by his bed every clear night.

7. If they do not arrive to-night, they will come in the morning.

8. She had ornaments and jewels worth much money.

JENNIE BICKNELL (age 14), *League Member*.

DIAMOND

1. In laces. 2. To invoke evil upon. 3. An animal. 4. To snare. 5. In laces.

KATE DONNELLY (age 11), *League Member*.

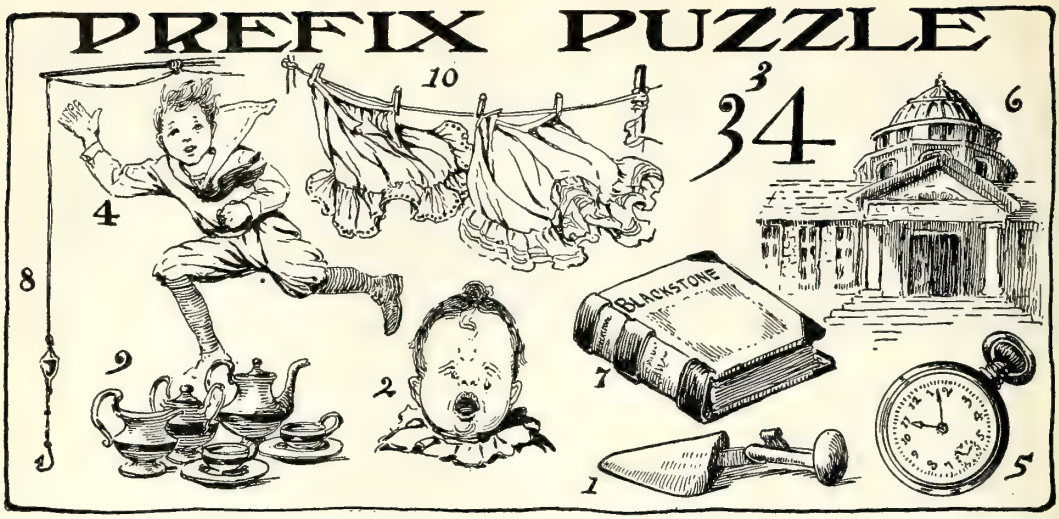
SOME CURIOUS MEN

EXAMPLE: What man is numerous? ANSWER: Man-y.

1. What man is the fruit of an East Indian tree?
2. What man is a pygmy?
3. What man is food miraculously given?
4. What man is a fine house?
5. What man is land belonging to a nobleman?
6. What man is written by hand?
7. What man is a lady's light cape?
8. What man is a shelf over a fireplace?
9. What man is a loose over-garment?
10. What man is a big African baboon?
11. What man is a rack for holding fodder?
12. What man is part of the jaw?

MARGARET M. HORTON (age 13), *League Member*.

PREFIX PUZZLE



Ten objects are shown and numbered in the above picture. The same syllable may be prefixed to each object, making ten new words. What are they?

A WATERY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in Hudson, but not in Bay;
My second, in Amazon, but not in River;
My third is in Atlantic, but not in Ocean;
My fourth is in St. George, but not in Channel;
My fifth is in Long Island, but not in Sound;
My sixth is in Bothnia, but not in Gulf;
My seventh, in Black, but not in Sea;
My eighth is in Suez, but not in Canal.
My *whole* is a famous body of water in the United States.

MONA MORGAN (*Honor Member*).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of fifty-seven letters and form a quotation that every loyal American should remember.

My 36-13-54-20-23-30-10 is to speak in a very low tone. My 39-11-55-6-49 is a time of darkness. My 46-15-44-26-24 is to purloin. My 32-37-41-4-57 is to defraud in a bargain. My 43-28-3-52-1 is a common fruit. My 25-31-35-53-19 is something beyond what is usual or required. My 12-18-50-8-33 is a domestic fowl. My 21-2-16-14-48 are contemptuous cries. My 9-56-22-7-51 is in advance. My 27-40-45-42-47 is contour. My 29-34-38-5-17 is to disburse money.

MARY W. MARTIN, (age 13), *League Member*.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonals (from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, and from the upper, right-hand letter to the lower, left-hand letter) will each spell a well-known general.

Cross-words: 1. The name borne by two famous buildings, one in Rome and one in Paris. 2. Certain plants named from Michel Begon. 3. Consigned to the scrap-heap. 4. Redeemed from captivity. 5. Names given to certain attendants who answer bells in hotels. 6. Choosing by vote. 7. Anything which veils or conceals. 8. Lying close and snug, as a bird in a nest.

EDITH READ (*age* 16).

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge Won February*, 1920)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
H	T	A	R	Y	S	W	I	G	N	A
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
L	A	M	A	D	P	A	L	N	D	H
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33
I	C	U	I	M	E	G	G	L	A	N
34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
N	R	A	E	H	A	O	L	O	R	H
45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55
S	A	L	T	R	S	S	C	F	O	O
56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66
S	O	S	D	A	M	S	U	S	E	D
67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77
B	U	S	U	E	U	R	A	P	S	F
78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88
Y	A	B	N	S	E	F	O	H	O	A
89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99
O	L	F	S	E	O	H	D	S	L	A
100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110
N	M	O	L	T	E	P	I	E	N	I
111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121
E	T	P	A	A	N	A	X	A	D	R

Begin at a certain square and move to an adjoining square (as in the king's move in chess) until each square has been entered once. When the moves have been correctly made, the names of six of the wonders of the world may be spelled out. The path from one letter to another is continuous.

MARION C. PICKARD (age 16).

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.
NEW YORK

Boys,

Be Business Men—

On Tires

Buy Firestones because they will make your money go farther—they will give you most miles per dollar.

Buy Firestones for their thick non-skid treads, strong body and good looks.

Firestones are a good business proposition because they stand the hard knocks of boys at work or play.

Go to the store of the Firestone dealer when you need tires. There you will find selection made easy, because there is a Firestone bicycle tire to fit every boy's need, at a price you can afford to pay.

Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.
Firestone Park Akron, Ohio

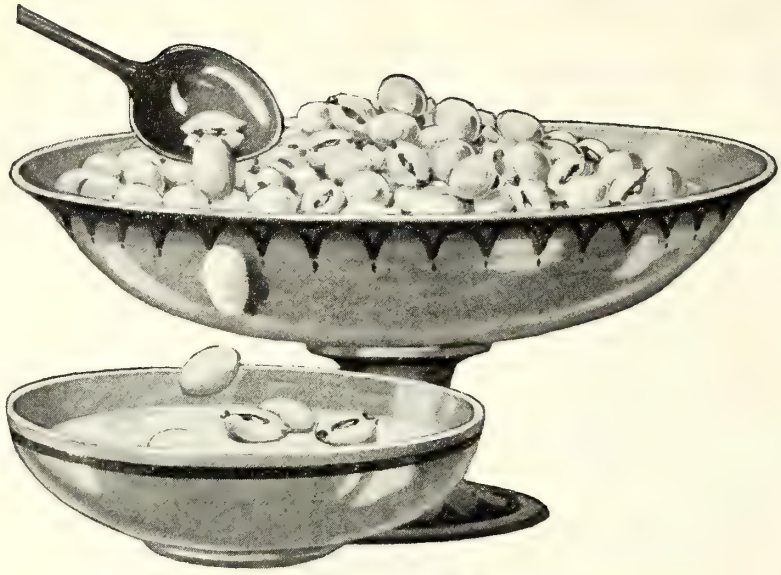
Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Most Miles *per* Dollar



Firestone

Bicycle Tires



August Nights

Will bring to millions Bubble Grains in Milk

Don't put aside your Puffed Grains when breakfast ends in summer. Children want them all day long, and there's nothing better for them.

The supreme dish for luncheon or for supper is Puffed Wheat in milk. The airy grains—puffed to eight times normal size—taste like food confections. Yet every morsel is whole wheat with every food cell blasted.

The Finest Foods Ever Created

Puffed Wheat, Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs are the finest grain foods in existence.

Never were cereals so enticing. The grains are fairy-like in texture, the flavor is like nuts. They seem like tidbits, made only to entice.

Yet they are major foods, with every food cell steam-exploded, so digestion is easy and complete.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

The Three Bubble Grains

They will take the place of pastries, sweets, etc., if you serve them all day long. And at meal-time they will make whole-grain foods tempting.

Puffed Grains are made by Prof. Anderson's process. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. They are the best-cooked grain foods in existence. Serve all three kinds, at all hours, in all the ways folks like them.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3407

VITALIC
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Bicycle Tires



"Some Tires, I'll Say!"

"I bought this pair of Vitalics over six months ago and haven't had a puncture yet!"

Punctures are almost unknown to Vitalic users because of the quality and thickness of the rubber and the toughness of the fabric.

That's why manufacturers of such leading bicycles as Columbia, Dayton, Emblem, Excelsior, Harley-Davidson, Indian, Iver Johnson, Miami, Pierce, and Yale use Vitalic Tires as regular equipment on their better-grade wheels.

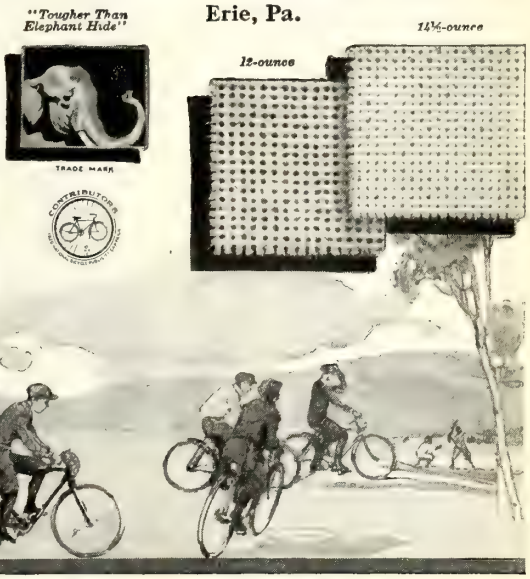
The price of Vitalic Tires is a little higher than that of other tires; but the cost, figured on mileage, is far lower. And that's what counts, fellows.

Ask your dealer to show you a Vitalic Tire. Then put the proposition up to dad.

Some Inside Information

All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra-strong 14½-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in most bicycle tires is 12-ounce—and as a rule bicycle tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric.

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
Erie, Pa.





"AUGUST—

WE ARE SUPPORTING THE NATIONAL PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN

"Dad and Joe and I have just been on the dandiest three-day camping trip. Of course we went on our bikes. I wanted to ask Jim—but Dad said he never could make forty miles a day on a wheel without a New Departure Coaster Brake.

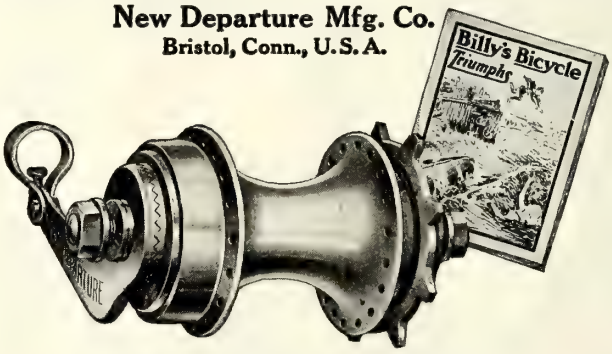
"It was our New Departures that made Dad decide to take us boys along. You know, with a New Departure you pedal just enough to get a good headway—then you sit still and let that wonderful little device carry you smoothly along.

"There's no pedaling on down grades, either. Your feet are at rest, and you coast along—just pressing down a bit on the pedals when you want to slow up.

"And wherever you go you're always safe if you have a New Departure Coaster Brake on your bike, for you can stop in less than a wheel's length any time you want to."

If you're going to have a new wheel this summer be sure to get one with a New Departure Coaster Brake—or have one put on your old bike. And don't forget to write for the story of "Billy's Bicycle Triumphs"—address Department B.

New Departure Mfg. Co.
Bristol, Conn., U.S.A.



"The Brake that Brought the Bike Back"

Welch's

"THE NATIONAL DRINK"



THAT jolly pitcher of Welch's Grape Juice punch. Purple-red, cool and frosty-looking, and so good.

Everybody likes Welch's. It is just the pure juice of fresh ripe Concord grapes—nothing added, nothing taken away. It is wholesome and strengthening as only a pure grape juice can be.

This year you can get plenty of Welch's in bottles from your grocer or druggist—and that is a comfort when there are so many questionable "concocted" drinks that you wouldn't want the children to have. Tell them to be sure and ask for Welch's at the fountain. And order Welch's particularly for home use.

A handsome booklet in colors "Welch Ways" will be mailed free if you write for it. It gives 99 ways to serve Welch's in punches for parties, other drinks and in desserts.

Welch's Grapelade

the pure grape spread

For bread, toast, crackers or biscuit. Made from whole, fresh ripe grapes without seeds, skins or acid crystals—with only pure sugar added. It is smooth and wholly delicious, with the genuine fresh-grape flavor. Order Grapelade from your grocer.



The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

NEW ISSUES

THIS month we illustrate the new or "Peace" issue of St. Kitts-Nevis. There are two designs. As we look at the first design, the half-penny stamp, we are reminded of a call we had not long ago from a well-known New York physician, who brought his son in to "talk stamps" with us. The lad spoke of having read in STAMP PAGE about the picture on the St. Kitts stamp showing Columbus using a telescope, though telescopes were not invented until long after his day, and was much amused over the anachronism. Well, here is that same design, repeated on the new issue. The design is so large that it will show well in the illustration, so it needs no description. It is already familiar. The other design represents three female figures grouped around a rock whence flows a stream of water. This is symbolic of the medicinal springs on the island of Nevis. The colors of the stamps are very attractive.



HIGH PRICES

THERE are three questions which are very often asked us. The first of these is: "What is the most valuable stamp in the world?" The answer to this is that the stamps of the first issue of Mauritius, the ones with "Post Office" at the left, are the most valuable; that is, they bring the highest prices at auction or at private sale. There is an item now circulating through the press to the effect that a copy of the two-pence of this issue was recently sold at auction in Paris for a hundred thousand francs. With exchange fluctuating as it does now, it would be difficult to state exactly what this is in our own money, but at normal rates it would be approximately twenty thousand dollars. Quite a big sum to pay for one stamp. The previous sale was at a price of approximately eight thousand dollars. These are very large prices indeed, especially for a stamp of which at least thirty copies are known. Yet these early Mauritius have always been among the stamps most desired, most sought for. And the appearance of one of them in the market always creates great interest among collectors. It may interest our readers to know that of the thirty known copies of this two-pence Mauritius, only three are reported to be in collections in the United States.

The second question is: "Who owns the largest collection in the world?" The answer to this has always been an easy one, for without doubt the largest collection has been owned by Count Ferrary. This collection is so large that it has greatly outranked every other. Count Ferrary was an Austrian, who inherited vast wealth. He early became interested in stamps, and, having the means at his disposal, bought any and every stamp of which he did not already have a specimen. Whenever any rare stamps were found, they were usually offered first to him. Although an Austrian, he lived for many years in Paris, where he kept this wonderful collection. Rumor has it that he required the work of several clerks to keep it in proper condition and to care for the correspondence which it involved. The count died during the war, leaving his stamps to some museum in Berlin. Thus it became alien property and was seized by the French authorities as such. There are reports that a bid of three million dollars for the entire collection has been rejected by the French authorities. Be that as it may, the rumor serves to indicate its immense value.

If the Ferrary collection should be disposed of by auction we should be able to answer the third question: Which is the rarest stamp? Yet perhaps not, although, it is a fact that the count owned the only known copy of the one-cent stamp of the 1856 issue of British Guiana. This for years has been considered the rarest known stamp. But perhaps when this great collection is broken up, other stamps, also the only known copies, will be found there. And there is evidence that certain stamps were perhaps issued of which no copy is known to exist. It is thought, for instance, that an envelop stamp may have been issued by the New York Post Office about 1845, though no copy is known. Yet there may be one hidden away in this immense Ferrary collection. At all events, its dispersion will be watched with keen interest by all persons interested in stamps.

WHERE TO BUY

WE have found from long experience that our readers like our illustrations of new issues. This they have shown in many ways. One of them, and perhaps the most flattering, is evidenced by the number of inquiries which we receive, asking for information as to where this or that illustrated stamp or set of stamps may be purchased. These inquiries have been rather numerous of late, and therefore we believe a few words on this subject may not be without general interest. Yet it is a question to which we can really give no definite answer. Each month our Stamp Directory gives a list of "bargains in stamps" offered by a large range of stamp-dealers. Each and every one of these dealers probably has on sale more or less of these new issues which we illustrate. But we have no means of knowing just which dealer may have the stamp or set of stamps which any particular reader may wish to purchase. The best way for each boy or girl to do is to read the various advertisements carefully, and then make a decision, judging from the offers made. Then write to the dealer, mentioning ST. NICHOLAS, and ask for the desired stamp. It would be a nice thing to enclose return postage also. After a little experience, each of our readers will find his favorite dealer, the one who has the kind of stamps he likes; a dealer who not only has the stamps, but whose prices seem the most satisfactory. For the matter of prices, too, is one where we can give no information. Each dealer has his own system of pricing, and these naturally vary widely.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

IT is so named because here every *St. Nicholas* reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention *St. Nicholas* in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with *St. Nicholas* advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

NOW READY
Junior Postage Stamp Album
NEW 1920 EDITION

Provides spaces for a representative collection of postage stamps of the World issued during the 19th and 20th Centuries. Provision is made for more than 20,000 varieties from the earliest issues up to January, 1920, including Czecho Slovakia, Jugo Slavia, Poland and other newly created governments.

	FULLY ILLUSTRATED Style	Price	Shipping weight
No. 1	Bound in boards, blue cover with red cloth back and corners..	$2.50	6 lbs.
No. 2	Bound in cloth, gilt lettering	3.50	6 lbs.

Forwarding charges extra

SCOTT STAMP AND COIN COMPANY
33 West 44th Street, New York City

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51 diff. stamps, also packet 5 unused, China ship set, 2 scarce animal stamps, large $1.00 U. S. revenue, perforation gauge, millimetre scale, ruler and price lists. **All for 9c!** Finest approvals; British Colonies, etc., large discounts. FENNELL STAMP CO., Dept. S, FULLERTON BLDG. ST. LOUIS, MO.

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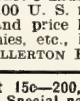
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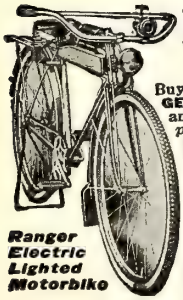


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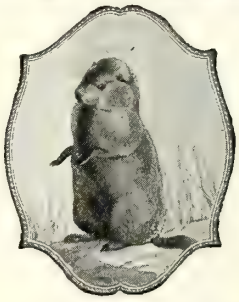
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Hunch down lower. That woodchuck is working this way. See the grass shake? There—he's sitting up!

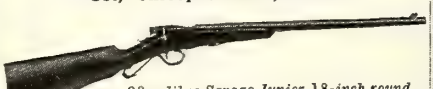
Now hold that little Savage front-sight into the grey of his neck—right where the ear ought to be. Hold that rifle *tight!* And don't yank that trigger. Squeeze it gradually—smoothly—and watch those sights while you squeeze!

Bang! Spat! Hear it hit? Never knew what struck him! Pace it off. Eighty-eight steps? About fifteen rods. And right where you held. Some gun!

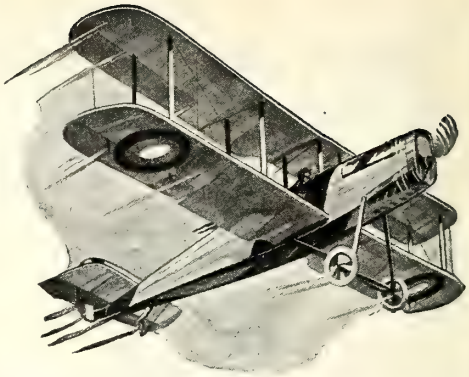
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Hurry up, now, and get one for your youngster. After the first trial trip across the porch, you'll say that it brought more pure, unadulterated joy into his life than any toy he ever had.

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It's stamped right on the seat where you can easily see it.

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The judges are going over the suggested titles as carefully and rapidly as possible and should reach a decision by Aug. 1st. This means that the announcement will appear in the September issue of St. Nicholas.

Watch for the prize winners in the September issue of St. Nicholas—your name may be among them.

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We will pay $10.00 each for rhymes about our white Reignskin cloth, which, in our opinion, are suitable for use in advertising, and descriptive of Reignskin's supremacy as a white shoe fabric. Here is a sample of what we want:

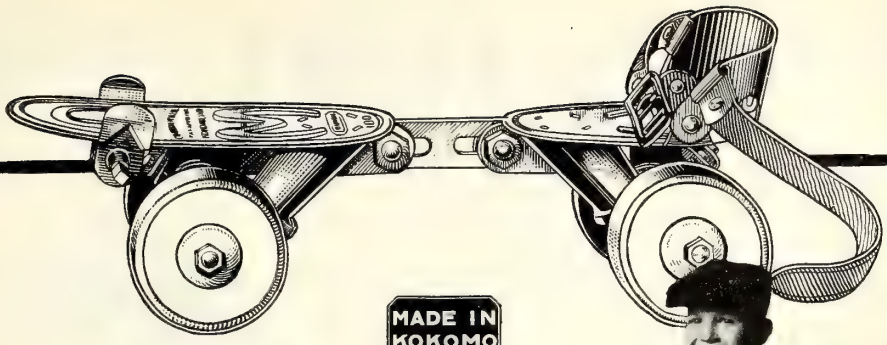
That busy old woman who lived in a shoe
Exclaimed in despair "Now what shall I do?
Since all well-dressed children wear shoes fresh and white
And a single day's playing will make them a sight.
They can't wear them dirty—that whitewash is vile
And to keep them all new takes a millionaire's pile.
I'll buy only Reignskin and scrub them each night,
They'll look just like new when the morning dawns bright."

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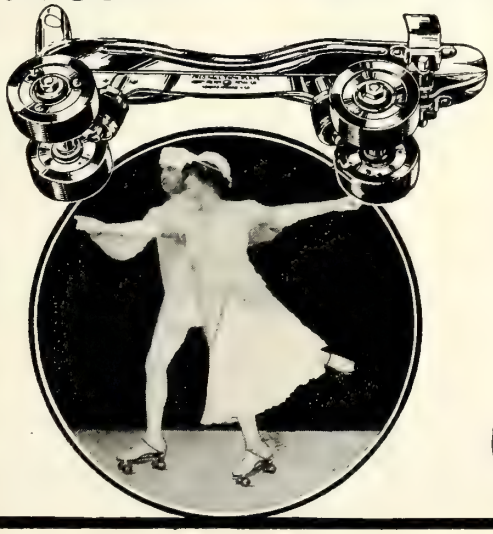
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If you love the great outdoors, go in for this most healthful and exhilarating of sports Own a pair of KoKoMo Roller Skates.

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A triumph in rink skate engineering. A distinct step forward in the roller skate industry. It has beauty of design, simplicity, durability, light weight and double strength. A postcard will bring you full descriptive literature.

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"AD" VENTURES of the IVORY HEROES



The Don't Care Clan

Part 2

Chapter VIII

THEN there arose from bush and brake—(where pleasant sounds belong), a "Don't Care Discord," much misnamed "The Don't Care Battle Song." As it arose ear-splittingly the Don't Cares wildly sprang from cover in the bosky shades and *this* is what they sang,

We like to fuss and make a muss;
We like to splash and sputter.
We love to be and love to see
Ourselves and things a-clutter.

CHORUS—Musty-dusty-fuss-disgusty
Don't Care Clan are we.

Oh, what a horrid lot were they, with faces soiled and streaked! And what was worse, the hinges of their very *natures* squeaked. They all had buckets full of mud and sticks to stir the mud up. This was *too* much for Billy Goat, it got his fighting blood up. The bristles rose high on his spine, his whiskers cracked and fluttered with indignation, pent up butts, and bursting scorn unuttered.





Pete Pig and Gnif and Master Bob and Betty stood their ground as all the Don't Cares like a swarm of hornets raged around. "CHARGE!" shouted Gnif. And so they *did*— Each hero charged with hope as well as sponges, mops and *lots* of pearly IVORY SOAP. Bill Goat was good as cavalry; such might that goat revealed that he looked like *five hundred* goats upon one battlefield. The Don't Cares fought with savage rage and tried in vain to crush that dauntless hero's baleful butts and stop his ruthless rush. Bill broke their ranks. Down swept Pete Pig, and all our IVORY crew who fought for right and cleanliness as heroes always do. The Don't Cares hurled their mud and grime, but how could evil cope with any might so pure and white as pearly IVORY SOAP?

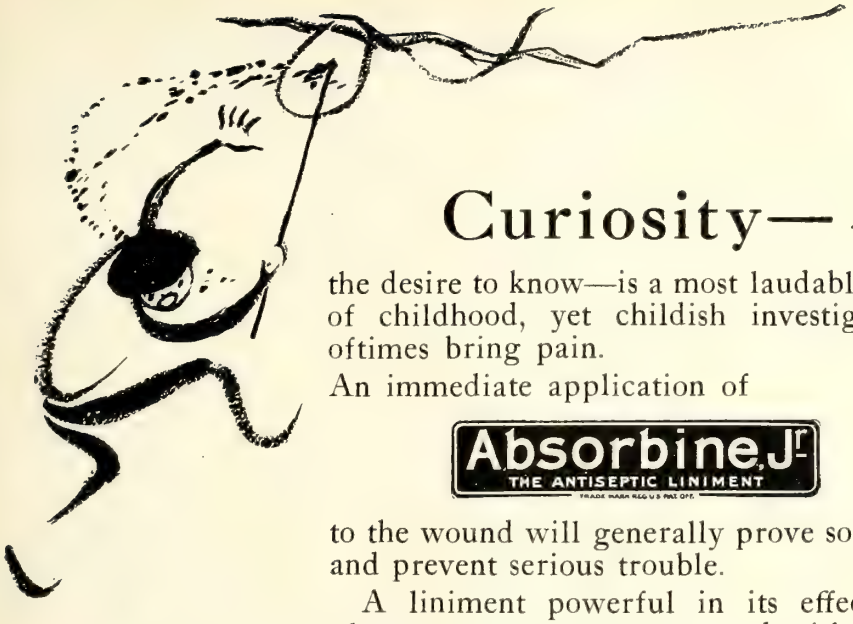
Resistless was our fearless band, with IVORY SOAP and water. In three shakes of a lambkin's tail the Don't Cares cried for quarter. But "quarter" was *three* quarters less than all the Don't Cares got, for our staunch heroes *washed them out*, removing every spot. No more the land was harried by an evil such as they, and peace and hope and cleanliness were clear and plain as day. As Billy Goat said solemnly,—"Life may be sweet and fair if we use IVORY SOAP to cleanse our homes of I DON'T CARE."

So ends another chapter which
Must surely give us hope
For all that's sweet and clean in life
When we use IVORY SOAP.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS - EST. 1837 -

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS
99 44/100% PURE

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the desire to know—is a most laudable trait of childhood, yet childish investigations oftimes bring pain.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
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to the wound will generally prove soothing and prevent serious trouble.

A liniment powerful in its effect but pleasant to use; not greasy and with pleasant odor—

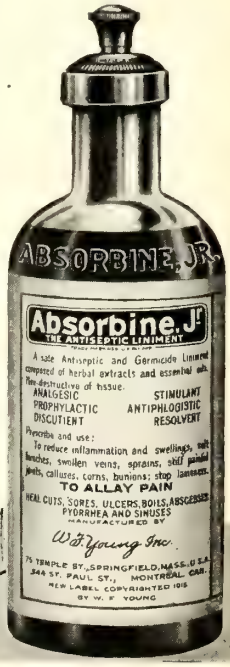
An antiseptic so efficacious that it is highly recommended by surgeons; yet is a purely vegetable product and non-poisonous—

Absorbine, Jr. because of its dual capacity, is a remedy that, for safety's sake, should be in every home.

Buy it from your druggist or we will mail it postpaid for $1.25 a bottle.

A liberal trial bottle will be sent for ten cents in stamps.

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Apple Butter

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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1920

Frontispiece: "'The Kraken! The Kraken!' shouted Saanak from the bow."
Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull.

The Sacred Silver Elephant. Story. Illustrated by W. C. Rice ..... **Joseph B. Ames** **963**

Your Measuring Rod. ..... **Hildegarde Hawthorne** **971**

Yolanda Shows the Way. Story. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz ..... **Katherine Dunlap Cather** **973**

A Birthday Grievance. Verse ..... **Arthur H. Folwell** **980**

Music Lessons. Verse. Illustrated by Sarah K. Smith ..... **Jack Burroughs** **980**

Avoid Imitation in Golf. Sketch. Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea ..... **Francis Ouimet** **981**

The Land of Cockaigne. Verse. Illustrated by W. M. Berger ..... **Florence Boyce Davis** **985**

Scipio. Story. Illustrated by H. MacGilvary ..... **Adeline K. MacGilvary** **988**

Damaris Goes to School. Verse. Illustrated by George Varian ..... **Nora Archibald Smith** **991**

The Mystery of the Sea-Lark. Serial Story ..... **Ralph Henry Barbour** / **H. P. Holt** **994**
Illustrated by C. M. Relyea

The Saving Word. Story. Illustrated by Wilson V. Chambers ..... **Christine Whiting Parmenter** **1001**

How Dan's Pride Had a Fall. Verse. Illustrated by Harold Sichel ..... **George William Ogden** **1006**

Boy Scouts in the North; or, The Blue Pearl. Serial Story ..... **Samuel Scoville, Jr.** **1009**
Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

"Solid Comfort." Picture. Drawn by E. A. Furman **1015**

The Three Questions. Verse. Illustrated by Reginald Birch ..... **Florence L. Patterson** **1016**

Girls, Are You 100 per cent. Strong? Sketch ..... **Charles K. Taylor** **1017**
Illustrated from photographs

The Happy Venture. Serial Story. Illustrations by the author ..... **Edith Ballinger Price** **1020**

Philip the Bold. Verse. Illustrated by Charles Wiggins, 2nd ..... **John Richards** **1026**

For Boys Who Do Things:

A Parlor Trench-Mortar and a Lewis Gun. With diagrams .. **W. M. Butterfield** **1027**

A Sign for the Summer Cottage. With diagrams ..... **E. Maude Bradley** **1031**

How the Navy Talks. Sketch. With diagrams ..... **B. B. Wygant, Commander U. S. Navy** **1032**

The Watch Tower. Illustrations from photographs ..... **Edward N. Teall** **1035**

Nature and Science for Young Folk: Illustrations from photographs **1040**

The "Old Man of the Mountain" (George Burbank Shattuck) — **An Ingenious Water System** (Francis Dickie) — **A Tug of War Between Steam and Electricity** (Robert H. Moulton) — **A Tilted Garden** (L. M. Edholm) — **Spiders That Fish and Others** (N. Tourneur) — **A Long-Distance Whistling Champion** (Robert F. Wilson).

For Very Little Folk:

The Lady Across the Road—The Cruise of the Tortoise. **Edith Ballinger Price** **1044**
Verse. Illustrated by the author

St. Nicholas League. With Awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs, and Puzzles. Illustrated **1046**

The Letter-Box. Illustrated **1054**

The Riddle-Box **1055**

St. Nicholas Stamp Page. Conducted by Samuel R. Simmons ..... Advertising page **24**

The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.

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VOL. XLVII. **No. 12**

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NEXT MONTH

ST. NICHOLAS *for* OCTOBER

PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

Frank Luke, Balloon Ace — HENRY STARKEY ALDRICH

A first-hand, authoritative account of the exploits of Frank Luke, balloon ace, by Flight Commander Henry Starkey Aldrich, A. E. F. In spite of the fact that this mere lad from Phoenix, Arizona, is credited with having been the greatest balloon "*strafer*" of the war, his name and deeds are comparatively little known. Commander Aldrich thinks this may be due to the fact that his exploits were so wonderful that those who do hear of them do not believe the tales, and adds "they can hardly be blamed for that." For he was only nineteen, and all of his remarkable deeds occupied but nineteen days, on the last of which he dashed blindly to death in a highly successful flight of revenge for the death of a friend. The author knew him on the California aviation field, where he learned to fly, and in France, and he gives in the October ST. NICHOLAS the best existing account of the important services of this fearless boy.

Little English Monarchs Who Never Reigned — AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Strange, little-remembered chapters of history are the stories of these hapless boys who not merely were deprived of the thrones they had inherited, but were, just because they had been so deeply wronged, deprived even of an ordinary, peaceful existence. Most of them led lives which hung by a very thread—and their peril often became tragedy. This extremely popular author has written a most interesting account of these ill-fated sons of kings.

The Test of Sportsmanship — SOL METZGER

An inspiring article by this veteran football coach and well-known writer on athletics. Mr. Metzger argues that the test of sportsmanship comes when the choice lies between victory at any price and the claims of chivalry and good fellowship. Boys will feel more intimately acquainted with some of the great ones of the gridiron, diamond and oval when they have read "The Test of Sportsmanship."

A Real Fairy Tale — MARY P. DAVIS

Once an admirer gave Jenny Lind, the rare-voiced "Swedish Nightingale," a golden goblet filled with ants' eggs—because that was the "food of nightingales!" This is the story of how the little girl of Stockholm worked and held her courage high through dreadful disappointments until she came at last to such triumphs that staid, solid citizens took the horses from her carriage to drag her through the streets.

School Life in Switzerland — PHYLLIS PULLIAM

Imagine going to a school whose curriculum included a New Year's stay of ten days at a Swiss winter resort hotel; with skating, skiing—every winter outdoor sport—for daytimes, and for evening, balls and music. Imagine a school whose pupils in the spring make expeditions to Alpine meadows where narcissus blossoms in wide silver and gold acres on the uplands. Imagine how cosmopolitan the day-by-day life would be with comrades from England, France, Switzerland, Germany, as well as America. Such a school is described most delightfully by one who was not so long ago a student there.

The ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls who have been writing us letters telling of their eagerness to know the outcome of the serial stories will be satisfied next month, as these facinating tales close then. But it is a good habit of mind to look forward. ST. NICHOLAS opens, with the November issue, a new year, with some of the finest serials, stories, and feature articles that it has had in its entire history. Names, authors and the titles of some of them will appear on this page in the October issue.



Quality and style – the two things most wanted in boys' clothes – are in ours Boys like the way they look; parents like the way they wear

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Chel. A story of the Swiss Mountains
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Translated by Helene H. Boll

The story deals with the rude and uncultivated life of a remote village in the Swiss Alps. How that life was bettered and enriched, and how Chel, the misunderstood and much maligned orphan boy, developed into a youth of gentleness and genius under the touch of a teacher who realized her opportunity, is the scheme of this story. It will delight the children.

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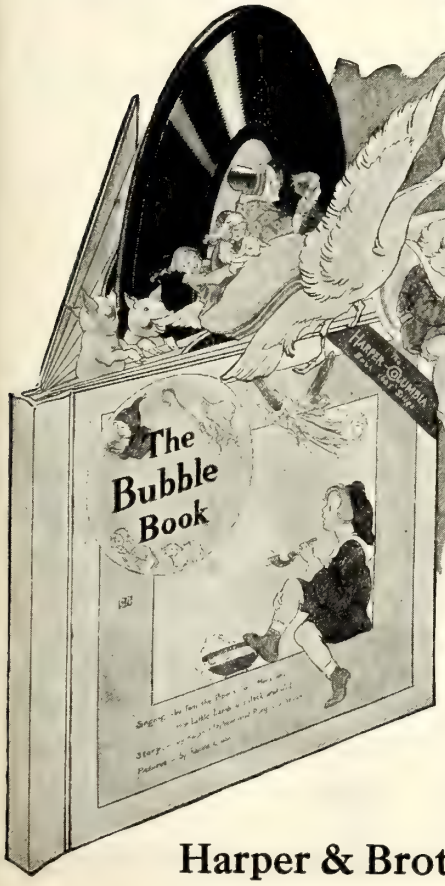


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Dear Son,

Your mother and I thoroughly enjoyed your recent letter. We were made very happy by last month's school report. You are certainly doing fine work at the new school, and we are both very much pleased.

You have no idea how proud I am that you made the foot-ball team. Mother and I are promising ourselves a holiday when we come up for the big game. You'll see what an expert rooter you have for a father.

I am glad to hear your school means plenty of healthy fun, as well as mental growth.

If we had not had a clear understanding last summer, I suppose things would still be at sixes and sevens. There is no doubt left in my mind that a boy should help select his own school. Of course, his parents will expect to guide him to a wise choice, but a boy surely has a right to his reasonable opinions. I am afraid I did not always try to understand your viewpoint, but I am sincerely sorry and happier than you will understand until you have a boy of your own some day.

This is going to be your most successful and happiest year. Keep it up, Son, I'm with you.

Your father.

Dear Mother: Cliffside Hall

What a wonderful surprise the box was! I just love the new dress - it is simply perfect. I have permission to spend the week-end at the home of my room-mate, and I'll wear it for the first time at a party Saturday evening. I am sure to have a glorious time.

Work at school goes along better even than last year, and I love it more every day. We are just like a big family. That is one of the ideas I was so attracted by in their advertisement in St Nicholas.

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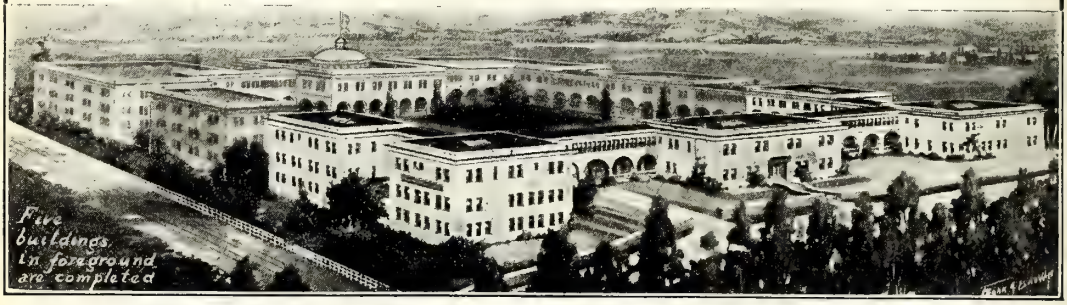
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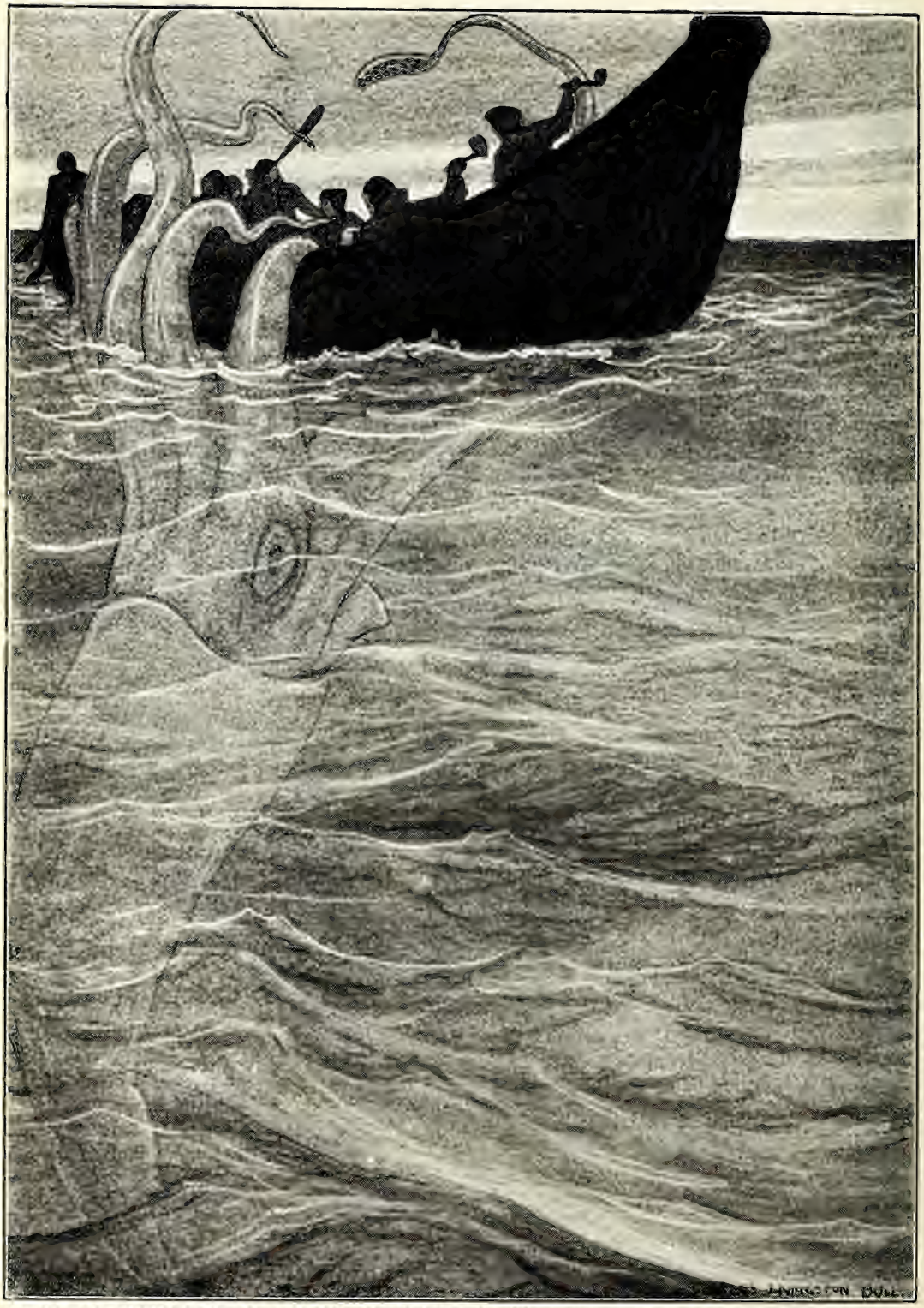
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"'THE KRAKEN! THE KRAKEN!' SHOUTED SAANAK, FROM THE BOW" (SEE PAGE 1011)

ST. NICHOLAS

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THE SACRED SILVER ELEPHANT

By JOSEPH B. AMES

WITH eager, boyish impatience, Frank Tempest glanced swiftly from side to side, striving vainly to pierce the thickets of scrub bamboo which bordered the narrow, curving path. The two-mile stretch between the river and the ruined temple lay behind them, and at almost any moment that amazing marvel of which he had heard and thought so much would be spread out before them, a concrete reality. He wished Chakkri would hurry, but there seemed little likelihood of that. On leaving their boat, the short, squat, Siamese guide took up a certain pace which he had not seemed to alter by a hair's breadth.

"It would take a stick of dynamite to make *him* hustle," thought Tempest, watching the regular, monotonous flap of the dingy *panung* against the bare brown legs. He glanced over one shoulder at the tall, blond, gray-eyed young man who followed close behind him. "Don't you think he might stir himself, Mac?" he asked plaintively.

Gordon McLean grinned. "He might, but he won't," he shrugged. "These chaps have their own ideas on speed, and it is n't for such as us to try and change them. Besides, we ought to be there in a couple of minutes. You can see the tops of the hills now."

Tempest faced abruptly around again and stared interestedly at the irregular, dark line of hills which appeared at intervals as the bamboo foliage grew thinner. It really did look as if their journey would soon be over, and he began to wonder whether this age-old Temple of the Sacred Elephant could possibly come up to his expectations. Ever since reading aboard ship the vivid description of this place in Montressor's "Travels in Siam," his imagination had been captured and he allowed himself to picture all sorts of impossible splendors. He had brought the book along, and was just tapping the pocket of his white drill coat to make sure it was still there, when, of a sudden, the bamboo thicket came to an end, and he pushed forward into the open, then paused abruptly.

Moment after moment passed, and still he stood motionless, staring wide-eyed, incredulous, at the astonishing edifice that looked down upon them. It crowned the whole of an immense terrace cut out of the gently sloping hillside, an enormous rectangle of stone, from which rose five massive, graceful towers, covered from top to bottom with strange, intricate carvings. Wide flights of shallow steps, with heavy, carven balustrades, led up to the many entrances. There were pillared porticos, rows of windows, carved columns, and countless stone images of men and beasts.

The whole effect was marvelous, stupendous; and what made it even more bewildering was the fact that at first sight the great mass of buildings did not look like a ruin at all. For a minute or two, Tempest almost expected to see a procession of priests and devotees issue from one of those high, squared doorways, or hear the clash of weird, oriental music from within. A second glance, however, showed him that the windows gaped open to the weather, columns were prostrate,

while here and there carved figures lay shattered or crumbling on the terrace. And finally, he saw that the encroaching jungle growth had taken root between the very stones themselves.

"Well, kid, what do you think of it?" asked McLean, at length.

Tempest gave a long sigh. "I have n't thought; I 've just been looking," he answered. "Did you ever see anything quite so wonderful?"

"I don't believe I have. Fancy my being so near for six months and not taking it in before."

We 'd better have some lunch first and do our exploring all at once," said McLean.

He turned and said a few words to the fourth member of the party, a Malay interpreter who spoke both Siamese and broken English, and within five minutes they were seated in the shade of a sapan tree, investigating the contents of the lunch-box. Bharu, the Malay, squatted not far away, but the Siamese had carried his rice and dried fish to a point over a hundred feet distant, where he sat facing the temple.

"He 's an unsociable cuss," remarked McLean.

"Who? Chakkri?" asked Tempest, glancing at the sober, sullen, curiously impenetrable face of the guide. "Is n't he? I don't believe he has spoken a dozen words since we left Bangkok. Not that I 'd have understood them if he had, but you 'd think he 'd chum up a little to Bharu, or the boy in the launch."

"He does n't look like the chumming kind," said McLean, with a shrug. "In fact, I 'm not sure I 'd be keen about trusting myself to him alone on a dark night. What 's that book—old Montressor?"

Tempest had pulled the volume from his pocket and was turning over the pages. "Yes; I wanted to read some of the passages on the spot. That one about the Hall of Elephants, for instance. I do hope nothing has happened to that."

"Was n't that where they used to keep the silver elephant, or something?"

"Yes. Here it is. Listen:

"This hall, one of the most elaborate in the whole astonishing temple, was the special shrine of the Sacred Silver Elephant. That image, modeled of silver and set with precious gems, was said to be of immense antiquity and of unusual sanctity. Jealously guarded for centuries, it was shown to the people only once a year on a certain feast-day, which was the occasion of great preparation and rejoicing. Its possession was supposed to bring success in both peace and war, and there was a legend that if it ever left the custody of its appointed guardians, great calamities would follow. Apparently this prophecy was fulfilled some two hundred years ago when the Burmese invaded the country, stormed the temple, and killed most of the priests. On that day the silver elephant vanished from human ken and it has never reappeared."

"Swiped, I suppose, and melted up," remarked McLean, who was more matter of fact that his young cousin. "Well, let 's get busy. We 've got a lot of ground to cover in four or five hours, for, the way things look, I 'm afraid there 'll be no chance of our ever getting back here again."

There was a note of depression in his voice and Tempest understood its cause. For nearly six months they had been in Bangkok striving to obtain from the Government a concession to export timber to the United States. So far, their efforts had been quite fruitless, owing mainly to the adverse influence of certain rival foreign firms with the Siamese official who might have helped them. In fact, things looked pretty nearly hopeless, and the chances were that, when Tempest's visit was over, all three would return to America together.

"It 's a beastly shame, Mac!" exclaimed the boy, as he stood up. "I don't see why that old chap won't give you what you want."

"Maha Chulalong?" supplied McLean. "Oh, it 's not so much his fault, except that he believes everything the other crowd tells him and won't give us a show. If I could only get him to see that we— Well, no use grouching. Let 's get on."

Telling the Malay that they would be gone for several hours and to await their return, the two walked briskly toward the massive central flight of steps leading up to the temple. As they mounted these, the signs of ruin and decay became more manifest. Many of the massive blocks were dislodged, countless columns and statues lay prone and shattered, and the whole outer surface was pitted, cracked, and weather-worn.

Within, the ancient glories of the place were in better preservation. Everywhere the patient skill of countless bygone workmen was evident in the splendid carvings, the intricate bas-reliefs, and archaic inscriptions which covered every foot of wall space in bewildering profusion. In these the elephant predominated, but it was not until the two explorers had wandered for over two hours among a labyrinth of halls, corridors, and open courts that they stumbled at length upon the shrine they sought.

Two massive, rearing elephants flanked the doorway, their trunks intertwining in a curious sort of arch. The stone pillars which upheld the lofty roof were carved in the same fashion, and all about the spacious hall were sculptured bas-reliefs depicting, apparently, various scenes in the worship of the sacred beast. The very windows, of which there were a number along one side, were lined with tiny stone elephants standing one upon another.

Opposite the door, a short flight of steps led up to a rectangular depression in the wall. This recess and all about it was covered with such an



"McLEAN STARED CURIOUSLY OVER THE BOY'S SHOULDER" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

astonishing profusion of delicate, lacelike carving that the eye was drawn to it instinctively as the most significant spot in the whole great room. Here, surely, was the shrine where formerly the sacred silver elephant was displayed on that yearly feast-day, and but one thing marred its beauty and perfection. Two splendid columns, elaborately carved, had evidently flanked the entrance. One was still intact, but its companion lay in fragments on the pavement, while above it a jagged hole gaped open to the sky, the stonework about it curiously seared and blackened.

"Why, it looks like the marks of fire!" said Tempest, as they moved closer.

McLean climbed up on the shattered base of the pillar for a closer inspection. "It has certainly been exposed to some fierce heat," he decided, passing one hand over the surface; "and rather lately, too. A rainy season or two would wash off most of that black. By Jove! I wonder if it could have been lightning! It looks like it, and that storm we had night before last— What in the world have you found there, Frank?"

Tempest made no answer. He was bending over a small cavity in the wall directly back of where the fallen column must have stood. The recess was not more than two feet square, and as McLean leaped down and stared curiously over the boy's shoulder he saw that it held a single object, irregular in shape and rather bulky, and wrapped in some kind of worn, frail fabric.

"What is it?" he asked quickly.

"I don't know," returned Tempest, tugging at the bundle. "It 's heavy as the mischief. Give us a hand, will you?"

McLean came promptly to his assistance and together they lifted out the object and laid it on the uneven stone pavement. They saw now that the covering was a piece of silk, but silk so nearly disintegrated with age that only the many metallic gold and silver threads woven through it held the fabric together. Dropping on his knees, Tempest tore this away, and then sank back on his heels with a gasp of amazement.

Before them lay a metal miniature elephant some sixteen inches long, dull black in color, with ivory tusks and a curious sort of gilded metal harness set with dully glowing stones. The trunk was uplifted in an attitude of trumpeting and the modeling of the whole figure was a work of extraordinary perfection. Every line and muscle was copied accurately. And as Tempest set it upright, they saw that the eyes were formed of cunningly inset stones that gleamed like rubies.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed McLean. "The chap who could turn that out of iron or bronze, or whatever it is, was some workman! How in the world did it ever come to be left here, I wonder?"

Tempest glanced at him oddly.

"Iron!" he repeated in a queer, hoarse voice. "It is n't iron; it 's silver—tarnished black."

"Silver!" sniffed McLean. "Nonsense!" And taking out his pocket-knife, he turned the elephant over and began scraping at the bottom of one foot. His lips were set in a sceptical curve, but as the black melted away under his brisk strokes, giving place to a bright, lustrous, silvery gray, his jaw sagged and he stared wide-eyed at Tempest.

"Good heavens!" he breathed. "You don't think it 's—it 's the—"

The boy swallowed hard. "Why not? Is it likely there 'd be *two* silver elephants hidden in this particular place?"

He sprang up impulsively and hurried to the cavity in the stonework, with McLean close behind. Almost instantly they discovered something which had passed unnoticed before. On the side next to the shrine, the recess was covered by a narrow stone panel, carved like the rest with a design that fitted perfectly into the surrounding pattern! But it was less than an inch thick, and was held in place merely by four metal bosses at the back, to which were fastened little metal levers.

"You see!" cried Tempest, triumphantly. "There must be a hidden spring somewhere to release the panel. They may have kept the elephant here most of the time, or else, when the temple was attacked, they hid it, and—"

"And then were all killed by the Burmese," cut in McLean, excitedly. "Probably only a few knew the secret of the hiding-place. Thunder, Frank, I can't believe it 's true! Why, the thing is worth a fortune!"

They had returned to their find, and McLean was vigorously removing the dust of ages from it with his handkerchief. The stones in the odd gold harness encircling the neck and body, which before had seemed so dull, leaped suddenly into brilliant, scintillating life. There were rubies, cat's-eyes, sapphires, a pair of splendid emeralds, and pendent from the creature's wrinkled throat there hung a gorgeous, glowing yellow diamond, three quarters of an inch across.

"Can't you imagine the whole thing cleaned and polished!" exclaimed Tempest, rapturously. "What a simply stunning—"

He broke off with a sudden gasp and stared wide-eyed at one of the row of windows not a dozen yards away. The opening framed a brown, distorted face, from which a pair of savage, smoldering eyes glared straight into his own. So fierce they were, so full of greed and hate and vicious passion, that for a single stricken second the boy stood paralyzed. Then the face vanished silently and Tempest awoke to life. "*Chakkri!*" he cried out sharply.

McLean leaped to his feet and whirled around. "Where?"

"The end window," gasped Tempest. "He was there a second ago. He must have seen—"

McLean sped across the uneven pavement, gripped the stone sill, and drew himself up into the opening. Beneath the window an ornamental stone ledge some two feet wide ran along the entire width of the building. Below that was a sheer drop of eighty feet or more into a narrow, deep ravine. There was no sign of Chakkri or of any other human being, but Gordon was quick to realize that, by speeding, the man might possibly have gained the nearest corner of the temple about a hundred feet away.

"He 's gone," he said, returning to Tempest. "You 're sure it was Chakkri?"

"Perfectly. I 'm sure he saw the elephant, too. He could hardly have helped it, and—and there was something about his expression—sort of fierce and greedy, you know, as if he 'd do *anything* to get hold of it."

"I have n't a doubt of it," commented McLean, thoughtfully. "He looked to me that sort." Unconsciously he felt for the automatic in his hip pocket. "This complicates the situation, kid."

They decided swiftly that they had best return at once to the spot where they had left the Malay. Whether or not Bharu could be trusted, it was impossible to tell. But they knew of no other way of reaching the boat save by the path through the bamboo jungle, and must take a chance. Tempest hastily wrapped his coat around the silver elephant and they set off without delay.

It took some time to work back through that maze of halls and galleries, and when they finally emerged upon the open terrace the sun was ominously near the line of western hills. In the interest and excitement of the afternoon the hours had sped away unnoticed, and, with a frown, McLean realized that it would be close to dusk before they could hope to reach the launch. Hastily descending the flight of crumbling steps, they found the Malay alone.

"He go look see," he explained, when questioned about Chakkri. "No come back."

There was not the least evidence of guilt about the fellow and Gordon did not hesitate.

"Then we 'll have to start without him," he said shortly. "It 's much later than we planned, and anyway he had no business to go away at all. You can find the launch, can't you?"



"HAVING LOWERED TEMPEST TO THE GROUND, McLEAN AND THE MALAY QUICKLY FOLLOWED" (SEE PAGE 969)

"That easy," nodded Bharu. "Path all way."

Without further delay he gathered up their few belongings and led the way across the clearing. Tempest followed, while McLean brought up the rear. A sudden, keen desire to get away obsessed them both. Frank especially, recalling with a shiver that look on Chakkri's peering face, felt that they ought to make every effort speedily to regain the safety of the launch. He did not waste a single backward look at the glories of the ruined temple, which a few hours before he had been so keen to see, but plunged hastily after the Malay into the dim twilight of the bamboo jungle.

Nor were his apprehensions lessened here. On the contrary, as his shifting glance darted from side to side, striving to penetrate those serried ranks of tall, straight stems melting away into gray-black shadows, the sense of subtle, lurking danger grew more pressing. That morning he had thought Chakkri aggravatingly slow, but now the Malay's pace seemed even more leisurely. And yet Tempest had sense enough to realize that, as a matter of fact, Bharu was moving about as fast as he could follow.

The two-mile stretch seemed eternal, but at length there were welcome signs of its coming to an end. The bamboo began to thin out, giving place to teak, kapok, sao, tamarind, and all that other taller, heavier growth which lined the river. At last they could glimpse the stream itself, glimmering through the gathering dusk, and McLean and Tempest gave a long sigh of relief. Nothing had happened, and in another moment or two they would be quite safe.

They took the last few yards at a brisk trot, to be brought up suddenly by a sharp, surprised exclamation from the Malay. For an instant McLean stood bewildered. Then his heart leaped suffocatingly, to sink as swiftly with a sickening qualm. They had reached the extremity of the path. The water lapped softly at their very feet, but the launch—was gone!

The thing seemed incredible, and yet a hurried search proved that it was true. The launch, one hired at Bangkok, had been fastened to the trunk of a large tamarind leaning over the water, and left in charge of a young Siamese, Lakon Peng, with explicit instructions to await their return. There could be no possibility of its becoming loosened accidentally and drifting away.

This attempt to cut off their retreat, therefore, showed evidence of deliberate planning, and it was not hard to guess with whom the responsibility lay.

"He must have slipped back ahead of us," said McLean, in a low tone. "There was plenty of time, and he could easily have crept along the edge of the clearing without Bharu's seeing him."

"And the boy, Lakon, was a friend of his," added Tempest. "But what 's his idea?"

"To gain time and reinforcements, probably. You see, the odds are against him, and he and the boy have only knives. Besides, by marooning us here until dark he gets a big advantage."

He paused thoughtfully. Tempest felt a cold shiver flickering on his spine. Though not more than a dozen miles from Bangkok, they might as well, he felt, have been in the most remote wilderness. In any other country, there might have been some chance of getting back on foot, but here there were no roads. The river was the main thoroughfare, and without a boat they would be nearly helpless.

"By Jove!" breathed McLean, suddenly. "Do you remember that little village on the knoll not more than a mile down-stream? They must have boats of some sort, if we can only get there! As a matter of fact, we 've *got* to. We simply can't stop here."

Bharu, being consulted, seemed to think the plan feasible. The river was low, and the ground along it, though marshy, would not be entirely impassable for that distance at least. He himself, appreciating the ordinary perils of the beast-infested jungle at night, was only too anxious to be off, and without delay they left the path and struck southward along the river-bank.

The going was far from easy. Already the brief tropic twilight was swiftly deepening into night. Great roots thrust up to trip them; trailing vines had to be constantly torn aside. Marshy hollows engulfing them to the knees were plentiful, and every now and then a rustle and a splash told of some disturbed crocodile slipping back into the river. But an impelling fear urged them on, and at length they emerged into a cultivated field.

It was quite dark now, but the brilliant starlight revealed the shadowy outlines of thatched huts clustering on a rise above them. Nowhere could they see any signs of life; and rather than risk delay and possible refusal, McLean determined to appropriate a boat without asking permission. They could return it later with a substantial sum for its hire.

Moving swiftly and silently along the river-bank, they came presently on a number of small sampans moored to poles. The oars were gone from most of them, but at length the searching Malay gave a grunt of satisfaction as he discovered one whose owner had been more careless or lazy than the rest. Without delay Tempest climbed aboard and deposited his precious burden in the bow. He was just stretching his cramped arms, when of a sudden a dog barked furiously, and in a flash the apparently sleeping village awoke to instant and active life.

Doors were flung open, voices shrilled through the stillness, a dozen other dogs added their clamor to the din, and down the slope a throng of shadowy figures rushed toward the mooring-place.

In a trice, Bharu slashed the rope with his knife and flung himself aboard. McLean, knee deep in water, gave the boat a tremendous shove and climbed over the stern. The sampan slid out into the river, rocking perilously, and a moment later was flying down-stream, propelled by the oars the two men hastily put out.

A burst of angry cries rose from behind and several knives flashed through the darkness. One stuck in the stern and hung there quivering for a second or two before it splashed out of sight. Then a curve in the river blotted out the whole strange scene, and the sampan sped on through the darkness, the silence broken only by the rippling water and the heavy breathing of the two men.

Neither of them dared relax his efforts even for a moment. Like a swarm of angry bees the crowd behind was certain to take up the pursuit as soon as oars could be brought down, and it was of vital importance to gain as great a lead as possible in the brief interval.

For nearly half an hour Gordon and the Malay kept up that racing speed before sheer exhaustion forced them to slow down a little. And now another danger threatened. The moon, though not yet in sight, had brightened the whole landscape perilously and made it impossible to keep any longer in the middle of the stream without risking discovery. Ahead of them the river curved sharply to the left, and to gain ground, as well as reach the shelter of the bushes along the shore, they cut across toward the left bank. They were within a dozen yards or so of this and had almost reached the bend, when Tempest, acting as lookout in the bow, gave a sudden gasp, followed by a hurried, whispered order to cease rowing and back water.

Below the bend the entire river seemed filled with boats. Looming indistinct, yet ominous, through the shadows, they clustered thickly over the entire surface of the stream. Amazed and bewildered by the sight of that extraordinary assemblage, McLean instinctively thrust the sampan toward the shore, and, as he did so, the unmistakable chugging of a motor-launch sounded from below, coming rapidly nearer.

"Grab hold of that scrubby growth and pull us in," McLean ordered in a hoarse whisper. "Quick now! There 's just a chance—"

Tempest obeyed, his heart thudding violently. He had just glimpsed several shadowy shapes upstream which he felt must be the sampans of the pursuing villagers, and the sight made him feel like some wild animal at bay. Tugging desperately at the tough growth that lined the stream, some of it growing up out of the water, and aided by the thrusting of the oars, he managed to drag the boat behind a scanty shelter just as the launch came in sight, breasted them—and passed at full speed.

"Get ashore," breathed McLean, behind him. "We can't stay here. The moon—"

Clutching the sacred elephant in his arms, the boy slipped over the side and crept through the taller growth to the edge of an open field, where he was swiftly joined by McLean and Bharu. Inland stretched the vast, flat, green expanse of growing rice, bathed in the silvery radiance of the rising moon. That way was barred. They must keep to the shelter of the low, thin screen of bushes that lined the river, at least until they had passed the boats below. Bending over to avoid detection, they sped along in single file, praying fervently to meet no revealing gap in their scanty protection.

They had covered less than three hundred yards when a shrill outcry from the rear proclaimed the discovery of the deserted sampan. That cry was echoed from the river, accompanied by a sudden stir and movement of many boats and people. A moment or two later a nearer, louder shouting struck terror to Tempest's heart. Over one shoulder he darted a frightened glance to see, not twoscore yards behind, a crowd of men pouring through the bushes and taking up the chase. At almost the same instant a gasp of dismay from McLean brought Frank's despairing gaze swiftly to the front again, to discover that a high stone wall completely barred their path.

"We 're caught, Mac!" panted the boy hopelessly. "Can't we give up the elephant and—"

"No use. Their blood 's up and they won't stop to ask questions. Give it to me. Hoist him up, Bharu—quick!"

In a sort of daze Tempest felt his burden snatched from him and found himself lifted high in the Malay's muscular arms. He had sense enough to grasp the stone coping and draw himself up on it. An instant later the silver elephant, from which the coat had fallen, was thrust into his arms, Gordon and the Malay gained the wall beside him, then, having lowered him to the ground, McLean and the Malay quickly followed.

A shrill chorus of rage and disappointment ringing in their ears, they found themselves stumbling over flower-beds, tearing through ornamental shrubbery, bumping painfully into stone urns and statues. Suddenly, ahead, the white walls and slender pinnacles of a low-spreading marble building gleamed in the moonlight, and McLean stopped short with an exclamation of bewildered astonishment.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "Why, it 's—it 's the summer palace of—Maha Chulalong!"

"You don't mean the—the Minister of the Interior?" gasped Tempest.

"I sure do. I was out here about that timber concession not a month ago. I don't believe that mob will dare follow us here, but—" He paused abruptly and stared oddly at the boy. "By Jove!" he murmured. "By *Jove!* Give me the elephant, will you? I 've got an idea."

Already, lights were twinkling through the marble building; and by the time the three breathless, disheveled fugitives reached the porticoed garden entrance, a dozen Siamese servants and officials, roused by the turmoil outside the wall, were gathered there.

"Find out if His Excellency is here," McLean told Bharu, "and if he is, tell them I must see him at once."

The request produced a prompt, concerted protest, but McLean persisted, and at length a majordomo departed to ascertain the wishes of the government official. He was gone some time, but when he returned he motioned the two Americans to follow him, Bharu being detained outside. After passing through a number of halls and corridors, they were finally ushered into a large, gorgeously furnished room occupied by Maha Chulalong and several attendants.

The minister's expression was at once puzzled and annoyed, but as his eyes fell upon the silver elephant in Gordon's arms, his manner underwent an instant change. In breathless silence he stared and stared at the tarnished, gem-set image, a look of incredulous wonder in his face. Suddenly he took an impulsive step forward.

"Where—where did you come by—that?" he demanded in perfect English.

"In the Temple of the Sacred Elephant," explained McLean, quietly. "There was a secret hiding-place beside the shrine, but a pillar had fallen and exposed it. On our way here we were chased and just managed to reach Your Excellency's garden wall in time."

Maha Chulalong came swiftly forward and took the image reverently in his hands. "The sacred silver elephant," he murmured. "At last!"

With a curious movement, he lifted the elephant high above his head, crossed the room, and placed it in an ornamented, shrine-like recess in the marble wall. Two of his attendants immediately ranged themselves on either side of it with drawn swords, while, at the minister's command, two others scurried from the room.

"One goes to inform His Majesty of this great event," the official explained courteously; "the other to summon the head Brahmin of the temple. Will you not be seated? I do not suppose you realize the tremendous service you have rendered by this restoration of what has been lost to us for centuries. It is a service which no reward can adequately pay, and—" he paused, regarding McLean with a puzzled stare. "But have I not had the pleasure of meeting you before?" he asked.

The young man smiled. "I have had several interviews with Your Excellency on the subject of a timber concession for our firm," he explained. "We 're Americans, you know, and so far your department has not given us much encouragement."

"Ah, yes, I remember now." The minister smiled blandly. "Do not trouble yourself further, I beg of you. It shall be attended to on the morrow, and we will still be vastly in your debt." He dismissed the matter with a graceful gesture. "And now," he resumed, "will you not tell me more fully of your adventures?"

Frank Tempest grinned suddenly. He had been staring rather wistfully at the silver elephant over in its marble shrine, a treasure lost to them forever. Now he realized that the sacred image had brought them something far better and more enduring than silver or gold or even precious gems, and he relinquished it without a single regret.



YOUR MEASURING-ROD

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



THERE is a certain phrase that, when I first read it years ago, stirred my imagination powerfully, and has never since lost the power to do so. You all know it: "The spacious times of great Elizabeth."

When I read those words they give me a sense of the wideness of the world and the long reach of time. I can see beyond walls and barriers, far off into tossed wildernesses of mountains and forests; I reached to dim horizons of sea and desert. The quotation brings a perception of the vastness of life, of opportunity, of the richness of this Earth pattern, and of the immense variety of human impulse, sensation, and understanding. I feel rich in a rich universe.

It seems to me that each of us comes to life with a measuring-rod. And according as that rod is noble or mean in its proportions, so is our life spacious or cramped. Are you measuring life with an inch-rule, or by a man's stature? We are meant to be men and women, not inchworms. If your measuring-rod is full size, you can measure the great world by it, with all its wonder and promise and fulfilment. If it is shrunken and absurd, you will find life little and poor.

You cannot be a true American, a worth-while citizen of this country of ours if you are willing that your horizon should reach no farther than your back yard or front gate. You must look from sea to sea and lift your eyes above the mountain peaks if you wish to touch your destiny.

If, during the great days of Elizabeth, the men of England had been content to measure with an inch-rule, the history of the world would have been a different thing. We ourselves might never have existed. The present builds the future, as you perceive by looking at the past, and only as those foundations are laid broadly and magnificently do we come at last to cloud-capped pinnacles and noble proportions.

In our pioneering days, men measured their world by a man's full stature. We owe them our United States in all its splendid greatness. They strode over the mountains and the plains, they looked as the eagle looks, up to the stars and beyond the horizon. They did not ask, "*Is this safe?*" but thought, "*Here is work for a man!*" and went forward.

Surely your pulses leap when you think of these men? And not the men only. Side by side with them went the women, with an equal vision and as great a courage. Spacious times, these, because the people brought to them a spacious measure. You can hide the heavens by holding your hand before your face; you can shut your self into a closet and remain blind and deaf and dumb there to all the world holds, and as useless for what the world needs as though you were actually dead and buried. Or you can step out into the wind and the sun and build temples.

There is the inchworm's measure and the man's measure for virtually everything. You must decide whether you mean to grow up to be a citizen of America, or only of the tiny place where you live. There are great measures to be taken for America, that need a broad outlook and a man's strength. The men and women who put first the small desires or plans of their own back yard are measuring as the inchworm measures. When a man ruins a forest because it is cheaper to cut down everything, wasting what he does not need, he is holding his hand before his face and shutting out the horizon. He is holding his inch measure as greater than the measure of a man. If there are more of his kind of men than of the other kind in a country, then that country is doomed. It is committing suicide. Its foundations must wither and crumble away. For the man who has that kind of measure in one thing, has it in all. He can never see his country as a whole, he can never look into the future farther than the length of his own arm. He will pass laws that will benefit his bit of land, however dangerous they may be for the country at large; he will sacrifice the future for the present. It is he who will sell his birthright as a human being for a sorry mess of pottage.

Luckily, this sort of person is not the typical American. But there are a great many of him, and if you, growing up to take over America, if you do not train your eyes to the eagle's power, your spirit for greatness, your mind to broad conceptions, and your courage to a man's true measure, if you do not do these things, then our country will grow small and mean, to match the inchworm rod we are measuring with.

If our boys and girls will think, as they grow to maturity and take the reins of government, not, "*What will this mean to me?*" but "*What will this mean to my country?*" then our future will be as spacious as those great times of Elizabeth, which saw the building of a new world. Such a way of thinking and acting means sacrifice—sacrifice of the small personal gain for the larger gain; sacrifice of the temporary view for the enduring good.

But it also means an immense gain. For to live spaciously is splendid and satisfying. It may not be so easy as to live cramped and narrow lives. But it is worth some loss of ease. It is worth while to climb the hill and see the other side, rather than to stay shut inside a room. There are enormous recompenses for those who measure their lives by a man's measure, and whose days are full not of tiny plans for their own ends, but of big work for their country.

There is nothing wrong in loving your own village, town, city, State, or even garden-plot or house, dearly and well; in working heartily for it, in believing thoroughly in it. But you want to be able to measure it correctly, and not to think of it as the greater part of the universe. So soon as you allow it to block your sight of the great architecture of the world, so soon you begin to lose power to measure as a man, and your little rod dwindles smaller and smaller from day to day.

Life, we are told, is short. But it is not too short to be lived. If you narrow down too much, you are not living. You may be planning to be an engineer, or a lawyer, to go into business or a bank. This applies to you girls quite as much as to you boys. Very good. But if you refuse to cultivate any other qualities in you but those which point strictly toward your chosen goal, then you 're thinking of life as too short to live, and losing a man's measure. To specialize is necessary; but not so much that you cramp part of your spirit, darken part of your mind. Before you are a lawyer, you should be a human being. That is the most important job you have, for by it hangs your whole life, and your worth as a man or a woman. The man or woman who has stuck closely to his or her last may possibly have more money to show at the end of the journey—but think carefully of the price you pay for money. You don't want to give your life for it. When it comes to that old question, *Your money or your life*, choose your life. You will do better work according to the completeness of your development, for you are not a machine, but a sentiment being, full of a thousand thousand possibilities and interests, all of which together make up the full and rounded thing that should be your life. No life that is full and vividly lived is short. It is the long, dreary, narrow lives, the lives that make so poor a thing of a man that when he turns away from his office or his shop he finds no interest in the wonderful world, no contact with others, it is lives like that that are short, because most of them are dead long before the body stops breathing.

I should like every child to come toward life with a measure so great as to reach the stars and touch the gates of sunrise and sunset. I should like you to know and study nature—flowers and birds, mountains and streams, the wonderful ways that have gone to the building and the shaping of this world of ours, because to know such things opens and expands the mind and yields a great deal of happiness. The delight of bodily exercise, the free development of the body to swim and run and play, to be healthy and sound, to be able to live outdoors and find a way where there are no paths, these are natural heritages that should not be missed. And I should like you to know beauty in art as well as in nature, to find the great things in books and pictures and statues, to discover what great men and women have thought and made. For all these things are endless avenues that will open new skies to you, and make you grow spiritually and mentally as you grow physically.

Life can be very rich or very poor according to what you carry about in yourselves. If you think of yourself as a citizen of the world, as well as a person living in a certain spot in that world, you will be thinking the truth. That is what you are. And it is a glorious thing to be. There are all sorts of fun in it, as well as great responsibilities and vast possibilities. It is all very well to call contentment a virtue. But don't be content with anything less than the whole of yourself. What would you think of any one who would deliberately lop off a finger or a foot or put out an eye? Yet that is approximately what you do when you do not use your faculties, your shining mind, your full personality, to their greatest extent.

"We can take life," said some wise person, "in two ways. As a thing of endless possibilities, or as a thing of constant restrictions. To follow the first course is a glorious adventure. To follow the second is a type of suicide. There is only one choice before all of us—more life or more death."

Don't be afraid to be glorious. That is what life is, and you have a right to it. Glorious citizens make a glorious country, and there is no other way to make it so. Be fearless in your determination to be fine, for it takes courage and endurance; yet, if you fail of being fine, so will America fail too.





Yolanda Shows the Way

By KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

THOUSANDS of people do not even know her name, yet, if it had not been for her, Joan of Arc might never have ridden to the siege of Orléans, and perhaps Christopher Columbus would not have sailed westward in 1492.

Her story begins just like a fairy-tale, for her father was lord of the great Spanish kingdom of Aragon, and so of course she was a princess and lived in a castle as splendid as anybody would care to possess. Yet Yolanda was anything but happy, and one April morning, when daffodils and azaleas gleamed like jewels in the spring-sweet valleys, she wished she had been born a peasant and wore a homespun smock, instead of satin court dresses, all because the royal counselors had declared she would have to marry a prince.

To be told that one is expected to become the bride of a prince and rule over a country would seem to be very nice indeed, because, in our favorite stories like "Cinderella" and "Snow White," princes are the most delightful people imaginable, handsome and good and everything they should be.

But Yolanda, who had associated with them as far back as she could remember, knew that they are just like other people, and that some of them have shockingly bad manners and trying dispositions, to say nothing of their being so homely one would want to hide them in a closet when company came.

And now how was she to know that this young Louis of Provence and Anjou, who had been chosen for her husband, was not one of the undesirable kind? They said he was as comely and likable a youth as ever wore squire's apparel, but courtiers are apt to tell such tales when they want a princess to marry somebody because it serves their interests; and as Yolanda never had seen Louis, of course she could not know. She went up to her tower room and cried a little and thought a great deal about how she would like to be a shepherdess or dairymaid and free to choose her husband, instead of being handed over to one she did not want, and who, perhaps, did not want her, just to keep a few greedy rulers from going to war.

And at that very same time, in the French city of Angers, young Louis of Provence and Anjou was so indignant that he threatened to give up his throne and turn soldier-of-fortune or even brigand, if that would save him from a marriage with the Lady Yolanda of Aragon—a state of mind, you know, that Yolanda had foreseen. Then the pleasure-loving nobility on both sides of the Pyrenees repaired to the flower festival of Montpellier; and just as when you go to a circus you leave your troubles behind, both Yolanda and Louis forgot their indignation in the excitement of attending a fête.

Montpellier, in the colorful, pompous days of the fifteenth century, was as delightful a spot as one could imagine. In the warmest and sunniest part of France it stood, near enough to the Mediterranean so that its airs were always touched with balminess, with a background of hills that were topaz and magenta by sunrise and sunset, and that made its white palaces and convent

walls seem pearls in jeweled settings. No town of Europe knew greater prosperity than Montpellier, for the wealth of the world came in on its river, small, two-oared flat-boats bearing the spices and silks of the East, marbles and glass of Italy, laces and textiles from the Low Countries, and furs and wax from Russia. They were borne in cumbersome bundles from heavily laden barges sailing up the Rhone, and in exchange for them the town gave the wine and cream of tartar, the verdigris and soap for which it is still famous.

The happiness of the people of Montpellier was as great as their prosperity, for they were southern Frenchmen, you know, and a Belgian poet once said that every Frenchman of the south country has a piece of rainbow in his heart. They had concerts and promenades and circuses in the public plaza every week throughout the summer-time; and once each year, when the glens were blossom-mottled and the swift-moving Lez turned amber with silt from the Hérault and Aveyron hills, the flower festival was held, which brought crowds from every province of France, from Italy, Spain, and even Greece and Portugal, for to miss the blossom fête of Montpellier in Yolanda of Aragon's day was like staying away from a great world's fair in ours.

Exactly how it happened, nobody seems to know. Some of the old historians say it came about through sheer accident, while others think the indignation of Louis at being told he must marry Yolanda made him so curious he determined to find out for himself if she were hideous or lovely, and to do it then and there before leaving Montpellier.

At any rate, one afternoon when the young nobles lounged along the river promenade and amused themselves by tossing coins to the bright-skirted orange-women, Louis quitted them for a solitary stroll, and, looking down from a cliff overhanging the water into a shadowy, walled garden, saw a sensitive, beautiful face.

An hour later, in the happiest of humors, he rejoined his companions, and that night word went forth that the Count of Provence and Anjou would willingly wed the Aragon princess, for it was she he had seen but a little while before among the flowers.

So these two were married and repaired to the castle of Angers on the Maine, where, for miles around, peasants told of a countess who adored her lord and a lord his countess, and whose life together was marked by happiness seldom found among the great. And when their first two children were born, and when, some nine years later a second boy came, who was christened René, there was rejoicing throughout two southern provinces.

Yolanda of Aragon was beautiful in face and figure, but she might have died without being very celebrated had she not possessed a beauty of character and mind that laid the foundation of some very great and splendid things. And under the influence of this mother, young René grew to be quite an ideal prince, loved by the humble as well as the great because of his kindly nature and pleasant ways. He was taken from her when very young, for he shared the fate of all royal youths of his day, and when, at the age of twelve, he was betrothed to ten-year-old Isabelle of Lorraine, the agreement required that he be brought up in the household of Duke Charles of Lorraine. So he left his home at Angers for one neither so wholesome nor so happy, and many, many times he yearned for the delightful atmosphere of its halls.

But Yolanda's touch upon the soul and character of her son had already left an imprint that contact with corrupt politicians could not efface. When the wheel of destiny took an unexpected turn, and he became ruler of three countries instead of just an obscure southern noble, which for a time his position of younger son promised he would be, he went to his throne with a determination to possess it for the good of France. He had his faults, for in that day, when standards of life were very different from those we hold, the best of people did things that, judged by our code, would make them seem very far from perfect. But he never swerved from the high ambition to be a good king, and he devoted himself to plans of benefaction and chivalry that made Provence an example to the whole of France. By encouraging poets throughout his possessions, he strove to reëstablish the glorious reign of the troubadours. Minstrels who could find aid and shelter nowhere else were certain of obtaining it at the court of Yolanda's son, and we find him surrounded by the most illustrious spirits of his day, among them the golden-voiced François Villon. And several times, even before he became a king, he unsheathed his sword and risked his life in support of a peasant, guileless as Villon never dreamed of being and a hundred times more divinely inspired.

February of 1428, and strange tides of fate surged against the governor's house at Vaucouleurs. From the Domremy uplands came a shepherd girl with word that heavenly voices had spoken to her in the hills, bidding her deliver her beloved France from invading Briton and Burgundian.

"It was Saint Michael himself who appeared to me," she said to Robert de Baudricourt, as she begged him to take her to the dauphin, "and I am come to ask that you guide me hence."


Looking down saw a
sensitive, beautiful face.
HCP

But the governor had no faith in her. He declared she had better go back to her flocks, instead of trying to roam highways peasant feet were not intended to travel, and suggested that her uncle, who had made the journey with her, take her home and trounce her soundly.

Despite threats and jeers, however, Joan of Arc held to her purpose, and although they forced her out of Vaucouleurs and back to Domremy, she fared forth again; and again Baudricourt commanded a servitor to send her from his door. But as the man turned to do his master's bidding, something happened that sped forward her course of destiny.

Seated with the governor that morning was a friend who had come over from Angers several days before; and that guest was none other than René, the son of Yolanda of Aragon, a brilliant and handsome noble of a little past twenty. Although some years younger than Baudricourt, the two were devoted friends, and it was well known that he could influence the obstinate governor when that official was deaf to every other appeal. Already René knew from his host of Joan's first visit to Vaucouleurs, and he had picked up from the villagers some of the girl's strange sayings, which set him to wondering about the force that inspired her. He was eager to see and talk with this unusual peasant, and when Baudricourt gave word to send her away, he urged him not to act speedily.

"She may be an impostor for aught I know," the governor replied impatiently.

The son of Yolanda of Aragon sat silent a moment. Then he shook his head. "She seems not so to me," he objected, "since threat of punishment does not daunt her and she comes again, asking nothing for herself, but all for France."

Robert de Baudricourt shifted uneasily. The irresistible sincerity of the shepherd girl's appeal had disturbed him much, but he was determined not to grant her request because of the danger of appearing ridiculous in the eyes of the dauphin and the court.

"Not impostor," he answered sullenly, "but possessed of brain-sick delusions, and I will have no more of her."

René faced the governor squarely and spoke in a voice that rang with earnestness:

"But, Robert, may it not be as she declares? Long ago it was foretold that France would be imperiled by a woman and saved by a woman. And I recall also another prophecy that leads me to be tolerant of this maid, which says, 'A virgin who shall deliver France will come out of the forest of Domremy.' Very often in childhood it was told to me, for my mother, in whose judgment I have high faith, spoke of it many times, and I doubt not, did she know of this shepherd girl, she would aid her."

The pleading of René finally influenced Baudricourt to the point that he gave word Joan of Arc might remain in the village. A wheelwright opened his house to her, and there René himself talked with her several times, each conversation convincing him still more of the sincerity and high purpose of her mission. When at last the governor promised to send word of her to the dauphin, René sped a courier to his mother, Yolanda of Aragon, who was just then visiting her daughter at Chinon, for Marie, wife of the dauphin, was born Marie of Provence and Anjou.

"Urge my brother-in-law to receive her," he wrote, "for mayhap the message she brings may be an auspicious one for France."

Now, the castle of Chinon, at which Charles was then abiding, was a sumptuous and desirable place to the pleasure-loving dauphin, and he had no intention of leaving it for the uncertainty of a coronation. He laughed heartily at the idea of a peasant girl giving him aid, and suggested, as Baudricourt had done, that she had better go back to her flocks. But the influence of Yolanda and René bore fruit, and he was persuaded to receive the girl, although he looked upon her coming as nothing more than a novel happening, which would provide a bit of amusement for himself and his courtiers.

Everybody knows what happened when Joan of Arc went to Chinon, how ridicule gave way to awe and awe to reverent wonder, and how the sincerity of her appeal overcame obstacles it seemed no mortal power could surmount. But only those who have studied carefully the history of France know that it was Yolanda of Aragon who paved the way for her success and made possible what seemed, for a time, beyond the range of possibility.

When Charles, who had received her in merriment, was awed even as the villagers of Vaucouleurs had been, and arrogant lords turned humble and expressed willingness to ride under her command, one mighty obstacle stood in the way of arming for the siege of Orléans, and that was the emptiness of the royal treasury, for money was as necessary to kings in the fifteenth century as it is to untitled Americans to-day. But Yolanda of Aragon's fertile brain saw a way of solving that problem, and, with splendid unselfishness, she proceeded to take it. Rich in gems, but just then poor in money, this great lady pawned the jewels of the House of Anjou, and, with the sum obtained by the loan, paid for the convoy of ships that was sent to Blois to aid the land forces. Other women of the French court were quick to follow her ex-

ample, and thus the campaign was financed and Joan went to victory and the dauphin to a throne.

Meanwhile, René, who had pleaded with Baudricourt to let her remain in the village and who had interested his mother in her behalf, gave all his support and loyalty to the Maid, and when she



RENÉ TALKS WITH JOAN AT THE HOUSE OF THE WHEELWRIGHT

mounted her charger and rode to the siege of Orléans he followed close behind. During the fighting before Paris, when a Burgundian arrow struck her in the thigh, he was one of the two knights who rescued her from the moat and carried her to safety. He marched with the French nobles up the noble nave of Rheims—ruined now, by German shell-fire, yet still glorious, like a noble life that a cruel and unjust death does not defile—to the coronation of Charles as king of France, and divided his homage that day between the sovereign and the Maid. And when fortune turned for Joan, and she fell captive to the Burgundians, and, by purchase, to the English, again René sped a courier to his mother, that she might act in Joan's defense. And Yolanda of Aragon did not fail him. She publicly proclaimed her belief in the divine mission of the girl, and paid her homage as if she herself were the shepherdess and the Maid of Domremy the proud daughter of a proud line. With two other great ladies of France, she testified in her behalf when the girl's persecutors gave her a mock trial, and bent all her energy toward trying to persuade the king to make some move to save her; and had the appeal of Yolanda of Aragon been heeded, the Maid of Orléans would not have gone to the funeral pyre at Rouen.

Yolanda of Aragon lived to be quite an old

woman, and died in the satisfaction of knowing that her life had been a benefit to France. But she did not know that her willingness to aid a peasant was to play a mighty part in changing the map of the world and reconstructing history.

Yet it did that very thing, for the pawning of the jewels of the House of Anjou not only sent Joan of Arc to victory at Orléans and the dauphin to a throne, but put new life into navigation and carried the flag of commerce over reaches of sea where never a ship had sailed. It gave a world to Spain and opened harbors of refuge to the oppressed of every land, because, about sixty years later, when Isabella of Castile longed to aid a dreamy-eyed sailor from Genoa, but had no money and no ships, she thought of how her kinswoman Yolanda of Aragon had once replenished the empty French treasury, and followed her example. She too offered to pledge her jewels, and her decision roused some Spanish nobles and merchants from indifference to action and sent Christopher Columbus on his great voyage of discovery.

And what of the son who had championed the cause of Joan of Arc every bit as ardently as the mother?

Down in the sun-flooded Rhone country, in that land through which in olden times troubadours strolled and sang, they still speak of him as "Good King René," and in an ivy-covered church near Tarascon there is a curiously written and illuminated manuscript, done by a devoted scribe of long ago, that tells how he wept when word reached him that The Shepherdess had been declared a witch and was doomed to death by fire.

"Did I have the gold to muster a great army," he is said to have exclaimed, "I would lead it in her defense!"

But at that time René was not yet a king, and it would have taken the wealth of several kings to have saved Joan.

Then, almost before anybody realized, he was forced to draw for his own protection the sword he had wielded so gallantly in support of the Maid. Under the French law of that day, his marriage to Isabelle of Lorraine had made him Duke of Bar and Lorraine, and now the death of his father-in-law put him into possession of broad estates. But a prince named Antoine de Vaudémont claimed the right to the Lorraine succession, and he enlisted the aid of the powerful Duke of Burgundy, who was delighted to assail René, because of his ardent support of Joan of Arc. At Bulgnéville, Yolanda's son was attacked by an army several times larger than his own, and although he fought so gallantly that poets sang of it for several generations afterward, he suffered a defeat that shut him up a prisoner in a Burgundian tower. While he languished there, the wheel of destiny took an unexpected turn, and things happened that were to exalt him to the rank of a powerful sovereign. His brother Louis died, and, by his death, René succeeded to the vast fiefs held by their father, who had become one of the most powerful nobles of his time, and held the titles of Duke of Anjou, Count of Provence, and King of the Two Sicilies. Then his wife secured his liberty by paying the Duke of Burgundy an enormous ransom; and after a year of captivity, René journeyed south to take charge of his possessions.

To think of him as lord of Anjou, Provence, Sicily, and Naples is to picture a powerful and sumptuous monarch, and a very happy one, and so he might have been had not envious nobles wanted his holdings and left no means untried of snatching them away from him. Almost constantly he was forced to carry on defensive wars, and as the payment of the great ransom to the Duke of Burgundy had about halved his fortune, he was financially unable to equip his armies for long and fiercely contested campaigns. He was forced to surrender his possessions in Italy to the King of Aragon, and retained only his French holdings.

Then he returned to the land that he loved, and there, in the sunlight of Provence and in the sunshine of the smiles of adoring subjects, he devoted his energies to the arts of peace. He made the old castles of Tarascon and Aix, which were his favorite residence and capital respectively, the places of delight of the Rhone valley, for he embellished both halls and gardens there with such taste that they still feed the souls of beauty-loving folk five centuries after his day. If fate had not forced him to be a sovereign, he probably would have been a famous artist, for in every town and palace he inhabited he left touches that speak eloquently of his delight in creating things. During his captive months in Burgundy, he had come to know Jan van Eyck and the early Flemish painters. In Italy, the work of the predecessors of Botticelli and Perugino had thrilled and interested him, and now he encouraged the most notable artists of the century to come to Provence, and through his friendly patronage they left finger-prints of imperishable loveliness along the entire southern course of the Rhone. But it was at Tarascon that his heart seemed to rest—Tarascon, where he took his relaxation from the state cares of Aix; yes, and that very same Tarascon where *Tartarin* had visions of mighty lion-hunts, and from which he went to Africa to charge wild monsters that proved to be nothing fiercer than donkeys; Tarascon, where the Midi sunshine has magic and magnifying qualities, and

things seem as they seem nowhere else on earth. Memories of this gifted king linger throughout the south country, but at Tarascon they are most fragrant and vivid, for there he was not just the sovereign, but the man that he desired to be. There he painted pictures, wrote and illuminated missals, some of which are still to be seen in the museums thereabout, and did treatises on literature, heraldry, or chess. There he entertained poets, made songs himself, and urged those around him to express their thoughts in verse and upon canvas, for the sovereign's love of creating spread even to his courtiers, and on the lowest floor of the castle is a chamber with walls decorated by his pages and men-at-arms. Quaint imagery it is, one bit portraying a vessel with lateen sails such as bore the mighty commerce of the Rhone in that day. Then there are drawings that perpetuate the cannon and munitions of the period, the faces of lords and ladies who strolled in the gardens, and some of the minstrels who traveled from realm to realm throughout France and Spain, but lingered longest at the court of René, for reasons it does not take much guessing to find out.

And besides being a patron of art and letters, the friend and supporter of Joan of Arc, and a very sympathetic and kindly king, René of Provence founded the Order of the Crescent, one of the three great orders of chivalry, whose knights, like those of the Garter and the Golden Fleece, were to vie with each other in doing noble deeds. The men of the Crescent were sworn to keep peace and charity between themselves and their sovereign, to be faithful to their religion, never to desert their flag in battle, to succor the unfortunate, the poor, and the distressed, to speak no scandal nor to listen to it. Once each year, at Tarascon, they held a festival which was a kind of tournament, and one of the most brilliant of the many brilliant affairs of that day. Did lances break, the sovereign himself took fresh ones into the arena, and each night, when the jousting was over, there was a banquet on the terraces overhanging the Rhone and food for everybody. So it was little wonder that all over southern France people of both high and low degree looked forward each year to the Festival of the Crescent Knights.

And these men did something more than vie in the lists, for René held them strictly to their vows, and happiness spread from high subjects to the humble. Yet it went steadily out of the heart of the king, who lived to see his broad possessions swept from him and misfortune grip his children in its clutches with pitiless grasp. His son John, Duke of Calabria, was poisoned in Spain. Across the British Channel his daughter Margaret, who, through her marriage to King Henry the Sixth had become Queen Margaret of England, was imprisoned through the train of treachery and deceit that culminated in the Wars of the Roses. She was shut up in London Tower, from which prison, for five anguished years, her father strove to obtain her release. Memories of his own confinement under the Duke of Burgundy had left deep scars, and the thought of a like fate for his daughter broke his great heart. Finally, by mighty sacrifice, he bought her liberty. He sold Provence for less than half its value to the King of France, and, with the money obtained, paid a ransom that freed her. Too poor to afford even the cost of a retinue, the dethroned queen started back to the land of her birth, from which she had gone a few years before with royal pomp, and, but for an escort provided by the king of France, would have gone back unattended. Penniless and heartbroken, for her son had been murdered in England, the land of her childhood had, as the price of her liberty, lost its freedom, and her father became impoverished in his old age, she repaired to the Castle of Reculée, not far from that of Angers in Anjou where she had been born.

There the poor queen spent her solitary widowhood, and there sometimes came René, white-haired now, and somewhat bent, but the same sympathetic and warm-hearted René who wept when Joan of Arc went to her funeral pyre. And there he found solace in his sorrow by ornamenting the walls with paintings and the gardens with bits of sculpture.

But always he dreamed of Provence, the land of the corn-colored river, and of the barges, with their sails of silk and ropes of sendal, whose passing had gladdened his eyes. And when the lights of life began to glimmer dimly, he went again to the valley of the Rhone, and there he died just twelve years before Columbus discovered America, still true to the principles of his childhood, the worthy son of Yolanda of Aragon and the best-loved sovereign who ever ruled in the south. He was brave in misfortune and generous in success, and although the last years of his life were years of unhappiness, he moved through them with the serenity and dignity of a truly noble soul. Five centuries have passed since he reigned beside the yellow river, and independent Provence is now only a tradition, yet his influence is still felt there, and there, to this day, he is justly revered as "Good King René." And along with his memory is one, equally fragrant, of a woman, once a comely-faced and somewhat rebellious princess in the Spanish land of Aragon, later the warm-hearted consort of a powerful Duke of Anjou—Yolanda, who believed in a Domremy shepherdess and showed the way.

A BIRTHDAY GRIEVANCE

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

No more fun in birthdays! All the fun is gone.
Could n't have believed it, but it 's so.
No more sitting up in bed, just about at dawn,
Looking for my presents in a row;
Guessing from the feel of them, almost, what they are;
Getting some excitement, anyhow;
Nothing like it was to-day. Gosh, I got a jar!
For I 'm old enough for *useful* presents now!

Old enough for useful things, and only just thirteen;
Handkerchiefs, a necktie, and some shirts!
Things they 'd give me anyway—*you* know what I mean;
Could n't make a holler, but it hurts!
Give me things I *have* to have; call 'em presents, too,
And wishing me "A happy birthday, dear"!
And not a one forgets to say, "Remember, Willie, you
Are old enough for *useful* gifts this year."

Geewhilikens! I 'd give a heap to be a kid of ten,
Getting things I really did n't need.
Birthdays meant a whole lot more than shirts and neckties *then;*
Now, even useful *books* I 've got to read!
Oh, if I could only have just one birthday more,
Feeling for my presents by my bed;
Soldiers, games, a train of cars —nothing that I wore,—
And playing with 'em there upon the spread!

MUSIC LESSONS

By JACK BURROUGHS



EACH morning when I *do-re-mi*,
I try to find the proper key,
For it is not considered right
To play the black keys for the white.

My mother says that if I try
And do my best at practice, I
May learn the hardest things to play,
Like Pader-what 's-his-name, some day.

I know a way more easy, though.
I 've seen pianos builded so
They make a loud and lovely din
If you just drop a nickle in.



AVOID IMITATION IN GOLF

By FRANCIS OUIMET

North and South Champion



If there is one point in golf that young players should know above all others, it is to play their own game. This may sound strange, inasmuch as nearly every beginner starts his golf career either by taking lessons from the professional or by imitating the style of play of older devotees of the links; yet I think those who start playing when quite young will catch my point as soon as I give them one illustration of what I mean: take the mashie, for instance. In playing this shot, virtually all teachers of golf follow the same principle of play. It is a club we all try to use in much the same style. In so far as the style or form of executing a mashie shot is concerned, the differences are minor and have but little influence on the result. But when it comes to getting distance with the mashie and, at the same time, executing the shot with a degree of accuracy, we reach the point where we have to play our own game to get the best results.

I think everybody will agree with me that no two boys or girls are built alike. Take two boys of the same age, and one is usually stronger than the other. If they play their mashie shots in the same style, the stronger boy should be able to reach a greater distance in making the shot. Now when these two boys are playing a golf match, it is apparent that if the stronger of the two can reach a distance of one hundred yards with his mashie, the other should not imitate him in using the same club for the same distance. That is what I mean by playing your own game. The golfer, to be successful, must first know just what he can and cannot do with each club in his bag. He should not try to follow the example of his opponent, no matter how brilliant that opponent may be.

I am quite sure that my good friend Jerry Travers, who won so many amateur and open titles in this country, would never have been such a wonderful golfer had he attempted to imitate the play of many of his opponents during the big matches he so frequently won. Time and again Jerry would face players who obtained splendid distances from the tee with the wood; but when Jerry could not get his wood going well, he never fell into the trap of trying to match them stroke for stroke, even though their drives were splendid ones.

On the other hand, Jerry would play the game as he knew he could play it. In fact, he was always most particular on this point, and at times his judgment, which finally proved best, was freely criticized by the gallery. Jerry simply knew what he could do with each club in his bag. He was never concerned with what other stars could do with such and such a club. That was the dominating factor in his success, just as it is the dominating factor in the ranking of any fine golfer.

As one golfs about here and there on various links and with various players, he is continually struck with the fact that so many capable players fall into the error of imitation. Nothing is more fatal to one's game. Not long ago I played with such a man, one who was able to play a splendid match, but who usually came a cropper, all because he too closely followed the plan of play of his opponent. He would watch me closely, and if I found what to me was a favorite shot with a mashie or iron, he would either use the same club for the identical shot or first ask me which one I was going to use. Now in this case I happened to be going very well with my iron,—better than usual, in fact,—so I frequently called upon it when other clubs might have served the purpose. I was particularly lucky with my iron that day, getting splendid results around one hundred and seventy-odd yards. My friend was, as I happened to notice, quite good with his wood for this distance, as he was never a man for great distances. But instead of using his brassie for distances of that kind after I had reached them with my iron, he would invariably call for the same club as I had used and usually came a cropper as a result. I am quite sure that had I followed suit when he had

the honor or was first to play when our lies were almost alike, I should have had many more troubles than I did.

The fault of imitation is readily accounted for. It is quite natural for all of us to imitate the style of champions. That is all fitting and proper. By such means we learn much of value. But to this there is a limit quite clearly understood. No boy, for example, who has watched Dave Herron drive should attempt to get similar distances. It is not possible for him. This matter of distances is the point wherein imitation ceases. They are always deceptive, and on golf-links few can gage them with any degree of accuracy. Some holes we come to in our journeys about strange links may seem to us fully six hundred yards in length, though they are only two shotters. Many things in nature contribute to our difficulties in reckoning the yardage of a hole or of a particular shot. We are often at a loss to know what club to use to reach home. There is a school of golfers who by dint of much experience and practice are able to reckon the distance to the hole with uncanny accuracy. They take just pride in this ability, and I always doff my hat to them. But few of us have this keen sense of sight; few of us can overcome the many handicaps of atmosphere and landscape effects to be able to do this. And when we are in doubt about a shot of such a nature, we fall back upon our opponent to help us out, either asking his advice or watching him to see what club he uses. Consequently, when this opponent uses a certain club to get home, we grasp the same one much as a drowning man is supposed to seize a straw.



"THE FAULT OF IMITATION IS READILY ACCOUNTED FOR"

I take it that this is not the way to play golf. One who follows such a method is not relying upon his own judgment and game. He is playing by imitation and is sure to meet with difficulties in the long run. He is certainly not self-dependent; and one who cannot depend upon his own judgment in any game or any work is never going to get very far in this world. It is because we do not give the required thought to the game that we fall into this fatal habit of imitation. Fortunately, there is a simple formula which enables the golfer to rely upon his own judgment.

Virtually every golf-course in the world supplies score-cards for those who play over it. On all of these cards the distances of every hole is set down in yards. In addition, these distances are

usually marked on the sand-boxes at every tee. It is almost impossible to play a round on any course without having the yardage of every hole forced upon your mind. Now the first rule in playing your own game is to note the yardage of every hole. Once you have done that on a strange course, there is little difficulty about playing your game according to the way you get your best results, if you happen to know what your own game is.

Every golf player should do enough practising with all his clubs to know about what distances he can reach with them in an average round. In time, such practice informs you with what clubs you can best play certain shots and get certain distances with fair luck. That your driver, your brassie, your iron, your mashie, and so on down the whole gamut of clubs, is in each case good for a certain shot or a certain distance should be as much a part of your game as your timing and style of swing; if you do not know this, you are bound to rely too much upon imitation. That is a point about golf we too frequently overlook, probably because such knowledge is only obtained by dint of much hard practice. Still, the result is worth the effort every time if one wishes to enjoy the keenest satisfaction of the sport.

I long ago made it a point to carry in my head the length of all my home-club holes as well as others that I frequently played. And I did this for the one purpose of comparison. Golfers are so frequently muddled on strange courses, so frequently misjudging distances,—and my own experience was the same in this particular,—that one should work out a plan to eliminate this hazard. My scheme was to remember the various holes at home so that, when I came to any tee of a strange course and learned the distance to the green, I could immediately compare it to a hole I was familiar with. Thus I felt myself at home. Here was no new problem to solve. Let us say a new hole to be played measures 485 yards. Back on the home course, there is one that measures 475 yards. They are approximately the same length. Now I know how I can best play the hole of this distance on the home course. So it stands to reason that the same kind of play will get me over the fairway I face and down into the cup in fewer strokes than by following any haphazard system or in watching my opponent to see what clubs he is using.

Knowing the distance one gets with his clubs, one is able to estimate the distance of each successive shot in this manner. Say a hole is 270 yards long and you usually drive about 200 yards with your wood. Now if you get off that tee in something like average form, it looks to me as though your approach was a seventy-yard one, which is fairly accurate knowledge of the situation confronting you, far better to reckon on than to trust to your sight, or to estimate by guesswork, or to watch to see what your opponent will select in the way of a club to tip you off. Thus, if one knows with what club he can best pitch seventy yards, he will not go far from the correct method of reaching such a green.

There are many golfers who laugh at such a scheme for play. They think that it reduces the game to a machine-like process, which they argue is not good sport. But I am of the belief that this is a proper and just and sportsmanlike course to pursue. If it were not, it seems certain that the aids we get from score-cards and sand-boxes in giving us the exact distances of each hole would never have entered into the game in the first place. Some fellows refer to it as yardstick golf. But one is never going far from right in playing in this way, so there is really a great deal to be said in its favor.

Youthful players have carefully to watch one point about their play as each successive season adds strength and skill to their game: they must note the increased distances they reach with their clubs as they grow older. The boy of twelve who gets one hundred and twenty yards off the tee is likely to add some twenty yards or more in the next two years. And his entire game will increase in like proportion. That is a point he can easily note either by giving time to practice or by noting the greater ease with which he reaches greens.

Perhaps the best reason for studying one's game so carefully as to avoid imitating others, or depending upon them, is the game itself. There are two ways of playing competitive golf. One, long discarded by the better golfers, is to try to outplay each stroke of your opponent. The other is to forget all about your opponent and strive for par, playing each hole as best you can, concentrating every effort upon each shot that falls to your lot. Once the golfer can reduce his score to par, he is not going to lose many matches. If he does, he should take his upsets most graciously, for one should never feel anything but satisfied when his opponent defeats him by playing under par.

An illustration of this very thing was the splendid play of Bob Gardner in the British Amateur this summer. Gardner reached the finals and there carried Tolley to an extra-hole match. Bob played the extra hole in par; Tolley defeated him on this hole with a "birdie." Bob was the first to congratulate his opponent. He had played a remarkable game and was not at all chagrined to lose to an opponent who could play a hole under par. As a result, he was hailed all over England as both a great golfer and a splendid sportsman.

There is a lot in knowing how to take a defeat.

And it is a lesson every golfer should know by heart, for all of them tumble many times in a season. The game is fascinating to a great extent because of its uncertainty. Few golfers ever succeed themselves as champions, few ever rise to unbeatable heights. In this, golf differs radically from nearly every other sport. Consistency in golf is almost unknown.



"THERE IS A LOT IN KNOWING HOW TO TAKE A DEFEAT"

At the same time we all strive for consistency, and, by dint of practice and study and the exchange of ideas we have worked out, we give each other a lift. That is one of the fine characteristics of golf. No one tries to conceal any point he may have picked up in his career. I know, in my first few years of competitive golf, that much of my good fortune was due to the advice and tips of older and wiser heads. They were always glad and willing to lend a helping hand or to chide me if I made mistakes. Once I was playing a foursome at Garden City, and one of the players was none other than Walter J. Travis, the only American who ever won the British Amateur title. I was playing rather poorly and out for a jolly time of it. Coming to one of the tees, I suggested that we drive off together. "Play the game," was the remark of Mr. Travis, to my proposition. I shall always be indebted to him for thus informing me that the keenest satisfaction one can gain from golf is to concentrate upon it.

One day in 1913 I was facing the biggest event of my golf days. As a boy, I had tied Vardon and Ray, the English professionals, in the United States Open, at 72 holes of medal play. The following day we played off this tie. I had played the course several times in fine figures and realized all that. But as the time for the start began, my case seemed hopeless to me. Then, as I was about to tee up, little Johnny McDermott, the greatest professional player we ever developed in America, came to me and said, "Play your own game, Francis." Suddenly it came to me that here was the secret of golf. So I set forth with new resolve. My mind was given entirely to my own game. I forgot about Vardon and Ray, and set to work to play the best golf of which I was capable. And the best part of it all is, that I succeeded in doing so. I owe a lot to the advice of these former champions, and I hope that in this article I have passed on something of the advice that Johnny McDermott gave me on that day away back in 1913, for that, in a few words, sums up the innermost secrets of this most fascinating game.



Have ever you heard of the Land of Cockaigne?
There are some things about it I cannot explain—
Indeed, it is trying for me to begin,
For I really can't tell you what zone it is in;
Its shape and dimensions have gone from me now,
Be it round like the earth or as flat as a platter;
It is bound on the north—but I cannot say how,
Or the east or the west, or the south, for that matter.
But this have I heard, no one ever went there
And came away saying the tables were bare;
Abounding in good things to eat, it is plain,
Is that wonderful country—the Land of Cockaigne.
There nobody lives by the sweat of his brow;
Food drops from the brambles and bushes and trees;
There is milk to be had without milking the cow,
And honey without the annoyance of bees;
Oh *nobody* labors; for what is the need?
When to wish for a thing is to get it, indeed!

Folks were talking this over one day in our town,
And it came to the hearing of Theodore Brown.
Now Theodore was n't devoted to work,
Some duties, in fact, he would much rather shirk,
Like filling the coal-hod, and bringing in wood,
And shoveling paths, as a likely boy should;
And though at a game he could speed like a rocket,
When milking-time came, and he took up his pail,
With his arm through the bail, and his hand in his pocket,
He 'd creep to the barn with the gait of a snail.
He doted on picnics out under the trees,
Where you start with a sandwich and stop with the cheese;
The things he liked best in the way of a treat
Were always connected with something to eat;
And he often had wished he could see his way clear
To a Thanksgiving dinner each day in the year!
So you see when the wonderful Land of Cockaigne
Was being discussed by the folk in our town,
It really is easy enough to explain
Why it made an impression on Theodore Brown.

He talked with the cook; she was Irish, they say,
And she 'd always a twinkle in back of her eye,
And the witch-tales she told at the close of the day
Went charming, indeed, with a piece of mince-pie.
"Aw, where is this land that you harp on?" said she,
"I 'd think you would go there and live, glory be!
Just ask the Good People to fetch the red cap,
Then fit it upon you, and whisper 'Clip-clap,'
And wish you were there, and away you will fly
Like a lark or a throstle across the blue sky.
Sure now, that 's a fact, beyond reason or rhyme;
I 've heard of such journeying many a time."



"HE HAD HARD WORK, INDEED, TO BELIEVE HIS TWO EYES"

Now stories like that were in Theodore's head
When he blew out his candle and turned into bed;
And barely he 'd settled himself for a nap
When the Good People brought him the little red cap,
And quicker by far than it takes to explain,
He was up and away to the Land of Cockaigne.
The things that he saw filled his soul with surprise,
He had hard work, indeed, to believe his two eyes:
The trees were all hanging with puddings and pies;
The houses were shingled with slices of cake,
And cocoa was bubbling in river and lake.
Roast geese waddled round in the streets and the parks
And begged him to eat them; and turkeys and larks,
Well basted and browned, fluttered into his hand;
It was really a most inconceivable land!



"THE GOOD PEOPLE BROUGHT HIM THE LITTLE RED CAP"

But Theodore dined; and the longer he ate
The higher, indeed, grew the food on his plate;
He hardly could swallow again, it would seem,
When along came a strawberry shortcake and cream,
And a plum pudding filled with delectable plums
Like the ones that *Jack Horner* pulled out with his thumbs!
At length he arose, and excuses he made:
"I really have eaten too much, I 'm afraid;
I 'll go fill the coal-hod, and bring in the wood—
I 'm thinking that exercise may do me good."
"Ah ha! you 're a stranger!" they laughed in disdain,
"Oh, nobody *works* in the Land of Cockaigne!
There 's no work to do in the Land of Cockaigne!"
Then just while they looked at the lad, it is said,
He fitted a little red cap on his head;
And whatever happened, not one could explain,
But they saw him no more in the Land of Cockaigne.

I hate a good tale with an ending that 's bad;
That this one turned out well I 'm certainly glad.
It is often remarked by the folk in our town:
"What a change has come over young Theodore Brown!
He is surely improving the older he grows."
But between you and me, not a soul of them knows
Of the trip that he took over mountain and gap
When the Good People loaned him the little red cap;
That he learned a good lesson that night, it is plain.
So hail and farewell to the Land of Cockaigne!



"'WHAT A CHANGE HAS COME OVER YOUNG THEODORE BROWN!'"



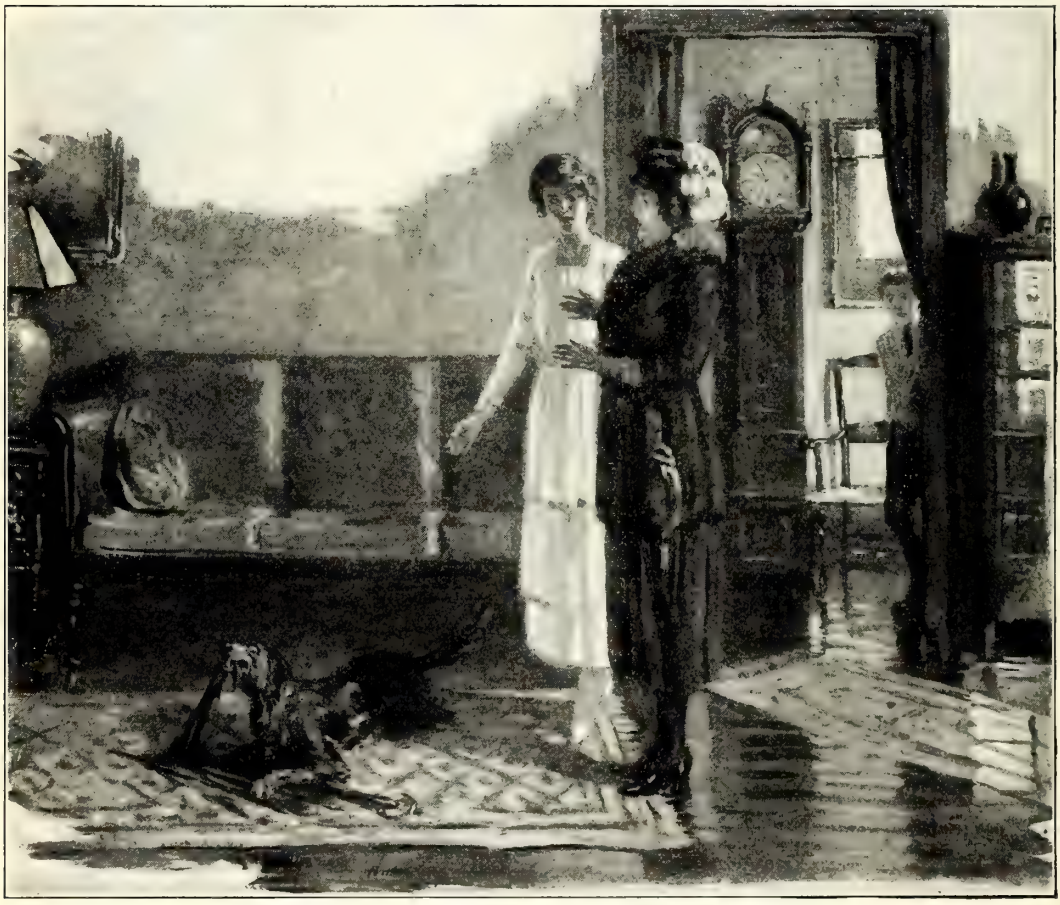
Scipio

by Adeline K. MacGilvary

EVER since a certain boy, whom we shall call Fred Taylor, was old enough to have any sense at all, he had always longed to own a dog; but it was not until he was twelve years old that he got his wish. And even then his joy was not complete on account of a number of reasons. In the first place, Fred lived in a neighborhood where dogs were not popular. Everybody owned a garden and there were no fences. "Some people are too mean and selfish for anything!" said Fred. "They ought to be off by themselves on Mars or somewhere where there are n't any animals."

But alas! nobody took his advice. They stayed right where they were in Flatbush, and objected to dogs.

The second trouble was Scipio himself. Fred had named the cunning little reddish-brown pup Scipio because it was a noble-sounding name. The puppy had been a present from Aunt Millie, who had also given Fred a little dog-basket and a collar for his pet. But Scipio soon outgrew both.



"HE TOOK TO CHEWING UP SHOES AND UMBRELLAS"

In fact, he grew tremendously by fits and starts. First he outgrew the wood-box; then he outgrew two dog-kennels as fast as his master could provide them. He took to chewing up not only the neighbors' plants, but shoes and umbrellas, which gave him fits; and every time he had a fit, he seemed to grow larger with a start.

Fred's parents began to say: "I 'm afraid we 'll have to give that dog away. He 's too destructive." And Aunt Millie, when she came again on a visit, exclaimed: "Heavens! I thought it was going to be one of those cute little lap-dogs." And it was easy to see that she was disgusted.

So Scipio had only one friend, and poor Fred spent most of his time apologizing, and repairing damages done by his troublesome pet.

"If he was only *some* good," remarked Annie, the cook, "I 'd be for him. But he 's a coward from his feet up. He runs from the Barnes's stripèd cat, the great, hulking brute! And if a burglar was to come round, I bet he 'd die of fright."

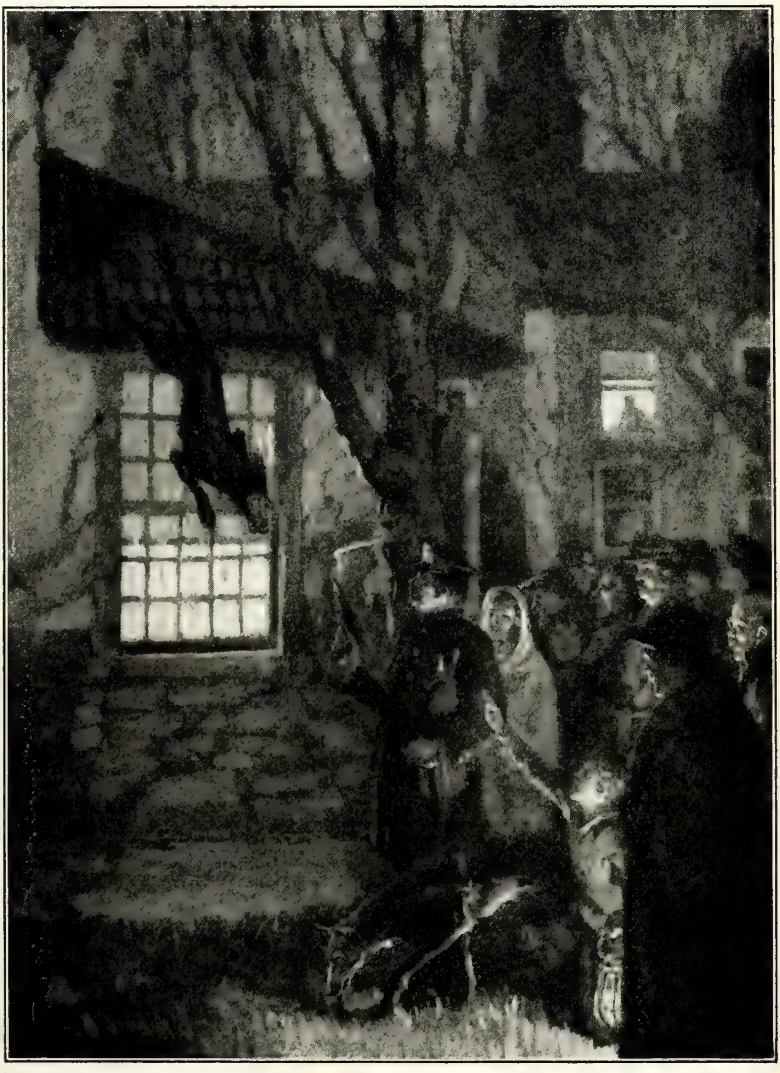
"Aw, he 's young yet," Fred replied, stroking one of Scipio's big silky ears.

And soon, very soon, Scipio was to prove his mettle.

Fred's ambition was to make Scipio into a trick dog. But it was impossible to teach him any of the usual tricks, such as begging, playing dead, and jumping through a hoop. The only thing he would do, he did to perfection. He could climb. He would take a running start, and jump and catch hold of a lower limb of the cherry-tree, and before you could say Jack Robinson he 'd be up in the branches, "skipping about like a canary-bird," as his master proudly observed.

Well, one cool moonlight night, when everybody was sound asleep in bed, a most terrific racket broke the stillness. It sounded like a dog-fight, or the wailing of a lost soul, or a pack of hyenas. Even Fred was aroused, which was remarkable, as the loudest alarm-clock ever invented, put under his pillow, never fazed him a bit.

"What the mischief!—" and bang went window-shades as people looked curiously out.



"SUDDENLY A LARGE DARK BODY HURTLED THROUGH THE AIR" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"It 's your dog!" shouted a neighbor across the way, as Fred stuck his head out of the window.

"Wh-where is he?" asked Fred, but the neighbor did n't know, and said so rather crossly.

Fred struggled into his clothes, and when he got out he found his father standing on the front lawn, looking up.

"The noise seems to come from the sky," he said. "That dog is a kind of bird-dog, is n't he?"

Fred whistled and called. Then what was their surprise to see Scipio's form stand out against the moon on the house-top!

"My gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, who had run out too. "How did he get up there?"

"He must have climbed up the trellis and somehow spurred himself up," said Fred. "I 'll go up and see if I can get him down. He does n't mean any harm. I taught him to climb."

Fred took off his shoes, and, fastening a small lantern to his belt, began to climb the trellis. He reached the porch roof easily, but the roof of the house, on top of which Scipio stood, was tiled and so steep that the boy could not crawl up without considerable danger. He whistled and called and tried to coax his dog down. But no, Scipio was evidently afraid to try the slippery tiles again.

Meanwhile, the neighbors were looking on angrily and shouting to each other: "It 's an outrage at this time of night!" "My baby was awakened and she 's almost cried herself into convulsions, poor dear!" "Something ought to be done!"

"This is dreadful!" cried Mrs. Taylor, running into the house. She brought out a rich bone which she had been saving for soup, and Fred hauled it up and tried to tempt Scipio down. But it only made the dog howl more dismally than ever.

Suddenly there was a great clanging and banging, and the fire chief in a red auto, followed by the chemical engine, the hose and the hook-and-ladder wagons, dashed up to the house.

"Where 's the fire?" shouted the chief. "Somebody turned in an alarm."

"There 's no fire," said Mr. Taylor; "but won't you please lend us one of your long ladders? Our dog is on the house-top."

"Dog!" bawled the fire chief, purple with rage. "How dare you turn in an alarm for a dog?"

"I did n't," replied Mr. Taylor. "It must have been one of the neighbors. I 'm very sorry, but please lend us a ladder."

The angry chief at last consented, and they put the ladder against the house and then drove off, telling the Taylors to be sure and return their property by six o'clock in the morning.

Mr. Taylor then mounted the ladder. But Scipio climbed up to the very peak of the house, and, standing by the chimney, he poured out his soul in long, quavering howls. The roof was too steep for Mr. Taylor to crawl on, so he was obliged to give up.

One of the neighbors then came over with a rope and tried to lasso the dog. But his aim was poor, balanced as he was on the top of the ladder, and Scipio began running up and down the ridge-pole, barking furiously.

"What 's the row?" a new voice called gruffly. It was the policeman. He was large and red and stout and out of breath from racing to the spot. In his hand gleamed a revolver. At his side bristled a huge German police-dog. "A robbery, is it?" he demanded.

"No, a dog!" explained the neighbors. "Shoot him! Put him out of misery. He 's disturbing the peace."

The policeman turned to Mr. Taylor. "Well, how about it?" he asked. "Your neighbors wish to have the dog shot."

"If you think it is necessary and can do it without causing the animal any pain, I give my consent," said Mr. Taylor, who was getting quite tired of his son's pet.

Fred was not asked as to his opinion, and the policeman raised his revolver, aimed, and shot—*bang!* When the smoke cleared away, there was Scipio, peering from behind the chimney, his ear cocked inquiringly. "Missed!" muttered everybody. *Bang! Bang! Bang!* flashed the revolver. Scipio was heard to bark angrily. *Bang! Bang!* "Confound that dog!"

Then suddenly a large dark body hurtled through the air. Scipio had decided that it was getting too hot for him above and was now on his way to the ground.

The German police-dog, who had been on Flanders' Fields and was noted for his courage, was standing beside his master, when a strange dog apparently fell upon him from the moonlit skies. Never, never had that police-dog heard of such a thing. With a loud yelp of terror and dismay, he turned tail and ran lickity-split. As for Scipio, when he jumped from the house-top he had not seen the police-dog; and when he landed right square on top of him, he suddenly got the notion that it was this foreign dog that was to blame for all his troubles. So, spurred on by revenge and curiosity, after the stranger he dashed. Both dogs disappeared down the road.

"Well!" exclaimed the policeman. "That dog has ten burglars to his credit. There must be something spooky about your hound."

Quiet reigned and everybody went to bed, even Fred, although he could n't sleep with worrying about his pet.

Early next morning, when he and his father went out to carry the ladder back to the fire-house, there on the front lawn sat Scipio, sound and hale, gnawing the soup-bone. But there was something about his expression which caused Mr. Taylor to remark: "I think he 's had his lesson. I hope so."

And he had, for ever afterward he bore himself with decorum and dignity. But he had lost his one trick. He would never climb again.

Damaris Goes to School

Plymouth Colony

1620





By
Nora Archibald Smith

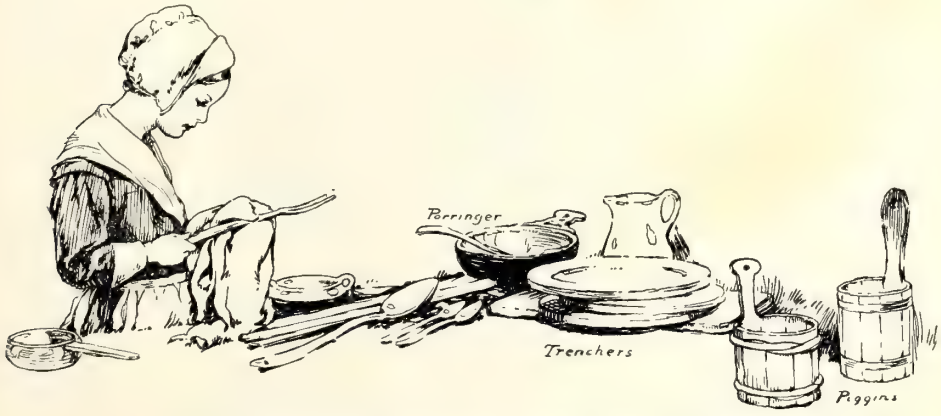
Illustrations by
George Varian

'Twas early dawn, and the great round sun just lifted a rim of red,
When, heedful and careful, Damaris crept from her rude little trundle-bed.
She scrubbed her face and her dimpled hands in the brook at the kitchen door,
Then tiptoed back, lest the babies hear her feet on the rough-hewn floor.
A gown to the ankle, full and dark, she fastened in proper place,
And a kerchief white and a snowy cap adjusted with sober face.

"Now haste thee, Damaris!" Mother cried, "the porridge is well nigh done;
If thou but look through the doorway there, thou 'lt see there 's a risen sun.
Think shame to eat by the light of day, provided for honest toil,
For spinning, for weaving, for tending the house, for tilling the new-turned soil!
Thy father long in the field hath been, thy brother holding the plow;
There 's not a maiden in Plymouth town but earlier was than thou!"

Her basin brimming, the child sat down with a softly spoken grace,
And gave her thanks for the simple meal ere ever she left her place.
Then "piggins" and trenchers and pudding-sticks were carefully washed and dried,
And, when she had finished, Resolved awoke and Yetmercy stirred and cried.
She dressed them both and gave to them both their breakfast of "must-go-down";*
She heard their prattle and found their toys, with never a tear or frown.
The windows rough, with their paper panes, she opened to morning air,
And swept with her broom of hemlock boughs the cabin rough and bare.

*Old New England name for corn-meal porridge.



"PIGGINS AND TRENCHERS AND PUDDING-STICKS WERE CAREFULLY WASHED AND DRIED"

Then Mother said, "Keep thou the time, according to Pilgrim rule;
Be never tardy!" And Damaris heard and Damaris went to school.
She wrapped about her an ample cloak, home-woven, dusky-blue,
And dyed at home from the forest plants her diligent mother knew;
Then book in hand she gravely paced adown the village street,
For little maids must seemly be and walk with decorous feet.
Naught was the school but a neighbor's cot of logs from the forest hewn,
The teacher naught but a sober dame who stepped to a spinner's tune.
And ever in turning, the old wheel sang, "'T is diligence all men prize;
Be steady, be steady, and study and study, for so you are growing wise."



"BOOK IN HAND SHE GRAVELY PACED ADOWN
THE VILLAGE STREET"

The scholars came soberly, bowing low or dropping a curtesy fine;
Boys and girls in a sober row and toddlers last in line,
With a scrape of their stools, they sate them down and read from the blessèd Book,
The mistress eyeing them while she spun, with ever vigilant look.
Then psalms were sung and one clear note above the rest was heard,
For Damaris' voice went fluting up like a heavenward-soaring bird.
"Now take your samplers," the mistress bade, and colored silks and gay
Soon threaded the canvas in and out in a quaint and devious way.
The boys, meantime, were set to write in their books of the birchen bark,
With goose-quills snowy, whose wide-spread nibs made a broad and spluttering mark.

Small gourd-shells held their slender store of father's home-made ink,
And nobody thought of better tools and nobody stopped to think.
The scholars studied all aloud with a noise like a hive of bees,
But nobody minded it any more than the wind in the forest trees.
An idle lad on a stool was set, with a dunce-cap on his head,
And Damaris stole a fearful look and careful her lesson read.



"THE TEACHER WAS NAUGHT BUT A SOBER DAME WHO STEPPED TO A SPINNER'S TUNE"

The sand in the hour-glass slowly down had slipped on its shining way,
And now 't was the time to bid good-by and now 't was the time for play.
Small time had Damaris; not for her to roam in the forest wide,
To hurry homeward her duty plain and busy at home to bide.
But there would be welcome! Her father, grave and sober by Pilgrim rule,
Would wait in the doorway to bless his maid, his Damaris home from school.



THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA-LARK

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR AND H. P. HOLT

Authors of "Lost Island," "Fortunes of War," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

THREE years before the story begins, Mr. Samuel Holden is robbed of a bag of money belonging to the firm of Barker and Holden. A gale is raging, and the thief escapes in the darkness. Simon Barker accuses Mr. Holden of conniving at the robbery, and, to make good the loss, the latter sells his home and finds employment as a bookkeeper. When the story starts, Jack Holden, eager to help his father, secures possession of a dismantled sloop, the *Sea-Lark*, and fits her up for use as a ferry across Greenport Harbor. With him in the enterprise are his chum, George Santo, and Rodney Farnham, to whose father the *Sea-Lark* formerly belonged. Two mysterious strangers, Martin and Hegan, seek to buy or rent the sloop, and, failing, make frequent trips in her. Simon Barker's schooner *Grace and Ella* is rescued by the *Sea-Lark* and towed to port. Barker refuses to pay the salvage agreed on, five hundred dollars, and Jack takes his case to a lawyer. Jack, sleeping alone in the sloop, is attacked at night and his assailant escapes unrecognized. Jack and George are caught at sea in a storm, and, losing mainsail and anchor, drift helplessly until a landing is made on an island. There they repair damages and at last return in safety, to learn that the mysterious strangers, Martin and Hegan, had offered to subscribe toward chartering a tug to be sent to rescue them.

CHAPTER XII

HEGAN SHOWS HIS HAND

HEGAN and Martin strolled to the edge of the wharf and looked down on the deck of the *Sea-Lark*.

"Good morning," said Jack. "Cap'n Crumbie has been telling me about your being kind enough to start a subscription for the tug when we were blown out to sea. It was awfully kind of you."

"Subscription?" said Hegan. "Oh, yes, I 'd forgotten. That 's nothing. Forget it! You can't stand by and see a friend drown, can you?"

"I 'm glad it did n't cost you anything, after all," said Jack, lightly. "I don't mind admitting we should have been mighty glad to see that tug, and I 'm much obliged to you, all the same."

"Say, to-morrow 's Sunday. You don't run the ferry Sundays, do you?"

"No."

"I was just sayin' to my friend Martin that p'raps we might persuade you to take us for a sail. We 're both going back to New York to-morrow night, and I 'd like one good run in the sloop afore I go. What d' you say?"

"Why, I 'll be glad to," said the boy, graciously, feeling that was the least he could do to repay them for their generous offer of assistance. "As early as you like. What about seven o'clock?"

"Fine," replied Hegan. "We 'll be here."

As George had promised to visit some friends with his mother next day, Jack arranged with Rod to accompany him on the trip in the sloop, promising to pick him up at the hotel landing as they sailed.

The men kept their appointment punctually enough. As a matter of fact, they arrived at the wharf immediately after Jack and George left the vessel to go home for breakfast; and, finding the cabin door locked, they asked Cap'n Crumbie where they could get the key.

"I guess Jack must have it," replied the Cap'n; and he remained there chatting with them until the skipper of the *Sea-Lark* returned.

Sailing across to the landing, they found Rod awaiting them, and then the sloop's bow was turned toward the sea.

"Now, which way do you want to go?" asked Jack. "The water is dead calm."

"How about a run down the coast as far as Penley?" Martin suggested, glancing sideways at Hegan.

"It 's all the same to me," replied Hegan, airily. "So long as I 'm afloat with a good cigar in my mouth, it don't make any odds whether we go north, south, east, or west."

"All right," said Jack.

Soon after they got clear of the harbor and round the end of the breakwater, however, Hegan, for some unaccountable reason, changed his mind.

"Let 's run up the coast, as far as Indian Head," he said.

"I thought you did n't care where you were so long as you were afloat," replied Jack, laughing. "We might n't be able to get back again if this bit of a breeze dropped, because of the tide."

"Oh, come on," said Hegan, with rough good humor, "let 's take a chance. I 'd like to see the coast around that way, and this wind ain't goin' to drop."

"Well, if you really want to," agreed Jack. "But don't blame me if you miss your train through not getting back on time."

"That 's all right," said Hegan. "I want to see Indian Head from the ocean. It 's years since I was off there. How far is it to Baymouth from the Head?"

The question was put with such curious intentness that Jack glanced at the man before replying.

"Thinking of swimming it?" he asked. "About two miles as the crab walks."

"I thought it was about that," replied Hegan; and then he strolled forward to where Martin was leaning against the mast. The two men talked for some time in low voices, watching the coast-line as the sloop slid slowly past, but neither Jack nor Rodney took much notice of them. Presently, however, Hegan turned round and shouted aft to the captain.

"Could n't you keep her a bit further out?" he asked casually. "We don't want to hug the shore all the way up."

Jack waved a hand in reply, and gave a slight turn to the wheel, in response to which the *Sea-Lark* headed further east, and before long a considerable distance separated the sloop from the shore.

"I guess we had better not go much further," he called out then. "It looks kind of hazy over there."

"Why, we can't be so far off Indian Head now, can we?" Martin queried. "Both of us wanted to have a look at it."

"There it is," replied Jack, pointing off on the port bow to a blur on the coast which was rendered vague by the slight haze.

"All right. You don't mind going up as far as that, do you?"

Jack hesitated a moment. The wind was so light now that it would barely be sufficient to carry them back over the tide, and Greenport Harbor was full seven or eight miles off.

"This is no power-boat, you know," he said, endeavoring to meet the wishes of the men in good part. "And I don't like that haze, either. It would n't surprise me a bit if there was a regular fog soon. I think we 'll turn back."

Hegan walked aft with his companion at his heels.

"Nothing doing!" he said in a tone which astounded the skipper. "Keep her going just as she is till you get orders from me."

"Orders!" Jack repeated. "If you talk like that, I 'll dump you both out on the nearest beach and leave you to get back as well as you can."

"No you won't," said Hegan, with an ugly expression, drawing a small but wicked-looking revolver from his coat pocket and pointing it at Jack.

"Put that thing down and stop your nonsense," said Jack, furious.

Rodney, taken aback for a moment by the suddenness of the men's change of front, recovered his self-possession and quietly reached down to the mast rail for one of the belaying pins.

"*Drop that!*"

The words came from Martin like the crack of a whip as he swung round, and Rodney saw that he, too, was armed.

"Is this a joke?" Jack demanded, white to the lips. He was more than half inclined to let go the wheel and with one quick step forward push Hegan over the rail into the sea. But there was something about the man's manner that showed he meant to fire if he were not obeyed.

"Yes, just our little joke!" Hegan replied. "All the same, you won't see any fun in it if you don't do as you 're told."

"There won't be any fun in it for you either, soon," replied Jack, glancing over his shoulder. "Look at this fog-bank drifting up. We 're going to be in a nice fix."

"Just what I want," replied Hegan. "Now, take it calm, and p'raps you won't get hurt. I don't know that it would n't be best to thump you both on the top of the head and drop you overboard. Nice time you 've given us, ain't you?"

"Given *you?*"

"Never mind about that," snapped Hegan. "The least said the soonest mended. Here, give me that wheel, and get for'ard. Keep 'em covered, Martin. This feller looks as though he was going to try to give us a bit o' trouble. What d' you say? Shall we make 'em swim for it? A two-mile swim on a day like this is good for any one." He laughed evilly.

"You stick to the program, Hegan," replied Martin. "No killin', that 's what we agreed on."

The edge of the fog-bank was already enveloping the sloop, and the coast-line was now hidden from view.

"But a nice little swim—" Hegan began.

"Shut up!" Martin snarled, losing his temper.

"All right," replied Hegan. "You always was a chicken-livered cuss, huh? Now, Captain, oblige me and my friend by steppin' for'ard up against your pal, so that, if necessary, Martin can chip bits off you both with that gun o' his."

"I won't do anything of the kind," replied Jack, pluckily, although he had an uncomfortable feeling that Hegan's revolver was pointed at the pit of his stomach.

"Guess you will," said Hegan, sneeringly, as he stepped back a few feet. "I 'm going to count three. If you ain't making yourself scarce in that vicinity by the time I say 'three,' I 'll fire past you. I don't want to do any killin', mind. I 'll fire to miss you the first time, but the second shot won't miss."

Jack stared stubbornly at the man who, however, showed no signs of wavering. And the shining weapon in his hand was a painfully conclusive argument.

"One!" said Hegan.

Jack set his lips tightly, but continued to hold on to the wheel. "Two!"

"Three!"

There was a sharp report, and a bullet whizzed within a foot of Jack's head. It would have been sheer suicide to hold out any longer against such odds. The boy frowned and walked forward to where Rodney was standing.

"Of course, if you 're going to do that sort of thing," he said, "you can have your own way just now. But you 'll have to smart for it later on."

Taking possession of the wheel, Hegan steered farther into the bewildering fog.

"Don't mind them, Martin," he said. "But keep your eyes skinned, all the same, or they 'll slip one over on you."

Although Jack had found discretion the better part of valor, he was by no means inclined to take his medicine lying down.

"You bet we will!" he declared, truculently. "I was an idiot to let you come off with us, anyway! It was one of you two who tried to choke me in the cabin a little while back. I felt pretty certain of it all along. But after what the watchman told me yesterday, I thought I must have been mistaken."

"I guess you 're right," said Hegan. "My friend Martin was to blame for that. He always makes a mess of things if I 'm not along to help him."

Martin's revolver went off, and Rod, who had again stooped quickly to pick up a belaying-pin, straightened himself with a jerk.

"Aw, *would* you!" grinned Martin. "Next time you try any of that stuff you 'll get hit, see?"

"What on earth do you chaps want?" Jack asked savagely. "You can't get away with this sloop! I 'll have the fishermen hunting all along the coast for it."

The two men exchanged glances, and Hegan winked at his companion.

"Would n't they like to know?" he jeered.

"Keep your mouth shut," Martin growled warningly.

Whatever the intention of the two men was, their plans were now being affected by something they had not anticipated. The fog had blotted out everything except a comparatively small space of the ocean around them, and, to complicate matters still more, the sails of the *Sea-Lark*, after flapping lazily for a while, now began to hang limply. The faint breeze had died down entirely, and the sloop lay motionless.

"This ain't no good!" Hegan commented at length, addressing his companion. "Better set them two adrift in their dinghy."

"What do you want to do that for?" demanded the captain, heatedly. So long as he had both feet on the sloop's deck he stood at least some chance of defending his property.

"Don't ask questions," snapped Hegan. "Hop over the side, there."

With both Martin and Hegan covering them with revolvers, the lads had no alternative but to obey. They were in the dinghy, and Martin still held the painter in his hand ready to cast it loose, when an idea occurred to Hegan.

"Pass me up those oars," he ordered.

Jack gave a sudden tug on the painter but did not succeed in dragging it from Martin's hand.

"Come down and get them yourself if you 're so anxious for the things," Jack retorted.

"You young varmint! Bound to give us as much trouble as you can, ain't you?" snarled Hegan, clambering over the side and nearly swamping the little dinghy, which was never made to hold more than two, as he gained possession of the oars.

"What did you expect me to do?" asked Jack. "Hand them up to you politely and then kiss you good-by? I suppose you fellows both know you 'll go to prison for this as soon as the police put their hands on you."

"They 've got to catch us first," grunted Hegan, as, with his foot on the prow of the dinghy, he pushed it off. It slid a few yards through the water and then lay still by the side of the *Sea-Lark* until a faint puff of wind fluttered the sails of the sloop and she drifted half a cable's length farther away.

"What in the name of goodness do you suppose those chaps did that for?" Jack exclaimed presently.

"They 've got some crazy notion of stealing the sloop, I guess," replied Rodney. "It *is* crazy, though. To begin with, they can't get far. They 'll have to put in at Baymouth or some other place within a few miles. And when we land, it won't be half an hour before all the police along this part of the coast are looking out for them. They can't disguise her, and they won't have more than a few hours to sell her."

"I can't help thinking the same way that you do about it," replied Jack, laughing, for in spite of the unpleasantness of their position there was something utterly ludicrous and unexpected about it. "But we 're not ashore yet. Got no oars, remember."

"How far is the shore from here?"

Jack shrugged.

"A couple of miles, perhaps. I guess it can't be much more. I *think* it lies over there," he said, pointing vaguely into the bewildering mass of fog.

"*I* think it 's over here," declared Rod, pointing in nearly the opposite direction. "The sloop is—" He turned to glance in the direction of the sloop, but found the mist had swallowed her up.

"She 's over there," said Jack.

"No, she 's over there," Rod contradicted.

"What are you going by? The wind, or the sun?"



"'IS THIS A JOKE?' JACK DEMANDED, WHITE TO THE LIPS"

"Guess-work," owned Rod, realizing that in a dead calm, surrounded by fog, all points of the compass looked alike.

"We 're stuck! That 's all there is to it," said Jack. "Nothing much can happen to us, though, as it 's such fine weather, barring the fog. And that 's bound to lift soon. We could paddle ashore with our hands, on a pinch, as soon as we can see where we are."

But the fog continued to hang over the surface like a pall, and the boys waited with what patience they could muster, because though, by paddling with their hands they might be able to send the dinghy through the water at the rate of a mile an hour or even more, they were as likely to paddle her further out to sea as not.

Suddenly Jack straightened up and put his head on one side, listening.

"What was that?" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER XIII

TRAPPED

"Did n't hear a thing," replied Rod.

"I did, though," declared the captain. "Listen!

After a while a faint creaking sound came over the water.

"Hear it then?" Jack asked.

The other nodded. "What was it?" he queried, straining his ears afresh.

A smile came slowly to Jack's face.

"I believe it 's the sloop," he declared. "She 's stuck, anyway, the same as we are, you know. Hegan and his pal will have to stay just where they are until a breeze happens along. And there has n't been more than a breath of air since they threw us out."

"It might be some other boat," Rod suggested.

"We 'll soon settle that," said Jack. "Ahoy, there! Ahoy!"

He knew that call must travel quite a long way in such still air, and, when no answering hail was returned, his suspicions were confirmed.

"Can't you picture them, as mad as a couple of hornets!" Jack chuckled. "They 've fallen into their own trap, and they can't get out of it until a breeze comes."

"I suppose there 's no chance of paddling back alongside and catching them off their guard?" Rod suggested.

The captain frowned thoughtfully.

"I guess not," he said. "They 'll be getting the jumps soon. We 'd make a pretty good target, remember, if they started to take pot-shots at us. All the same, I 'm game if you are. It would be better than sitting here and doing nothing. *There* she goes again. You heard? It 's the boom swinging in the swell. Here, what idiots we are!" he went on, stooping and lifting the floor boards of the dinghy. "What could you want better than these for paddles? Quietly, now. If they hear us coming, we shall have no better chance than when we drifted away. I expect it will be no good, anyway, but I can't sit still doing nothing much longer."

Judging as accurately as possible the direction of the sound that came across the water occasionally, they began to paddle softly, and within five minutes Jack held up a warning hand and pointed ahead, where the shape of the *Sea-Lark* loomed dimly.

For another twenty fathoms they urged the dinghy along, until it was possible to see the sloop distinctly. Contrary to Jack's expectation, there was nobody visible on deck. In such a dead calm it would have been useless for Hegan to stand by the wheel, but Jack was puzzled. The dinghy was now drawing near the vessel.

"I wonder if they 've—" Rod began in a whisper; whereupon Jack silenced him with an imperative gesture. The sloop looked as though she had been abandoned, but, as there was no small boat in which the men could leave her, that was obviously not the explanation. By signs only did Jack now communicate with his friend. Like a wraith, the dinghy slid under the *Sea-Lark's* bow. Motioning Rod to keep the little craft from bumping against the side of the sloop, Jack placed his hands on the deck and slowly drew himself up until he was aboard the *Sea-Lark* again, on his hands and knees. Still nobody challenged him. His pulse was beating a shade faster than usual as he crawled cautiously down the little alleyway between the deck-house and the low rail, for there was no disguising the fact that he was inviting trouble. There were two armed men, evidently entirely unscrupulous fellows, to contend with. If they suddenly saw him creeping along the deck, it was the most likely thing in the world that one of them would blaze away with his revolver.

Jack came near to the port-hole let into the side of the deck-house. By looking through there, he would be able to see the inside of the cabin. But, unfortunately, those inside the cabin stood an equally good chance of seeing him, with consequences distinctly unpleasant, if not painful. He could hear them now. They were evidently engaged in some dispute, for Hegan's raucous voice was raised in protest more than once, and he heard Martin say, "Well, hurry up, then."

There came, also, a peculiar sound as of dull blows and the straining of woodwork.

A wild hope had come into Jack's head, but in order to execute the plan which he hastily formed, it became necessary for him to pass before the port-hole.

Cautiously he leaned forward until his eyes fell on the forms of the men inside. They had their backs turned toward him, and were intent on some work of destruction. In his hand Hegan held a short bar of steel, just such an implement as Jack had found on the cabin floor after the midnight struggle. With it he was tearing away one planks from the side of the cabin, and the creaking of rusted nails.

Suddenly Hegan gave a cry and put his hand down behind the sheathing.

"I see it!" he cried exultantly. "Just like we left it, too! Sort of misjudged you, did n't I? Guess you would n't have the pluck to double-



"'WE 'LL SOON SETTLE THAT,' SAID JACK. 'AHOY, THERE! AHOY!'"

of the boards that formed the sheathing of the cabin. Several such boards had already been ripped off and lay in splinters on the floor.

"I tell you, it 's gone!" Martin exclaimed in an angry voice.

"And if it 's gone," retorted Hegan, turning toward his companion, with the bar of steel held menacingly in the air, "there 's only one person who could have taken it."

"What d 'you mean?" demanded Martin.

"I mean just what I say. If you 've double-crossed me, you won't get away with it. You 'll have me to reckon with. I know now why you did n't want to come off in the sloop to-day. I thought at first it was just because you were naturally scared o' anything bigger than a chicken. Now I got you!"

"I tell you I don't know a thing about it," Martin protested, in whining tones. "Maybe it 's there after all. Smash another board off."

Hegan returned to his task, and for a few minutes there was no sound beyond the rending of cross a feller like me, though! Here it is, safe and sound!"

And Jack, watching through the port, saw the man's hand withdrawn from behind the broken sheathing, grasping the strange object of his search.

Jack had remained motionless watching this strange spectacle, but he now crept noiselessly astern while the men were engaged with their discovery. Evidently they did not notice his form pass the port-hole, but the most critical part of the boy's task still lay ahead. If only he could reach the cockpit unobserved and fasten Hegan and Martin up in the cabin, the tables would, indeed, be turned.

The lad peered cautiously round the after end of the deck-house and his face brightened, for one of the doors was half closed. That gave him a chance to approach the companionway without being seen. His movements, however, had to be slow, for any sudden jerk on the part of the sloop would instantly have aroused the suspicion of the

men. He hardly breathed as he put one foot over the edge of the cockpit onto the broad seat, his eyes glued the while on the doors, which swung outward. There was a bare chance that he might bang both doors to and fasten them before Hegan and Martin had time to interfere. It would be the work of an instant only, once he got near enough to accomplish his object, and the catch with which the closed doors could be fastened together was hanging down temptingly.

A fresh dispute had evidently arisen between the two men, for they were speaking angrily once more; and while they were so engaged, the boy gently closed the half-open door. Then, with a swift movement, he reached across for the other door and closed it with a bang, snapping the catch across firmly.

Instantly an outcry arose in the cabin.

"Who 's there?" shouted Martin.

"Open that door!" yelled Hegan.

For answer Jack took a key from his pocket, slipped the padlock through the catch and locked it.

"Come on, Rod," he called, springing back on deck from the cockpit and taking the dinghy's painter aboard. "We 've got them!"

"What? How did you do it?" Rod asked, puzzled. His nerves had been sorely tried by an anxious wait of fully five minutes, during which time anything might have happened at any moment.

"I shut the door on them, that 's all. They were asleep at the switch!"

"Hello, there! Open this door!" the two men were now shouting in chorus.

"You stop where you are, and be quiet," Jack shouted back.

"Listen to me," Hegan called out. "What 's the idea of fastening us up? Can't you take a joke?"

"Oh, yes," said Jack. "Now it 's your turn."

"Well, this ain't funny," replied Hegan. "Just you open the door, an' we 'll call it quits."

"Not likely," said the boy. "I 'll open the door when we get back to Greenport and there 's a police officer to talk to you as you come out. Perhaps you can explain to him what you mean by turning me off my boat and smashing my cabin up."

"If you don't let us out, I 'll break the door open and then you 'll have real trouble on your hands!"

"They 'll have some difficulty in breaking that door open," said Rodney. "Meanwhile, look at that!" He pointed to the canvas which was again fluttering. "Pretty soon we 'll be able to sail back."

"Not till this fog lifts," replied Jack. "I 've got a compass, but it 's in the locker down there. *There* she comes," he added as a puff of wind swept over the sea. "This 'll soon blow the fog away."

The men below had been quiet for a few moments, evidently holding a council of war.

"Jack," Hegan called out at last.

"What do you want?"

"I want you to open this door and have a talk."

"You can talk where you are if you want to. I 'm listening."

"Yes, but I want to get out."

"I have told you, I 'm not going to let you out."

"If you don't, it 'll be your funeral," declared Hegan. "Listen here, we made up our minds that we were n't going to hurt any one if we could help it."

"Well, you 're not hurting any one," retorted Jack, with a laugh.

"I shall if I start shooting. We 've got plenty of cartridges left. They 'll go clean through the wood, and I 've no fancy to turn this into a hanging job. One of you might get wounded or even killed."

"I 'm willing to take a chance," replied Jack, moving away from the companionway door and seeking safety on deck. "You blaze away if it amuses you."

Immediately there came a muffled report from the interior of the cabin, and a bullet, piercing the woodwork, sang its way over the stern of the sloop.

"Now, will you let us out?" Hegan demanded.

"Yes, very soon," replied Jack. "We 'll be in Greenport before long."

Another shot rang out, and Jack, who had taken hold of the wheel, gave a start as the bullet narrowly missed him. The breeze was freshening rapidly, and already he could dimly make out a portion of the coast-line, which gave the captain a general idea in which direction to steer. But to stand there and deliberately present himself as a target for the two ruffians in the cabin had no appeal for him whatever. He slipped behind the wheel, and crouched down as low as possible, at the same time motioning Rodney to go forward, out of range.

"Don't take any chances, Rod," he advised.

The *Sea-Lark* was now leaning over gently before the breeze, and beginning to cut along slowly toward the harbor.

"They could n't hit a hay-stack in a passage," shouted Rodney, derisively, as he skipped into the bow.

Immediately a shot came flying through the forward end of the deck-house, and Rodney ducked behind the mast.

"Have you two had enough of it yet?" Hegan bawled.

"Keep her going, if it amuses you," replied Jack, from his vantage ground. "The more shots you fire now, the better I like it. All these holes in the side of the cabin will make the evidence against you lots worse."

"Don't be an idiot," said Hegan. "You 're only making it worse for yourselves when I get at you. I 'm going to shoot the lock off if you don't unfasten it, but I 'll keep a shot for you."

Jack knew well enough that this would prove no idle threat if they did succeed in blowing the fastening off the door, and they would be able to do that easily enough if their ammunition held out. Still, it was something to be forewarned.

"Rod!" he called out, beckoning with his finger.

Rodney quickly came aft.

"I want you to take this wheel," Jack said. "Keep down as much as you can, and they 'll never hit you."

"What are *you* going to do?"

"I 'm going to get ready with the boat-hook, in case they manage to break the door open," replied the other, grimly, as another shot came through the side of the cabin and buried itself in the woodwork of the cockpit. "See, they 've started to fire around the lock. It won't hold forever under that sort of treatment. If only we could keep them there another half-hour, we should be round the end of the breakwater, but I 'm afraid they 'll smash their way out before that."

"You stick to the steering," said Rodney. "I 'll tackle them with the boat-hook."

"If you don't do as I tell you," said the captain, firmly, "I 'll swing her up into the wind, and we'll lose time. Ouch!" he added, as another bullet whizzed past.

Reluctantly Rodney obeyed. Jack seized the boat-hook, and stood ready on the deck at the edge of the cockpit. It would still have been possible for them to get away in the dinghy, but the sloop was heading for harbor, and there was a tempting, sporting chance of winning out. Moreover, Jack was by no means sure that if he and Rodney did get away in the dinghy, Hegan and his confederate would allow them to escape, for they could overtake the dinghy rapidly, now that a fresh breeze was filling the sails.

Two more shots rang out, and the door of the companionway became badly splintered.

"Are you going to let us out?" demanded Hegan's voice, in menacing tones.

Jack cautiously moved out of the way before replying.

"No, and if you put your head out, you 'll get the boat-hook on top of it!" he shouted.

There was a brief pause, and then a heavy pounding began on the inside of the door. The men were using the table to batter their way out.

(To be concluded)

THE SAVING WORD

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

"Any good therefore, that I can do, or any kindness to any fellow-creature, let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again."

Joan Martin impatiently adjusted the brown-paper cuffs that protected her white shirt-waist, pulled her necktie straight with an indifferent gesture, and took her place in the curved front of the shoe department of the R. H. Grover Company's big department store. She stood fronting the elevators, where a never-ending stream of humanity surged back and forth, constantly stopping with questions, beginning, "Can you tell me—"

These questions, many of them beyond her province, Joan answered with an agreeable, never-failing courtesy. Her province was shoes, but she had long since discovered that in order to satisfy the customers as well as her ideal of a good saleswoman, she must have at her tongue's end the location of every department in the store. In consequence, part of each noon hour she spent in tours of inspection, first of one floor, then another; and Joan had a good memory. People came to recognize the fact that "the girl at the front of the shoe department at Grover's" could tell them accurately where to find things.

But on this special morning Joan's mind was not on shoes or lingerie, and it was with a forced smile that she answered those many questions. Quite automatically she waited on her customers and saw that each one was served without delay; but her mind—all save the mechanical part which was earning her daily bread—was in a cheap little apartment four flights up in a rather forlorn, shabby part of the big city. To Joan it was home,

and it was to keep that home together that she lost no chance to make herself the efficient saleswoman that she was. It was to keep her frail little mother from taking in the fine sewing that threatened her eyesight; it was to buy nourishing food, food looked upon by their neighbors as "luxuries," for the small brother who lay all day watching with wistful eyes the children playing in the street below and counting the hours till Joan's return. Only last night Joan had dreamt that she had lost her place, and the horror of the possibility was still upon her, blighting the morning freshness.

It was but two days since she had had a talk with the doctor about the little brother. The doctor was young, and full of enthusiasm for his work, and, barring Joan, was the brightest spot in the little brother's restricted life. He had told Joan that a year of real country living would bring new life to the little boy; that it was imperative, were they to save him, to get him away from the dust and noise and unwholesome environment of city life. He had even gone to the trouble of hunting up a boarding-place, a place near enough to the city so that he himself could keep an eye on the little chap. It would be the simplest of country living, but the doctor could make arrangements (Joan did not guess that the arrangements would be a drain on his own pocketbook) whereby the little brother and his mother could board there for ——.

The doctor mentioned a sum so small that Joan lifted her shrewd gray eyes to his; but the doctor knew Joan's eyes, and was prepared. Beneath his unflinching gaze, her own gaze dropped. She sat quite still for a moment, her mind busy with mental calculations, and when she raised her eyes again there was a mist before them that would have amazed her associates in the R. H. Grover Company shoe department.

"I could as easily—buy a yacht," she said unsteadily; then, pulling herself together: "I 'll manage some way. I must have time to think things out. If I could get a raise, were it ever so little—"

"Why not ask?" said the doctor, eagerly.

"I did, six months ago and got turned down. I dare n't try again so soon; but," she looked up gallantly, "I 'll find a way. We 've got to save him."

"O, we 'll save him!" the doctor answered. "Just think it over. This is the best way, of course; but then there are the state hospitals, you know—"

"Don't!" cried Joan, suddenly, with a quick drawn breath, "He—he 's so little to go away from us. I could n't bear it."

"Nor could I," responded the doctor, warmly.

And Joan was not the only one who made calculations late that night.

Yet there seemed no way out. She had turned her accounts upside down, and those few extra dollars were not forthcoming, because Joan herself had no luxuries to give up. Her brain was weary with scheming, and the smile with which she greeted her customers came pitifully hard. If she dared—

"Will you tell me where I can find unbleached cotton cloth?" came a weary interruption to her thoughts.

Joan turned brightly. "Third floor. Left of the elevator. Wall counter." But even as the words left her lips she was thinking, "If I went without supper three times a week—"

This state of things continued through the long hours of the close spring day. It was nearing four o'clock when Joan, standing alertly at her post, but with a mind busy with her problem, was interrupted.

"Is this the place to look for cork inner soles?"

"Surely!" replied Joan, pleasantly, smiling up into the face of a white-haired gentleman. "I 'll find a clerk for you." She glanced quickly into the department, then, seeing that every one was busy, she added: "What size, please? I 'll get them for you. It 's late, so I know you 're in a hurry."

And five minutes later the customer was departing with a pleasant: "Thank you. I was afraid I 'd miss my train."

Joan smiled in reply; but even as he turned his back, her mind reverted to the question, "If I took a cheap room down in the south end, I wonder what I could save."

The little brother looked very white and listless when Joan returned that night. He greeted her with a wan little smile, and pointed to the stunted maple-tree across the street. "It 'll blossom soon now," he said wearily; then, "Did you ever see a lilac-bush in bloom, Joan?"

"Now seems to me I have," she replied cheerfully. "It was in the park. What made you ask, Sonny?"

His eyes brightened with interest. "The doctor told me. They grow all round where he came from; and, come a late spring, they take 'em to the cemetery on Decoration Day, for the soldiers; but most years they bloom too early. They 're purple, Joan, an' sometimes white, and they make the whole air smell sweet. O, I wish I could see a lilac-bush in bloom!"

Joan turned aside to hide the tears. "Maybe you can some day, dearie," she answered. "You eat whatever the doctor tells you to, like a good boy, and some Saturday Joan 'll take you to the park. It 's most as good as the real country."

It was Joan who could not eat that night. The food seemed to choke her; and after the little brother was safe in bed, she put on her hat and told her mother she was going for a breath of air. But she did n't go far. She turned in at a doorway that had plainly known better days and which bore a brass sign proclaiming it to be the abode of J. R. Gage, M.D., and sat down in the stuffy little waiting-room until an Italian woman, with a baby in her arms, and a small boy on crutches had departed.

"Oh!" said the doctor, glancing into the waiting-room, "it 's you. Come in where it 's cooler."

He led the way to his office, where, in some miraculous manner, he seemed to have captured a breeze. Joan sank wearily into a chair near the desk and looked up without speaking.

"No luck?" said the doctor, understandingly.

Joan shook her head. "I 've planned till I 'm dizzy," she confessed, "and I can't squeeze out those extra dollars. But to-day I was wondering if I got a room somewhere in the south end—"

"Oh, my dear!" broke in the doctor, hastily, "you don't know what you 're saying! The dirt —and squalor—"

"I could stand the squalor," replied Joan, grimly, "and I could keep one room fairly clean. It would be only temporary, and perhaps the long walk to work would do me good. Honestly, Dr. Gage, I don't see any other way; and even that might not save enough to do much good."

"I won't have it!" said the doctor, brusquely.

He rose, pacing up and down the office. "I tell you what," he said with forced cheerfulness, "those state hospitals are not so bad. I—"

"I 'm not going to send my little brother to *any* hospital," interrupted Joan, "if all he needs is air and sunshine and his mother's care. I 'd live in the worst tenement in the city first. He 'd miss us frightfully. He 'd miss you too. I—"

She stopped abruptly, and the doctor ceased his pacing to look at her. "Let 's think about it a while longer," he said gently. "Something may turn up, and I 'll look about for a cheaper place, though I fear it 's useless."

"Don't bother," said Joan, rising. "You 've bothered enough, and you never send a bill until my tongue is tired asking for it, and then it 's so ridiculously small that I 'm ashamed to pay it. I brought this much on account to-night."



"'GO HOME!' COMMANDED THE DOCTOR, STERNLY. 'AND DON'T WORRY TOO MUCH'"

She handed him a crumpled bank-note, but he thrust it back almost angrily. "I don't *do* anything," he exploded, "except to run in and cheer him up! If you want me to feel like a thief—"

"It is I who am the thief," flashed Joan; "but if you knew how I—how we all feel about you—"

"Go home!" commanded the doctor, sternly. "Go home to bed. And don't worry too much.

Something 's bound to turn up. I feel it in my bones. Look here," he added, as she reached the door, "don't skimp on lunches. It 's up to you to keep the boat going, you know. Good night."

It was an early spring that year. The first warm days were breathless, and the little brother wilted. Joan still smiled pleasantly at her customers, but the heart beneath her white shirt-waist bore a weight that sometimes threatened to suffocate her. She was finding it difficult to sleep, and, when she succeeded, her dreams were disturbed nightmares revolving about the idea that she had "lost her job." The weary weeks dragged by—interminable weeks to Joan, though her associates would not have guessed it. Her smile was as ready, her information as accurate, her effort to please every one as apparently spontaneous as before. There came a Saturday when she planned not to go home to supper, but to spend the time in that dreaded south end, hunting a room, the very cheapest room she could find, whatever its locality. The thought sickened her, but not to the extent of driving her from her purpose. There were blue circles around the little brother's eyes that morning which tore her heart. The doctor would not approve, but there was no other way. It was near closing time and Joan was tired, but she turned with her usual sunny smile at a touch on her arm, and to her surprise faced one of the boys from the office.

"Mr. Tilton wants you to report to him before you leave," he said briefly; and the girl, nodding her reply, relaxed limply against the show-case.

So it had come! She might have known that those foreboding dreams meant something. It was only a serious offense that summoned a girl to the director's office; yet—what had she done? Was it possible that the chaos within her had been reflected in her conduct? She had tried—so hard—

"Not sick, are you?" asked a fellow sales-girl, and Joan pulled herself together at the words.

"This early heat always gets me," she explained hastily. "Two minutes to closing time now. The fresh air 's all I need."

The words were reassuring, but the girl looked back uneasily as she moved away.

The director's office was on the tenth floor, commanding, beyond the chimneys and spires of the city, an inspiring vista of distant mountains and refreshing streams. Joan stood for a moment in the corridor, looking down at the common, its tree-tops faintly green, then at the blue, blue hills beyond. Must it be the hospital for that little brother, she thought drearily, in place of those green pastures and still waters she yearned to give him? She turned, squaring her shoulders as if for battle, and knocked on the director's door.

"Oh, come in, Miss Martin," he greeted her, and motioned to a seat which she did not take. Perhaps he noticed that her capable-looking hands were not quite steady, for he added quickly: "I 'm sorry to keep you after hours, but I have a letter here which concerns you. We intend to print it in the "Store News," but I thought you 'd like to show it to your people first. Sit down please, Miss Martin."

He handed her a letter, and Joan, turning her chair a little toward the light, read this astonishing communication.

R. H. Grover Company,

Dear Sirs:

This is the sort of "complaint" that may not often come your way. I have always felt that if "charge customers" feel free to find fault when there is occasion, they should also feel free to commend when especially merited.

This morning at breakfast I was saying to Mrs. Whitney that one of the most intelligent and attentive sales-people at Grover's is the young lady at the shoe place on the ground floor. Standing fronting the aisles, she is constantly approached by customers and strangers with a multiplicity of "I want to know" questions. And she is quite equal to it all—a "talking-machine" directory, always replying promptly and pleasantly. This I noted more than once while making purchases there. She fairly ran back to the division where the articles I wished for were kept, so as to wait on every one and not lose a sale. That is, she seemed to feel that sense of individual responsibility that makes for efficient salesmanship.

A satisfied and pleased buyer is an actual asset—and this is where such an assistant adds to the best assets of the house. This is all I know of the young lady, but I presume you can locate her from what I have said in the course of my "complaint"!

Very truly yours,

F. H. Whitney.

Joan laid down the letter, raising surprised eyes to the director. "Does it mean *me?*" she asked, a little breathless.

Joan's eyes were beautiful, and just then they shone with a certain lambent quality that held the director spellbound. He had to pull himself together to answer kindly: "Is it so hard, Miss Martin, to see ourselves as others see us? This is the sort of 'complaint' it pays the firm to recognize. From now on your salary will be increased to ——."

The sum he mentioned brought the color pounding to Joan's cheeks. For a moment she could not understand. When she did, when the truth burst suddenly upon her, one picture flashed before her vision, like the beautiful fulfilment of a dream. It was the picture of a little, white-cheeked boy, standing in awe before a bush bending with purple blossoms. Even a faint, sweet odor seemed wafted on the air about her. She brushed her hand across her eyes in a dazed gesture, then said, breathlessly, "Oh, if you knew—if you knew—"



"'I 'M SORRY TO KEEP YOU AFTER HOURS, BUT I HAVE A LETTER HERE WHICH CONCERNS YOU'"

and then, quite without warning, her bright head went down on the director's desk, and Joan, who had schooled herself so rigidly to control her feelings, was weeping.

It was another Saturday, some three months later, that Joan stood at her post, alert as ever, but occasionally casting wistful glances at the clock. She was the same Joan, yet a close observer would have seen a subtle difference. Her shirt-waist seemed, if possible, a trifle crisper; her crêpe tie was adjusted with greater care, and her smooth, brown tresses were arranged with a more discerning hand.

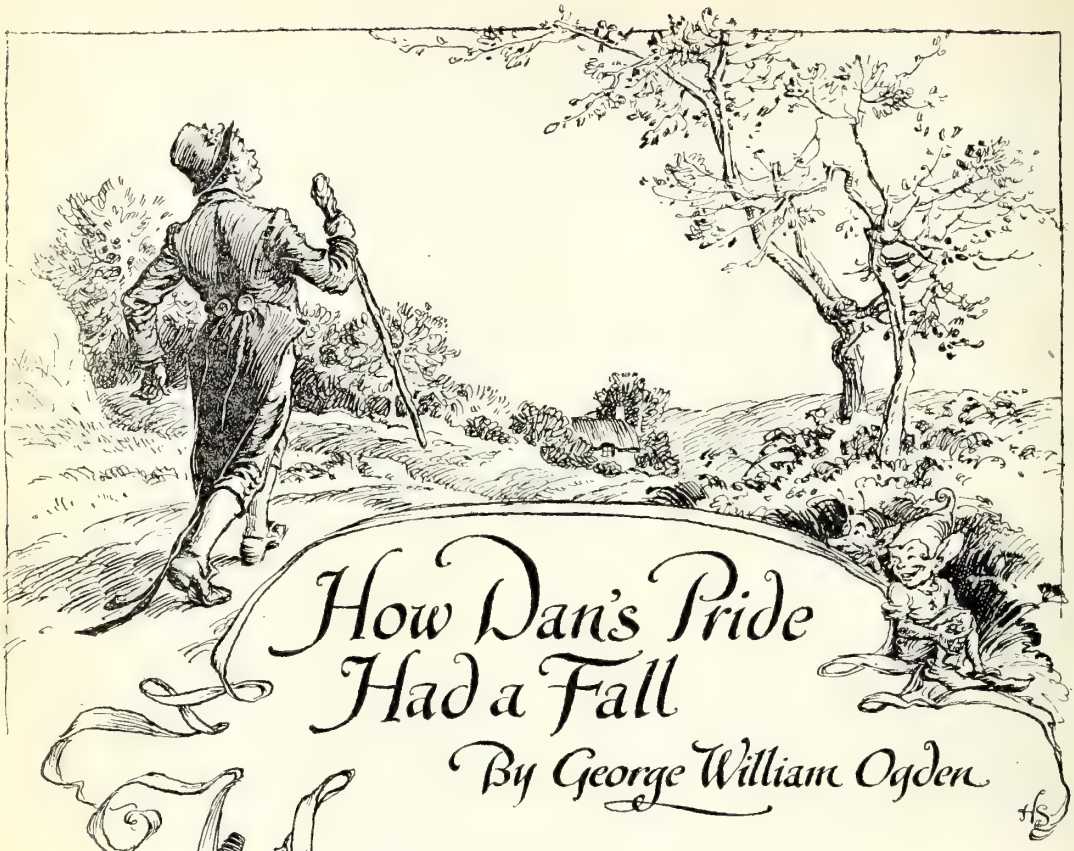
It was very near to one o'clock, summer closing time on Saturdays, and she was to meet the doctor and ride into the country to see the roses that were blooming redder and redder in the little brother's cheeks. These excursions had come to be a part of every week. To Joan, those dips into the country seemed a fore taste of heaven; to the doctor they were as a bit of heaven upon earth. So Joan glanced at the clock, but turned with her old accustomed smile at a voice behind her.

"Well, did your mother like my letter?"

Joan stared amazed into the face of a white-haired stranger; then, in a flash, understanding came, and her hand shot out in a welcoming gesture.

"You 're Mr. Whitney? I guess she *did* like it! She cried! How can I ever thank you? I 've saved a copy of the 'Store News' for you, with your letter printed in it. Do you know—"

And then across that shining show-case, a show-case filled with prosaic things like shoe-strings, the white-haired stranger heard the story of the little brother.



How Dan's Pride Had a Fall

By George William Ogden

E 've shure heard the sthory how Daniel Mulcay
Lost the tail of his coat.
'T is as mournful a tale as some tragedy play
That that Shakespeare man wrote,
Where they murthers each other until all the folk
Are kilt, an' the cabin goes up in blue smoke.

Ye never have heard it? Why where were ye born?
Not in Bally M'Cleugh!
I 've been hearin' the tale how that new coat got torn
Since me first tooth come through.
Ye 've heard an' forgot it, not bein' like me
Retentive of knowledge to any degree.

This coat of Mulcay's was like any ould coat
Ye 'd meet walkin' around,
Till ye come to the tails; it 's of them ye 'd take note,
For they dragged on the ground.
An' tradition still says that bould Dan had to pay
Some ten shillin's exthray to have them that way.

Ye know, without tellin', that pride is a sin;
It is wan of the seven,
Which, if ye have wid ye, they won't let ye in
When ye gets up to Heaven.
An' Mulcay was prouder by far of that coat
Than he was of his house or his pig or his goat.





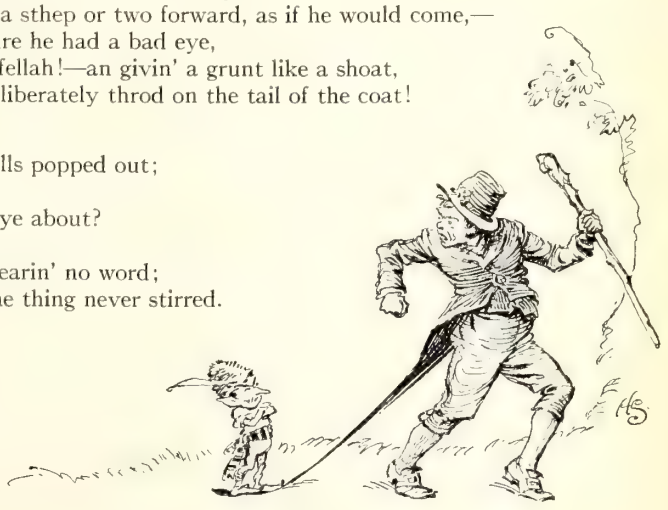
He had been to the christenin' down at Duveen
Of his wife's sister's twins,
An' was comin' back home, an' jest half-way between
His own house an' Tom Flynn's
He met wid some Little Folk havin' a spree;
He says there were thirty or forty, maybe.

Now Danny invited himself to jine in,
No one sayin' him nay.
(He 'd a right to remember what happened Mike Quinn
When he did that wan day!
Mike made his escape wid the loss of his hat,
But he looked like he 'd fit wid a Kilkenny cat!)

There was nothin' excitin', so, wishin' to aid
The committee on sport,
Danny dhrew off his coat, made a low bow, an' said:
"May it now plase the court
Is there any wan here, wid the pluck of a goat,
Who 'd be likin' to thread on the tail of me coat?"

Wan little ould fellah, the size of me thumb,
In the crowd sthandin' by
Took a sthep or two forward, as if he would come,—
Shure he had a bad eye,
That fellah!—an givin' a grunt like a shoat,
He deliberately throd on the tail of the coat!

That so 'stonished Danny his eyeballs popped out;
But he says to the elf:
"Arrah now, ye spalpeen! what are ye about?
Be off wid yerself!"
But the ould chap stood still as if hearin' no word;
Then Dan twitched the coat, but the thing never stirred.





Then the lad began swellin', to Danny's surprise,
  An' he grew an' he grew,
An' kept gettin' bigger an' bigger in size,
  Till his head sthuck up through
The tops of the trees; all the while wid his toe
He sthood firm on the tail of the coat down below.

Dan's hair shot up sthraight on his head like the quill
  On an old hedgehog's back.
He tried to cry out, but he had to kape still,
  For his tongue would n't clack.
But he gave a great wrench, an' the coat-tail gave way,
An' they found it there, snarled round a root, the next day.

Now this sthory taches that Satan will set
  Pitfalls for us all;
An' likewise it shows that ye safely can bet
  That pride has a fall.
Moreover, remember what happened Mulcay
When ye 're talkin' wid sthrangers, an' never get gay!

BOY SCOUTS IN THE NORTH; OR, THE BLUE PEARL

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness"

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

JIM DONEGAN, the lumber-king, has a wonderful collection of gems. His specialty is pearls. He tells the Scouts that a blue pearl the size of a certain pink pearl which he owns would be worth $50,000 and that he would be glad to pay that sum for such a pearl, but that no such pearl has ever existed. Joe Couteau, the Indian boy, contradicts this and tells him of the strange island he once, when a little boy, visited with his uncle, the shuman, or medicine-man, of his tribe. There his uncle found a great blue pearl in a strange stream in the interior of the island, the hunting-ground of one of the great brown bears, the largest of known carnivorous animals. Joe is sure that he can find his way back to his tribe and can go again to the island. The lumber-king agrees, if Joe and his friend Will Bright will make the trip, to finance it. Old Jud Adams, who has trapped all through that region, hears of the plan and insists on going along. Another boy is needed to make up the party, and Will and Joe agree to choose the one who shows most sand and sense in the great Interscholastic Games in which Cornwall is to compete. The day of the games comes, and after a number of extraordinary happenings, everything finally turns on the mile run. Freddie Perkins, of the Wolf Patrol, finally wins this after such a heart-breaking finish that he is unanimously elected to the vacant place among the Argonauts, as the four christen themselves. The boys make the journey to the Pacific coast. At Puget Sound they travel north on the timber-tug *Bear*, and, after many adventures, reach Akotan, the Island of the Free People, where they meet Joe's great-uncle the shuman. At Akotan they live for some weeks in the guest-lodge, and go hunting and fishing in preparation for the tests of courage which they must pass before they can journey to Goreloi, the Island of the Bear. They take part in a sea-lion round-up, and Jud by a cool shot saves Will from a sudden and deadly danger. Will qualifies for the journey to Goreloi by hunting and killing a sea-otter in the midst of a tremendous storm; and Jud, by killing old Three-toes, the man-eating grizzly bear. Fred has a desperate adventure with the walrus herd and saves the life of old Negouac at the risk of his own. Back in the interior of the island they see the Mahmut, as the natives call a mammoth frozen in the glacier, and Will has a narrow escape.

CHAPTER XI

GORELOI

AT last came the night when the Argonauts were again taken by Haidahn to the lodge of the great chief. All that day they had remained fasting in the tepee. The bear-claws, too, had been taken from their necks by their original owners. Each one whispered as he did so, "I take mine to make room for thine." Once again they passed through the jaws of the serpent and stood before the shuman. At either end of the lodge hung swinging braziers, and in them smoldered pine-knots which burned with a dull red glow. In the center of the lodge blazed a fire of driftwood whose flames flickered up in sparkles of blue and green. In front of the fire on the raised couch covered with heaped-up skins sat the shuman. Shrouded in the shadows, the shifting flames now showed, now hid, the stern aquiline face, the snowy hair, and the dark, glowing eyes. From somewhere in the background came the maddening lilt and beat of magic drums. The air was heavy with the tingling scent of some strange perfume burning in the braziers. As the Argonauts stood waiting for they knew not what, the fasting, the throb of the drums, and the slow eddying clouds of incense made the blood drum in their temples. Will found himself feeling as if all that he had known and done were dreams and that now for the first time he was about to awake into real life. Fred was shaking and trembling all over, and beads of sweat showed on the faces of even old Jud and the impassive Joe. Just when it seemed to Fred as if his brain would burst if the music kept on and his heart would break if it stopped, there came a silence so sudden that it was like a blow. It was broken by the voice of the great chief. The slow deep tones rang like some heavy bell tolling underground as he intoned what was evidently a formula of the initiation.

"Who would fare to Goreloi, the Island of the Bear?" and his voice dropped with a crash on the last word. Haidahn, Negouac, Tilgarda, Akotan, Alunak, Saanak, three others unknown to the Argonauts, and, last of all, Will stepped forward.

"By what token come ye?" boomed the great voice again. Each candidate in silence stretched forth the claw which he wore.

"Who vouches for these others?" questioned the chief again, as Jud and Joe and Fred were pushed forward.

"I," said Tilgarda, the bear-hunter putting his hand on Jud's shoulders.

"I," echoed Negouac, his huge arm encircling Fred, and "I," shouted Saanak, towering above Joe.

Around the neck of each of them, as they came,

the shuman clasped a bear-claw, repeating the same invocation which Will had heard, "Be brave, be brave, be brave."

A long silence followed as the party stood in a circle around the shuman, who, with closed eyes, seemed to have forgotten that they were there. Again the drums throbbed in the darkness and the wavering incense clouds floated up from the braziers. Suddenly the silence was broken by Saanak. The tawny-haired giant had stood motionless with closed eyes ever since the claw had been clasped around Joe's neck. Then his great body began to quiver and shake. He stepped out of the circle until he stood directly before the shuman, who kept his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Thou and I, O Great Chief," he half-chanted, "travel soon, far and far into the darkness." Haidahn made as if to stop him, but Saanak motioned him back. "To-night is my night of power," he went on.

"He 's fey," muttered Jud, to the awe-stricken boys. "I 've seen Norse sailors taken that way before. Just before they die the second sight comes on them."

"Oh, ye Free People, to-night thou shalt see what never man saw before. Be brave, be brave, when that ye face the Eyes of Death," and the strained voice of the overwrought man broke and quavered.

Slowly the great chief rose and threw back the mantle with which he had shaded his face.

"Peace, thou overburdened one," he said. "Life comes and goes from the dark into the dark. It behooves us who wear the claw to show others how to live and, if need be, how to die," and with a gesture of his hand toward the doorway, he signaled that the ceremony was over. In single file the party passed out, leaving the shuman alone with Haidahn. The silence outside was broken by the irrepressible Jud.

"When do we eat?" he said; "I have n't had anything since 1812."

Negouac, knowing the old man's appetite, grinned and disappeared. In a few moments he was back again, loaded down with the woven baskets of the tribe, filled to overflowing with food. Half an hour later every basket was empty. After making sure of this, Jud wiped his mouth and got up with some difficulty.

"Let 's go," he said.

Led by Negouac, the whole party filed down to the shore, where they found the great war-canoe of the tribe waiting for them, with the shuman and Haidahn seated in the stern. Saanak strode ahead and took his place in the far bow. Negouac and the Argonauts crouched down in the middle of the long craft, while the other six paddled. Across the sky, half lighted all night long with the rays of the hidden sun, a wan half-moon showed like a ghost now and then through a drift of clouds driven by a wind too high to be felt on earth or sea. As the sky darkened, a great arc of light spanned the western horizon. Then a ghostly procession of dull reds, tender greens, and strange blues unknown to earth flickered across the sky in colors of such unearthly beauty that even the Indians stopped their paddling to look. Again, great streamers would wave and snap in curtains of color athwart the sky, as if blown by winds beyond the world. Yet neither in nor under the silent sky was there a sound. Gradually all the colors blended into a great flaming arch which spanned and lighted the whole western horizon. Shimmering waves of different colors flashed across the arch until it looked like a wavering rainbow of the night.

"The lights of the north," muttered Negouac to Jud, who sat nearest to him. "Never before have I seen them show like this in summer. They foretell some great happening."

"Probably they foretell that it 's goin' to rain," returned the practical Jud.

Shrouded in his heavy mantle, the great chief crouched in the stern with his steering-paddle and set the course of the canoe toward the middle of the flaming arch. In a few minutes the northern lights dimmed and passed, until once again there was only sea and sky and the pallid gleam of the setting moon. In the east the dark clouds massed, hiding the light of the unseen sun. Overhead the whole sky seemed to be moving and marching. Still no breath of air stirred the water. Across smooth swells like black satin the great war-craft cut its way, driven by the powerful beats of the swinging paddles. Then the air became heavy. The flying clouds seemed to hover closer to the sea.

All at once the black water broke ahead of them into a foam of fire and the whole sea seemed to be full of prisoned flames, while the water dripped from the lifted paddles in a spray of lambent fire. Then the air became more tense. Little crackles of sound, like the rustling of silk or the snapping of rubber bands, could be heard. The boys felt their skins tingling and their hair seemed to stiffen and crackle. Suddenly, from where the muffled figure of the great chief showed black and motionless, a ball of fire appeared on the very end of the up-curved stern. Without a sound, it rolled along the gunwale and then, with a light, swaying movement, leaped through the air and seemed to perch and balance on the head of the motionless chief.

"St. Elmo's fire!" muttered Jud.

"The corpse-candle!" croaked old Saanak, from his end. "It lights you and me into the dark, O

Great Chief; but not yet," he went on. "Last night my fetch said to me, 'Beware of the sheep of the mountains,' " and Saanak's voice died away into incoherent mutterings.

"What does he mean by his 'fetch'?" whispered Fred, to Jud.

"That 's the Norse blood showing," returned the old man. "A 'fetch' is a kind of guardian spirit. They say it 's a sign of death to see or hear one. I think, myself, he 's crazy—or half crazy, anyhow—with his corpse-candles and fetches and second-sight. No one ever—"

Jud's voice died away in a gasp as the fire-ball leaped from the head of the shuman, ran along the row of up-lifted paddles like a living thing, and landed swaying and flaring on the shaggy head of Saanak. As it leaped, the giant raised his hand as if to ward off a blow. Instantly, from every finger streamed a blue flame. Then tiny fire-balls, like will-o'-the-wisps, showed from every exposed point in the boat. The boys' faces were lighted up by fluid fire that seemed to pour like water off their heads with a low, crackling sound. Then, as suddenly as it came, the flames were gone, the tingling and the snapping died away, and only the phosphorescent water showed that some unseen electric storm had been raging around the flying craft. Through it all, not a paddler had skipped a stroke. Wearers of the bear-claw, all, they scorned to show any sign of fear, whatever lay before them. Gradually the gleaming water dimmed, although every ripple from the flashing paddles still showed a heart of fire.

On and on the speeding boat moved over the still water. Although the electric storm had passed, there still remained a certain feeling as of tense expectancy.

"I ain't no second-sighter," muttered Jud, to Negouac, "but you mark my words—somethin's goin' to happen on this voyage."

The old chief nodded his head. Even as he did so, the boat seemed to strike something soft and heavy, which gave and moved under the blow. Instantly there was a light jarring, grating sound, and, for yards and yards around the craft, the water seemed filled with a mass of white, writhing snakes. Even as the Argonauts and that tested crew looked on aghast, the grating, gnawing sound at the bottom of the war-craft increased. Suddenly there shot into the air vast, twisting tentacles, livid and pale in the half-light. Some of them were as thick around as a man's body. All were set thick with sucking disks, some as large as a saucer, set with hooks, curved and sharp as the claws of a tiger. Higher and higher the fierce streamers towered. Then they bent inward, while their tips quivered and shot forward like hunting snakes. Crunchingly the disks contracted against the skin sides of the bidarka and the sharp claws turned inward, piercing the tough hide until the streamers were locked and welded against the side, holding the boat as if in a vice. Some of the tentacles flowed along the outstretched paddles, and one twisted around the silent figure in the stern—the great chief himself. Red stains showed through his robe; but before even Haidahn could reach him, he had drawn a keen little ax of tempered copper from his belt, and, with swift fierce blows, hacked through the tentacle which rested on the gunwale. Then began a battle such as few living men have ever fought. The Argonauts gripped their rifles and fired shot after shot into the livid network which surrounded the boat and filled the water on all sides. The bullets wasted themselves as if shot into rubber, leaving no mark, and in a moment Jud and the boys discarded their useless guns and, like the Indians, fought with their light belt-axes.

"What is it! What is it!" gasped Fred, as he hacked desperately at one of the slimy, fatal tongues that licked out toward him across the side of the boat.

"The Kraken! The Kraken!" shouted Saanak, from the bow.

"It 's the great squid, the devil-fish!" panted Jud, "the largest fish in the sea. They live on the bottom of the ocean usually. I 've heard tell of them, but thought it was just sailors' yarns. If I ever live through this, I 'll believe anything," and he chopped with all his might at a horrid rubbery bulk that writhed near by.

All around them the sea seemed a mass of lashing, livid sea-snakes, as more and more tentacles of the squid thrust themselves toward the surface. It was evident that the fight with this monster from the unknown depths was to the death. Already most of the party were bleeding from the tearing touch of the armed disks that had pierced their flesh before they could sever a clutching tentacle. Haidahn and Negouac guarded the great chief, who fought for himself that night like the great warrior he had once been. Saanak worked his way down from the bow so as to be closer to Joe, calling out words of encouragement and strange old Norse battle-cries, his red hair and beard streaming out like one of the vikings of old. Back to back, Will and Joe fought the twining streamers which waved in the air above them or tried to tangle their feet from beneath. Suddenly a great tentacle wound around the middle of Jud's body, even as he struck at another which licked at his feet. Before he could cut himself loose, he was dragged to the farther gunwale of the boat. At his dreadful cry of despair, Fred turned and, quick as a flash, was at his side, hacking with

his belt-ax in one hand and slashing with a long keen hunting-knife in the other at the twining, sucking band that was draining the old trapper's very life-blood. The boy wrought in a perfect frenzy of haste and managed to sever the fatal belt just in time. The armed disks dropped off his body and Jud pitched forward on his side, faint and sick from the loss of blood.

"I 'm obleeged to you, son," he panted faintly. "This sea-devil is some fast worker, but—"

Jud's words died away in a gasp of horror, while a little involuntary moan ran through the groups of fighting men. The twisted tentacles nearest the boat had suddenly drawn apart, and from the depths of the dark water appeared a head of such horror as surely never living man looked upon before. Larger than the largest hogshead, it was of a ghastly white, studded with sharp claws, like those with which the sucking-disks were set. In the middle was a vast parrot-like beak, large enough to engulf a man and which gnashed horribly at the sight of its prey. It was the hating, horrible eyes, however, which were the crowning fearfulness of this Medusa head. Lidless, of an inky, unfathomable black, two feet in diameter, wells of hatred, they held an expression of malignancy which the eyes of no earth-born creature ever even approached. The vast demon of the undersea had come up to see what was baffling his serpent horde. Set on either side of the cylindrical head, which turned every way on a neck of gristle, the vast eyes nearly touched at their side edges, and glared from one to the other of the men in front of them with a gaze of fearful intelligence. Not a man even of that tested crew could bear their gaze unmoved.

"The Eyes of Death! The Eyes of Death!" shouted Saanak.

Then in the half-light the wasted figure of the great chief stepped forth and stood stark and tall among his cowering followers. Beyond the broken water and the writhing tentacles, he had caught a glimpse of a vast dark mass that seemed to be nearing the boat rapidly. For an instant the steady eyes of the man looked into the terrible eyes of the devil-fish. A current of courage seemed to pass from that undaunted figure to every member of the band. Suddenly the silence was broken by the shuman's mighty voice.

"Back to thy darkness, O Demon of the Sea!" it thundered; "even now thy fate o'ertakes thee."

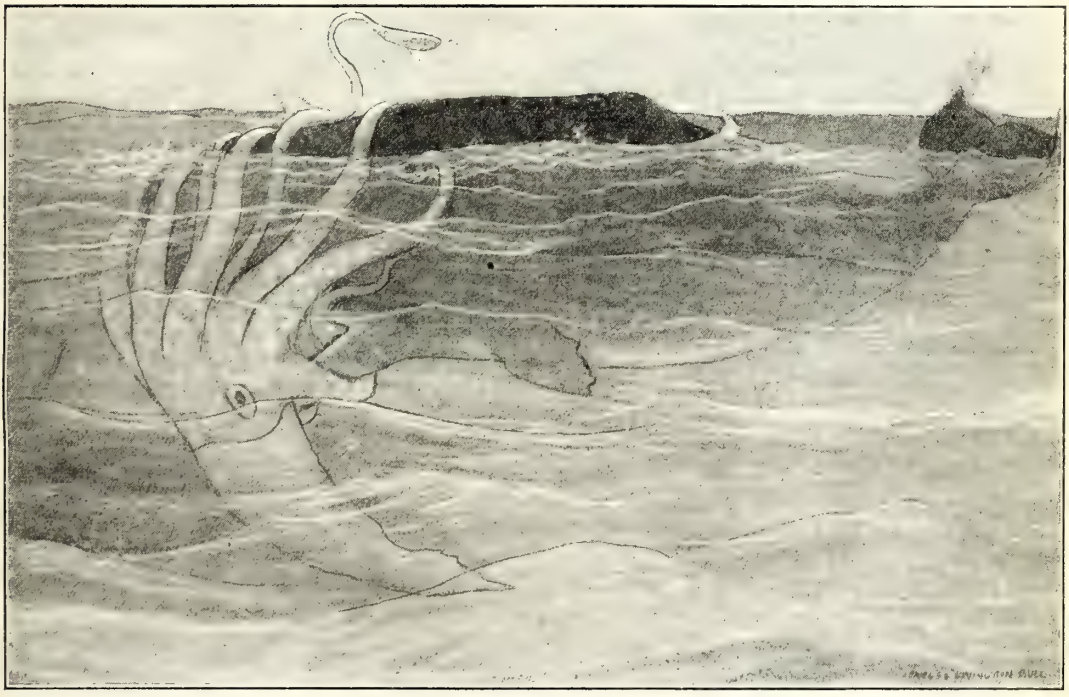
As he spoke, the streamers of livid flesh writhed away from the boat and shot over the side. The malignant intelligence back of the fierce eyes had realized that it was the men against whom the attack must be made. Against them the great tentacles concentrated. It seemed impossible that all of the party could escape from the living net of twining serpents that moved forward to enmesh the shrinking bodies in the boat. Nearer and nearer to the canoe the great head itself moved, until the ghastly beak gnashed and lipped at the very gunwale. One death-pale streamer shot up from the sea toward the shuman, as he stood erect and motionless looking out over the water. The air was heavy with the scent of stale musk. The fatal eyes came nearer and nearer. Not only the tips of the tentacles were in the boat, but the thick trunks themselves, until the men seemed standing in a mass of livid coils which only needed to tighten to drag them down into the dark water.

Suddenly, so close that the boat was almost swamped, a vast jaw shot up out of the water, studded with sharp, enormous teeth. The sea boiled, and up and up, forcing its way through the expanse of twisting coils, came the head of a monster whale.

"Cachalot! Cachalot!" almost sobbed Jud. "He feeds on them sea-devils."

Almost beside the boat, right in the faces of the astounded crew, gapped the vast cavern of the sperm-whale's jaws. He alone, the unafraid king of the sea, fears nothing that swims or floats or crawls in or on the water or the unknown sea-floor below. On the devil-fish, the great squid of the unknown reaches of the ocean, the insatiable nightmares of the sea, the cachalot feeds. They alone are large enough to satisfy the vast appetite of the these whales, among the hugest mammals now living. So close to the boat were the great jaws that the enormous, conical, sharp-pointed teeth could be plainly seen. They were several inches apart, fitting into sockets in the upper jaw, instead of meeting opposing teeth as in the case of the orca. The cachalot's enormous head was shaped above like a rounded box and was nearly a third of its entire length, which Jud afterward estimated at well over sixty feet. From its single blow-hole, it spouted water in a small, bushy spout. With a sweep of its great flukes and a twist of its small flippers, the black head surged through the tangle of tentacles toward that livid and awful head that was peering over the edge of the boat. The malevolent eyes recognized instantly the presence of the one sea-dweller which the great squid fears. Instantly the foaming water was blackened by jets of the sepia which all squids discharge to mask their retreat when fleeing. With a movement quick as the snap of a whip, every tentacle, including those which had been mutilated by the axes and knives of the crew, were drawn back upon themselves. Instantly the vast cephalopod hurled itself through the sea by shooting a jet of water out of a hole in its grisly neck. In a second it was fifty yards away from the boat. Swift as its movement had been, it was

too late. The cachalot is among the fleetest of the whales. Swerving its enormous body with a plunge that nearly engulfed the bidarka, the giant mammal rushed like an avalanche through the inky, musk-scented water. In an instant the enormous jaws had gripped the body of the retreating squid. Immediately the black, blocked-shaped head of the whale was enveloped in a smother of tearing, rending, sucking tentacles, while the great hooked beak gnashed in vain against the tons of fanged bone and blubber that sawed their way in a most workmanlike manner, until they were able to grip the body of the squid at its center. Then occurred a fearsome thing. From out of the hooked beak sounded an unearthly voice. At first it growled and moaned in a tone half-animal, half-human. Then, as the fanged jaws of the cachalot pierced deeper through the tough fibers, it rose to a raving shriek of madness and fury indescribably horrible. Slowly the cachalot's teeth pierced to the very heart of the tough, grisly, gelatinous mass. The crew had one last glimpse



"THE HEAD OF THE WHALE WAS ENVELOPED IN A SMOTHER OF TEARING, RENDING, SUCKING TENTACLES"

steadily through the tangle of twining tentacles. As they writhed and locked in a great straining white mass, it seemed as if the whale would be smothered and strangled. No created creature could apparently withstand the tremendous pressure of the twining cables of horn-bound muscle. From the frail craft the little party watched the contest at first in silence. When it seemed as if the cachalot might still be worsted, old Jud could stand the strain no longer.

"Go it, whale!" he piped, hopping up and down on one leg in his excitement. "My money 's on you! Bite him, chew him up! Don't let him get no strangle-hold on you!"

The cachalot seemed to need no encouragement nor to have any misgivings. In spite of the locking coils, the great jaws opened and closed and sawed their way through tentacle after tentacle, of terrible eyes flashing from out a corpse-white face. Then, with a crash of its flukes, the great whale sounded and dived down to finish his titanic meal in the depths below.

For a moment no one spoke. The whole scene had been like a nightmare. Only floating fragments and white sections of the tentacles were left to prove the reality of what they had seen. The shuman gave the signal to proceed, and again the steady beat of the paddles sounded as the long bidarka shot forward. No one of the party but bore the marks of the battle and the gashes which told of the touch of the deadly sucking disks of the tentacles.

There was not a sound except the splash of the paddles. After this life-and-death battle the reaction set in, and no one spoke or wished to speak. The long, lean craft sped over the sea under the

rhythmical beat of the paddles. As the sun showed above the horizon, all around was sea and sky. Nowhere was there any sight of land or visible marks or ranges by which to steer their course. Yet without compass, the shuman in the stern steered unerringly toward the distant horizon. At last far away, where the sky's rim touched the sea, showed what seemed to be a bank of fleecy clouds. As they came nearer, the white mass towered higher and higher, like a huge castle, with turrets and battlements of fleecy cloud and floating mist. Straight toward this white bulk the bidarka drove; and as the bank grew higher and higher above the horizon, the Argonauts suddenly realized that they were looking upon land shrouded in clouds and mist. A murmur went all around the boat.

"Goreloi! Goreloi!" the whisper ran, and the faces of the weary crew brightened as if lighted by the rising sun. To them it was one of the Fortunate Islands where for blessed days and weeks they would taste strange, unknown delights. As they came nearer and nearer, the outlines of the whole island were visible. It had a mean width of some twenty-five miles. Set in the middle of chill and frozen seas, there seemed to be no reason for the mass of clouds and mist which hid its expanse nor for the glimpses of radiant green which showed here and there.

The sun was well up in the sky as the long war-craft reached the rim of Goreloi. As far as eye could see, great buttresses and black basalt cliffs a hundred feet high guarded the whole island coast. At their base were massed tangles of fanged reefs and rocks, against which the surf broke and boomed. Old Jud viewed this menacing coast with alarm.

"That 's a shore which it 'll be healthy to lay off from," he announced decidedly as he looked in vain for any sign of a landing beach. "No boat that was ever built would ever have a chance in that surf among those rocks."

Haidahn smiled quietly as he caught the old whaler's words.

"We land all right," he said.

"You 'll have to do it from an airship then," returned Jud, as the bidarka began to circle the coast, keeping well beyond the foaming stretches of white water where the surf began. For an hour the light craft held its course around the island, and still there appeared no break in the rock-bound rim. At last they came to a point where the character of the rocks changed. The cliffs still towered overhead as high and as inaccessible as before but instead of showing black against the white-capped breakers, what seemed to be a chalk formation, like the Channel cliffs of England, showed above the foaming, tossing water below. The sound of the breakers too seemed to change, and they broke with an echoing boom as if the crags were hollow, instead of the crash with which they struck the solid basalt. Close to where the black-and-white rocks joined, the shuman signaled for the paddlers to stop. There, for over an hour, the bidarka held its place under the signaled instructions of the steersman. Keeping it well back from the line of breakers, he was evidently waiting for the tide to turn. Little by little the base of the cliffs showed more and more above the water as the ebb set in. At last the whole side of the white crag showed before them, and just at the slack of the ebb-tide the white-topped breakers died down to a series of great smooth rollers which lipped and lapped at the rocks in strange contrast to their roaring, crashing fury a few hours before. At the lowest of the ebb, among the line of outlying rocks, appeared a stretch of smooth water, which seemed to wind its way to the very face of the cliff. At a sign from the shuman the beat of the paddlers began again, and the long boat zigzagged its way through the rocks until the white crag towered directly over its crew. As they came close to the cliff Jud gave a grunt.

"That shuman is a wise old bird," he whispered to Will. "So long as he can't go up the cliff, he 's goin' through it."

Even as he spoke the boys caught a glimpse of a low cave, which showed in the face of the cliff as the lapping water drew back. Following the example of the rest of the party, as for an instant the shuman held the boat poised at the edge of the opening, Jud and the boys lay down flat on their faces. As a huge swell moved with a sucking, gurgling sound, backward from the cliff, at a sharp word from the steersman the stern paddlers drove the craft on with one last stroke and pitched forward on their faces. The shuman steered the bidarka until his end reached the edge of the cave, when he too lay down at full length in the bottom of the boat. Inside the opening, the roof was just high enough to allow the passage of the low craft. In places the upcurved ends touched the rock. Without raising their heads above the sides, the paddlers managed to force the boat on its way. In a few moments in the utter dark a spot of light appeared far ahead, which widened and brightened until all in a moment the bidarka shot forth into a little cliff-locked cove which sloped up to a white chalk beach. In a moment the bow grounded, the crew sprang ashore, and, with a rush and a heave, carried the vessel far up over the white shingle until it was safely beached and hidden in a cleft in the rocks.

Around a spring which bubbled clear and cold

GIRLS, ARE YOU 100 PER CENT. STRONG?

By CHAS. K. TAYLOR

Not very long ago St. Nicholas published an article for boys, telling them how they could find out whether they were well developed, and what exercises to take if they were not. Not a word was said about girls and their muscles—we were not at all sure that girls cared about such things!

Well, we soon found that a mistake had been made, and that girls *do* care, for some began writing at once to find why nothing had been said about them, their exercises, and so on!

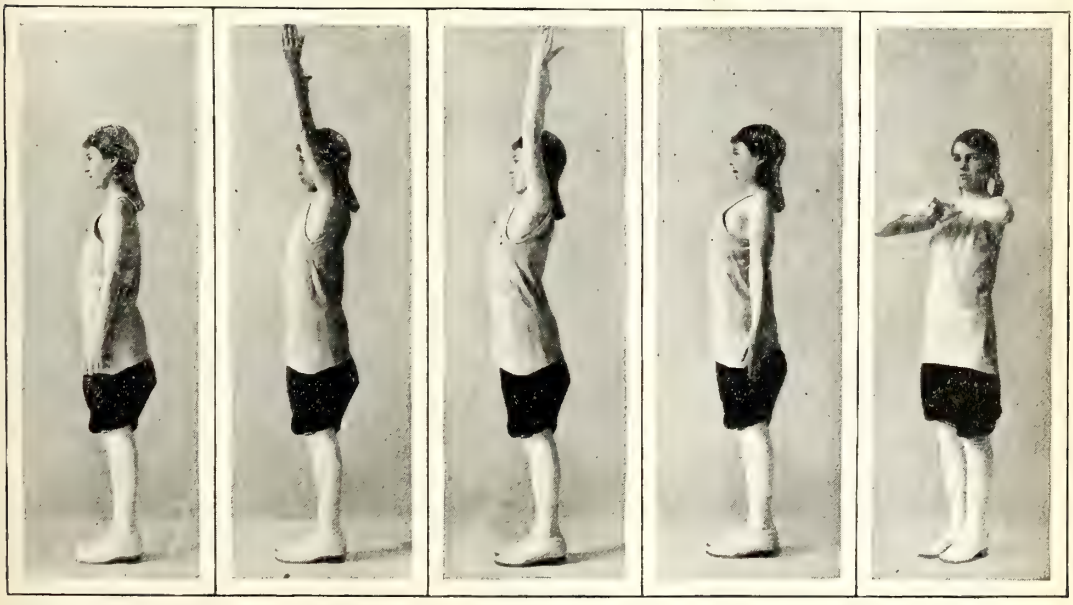
We may just as well be frank about it. There is no doubt that girls really do care much more about such things than they used to. More and more of them really desire to stand straight and to have a good outfit of muscles! Just the same, we had actually, for the moment, forgotten that girls are now going camping in the summer, and that they are rowing, paddling, swimming, hiking, joining the Girl Scouts, and doing a vast number of fine and valuable things—all tending to make them strong, enduring, and resourceful!

And, no doubt, many are beginning to realize that their physical development has a lot to do with their thinking and acting. Try this experiment and you will see: Stand up and "slouch." Let your shoulders sag forward, let your chest flatten, and let your head hang a little forward. Just *slouch!* How do you feel? Do you feel that you can do anything worth while? Or do you feel careless, lazy, and lackadaisical? You don't have to answer. We know just how you feel!

Now do this: Stand straight. Get your shoulders naturally back. Bring your chest out. Hold your head up and bring your chin in a little. How do you feel now? Does n't it make all the difference in the world? Do you see how differently you can feel just because of a change of posture? So you can see how having good muscles and a proper posture will help you in everything you do—and help, too, to make the world a more cheerful place!

But some girls want to know how to tell whether they are sufficiently muscular. Now that is a hard question. You see, some girls are slender, and some girls are more stocky, and still others have what you may call a kind of "average" build. And all of these types of build are quite correct and proper! That means, if a girl wants to compare her measurements with those she should have, then there must be tables for slender girls, for those of average build, for those of a stocky type, and for a couple of in-between types. And unfortunately, just at present, only one such table has been prepared—that of the average type.

Here 's another point: sometimes you will see on tables and on scales that you should have a certain weight when you are of a certain age



FIGURES 1–5. EXERCISES FOR CHEST EXPANSION AND FOR STOOPING SHOULDERS

Height	Weight	Shoulder Girth	Chest Girth (9th)	Chest Expansion	Right Arm Girth	Difference when Contracted	Left Arm Girth	Difference when Contracted	Waist	Hips	Thighs (average Girth)	Calf (average Girth)
53	66	$30\frac{3}{4}$	$24\frac{5}{8}$	$2\frac{3}{4}$	$7\frac{1}{8}$	1	7	$\frac{7}{8}$	$20\frac{1}{4}$	$27\frac{3}{4}$	$15\frac{7}{8}$	$10\frac{7}{8}$
54	71.7	31	25	$2\frac{7}{8}$	7.5	$1\frac{1}{8}$	$7\frac{1}{4}$	1	$20\frac{1}{2}$	28	16	11
55	76	$31\frac{1}{4}$	$25\frac{1}{8}$	$2\frac{7}{8}$	$7\frac{5}{8}$	$1\frac{1}{8}$	$7\frac{1}{4}$	1	$20\frac{3}{8}$	$28\frac{1}{4}$	$16\frac{1}{8}$	$11\frac{1}{8}$
56	78.5	$31\frac{3}{4}$	$25\frac{1}{4}$	3	$7\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{8}$	$7\frac{3}{8}$	1	20.5	$28\frac{3}{4}$	$16\frac{3}{8}$	$11\frac{1}{8}$
57	81	32	25.5	3	$8\frac{1}{8}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$7\frac{5}{8}$	$1\frac{1}{8}$	$20\frac{5}{8}$	$29\frac{1}{8}$	$16\frac{5}{8}$	$11\frac{3}{8}$
58	89	$32\frac{3}{8}$	$25\frac{5}{8}$	3	8.5	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$8\frac{1}{8}$	$1\frac{1}{8}$	22	31	$17\frac{1}{4}$	$11\frac{3}{4}$
59	93	$32\frac{5}{8}$	$26\frac{1}{4}$	$3\frac{1}{8}$	$8\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{3}{8}$	$8\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$22\frac{1}{4}$	$31\frac{7}{8}$	18	$11\frac{3}{4}$
60	98.5	$33\frac{1}{8}$	26.5	$3\frac{1}{8}$	9	$1\frac{3}{8}$	$8\frac{7}{8}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$22\frac{3}{4}$	33	19	$12\frac{1}{8}$
61	106	$33\frac{5}{8}$	$26\frac{3}{4}$	$3\frac{1}{4}$	$9\frac{1}{8}$	$1\frac{3}{8}$	9	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$23\frac{1}{4}$	34	20	$12\frac{1}{4}$
62	110	34	27	$3\frac{1}{4}$	$9\frac{1}{8}$	1.5	$9\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{3}{8}$	$23\frac{3}{4}$	$34\frac{3}{4}$	20.5	12.5
63	115	34.5	$27\frac{3}{8}$	$3\frac{3}{8}$	$9\frac{1}{4}$	1.5	$9\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{3}{8}$	$24\frac{1}{8}$	$35\frac{1}{4}$	21	$12\frac{7}{8}$
64	119	$34\frac{3}{4}$	27.5	3.5	$9\frac{3}{8}$	$1\frac{5}{8}$	$9\frac{3}{8}$	$1\frac{3}{8}$	$24\frac{3}{8}$	35.5	$21\frac{1}{4}$	$13\frac{1}{8}$
65	122	35.5	$28\frac{1}{4}$	$3\frac{5}{8}$	9.5	$1\frac{5}{8}$	$9\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{3}{8}$	24.5	$35\frac{3}{4}$	$21\frac{7}{8}$	$13\frac{1}{4}$

These tables are for girls of medium type of build and not over thirteen or fourteen years old. Find the height-weight combination nearest to that of the individual measured. Begin with a score of 100. For each $\frac{1}{4}$ inch more or less than the standard, in shoulder girth, chest girth, arm girths, and calf girth, add or subtract 1 from 100. For each $\frac{1}{8}$ inch more or less than the standard in chest expansion and arm contraction "difference" add or subtract 1 from 100. For each $\frac{1}{2}$ inch more or less than the standard, in hip girth and thigh girth, add or subtract 1 from 100, the final score roughly showing the relation of the individual's development to a satisfactory standard.

and height. This is not true. If you are healthy, and if you are *not* obviously very fat, then your weight is correct, no matter what it is! If you are healthy and muscular you can't be "underweight," for instance; for if you are slender, it is likely that that is your natural type of build, and perfectly proper, only you must see to it that you are sufficiently developed for a slender type of girl, and the same for the other types.

Now we are going to give you the table for the average type. Find what your height is—without shoes—and what your weight is—allowing about five pounds for your clothes. See if for your height your weight is not far from that given in the tables for that height. If it is, then there you will find what your other measurements might be like, if you wish to be well developed.

If your weight is considerably under that given for your height, then all of your measurements can be a little less than those given there. And if you are rather heavier than the average for your type, then all your measurements will have to be a little greater than those given for your height on the tables. These tables work very well up to and even including fourteen years.

Here is how you find your physical "score." Put on paper the correct measurements for your height. Under them put your own measurements, for shoulders, arms, and so on. The chest measurement is taken at the ninth rib, with all the air out of your chest. Then you take as full a breath as you can, and the "difference" is the chest expansion as used in the tables.

There are two measurements of the upper arms. One is taken in the middle of the arm when the arm is relaxed. Then contract your arm with all your might and have it measured again at the point of greatest girth. The difference made is the "difference" listed on the table of measurements. In general, take the measurements at the point of greatest girth. Your mothers will be able to do this very expertly.

Now for the score. Put your measurements under those that you should have. For every quarter-inch difference in shoulder, chest, arm, and calf girth, add or subtract 1 from 100, depending whether your measurements are larger or smaller than the standard. For chest expansion and arm difference, one eighth of an inch counts a point. For hip and thigh, one half of an inch counts a point. The average is taken for both thighs and calves and is counted twice.

If your final score is about ninety-two, you will know that it is about the general average. But the general average, of course, is not really very good. One hundred is a desirable score to make.

We know one girl of twelve who, working on every under-developed muscle, brought her score to 120. I tell you it was worth while just to see how she carried herself, and to see what she could do with her strength. And she has been good enough to help us out with our illustrations!

Suppose some of your measurements are considerably below those of the tables, how about exercises? Well, here are a few useful ones. First of all—chest expansion. (I 'm sorry to say that here is where most girls get their poor scores. The girl in our pictures can expand $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Can you?) Stand naturally, Fig. 1, and then raise your hands overhead, Fig. 2. That is the first count—one. Next count, take in a very full breath, slowly, through your *nose*, Fig. 3. For count three, keep the air in your chest, but lower your arms to the sides, Fig. 4. Fourth count—let all the air out, Fig. 1. Or, to condense it:

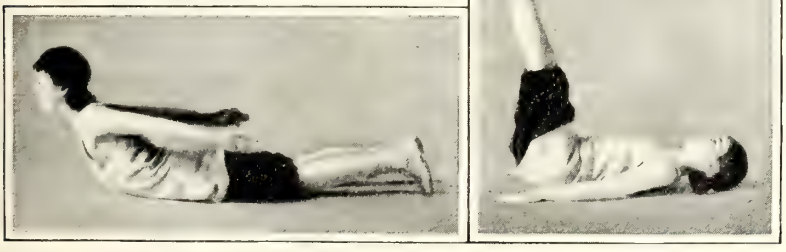
1. Arms over head. (Fig. 2.)
2. Take slowly a full breath. (Fig. 3.)
3. Keeping the breath, lower arms. (Fig. 4.)
4. Let the air gently escape. (Fig. 1.)

If you do this a dozen times when you get up, and a dozen times in the afternoon, it will have a good effect on your breathing capacity. Then, when the expansion is standard, stop the exercise.

Now for shoulders. Suppose they stoop forward, or you have a poor score. Try this:

Stand straight, hands made into fists and held before your chest, with your elbows raised on each side to the level of your shoulders. Then slowly, stiffly, resistingly, move your fists upward and backward, just past your ears—close to your head. Then relax and let them come forward again. Do this until you *begin* to feel tired.

Here 's another: catch your fingers together, as in Fig. 5. Slowly, stiffly, resistingly, make your right hand pull your left one across your chest until it is close to the right shoulder. Then have your left hand pull your right one across until it is opposite your left shoulder. Resist the pulling strongly; stop when you begin to tire.



FIGURES 6 AND 7. EXERCISES FOR SHOULDERS AND WAIST

Now for a third one Lie flat on the floor, face down, hands at side. Slowly raise your hands and your head and shoulders upward, then slowly let them all down again. Fig. 6. shows this very well. This will help if your shoulders "slouch."

Now for another exercise. Suppose when you stand that you tend to sag forward at the waist. Then try exercise shown in Fig. 7. Lie flat on your back, keep your feet together, knees stiff, and slowly raise your feet as in the picture, then slowly let them down again. If you find this too hard at first, begin with one foot at a time. And after two or three weeks you can do both at once. Also, as before, stop when you *begin* to tire, even if it is after only two or three motions!



FIG. 8. ARM EXERCISE

Now for your arms. This is a very simple exercise—but very effective. Place your hands together, palm to palm, before your chest, as in Fig. 8. Pushing hard with the right hand, resisting with the left one, push outward till the arms are fully extended. Then have the left hand push the right hand back until the original position is reached. This exercise is worth while only if strongly resisted. As soon as you begin to tire, shift hands, so that you are pushing outward with the left hand, and continue until fatigue *begins*.

And now we 'll mention just one more. Suppose the calf measurements go well below standard. Try this. Walk several hundred feet without letting the heels touch the pavement—not way up on your toes, but with heels not quite touching, and stop as soon as you begin to tire. This, done once every day, will soon have its effect. I know of one case where a half inch was made up in six weeks!

This is just a brief outline of standards and exercises, but we hope they will be very helpful to those who wrote, and to those who were interested, but who did n't write!

THE HAPPY VENTURE

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

By the author of "Blue Magic"

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

MRS. STURGIS loses almost all her money, suffers a nervous collapse, and goes to a sanatorium, leaving her children, —Kenelm, sixteen, Felicia, fifteen, and eight-year-old Kirk, who is blind,—to shift for themselves. They move from the town house to a ramshackle old farm in Asquam, and gradually reclaim it till it becomes a livable and charming place. Ken, with his salvaged motor-boat, carries baggage between Bayside and Asquam; Kirk is happy in the friendship and teaching of the maestro, a wonderful old musician who lives near by. The maestro's tangled garden has never been tended since his son ran away to sea, years before. It was for this son that the maestro had made the little song he now gives Kirk on his ninth birthday. "Roses in the moonlight," the song begins—and Kirk treasures it adoringly. A few days after the birthday, Felicia leaves Kirk alone for a few minutes in Ken's boat at the wharf, while she runs back to Asquam to do an errand. On her return she finds the boat gone into the heavy fog. Ken, who joins her, shows her, in agony, the frayed rope, which has chafed and parted. The long, hideous night passes in constant search, but Kirk is gone—out to sea in the fog with a racing tide.

CHAPTER XIII

"THE SEA IS A TYRANT"

KEN stumbled into the open door of Applegate Farm at three the next morning. Felicia was asleep in a chair by the cold ashes of the fire. A guttering candle burned on the table. She woke instantly and stared at him with wide eyes.

"What is it?" she said, and then sprang up. "Alone?"

"Yes," Ken said. "Not yet. I 'm going back in a little while. I wanted to tell you how everybody is working, and all."

She ran to bring him something to eat, while he flung himself down before the hearth, dead tired.

"The fog 's still down heavy," he said, when she came back. "The coast guard 's been out all night. There are men on shore, too, and some other little boats."

"But the tide was running out," Phil said. "He 's gone. Kirk 's—gone, Ken!"

"No," Ken said, between his teeth. "No, Phil. Oh, no, no!" He got up, and shook himself. "Go to bed, now, and *sleep*. The idea of sitting up with a beastly cold candle!"

He kissed her abruptly and unexpectedly and stalked out at the door, a weary, disheveled figure, in the first pale, fog-burdened gleam of dawn.

IT was some time after the *Flying Dutchman* parted her one insufficient mooring-rope before Kirk realized that the sound of the water about her had changed from a slap to a gliding ripple. There was no longer the short tug and lurch as she pulled at her painter and fell back; there was no longer the tide sound about the gaunt piles of the wharf. Kirk, a little apprehensive, stumbled aft and felt for the stern-line. It gave in his hand, and the slack, wet length of it flew suddenly aboard, smacking his face with its cold and slimy end. He knew, then, what had happened, but he felt sure that the boat must still be very near the wharf—perhaps drifting up to the rocky shore between the piers. He clutched the gunwale and shouted:

"Ken! Oh, Ken!"

He did not know that he was shouting in exactly the wrong direction, and the wind carried his voice even farther from shore. His voice sounded much less loud than he had expected. He tried calling Felicia's name, but it seemed even less resonant than Ken's. He stopped calling, and stood listening. Nothing but the far-off fog-siren, and the gulls' faint cries overhead. The wind was blowing fresher against his cheek, for the boat was in mid-channel by this time. The fog clung close about him; he could feel it on the gunwale, wet under his hands; it gathered on his hair and trickled down his forehead. The broken rope slid suddenly off the stern sheets and twined itself clammily about his bare knee. He started violently, and then picked it off with a shiver.

The lighthouse siren, though still distant, sounded nearer, which meant that the boat was drifting seaward. Kirk realized that, all at once, and gave up his shouting altogether. He sat down in the bottom of the boat, clasped his knees, and tried to think. But it was not easy to think. He had never in his life wanted so much to *see* as he did now. It was so different, being alone in the dark, or being in it with Ken or Felicia or the maestro on the kind, warm, friendly land. He remembered quite well how the maestro had said: "The sea is a tyrant. Those she claims, she never releases."

The sea's voice hissed along the side of the boat, now,—the voice of a monster ready to leap aboard,—and he could n't see to defend himself! He flung his arms out wildly into his eternal night, and then burst suddenly into tears. He cried for

some time, but it was the thought of Ken which made him stop. Ken would have said, "Is n't there enough salt water around here already, without such a mess of tears?"

That was a good idea—to think about Ken. He was such a definite, solid, comforting thing to think about. Kirk almost forgot the stretch of cold gray water that lay between them now. It was n't sensible to cry, anyway. It made your head buzzy, and your throat ache. Also, afterward, it made you hungry. Kirk decided that it was unwise to do anything at this particular moment which would make him hungry. Then he remembered the hardtack which Ken kept in the bow locker, to refresh himself with during trips. Kirk fumbled for the button of the locker, and found it and the hardtack. He counted them; there were six. He put five of them back and nibbled the other carefully, to make it last as long as possible.

The air was more chill, now. Kirk decided that it must be night, though he did n't feel sleepy. He crawled under the tarpaulin which Ken kept to cover the trunks in foul weather. In doing so, he bumped against the engine. There was another maddening thing! A good, competent engine, sitting complacently in the middle of the boat, and he not able to start it! But even if he had known how to run it, he reflected that he could n't steer the boat. So he lay still under the tarpaulin, which was dry, as well as warm, and tried to think of all sorts of pleasant things. Felicia had told him, when she gave him the green sweater on his birthday, that a hug and a kiss were knit in with each stitch of it, and that when he wore it he must think of her love holding him close. It held him close now; he could feel the smooth, soft loop of her hair as she bent down to say good-night; he could hear her sing, '*Do-do, p'tit frère.*'

That was a good idea—to sing! He clasped his hands nonchalantly behind his head, and began the first thing that came to his mind:

"Roses in the moonlight
To-night all thine,
Pale in the shade—"

But he did not finish. For the wind's voice was stronger, and the waves drowned the little tune, so lonely there in the midst of the empty water. Kirk cried himself to sleep, after all. He could not even tell when the night gave way to cold daybreak, for the fog cloaked everything from the sun's waking warmth. It might have been a week or a month that he had drifted on in the *Flying Dutchman*—it certainly seemed as long as a month. But he had eaten only two biscuits and was not yet starved, so he knew that it could not be even so much as a week. But he did not try to sing now. He was too cold, and he was very thirsty. He crouched under the tarpaulin, and presently he ate another hardtack biscuit. He could not hear the lighthouse fog-signal at all, now, and the waves were much



"KEN HAD BESIEGED AN ASTONISHED YOUNG WIRELESS OPERATOR EARLY IN THE MORNING" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

bigger under the boat. They lifted her up, swung her motionless for a moment, and then let her slide giddily into the trough of another sea.

"Even if I reached a desert island," Kirk thought mournfully, "I don't know what I 'd do. People catch turkles and shoot at parrots and things, but they can see what they 're doing."

The boat rolled on, and Kirk began to feel quite wretchedly sick, and thirstier than ever. He lay flat under the tarpaulin and tried to count minutes. Sixty, quite fast—that was one minute. Had he counted two minutes, now, or was it three? Then he found himself counting on and on—a hundred and fifty-one, a hundred and fifty-two.

"I wish I 'd hurry up and die," said poor Kirk, out loud.

Then his darkness grew more dark, for he could no longer think straight. There was nothing but long swirling waves of dizziness and a rushing sound.

"Phil!" Kirk tried to say, "Mother!"

At about this time, Ken was standing in the government wireless station, a good many miles from Asquam. He had besieged an astonished young operator early in the morning, and had implored him to call every ship at sea within reach. Now, in the afternoon, he was back again, to find out whether any replies had come.

"No boat sighted," all the hurrying steamers had replied. "Fog down heavy. Will keep lookout."

Ken had really given up all hope, long before. Yet—could he ever give up hope, so long as life lasted? Such strange things had happened—Most of all, he could not let Phil give up. Yet he knew that he could not keep on with this pace much longer—no sleep, and virtually no food. But then, if he gave up the search, if he left a single thing undone while there was still a chance, could he ever bear himself again? He sat in a chair at the wireless station, looking dully at the jumping blue spark.

"Keep on with it, please," he said. "I 'm going out in a boat again."

"The fog 's lifting, I think," said the operator.

"Oh, thank the Lord!" groaned Ken. "It was that—the not being able to *see*."

Yes—Kirk had felt that, too.

At Applegate Farm, Felicia wandered from room to room like a shadow, mechanically doing little tasks that lay to her hand. She was alone in her distress, for they had not yet told the maestro of this disaster, for they knew he would share their distress. Felicia caught the sound of a faint jingling from without, and moved slowly to the gate, where Mr. Hobart was putting the mail into the box. She opened her mother's letter listlessly as she walked back to the house, and sat down upon the doorstep to read it—perhaps it would take her mind for a moment, this odd, unconscious letter, addressed even to a house which no longer sheltered them. But the letter smote her with new terror.

"Oh, if you only knew, my dear, dear chicks, what it will be to escape this kindly imprisonment—what it will mean to see you all again! I can hardly wait to come up the dear old familiar path to 24 Westover Street and hug you all—I 'll hug Ken, even if he hates it, and Kirk, my most precious baby! They tell me I must be very careful still, but I know that the sight of you will be all that I need for the finishing remedy. So expect me, then, by the 12.05 on Wednesday, and good-by till then, my own dears."

Felicia sat on the door-stone, transfixed. Her mother coming home, on Wednesday—so much sooner than they had expected! She did not even know of the new house; and if she were to come to a home without Kirk—if there were never to be Kirk! Almost a week remained before Wednesday; how could she be put off? What if the week went by without hope; no hope, ever? Felicia sat there for hours, till the sun of late afternoon broke through the fog at last, and the mellow fields began one by one to reappear, reaching into the hazy distance. Felicia rose and went slowly into the house. On top of the organ lay the book of stories and poems she had written out in Braille for Kirk. It lay open, as he had left it, and she glanced at the page.

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
  And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
  And everything else is still.
"Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
  And the dews of the night arise."

Felicia gave up the struggle with her grief. Leaving the door of Applegate Farm wide, she fled blindly to the maestro. He was playing to himself and smiling when she crept into the library, but he stopped instantly when he saw her face. Before she could help herself, she had told him everything, thrust her mother's letter into his hand, and then gave way to the tears she had fought so long. The maestro made no sign nor motion. His lips tightened, and his eyes blazed suddenly, but that was all.

He was all solicitude for Felicia. She must not think of going back to the empty farm-house. He arranged a most comfortable little supper beside the fire, and even made her smile, with his eager talk, all ringing with hope and encouragement. And finally he put her in charge of his sympathetic little housekeeper, who tucked her up in a great, dark, soft bed.

Left alone in the library, the maestro paced unsteadily up and down. "It is the sea that takes them!" he whispered. "It took my son; now it has taken one whom I loved as my son."

He sank down upon the piano-stool and gazed at the sheet on the music-rack. It was Kirk's last exercise, written out carefully in the embossed type that the maestro had been at such pains to learn and teach. Something like a sob shook the old musician. He raised clenched, trembling fists above his head, and brought them down, a shattering blow, upon the keyboard. Then he sat still, his face buried in his arms on the shaken piano.

Felicia, lying stiff and wide-eyed in the great bed above, heard the crash of the hideous discord, and shuddered. She had been trying to remember the stately, comforting words of the prayer for those in peril on the sea, but now, frightened, she buried her face in the pillow.

"Oh, dear God," she faltered, "You—You must bring him back —You *must!*"

CHAPTER XIV

THE *CELESTINE* PLAYS HER PART

"He 's a deader," said one of the men, pulling off his watch-cap.

"No, he ain't," said another. "He 's warm."

"But look at his eyes," said the first. "They ain't right."

"Where 's the old man?" inquired one.

"Skipper 's takin' a watch below, arter the fog; don't yer go knockin' him up now, Joe."

"Wait till the mate comes. Thunder, why don't yer wrop somep'n round the kid, you loon?"

The big schooner was getting under way again. The mate's voice spoke sharply to the helmsman.

"Helm up—steady. Nothing off—stead-y."

Then he left the quarter-deck and strode rapidly down to the little group amidships. He was a tall man, with a brown, angular face, and deep-set, rather melancholy, blue eyes. His black hair was just beginning to gray above his temples, and several lines, caused more by thought than age, scored his lean face.

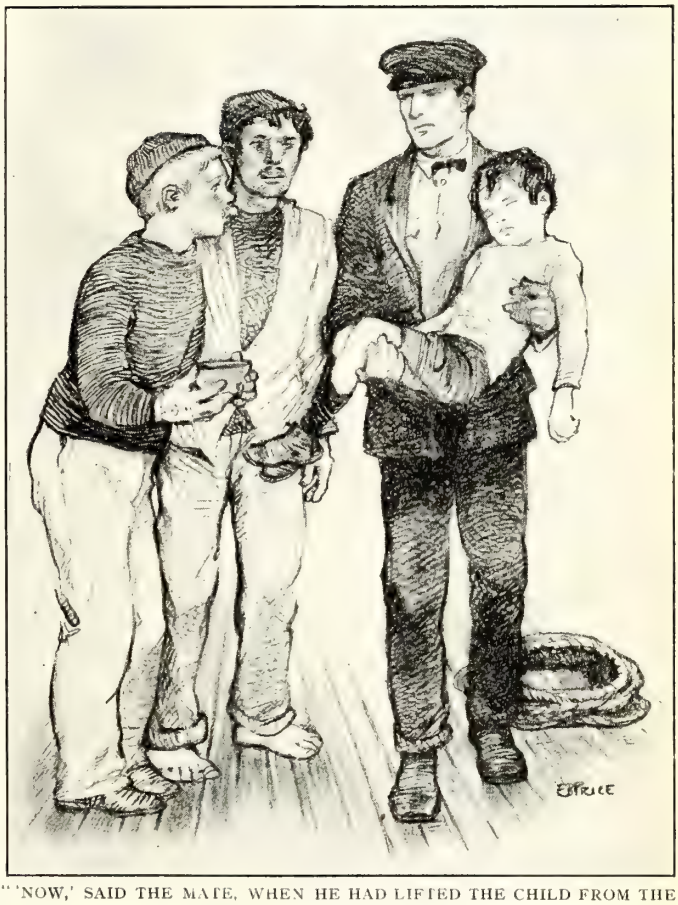
"What have we picked up, here, anyway?" he demanded. "Stand off, and let me look."

There was not much to see—a child in a green jersey, with blown, damp hair and a white face.

"You tink he 's dead?" A big Swede asked it.

The mate plunged a quick hand inside the green sweater. "No, he 's not. But he 's blind. Get out with that stuff, Jolak, what d 'ye think this is? Get me some brandy, somebody."

Jolak retired with the pickled cabbage he had offered as a restorative. No one looked to see



"'NOW,' SAID THE MATE, WHEN HE HAD LIFTED THE CHILD FROM THE DECK, 'LET ME THROUGH'"

where the brandy came from on a ship where none was supposed to be but in the medicine chest. It came, however, without delay, and the mate opened the flask.

"Now," he said, when he had poured some of its contents down the child's throat, and lifted him from the deck, "let me through."

The first thing of which Kirk was conscious was a long, swinging motion, unlike the short roll of the *Dutchman*. There was also a complex creaking and sighing, a rustling and rattling. There was a most curious, half-disagreeable, half-fascinating

smell. Kirk lay quietly on something which seemed much softer and warmer than the bottom of the *Flying Dutchman*, and presently he became aware of a soft strumming sound, and of a voice which sang murmurously:

"Off Cape de Gatte
I lost my hat,
And where d 'ye think I found it?
In Port Mahon
Under a stone
With all the girls around it."

"I like that," said Kirk, in a small voice. "Go on."

But the singing stopped immediately, and Kirk feared that he had only dreamed it, after all. However, a large, warm hand was laid quite substantially on his forehead, and the same voice that had been singing, said:

"H'm! Thought you 'd have another go at the old world, after all?"

"Where is this?" Kirk asked.

"This is the four-mast schooner *Celestine*, returning from South America. I am Martin, mate of said schooner—at your service. Hungry?"

"That 's funny," said Kirk; "the boat Ken gave me is called the *Celestine*. And *she 's* a four-masted schooner. Where 's Ken?"

"I 'm sorry—I don't know. Hungry?"

"I think I am," said Kirk.

Certainly the mate of the *Celestine* had a most strong and comfortable arm wherewith to raise a person. He administered bread and hot condensed milk, and Kirk began to realize that he was very hungry indeed.

"Now you go to sleep," Mr. Martin advised, after his brief manner. "Warm, now?"

Yes, Kirk was quite warm and cozy, but very much bewildered, and desirous of asking a hundred questions. These the mate forbade.

"You go to sleep," he commanded.

"Then please sing another tune," Kirk said. "What was it you were playing on?"

"Violin," said Mr. Martin. "Fiddle. I was plunking it like a banjo. Now I 'll play it, if you 'll stop talking."

Kirk did, and the mate began to play. His music was untaught, and he himself had made up the strange airs he played. They sighed fitfully through the little cabin like the rush of wind and water without; blended with it, mingled with the hundred little voices of the ship. The *Celestine* slipped on up the coast, singing softly to herself, and Kirk fell asleep with the undulating wail of the violin and the whisper of water filling his half-awakened senses.

He woke abruptly, much later, and called for Felicia suddenly; then, recollecting hazily where he was, for Mr. Martin. Hearing no sound, he was frightened, and cried out in remembered terror.

"Steady!" said the mate's voice. "What 's the trouble?"

"I don't know," said Kirk. "I—I think I need to talk to somebody. There has n't been anybody for so long."

"Well, go ahead," said the mate. "I 'm in my bunk. If you think there 's room enough, I 'll put you in here. More sociable, rather."

There was not much room, but Kirk was so thankful to clasp a human being once more, that he did not care how narrow the quarters might be. He put his cheek against the mate's arm, and they lay silent, the man very stiff and unyielding.

"The maestro would like to hear you play," Kirk murmured. "He loves queer tunes like that. He even likes the ones I make up."

"Oh, you make up tunes, do you?"

"Little ones. But he makes wonderful ones, —and he plays wonderfully, too."

"Who?"

"The maestro."

"Who 's he?"

Kirk told him—at great length. He likewise unburdened his heart, which had been steeped so long in loneliness and terror, and recounted the wonder and beauty of Applegate Farm, and Felicia and Ken, and the model ship, and the maestro's waiting garden, and all that went to make up his dear, familiar world, left so long ago, it seemed.

"But," he said rather mournfully, "I don't know whether I shall ever see any of them again, if we just keep on sailing and sailing. Are you going back to South America again?"

The mate laughed a little. "No," he said. "The *Celestine 's* going to Bedford, where she docks. We can't put her off her course to drop you at Asquam—harbor 's no good, anyhow. My time 's up when she docks. I 'll take you home."

"Have you always been mate of the *Celestine?*" Kirk inquired.

"I have not," said Mr. Martin. "I signed aboard of her at Rio this trip, to get up into the Christian world again. I 've been deck-hand and seaman and mate on more vessels than I can count —in every part of the uncivilized world. I skippered one ship, even—pestilential tub she was."

He fell silent after this speech, longer than any he had made so far.

"Then I 'll get home," Kirk said. "*Home.* Can 't we let 'em know, or anything? I suppose they 've been worrying."

"I think it likely that they have," said the mate. "No, this ship 's got no wireless. I 'll send 'em a telegram when we dock tomorrow."

"Thank you," said Kirk. Then, after a long pause: "Oh, if you knew how awful it was out there."

"I know," said Mr. Martin.

THE *Celestine* was bowling into Bedford Harbor with a fair wind. Kirk, in a reefer any number of sizes too large for him, sat on a hatch-coaming and drank in the flying wonder of the schooner's way. He was sailing on a great ship! How surprised Ken would be—and envious, too, for Ken had always longed to sail in a ship. The wind soughed in the sails and sang in the rigging, and the water flew past the *Celestine* and bubbled away behind her in a seething curve of foam. Mr. Martin stood looking up at the smooth, rounded shape of the main topsail, and whistling the song about the hat which he had lost and so miraculously found. He looked more than usually thoughtful and melancholy.

A fussy tug took the *Celestine* the last stage of her journey, and early afternoon found her warped into the wharf where Ken had seen her on the eve of her departure. Then, she had been waking to action at the beginning of a long cruise; now, a battered gull with gray, folded wings, she lay at the dock, pointing her bowsprit stiffly up to the dingy street where horses tramped endlessly over the cobblestones. The crew was jubilant. Some were leaving for other ships; some were going on shore leave, with months' pay unspent.

"I 'm attending to this salvage, sir," said Mr. Martin, to the captain. "My folks live up Asquam way. I 'll take him along with me."

ASQUAM'S languid representative of the telegraph knocked upon the door of Applegate Farm, which was locked. Then he thrust the yellow envelope as far under the door as possible and went his way. An hour later, a tall man and a radiant small boy pushed open the gate on Winterbottom Road and walked across the yellow grass. Kirk broke away and ran toward the house, hands outflung.

"Phil! Ken!" he called jubilantly.

His face shadowed as his hands came against the unyielding door of the house.

"Phil—" he faltered.

"Perhaps they have n't the telegram," Mr. Martin said. "We 'll have to wait around."

"They might be at the maestro's," Kirk said suddenly. "Come—run quick—I 'll show you the way. There 's a hole in the hedge—are you too big to get through?"

"I think not," said the mate.

IN the maestro's library, Felicia leaned suddenly upon the piano.

"Ken," she said, breathing hard, "something 's going to happen—something!"

"What more can happen?" Ken said gently.

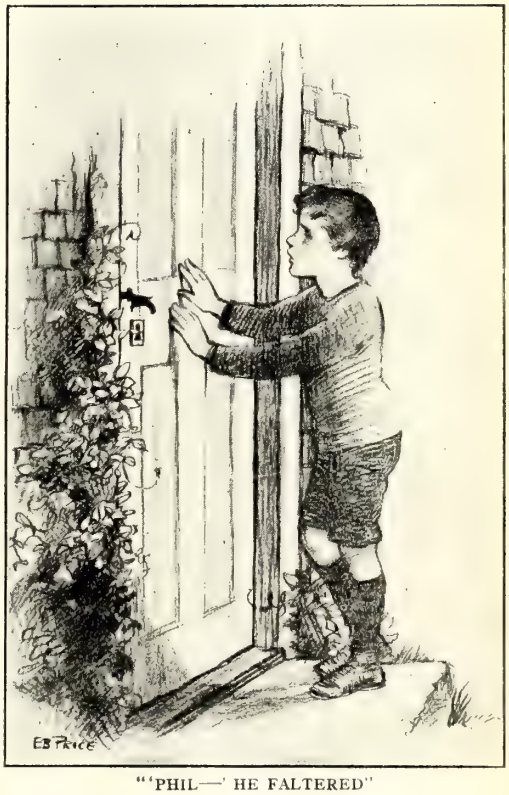
"But—oh, please! *Do* something—I don't know—"

"Poor child!" murmured the maestro. "Sit here, Felicia. Help her, Ken."

"I don't need help," said Phil. "Oh, you think I 'm mad, I suppose. I 'm not. Ken—please go and look out—go to the house. Oh, Kirk!"

The maestro shook his head and put a hand on Felicia's shoulder.

"Better go, Ken," he said quietly.



"'PHIL—' HE FALTERED"

Kenelm stepped upon the terrace. Through the long window, which he left open behind him, a joyous voice came quite clearly to the library.

"And this is the poor empty pool that I told you about, that never has had any water in it since then—and are n't we at the terrace steps now?"

Felicia vowed afterward that she did n't faint. Yet she had no clear recollection of seeing Kirk between the time when she saw him drop the hand of the tall, strange man and run up the steps, and when they all were standing around her in the library, looking a little grave.

"Phil—Phil!" Kirk was saying then. "Oh,

are n't you glad to see me at *all?* It 's me—oh, *Phil!*"

His eager hands sought her face, to be sure it was she, so strange and quiet.

"Just a minute, lamb," she heard Ken say, with a hand on Kirk's shoulder. "Phil does n't feel quite right."

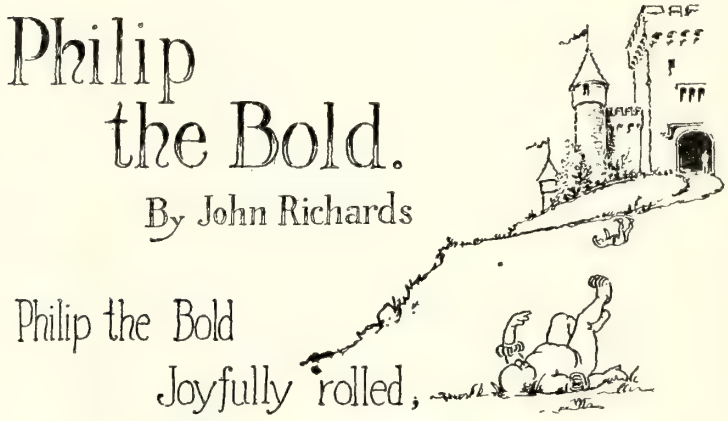
Then warm, delicious life rushed over her, and she could move again and fling her trembling arms around Kirk. She and Ken and the maestro all managed to embrace Kirk at once, so that they embraced each other, too. And Ken was not ashamed of his tears, nor was the maestro.

The ex-mate of the *Celestine* stood discreetly on the terrace, whistling to himself. But he was not whistling the song about his hat. No, it was a little plaintive air, dimly familiar, Ken thought. Where had he heard it before? And why was the maestro straightening with a stricken face, from Kirk?

(To be concluded)

Philip the Bold.

By John Richards



Philip the Bold
Joyfully rolled,
And ordered this pastime for all he controlled;
Which was hard on his knights,
In their best purple tights;
But worse for the dukes, who were gouty and old.



A PARLOR TRENCH-MORTAR AND A LEWIS GUN

By W. M. BUTTERFIELD

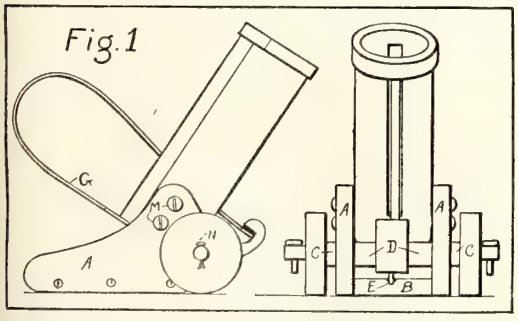
THERE are not many toys that will really shoot a projectile, which may safely be used in-doors, but here is a miniature trench-mortar that cannot possibly do any damage to lamp-shades or window-panes, because the shell it fires is made of cork. At the same time it will be a most formidable little piece of artillery for tin-soldier warfare.

A front view and a side view of the mortar is shown in Fig. 1, while in Fig. 2 we have a sectional view, and certain details of the trigger and the spring that drives the cork out of the mortar.

First of all, we must get a piece of a curtain-pole $1\frac{3}{4}''$ in diameter and a piece of cardboard $6\frac{1}{8}''$ long by $5\frac{1}{8}''$ wide. Two slots are cut in the cardboard with a sharp knife. These slots are each $\frac{5}{16}''$ wide and $3\frac{3}{4}''$ long. Fig. 4 shows just where the slots are located in the cardboard.

The curtain-pole is to be used as a form, around which we are going to bend the cardboard to make the barrel of the mortar. A sheet of heavy wrapping-paper $5\frac{1}{2}''$ wide and $18''$ long is made ready for use as a binder to hold the cardboard on the curtain-pole, and a lot of rubber bands must be on hand to hold the binder in place.

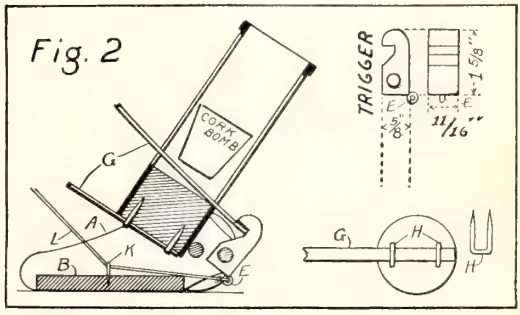
When the cardboard is bent around the pole, its edges will overlap a little more than $\frac{1}{2}''$, and these overlapping edges are fastened together with liquid glue. Be sure to use a thin layer of glue, so that it will not ooze out and stick the cardboard to the pole. Then, beginning just beyond the lapped part, wind the binder paper



tightly round and round the cardboard and put on the rubber bands to keep it in position. The pole should then be set aside for four or five hours, so as to let the glue set.

The carriage is made of three pieces cut out of $\frac{3}{8}''$ boards. Two pieces are sawed to the shape shown at *A*, Fig. 3, and the third is a bottom piece, *B*, $1\frac{3}{8}''$ wide by $3\frac{1}{2}''$ long, which joins the two side-pieces, *A*.

The two side-pieces will have to be cut out



with a scroll-saw, or they may be whittled out with a sharp penknife. They are held together temporarily with brads or small nails, while two holes are bored in them, one at the front for the trigger-shaft and another just back of it and $\frac{7}{8}''$ from the bottom for the axle on which the wheels are to be mounted.

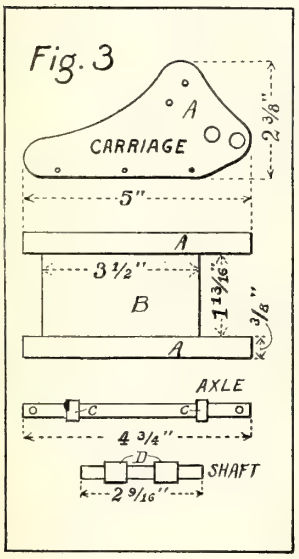
We are going to use wooden skewers for the axle and the trigger-shaft. These can be got from any good-natured butcher. They should be about $\frac{1}{4}''$ in diameter, and the holes in the side-pieces should be just large enough to receive them freely.

The side-pieces are now separated, and in each three $\frac{3}{16}''$ screw-holes must be bored for attachment of the bottom piece, *B*, and two similar holes near the top for the attachment of the barrel, as shown in the upper view, Fig. 3.

One of the skewers is cut to a length of $4\frac{3}{4}''$ to form the axle, and the other to a length of $2\frac{9}{16}''$ for the trigger-shaft. On each there is a pair of collars. The collars *C* are $\frac{1}{4}''$ wide and the collars *D*, $\frac{1}{2}''$ wide. These collars are made of strips of cardboard in exactly the same way as the barrel of the mortar is made, except that they must be several layers in thickness.

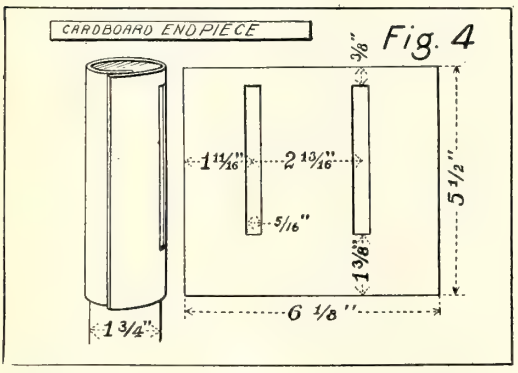
While the glue is hardening, two holes are bored in the axle with a $\frac{3}{32}''$ drill. There will be some danger of splitting the skewer, and, to pre-

vent this, we may use the trick shown in Fig. 5. A block of wood is procured and a hole is bored in it just large enough to receive the skewer snugly. A line is drawn across the middle of this hole and carried around the edges across the top face of the block. This line is shown by dots in the lower, left-hand figure. A second hole is now bored down from the top face of the block through the first hole. Our $\frac{3}{32}''$ drill is used for this purpose, and it is set on the line just $\frac{3}{8}''$ in from the edge. The holes in the axle are to be $\frac{3}{16}''$ from each end, and so a mark is made on the axle just $\frac{9}{16}''$ from each end. One end of the axle is driven into the block to the $\frac{9}{16}''$ mark and a $\frac{3}{32}''$ hole is bored through it; the same operation is repeated on the other end of the axle.

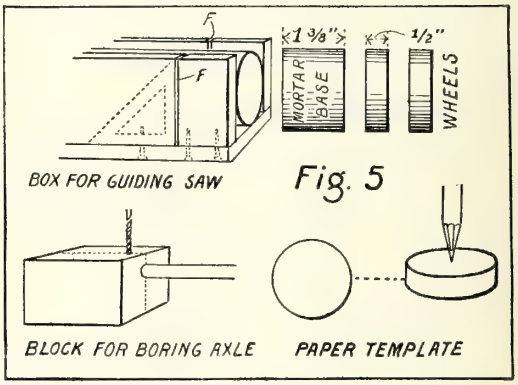


The trigger of our mortar is shown in Fig. 2. It consists of a block of wood whittled to the form and size given in the diagram. A hole is bored in it to receive the trigger-shaft and a small screw-eye, *E*, is screwed into the forward lower edge of the trigger.

If the barrel of our mortar is now dry, the paper binder is removed and a cardboard end-piece, $\frac{3}{8}''$ wide (see Fig. 4), is glued to the end of the barrel and held fast, until it sets, by means of a paper binder and a rubber band. While it is set aside to dry, we may cut out the mortar base, or breech-block, and the two wheels.



Another piece of $\frac{3}{4}''$ curtain-pole is procured and two pieces $\frac{1}{2}''$ wide are cut off for the wheels, while a $1\frac{3}{4}''$ length is cut off for the mortar base, Fig. 5. It will be rather difficult to do this without a box to keep the saw straight. The box is really a trough about 10″ long and 2″ or more in depth, made by nailing a bottom piece of board to two side-pieces. The box must be just wide enough to receive the curtain pole. After the side-pieces have been secured with plenty of nails, a saw slot, *F*, is cut across the two sides at right-angles to the length of the box. This saw slot is cut near one end of the box, making sure that it does not strike any of the nails. To cut the slot properly, guide-lines should be marked with a pencil on each side-piece, using a square or a triangle (as shown by dotted lines in Fig. 5), to make sure that the lines are truly perpendicular. Now we may measure off the desired length on the curtain-pole. The pole is set in the box, and, with the saw in the slots F, the disks for the wheels and mortar base are cut off.



A $\frac{1}{4}''$ hole will have to be bored in the center of each wheel to receive the axle. In order to find the center a paper template is made (see Fig. 5). With a compass, a circle is drawn on a piece of paper, and a hole is punched in the paper where the compass point was set. Then the paper is carefully cut out and fitted on the side of one of the wheels. With a pencil, a mark is made through the hole in the center of the template, and this will indicate where the point of the $\frac{1}{4}''$ bit must be placed.

One more thing we shall need, and that is a piece of spring steel, *G*, such as a corset-steel, which is fastened to the mortar base by means of a couple of double-point tacks, *H* (Fig. 2).

Before assembling the mortar, a double-point tack, *K*, is driven into the bottom piece, *B*, of the carriage, as a guide for the trigger-string or lanyard, *L*, which is to be tied to the screw-eye *E*.

The mortar is now assembled as follows: The side-pieces, *A*, are fastened to the bottom piece,

B, by means of screws, as shown in Fig. 3. The trigger-shaft is passed through the side-pieces and through the trigger (Fig. 2) and the two collars *D* (Fig. 3). The collars are placed on each side of the trigger, so as to hold it central on its shaft, and the screw-eye *E* (Fig. 2) is screwed in until it bites into the shaft, thus keeping the shaft from working out. The mortar barrel is now removed from its form and the mortar base is fitted into the lower end of it, with the steel, *G*, in line with the slots in the barrel. By means of four screws, *M* (Fig. 1), two on each side, the barrel is fastened to the carriage, making sure that it clears the axle hole. The barrel must be turned so that the two slots are vertically in line with each other. The axle is now passed through the side-pieces, the two collars *C* are put on, and then the two wheels; finally, two brass paper-fasteners, *N*, are put through the holes in the axle to keep the wheels from coming off. The cord *L* is fastened to the screw-eye *E* and passed under the double-pointed tack, *K*, after which the steel *G* is bent over, passed through the slots in the barrel, and hooked under the trigger.

Now we are ready to shoot. A good-sized cork is dropped into the barrel of the mortar. On pulling the line *L*, the spring is released and off goes the cork bomb.

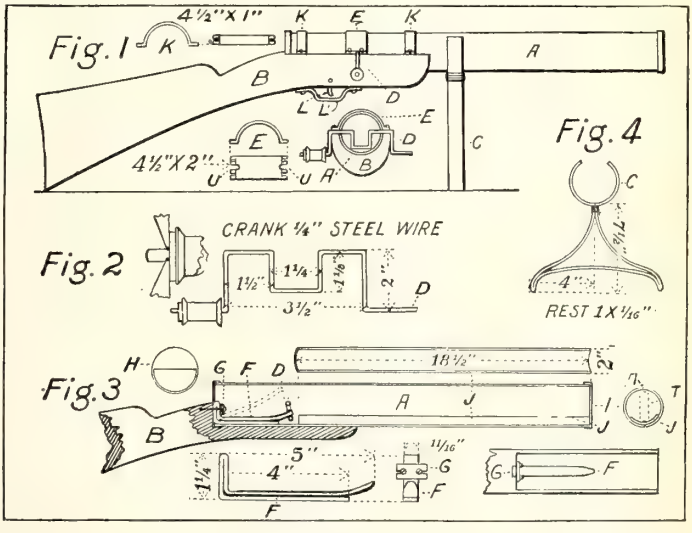
A LEWIS GUN

HERE is a toy gun that will afford lots of fun to the younger readers of ST. NICHOLAS, but unfortunately those who will enjoy the gun the most will hardly be capable of building it alone. They will have to ask their fathers or older brothers for help. It is not a gun that Mother will worry about, because it fires no cartridge; and yet it will make a noise like that of a machine-gun. This noise is produced by a spring which is clicked by a hand crank.

In Fig. 1 we have a general view of the gun. *A* is the barrel, *B*, the stock, *C*, the rest, *D*, the firing-crank, *K-K* and *E*, the straps that hold the barrel in the stock, and *L* the false trigger. The stock is the only part made of wood, and for very obvious reasons,—chief of which is getting the big work done while the worker's interest is fresh,—we should make this part first.

For the stock we must get a piece of soft, straight-grained whitewood or basswood 24" long, 10" wide, and 3" thick. The most important thing about a gun-stock is the groove that holds the barrel. The method of making this is shown in Fig. 5. The stock is outlined in pencil on one side of the piece of wood, and is drawn by following the measurements given. To put the groove in the stock, it is merely necessary to bore a $2\frac{1}{2}$" hole 10" deep, and then cut the wood along the middle of the bore. But to have the bit run true with the sides and top of the piece, a guide, while boring, must be provided for the screw point of the bit. This is done as follows: First saw out the oblong piece, *M*, 10" long and $1\frac{1}{2}$" thick, then cut a shallow $\frac{1}{8}$" channel, *Q-Q*, on each of the newly sawed surfaces of *M* and *B*, each exactly in the middle, parallel with the sides, and of V shape. A cold-chisel lightly driven into the wood along a pencil line will make these channels. Next *M* and *B* are put together and clamped between three binding pieces *O-O-O* nailed to the wood below the part that is to form the stock. The hole *R* is now bored to indicate a depth of 10".

After this hole is bored we removed the binders *O*, and, discarding the *M* piece, have a groove in the stock formed by the half hole. It will be found advisable now to carry the *B* piece to some wood-working shop where there is a band-saw, and have the wood sawed away outside of the line indicating the stock. The stock may be rounded and shaped with the jack-knife and smoothed with sandpaper. Then it is treated to a coat of drying-oil stained with Bismarck brown, and this is followed up with two coats of shellac.



If we will now turn to Fig. 6 we shall see that the gun-barrel is made by bending a piece of sheet-iron, *A*, into a tube. Have this cut to size where it is obtained, as it can be done more accurately

there than at home. This is also true of the inside liner *J*, Fig. 3, and the three pieces *K-K* and *E*, Fig. 1. The sizes of these pieces are marked on the drawings, and all are made of $\frac{1}{32}$″ sheet-iron. The barrel sheet, Fig. 6, has two

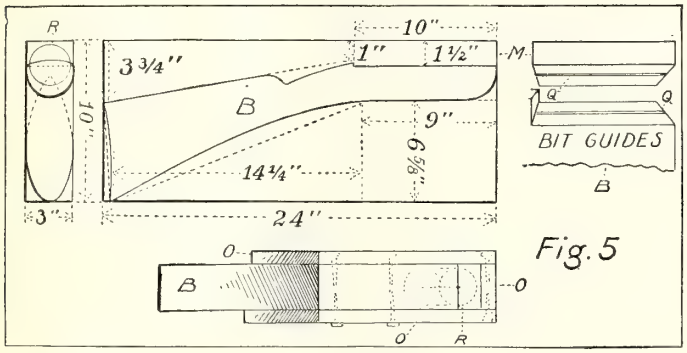


Fig. 5

slots, *S-S*, $\frac{1}{4}$″ wide and $2\frac{1}{2}$″ long, cut 5″ from the rear end and $\frac{1}{2}$″ from their respective edges, as shown. The openings are cut before bending, using a cold-chisel, while the sheet is resting on a thick piece of iron, first cutting through the metal, then finishing with a file to the desired width and length. In order to bend this sheet smoothly and without twisting, a piece, *N*, of round wood, $2\frac{1}{2}$″ in diameter, is used for the inside, and a wooden trough, *P*, for the outside. The trough is made of $\frac{1}{2}$″ boards 4″ wide, set at an angle of 45° in supports, as shown—all securely nailed together. The sheet *A* is first placed flat on this trough, with its edges parallel to those of the trough, then the liner *J*, Fig. 3 is placed upon *A*—also parallel—with the wood or pipe, *N*, on top of *J*, and the first bend is made by pushing down *N* as indicated in Fig. 6. The piece *J* is then removed, and, working toward each outer edge in turn, the bending process is completed with a rolling movement, and by forcing the tube down into the trough.

The barrel is closed at each end by means of caps, *H* and *I*, which are tin covers of the kind used on jelly-glasses. One of the caps, *I*, has a hole neatly punched in it to represent the real muzzle of the gun, while the other cap, *H*, has the lower half of its top removed, so as to allow the spring, *F*, to be inserted in the barrel when placed in the stock. These caps, the barrel, and the piece *J* are cemented together in the manner indicated in the end and side views, Fig. 3. To do this, make the wooden piece, *T*, shown in the end view, wide enough to hold *J* and *A* together without spreading *A* apart at its joined edges. This piece, *T*, must be $18\frac{1}{2}$″ long, and it serves to hold *J* and *A* together while cementing. Thick shellac is used for cement and is smeared thickly on the outer curved surface of *J* before it is inserted in the barrel. While the shellac is still wet, put it in place and insert the piece *T* to hold it in position. The caps *H* and *I* may be slipped on to hold the pieces together while the shellac is drying—say for an hour. The piece *T* is then removed and the caps are cemented in place, using the shellac as before.

Before leaving Fig. 3 we will construct the all-important part of our gun—the thing that makes all the kick and noise—the spring *F*. It is made of $\frac{1}{16}$″ steel, $\frac{11}{16}$″ wide and $11\frac{1}{2}$″ long, bent to the shape shown. First double it over with the upper part projecting 1″ beyond the lower part. Then bend up $1\frac{1}{4}$″ of the folded end. The upper, and longer, end of this spring is raised by a crank, *D*, and when it is released by further movement of the crank, it snaps back, striking the lower part with a resounding blow. The spring must have just resistance enough to perform this work. It is held in position by a piece of the same metal, *G*, which is $1\frac{3}{8}$″ long with a slot filed in each end to accommodate a couple of screws, as shown.

Fig. 2 shows the details of the crank, *D*, which should be made of stiff wire $\frac{1}{4}$″ thick and 16″

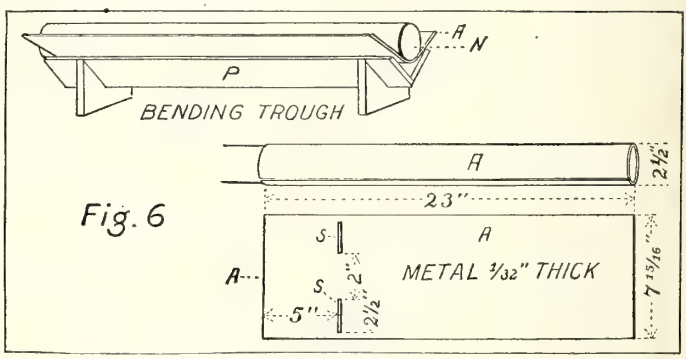


Fig. 6

long. A spool is used for the handle, which is held in place by a washer. The washer in turn is kept in place by raising a bur on the wire on each side with a cold-chisel. The detail view in Fig. 2 shows how this is done. The crank is shoved through the slots in the barrel, and, when the gun is assembled, rests upon the upper edges of the stock, as shown in side and end views, Fig. 1.

Fig. 1 gives the details of the straps *K-K* and *E*, which are shaped first over the wood or pipe piece, *N*, Fig. 6, after which their ends are bent back to form flanges which are fastened to the stock. The piece *E* is fastened with two screws and has slots filed in it at *U-U* for the crank, which passes through this strap and is held by it in the gun-barrel. The pieces *K-K* are fastened with but one screw at each end. All of these straps must fit the barrel tightly and hold it firmly in the groove of the stock. The screws should be driven at a slight angle toward the center of the stock, so as not to have their ends break through the sides and disfigure that piece. A false trigger, *L*, is formed of $\frac{1}{4}$″ wire driven into the wood, or it may be formed with an eye, like a screw-eye, and fastened in a groove in the bottom of the stock by a pin driven through the sides, as shown. The trigger-guard, *L*, is made of strap-iron 1″ wide and 5″ long. It is screwed in place with $\frac{3}{3}\frac{3}{2}$″ button-head screws $\frac{3}{8}$″ long.

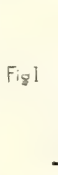
We may now make the rest, *C*, Figs. 1 and 4. This is formed out of $\frac{1}{16}$″ strap-iron 1″ wide and 38″ long, bent in the shape shown in Fig. 4. The bending is done by first making the two sharp bends for the feet 14″ from each end of the iron, then shaping the rest as shown, finally rounding the top over the pipe *N* (Fig. 6). The rest is fastened on the gun-barrel, with wire wrapped around it just below the barrel, as shown.

A SIGN FOR THE SUMMER COTTAGE

To a camp, tent, or cottage, a touch of originality may be added by the use of an attractive sign-board, made of thin wood, sheet-tin, or even of heavy cardboard, varnished to protect it from summer showers.

An odd sign is here described. It must be hung in a position where it will catch the breeze, as only when it is revolving can the name be read.

Cut from the material chosen a rectangle 7 by 11 inches, bending backward at right angles, but in opposite directions, a strip one inch wide along each of the longer edges (see Figs. I and V). If thin wood or cardboard is used, these strips should be held in position by cord or wire, as in Fig. I.


Fig I

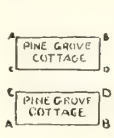
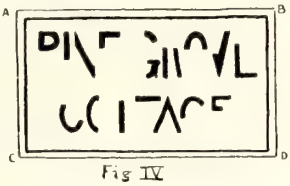


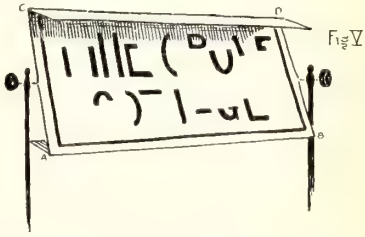
Fig II



Fig III

Upon a piece of paper 5 by 11 inches print the name chosen, using double lines, as in Fig. III.


Fig IV


Fig V

If one has not sufficient skill to design the letters they can usually be obtained from newspapers or advertisements. Trace them first on thin paper and transfer them by placing a piece of carbon paper, carbon side down, between the lettering and the sign; then carefully trace the letters. A tin sign must be painted and have dried before being lettered.

Now make a small model of the sign by printing the chosen name on two pieces of paper, as shown in Fig. II. Paste these two pieces together back to back so that the edge *C D* coincides with *C D* and *A B* with *A B*. With this small card as a model, print the name on the reverse side of the sign-board, using the same lettering and the carbon paper as before. We must now fill in with ink or paint portions of each letter on both sides of the sign. Figs. IV and V will show the result. On one side, in Fig. IV, the upper half of the letters *P* and *I*, and the cross line of the *N* are filled in, while in Fig. V, which shows the reverse side, the remaining portions of these letters appear. In other words, the portion of a letter omitted on one side of the sign must appear on the other.

Get two umbrella ribs and two long hat-pins. Slip one pin through the small loop or eye near the outer point of the rib, and then midway between the upper and lower edges and between the layers of cardboard, not allowing the point to come to the surface. The other pin is similarly placed on the opposite side (Fig. V). If the sign is of tin, make several small openings by driving a tack through it and, using a shorter pin, pass it over and under through them.

The lower ends of the umbrella ribs may be set in pieces of wood in which small holes have been bored, or they can be pushed into a thick piece of cork which can be nailed wherever desired. When a good breeze is blowing the sign will revolve rapidly and the name may be easily read, but at other times it will puzzle the uninitiated.

E. Maude Bradley.

HOW THE NAVY TALKS

By B. B. WYGANT, COMMANDER U. S. NAVY

In the Navy, "communications" means a lot. It comprehends the unseen vibrations of the ether whereby the news of the world is flashed from continent to continent at the rate of over a hundred words a minute, as well as the waving flags of a white-clad signal-boy, who, wrapping himself as best he can around a stanchion on the bridge of a bucking destroyer, spells out his message to his mate a half-mile away. It includes the means whereby the anxious skipper of a great liner, approaching a rock-bound coast in thick weather, is enabled to ascertain his exact position regardless of anything he can see, and the tinkling of a bell in a fog by which two friends on "sub" chasers, anchored close together, convey to each other their intention of dining together that evening. It means radio, cables, telephones, oscillators, flashing lights, blinking lights, waving flags, flapping flags, and even more than all those.

Every one is more or less familiar with the great submarine cable systems that link the continents and the outlying islands all over the world since the American, Cyrus W. Field, "had a pretty notion that he could lay a telegraph across the Atlantic Ocean"; but owing to the recent and rapid development of wireless, or, as it is more generally known in America, radiotelegraphy, the average man is far behind in his appreciation of the possibilities of this means of communication.

During the war there was a small office in the Navy Department, over the entrance to which was a sign, "RADIO SECTION TRANSATLANTIC." In it there were four desks, each desk having a small apparatus on it for sending, respectively, to Carnarvon, Wales, to Nantes and Lyons in France, to Rome and Coltano in Italy, and to Nauen in Germany.

A message came in, say, for Lyons. In addition to the desks mentioned, there were three other desks, with machines that look like typewriters. The message was taken to one of these three desks, where it was transcribed; but the result, instead of being a printed sheet, was a long strip of paper a half-inch wide, punctured with holes irregularly spaced. This tape was put into another machine, which clicked out the message at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five words a minute. We are all more or less familiar with the sound of an ordinary telegraph-instrument, but this machine sends so fast that it could not possibly be read by the ear. It sounds like the racket made by a lawn-mower when one is in a hurry to finish the front yard. This machine at the desk in the little office in Washington was working the sending-station at Annapolis, and from this powerful radiating set the waves were sent out, to be picked up at Lyons, France, and from there relayed to the proper address.

It has been stated that these messages could not be read by the ear. How then is it done? When the waves are received at the station for which they are intended, by a complicated process they are made to move a small lever on which a mirror is mounted. This mirror, as the lever moves up and down, reflects a beam of light on and off a moving photographic tape; the "on" is registered by a streak on the tape, while the "off" shows blank. This tape, run at fairly high speed, takes a sort of "movie" of the dancing mirror; and when the tape is developed, the message can be read.

This Washington office works not only the sending-station at Annapolis, but also the other big sending-stations on the east coast, at Sayville, Tuckerton, and New Brunswick.

Now for the receipt of the incoming messages from Europe:

Away up on the coast of Maine, there is a naval radio-station known as Ottercliffs. For some reason, as yet not fully understood, this station can hear better than any other station in America. It can hear ships hundreds of miles away, whispering together at low power; it can intercept messages from one part of Europe to another. Owing to this, it is the most efficient receiving-station in this country. Of course, it is farther east than most American stations, and therefore nearer the "other side," but that is not enough to account for its preëminence in this respect. The cause may lie in the nature of the soil; it may lie in the topography of the surrounding country or the conformation of the coast-line. No one seems able to explain this condition satisfactorily. Not only can it receive from all the big stations in Europe, but it can receive from them simultaneously. The waves from each station are segregated and deflected to separate instruments, where the movies of the mirror are taken as described above.

Communication with our west coast can be carried on in the same manner as the transatlantic traffic; and the wonder of it all is that all these streams of messages are coming and going, day and night, without interference.

One way to illustrate this fact is to imagine a room in which there is a piano. Several people are pounding the keys of this piano as fast as they can. To the ear of the listener in the same room, the din is unspeakable; but in an adjoining

room is a receiving-instrument which sounds only when the "e" of one octave is struck; in another room is a similar instrument which vibrates every time the "g" of another octave is struck, and so on. This effect is obtained in radio by what is known as "tuning." In other words, out of the great number of waves traversing the atmosphere all the time, a properly "tuned" receiving-set picks out those of its own wave-lengths only.

something like the submarine bell on some light-ships and buoys that, through taps on the bell, signify their proximity to ships within hearing distance. The sound-waves from the bell struck underneath the water are conveyed more regularly and distinctly than the sound-waves from the whistle or bell in the air, which are affected greatly by the condition of the atmosphere and the direction of the wind.

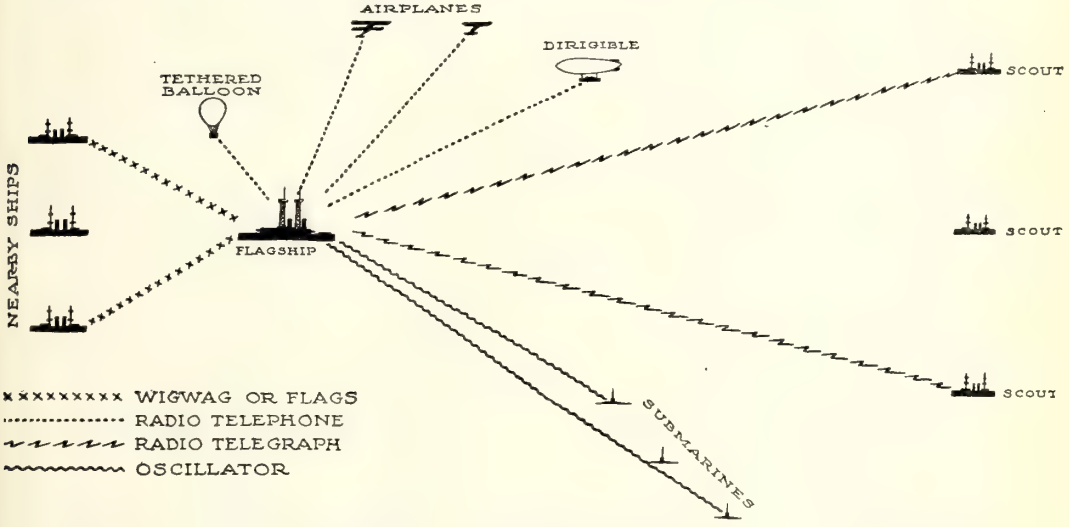


Diagram showing different methods of communicating with fleet.

The description of the long-distance system, which is called the "superprimary" system, applies equally to the middle-distance, or primary, system (between 500 and 1500 miles approximately) and the short-distance or secondary system. Nearly all the communication between the thousands of ships at sea and the smaller coastal shore-stations is carried on by means of the secondary system.

Naturally, the Navy is principally concerned with ship communication, either among themselves, or to and from the shore. The flag-ship of a fleet becomes a distributing-station. When the commander-in-chief gets his orders from Washington, he has to transmit them, or a part of them, to the different units of his whole force. This includes his scouts, maybe hundreds of miles distant, the submarines, which may at the time be submerged, the airplanes and dirigibles, and the surface craft near at hand. This dissemination of information is carried out by all means that are available—the radiotelegraph for long distance, the radiotelephone for aircraft, oscillators or radiotelegraph for subsurface craft, and wigwag, flag-hoist, searchlight, or blinker for near-by ships. The oscillator is an instrument for transmitting sound-waves through the water, and is

One of the most important means of communication is the radiotelephone, and this method is becoming more and more important every day as its principles become better known. It is the principal means for communicating with airplanes. Airplanes are used in naval warfare in many ways. Not only can they be sent long distances ahead of the fleet for scouting purposes, but their great height gives them a field of view far surpassing, in clear weather, any surface craft. They are of great use in the immediate vicinity of the fleet for discovering the presence of hostile mines and submarines, for here, again, their height enables them to penetrate with their view the surface layers of the water and discover the presence of mines and submarines that are absolutely invisible to surface craft. Another important use of aircraft is in spotting. When a shot is fired, the observer in the airplane, dirigible, or balloon from his great height can say, "The last shot was 500 yards short of the mark," and the man pointing the gun corrects his aim accordingly. The means of getting this information obtained by aircraft to the commander-in-chief is, therefore, a most important part of communications.

Here is another possible use for the radio-

telephone: suppose the fleet is at sea and the admiral wishes to have a conference of his commanding officers. He does n't wish to stop the fleet and have boats lowered, so a signal is sent, "Captains man radiotelephones," and the admiral sits in his cabin and talks directly with all of his captains. The only disadvantage experienced is that only one person can be talking at once—which is n't a disadvantage in a conference, after all.

A great many messages to and from the Navy Department, as well as those sent in the fleet, must, from their nature, be secret. Now it is obvious that the enemy, by properly tuning his receiving-instruments, can intercept and obtain valuable information from our own messages. Therefore, we have to have a means of sending messages that will, if intercepted, be unintelligible to an enemy. This is done by the use of codes and ciphers, and the preparation of them comes under the head of "communications." Does the average person realize that no code or cipher is so abstruse that it cannot be "broken" by experts? The hieroglyphics on the monuments of Egypt, the biliteral cipher of Bacon, the most secret codes of modern governments have all broken down under the attacks of cryptographers. This fact necessitates a constant change in any system used if it is expected to remain secret. The German code during the Great War became an open book to the Allies, and messages could be deciphered almost as fast as received.

Another recent and little known development of radio is the radio compass, or "directional wireless," as the English call it. This is of the greatest importance as an aid to navigation in thick weather, and is constantly used nowadays with the most accurate results.

A ship is approaching the coast in foggy weather and desires to enter New York Harbor, for example. It may have been overcast for several days and no observations of the sun or stars have been obtainable. The radio-operator gets in telegraphic touch with a shore station and signifies his desire for a position, making a series of ticks on his apparatus that can be picked up at different places along the coast. In fifteen minutes the message comes, "Your bearing from Montauk Point is —— degrees; your bearing from Sandy Hook is —— degrees." These bearings, when plotted on the chart, show the captain his exact position (see sketch) and he proceeds with confidence to his destination. In addition to the assistance this method gives to the navigation of the peaceful merchantman, think of the applications it has in time of war! From properly placed stations, any enemy crossing the ocean and approaching our coast can be tracked unerringly from his point of departure to his destination, provided he uses his radio for communicating. This method was used with marked success during the Great War in locating enemy submarines, until they learned better and kept quiet. More than one fell a victim to his desire to talk to his friends, another example of the benefit to be derived from keeping one's ears open and his mouth shut. Also, this tended to cut out radio communication in the Grand Fleet, and entailed the use, for short distance communication, of visual methods of signaling, such as searchlight and blinker, wigwag and flag-hoists. For this reason it may be assumed that the old methods will still be used and will retain the importance they had in the days of Paul Jones, Decatur, and Farragut.

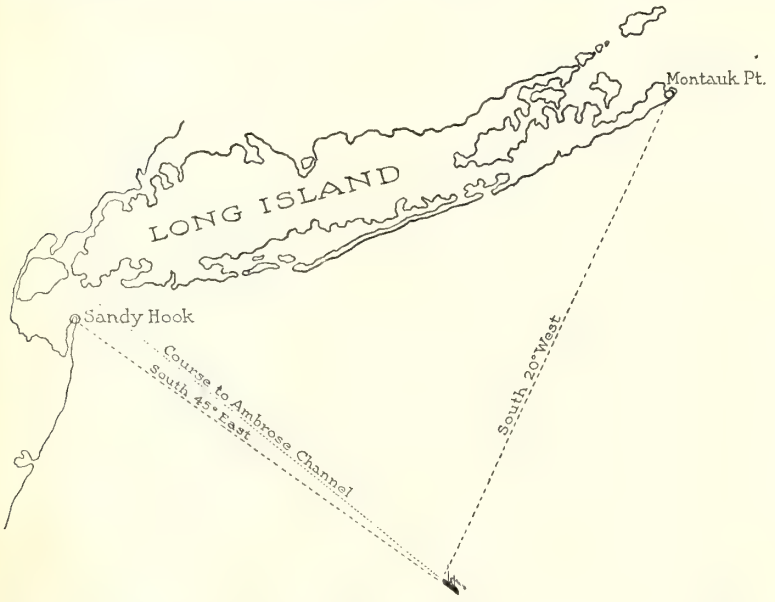
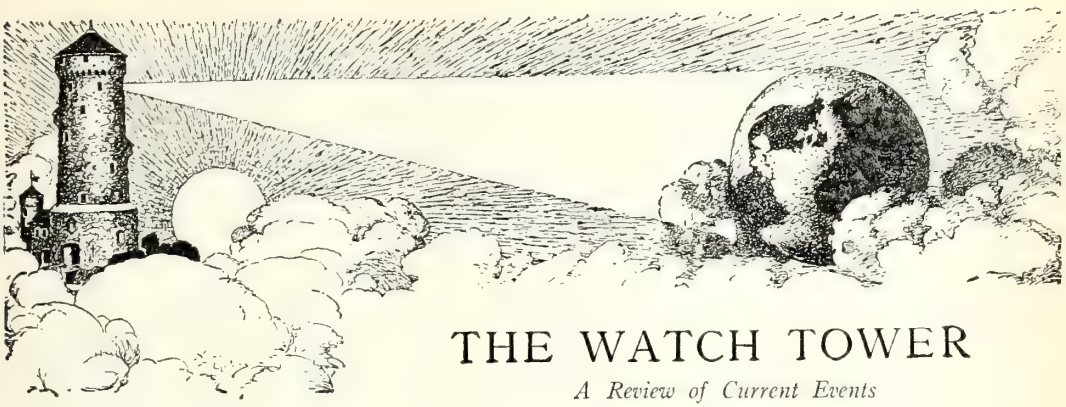


Diagram showing how a ship's position can be plotted from radio compass bearings, and course shaped for harbor.



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

SEPTEMBER—YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

SCHOOL, of course. Not sorry either; really, now—are you?

You know what THE WATCH TOWER thinks when its folks all come back to school: Here's a "current event" that really means something! It means another course laid in the foundation that 's always being newly built for the splendid structure of American citizenship to stand on. Education is the foundation of our Government. The more of it you get, the safer Uncle Sam's future becomes.

An educated man or woman has balance and power. Discontent and social disorders grow out of ignorance. An educated person knows better than to be trying to remake the world in a week. A person who is endeavoring to get an education is too busy to listen to those who go about complaining.

People pay taxes to support the public schools. They don't get their money's worth unless the boys and girls learn a lot.

WHO WILL BE OUR NEXT PRESIDENT, HARDING OR COX?

THE next President will not have a three-syllable name, like Washington, Jefferson, Madison, or Harrison. He may have two syllables, like Garfield and Lincoln, Cleveland and Wilson; or a single syllable, like Grant and Taft, Pierce and Polk. Perhaps the names run in series, so that you can predict whether Harding or Cox will be elected. At this early date, that may be as good a way as any.

Presidential campaigns do not generally get around to the decisive issues as early as this. The preliminary skirmishing has to be done before the battle takes definite form. The platforms, the speeches of acceptance, and a great mass of newspaper discussion is about all we have to go by. The really significant things are still under cover. Even the last weeks of the campaign do not always bring them out, for often the voters, quietly making up their minds, are moving in a direction not revealed by surface indications.

Don't you think the nation is really most anxious for a settlement of America's policy toward the rest of the world in these great days of reorganization? Are we going to say: Our President pledged us without asking us, and it does n't count; or, the President went further than we had told him to, but we 'll just take hold and put the program through on our own hook, with a new manager on the job?



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GOVERNOR J. D. COX

Senator Harding is opposed to the policy of League of Nations membership for America, except with reservations; Governor Cox is for it. So, if that issue really is the big one in the people's minds, the way to settle the matter is clear and simple. The decisive issues in our Presidential campaigns are usually presented in that way by the two great parties.

When such important matters are to be disposed of,—matters that involve not merely expediency, but principle,—and with intelligent, sincere people taking opposite views of the principle involved, there is sure to be a bitter struggle.



Keystone View Co.
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

And in such a struggle, we all need to remember that while the election may possibly not prove that the victorious principle is in reality the best one, our democratic government is based on the rule of the majority, and the minority is expected to abide by the decision.

Let 's try, while being honest partisans, to be such good Americans that every word we utter shall work for the good of America. Let 's not say things we can't be sure of. Let 's not be bitter. Let 's use our brains and our good American sense —and not rock the boat.

BOY SCOUT TRAVELERS

SEE them "register" joy, those Scouts aboard ship, in the picture! Nothing very artificial about it, is there? Just think of it—three hundred Scouts on their way to Europe, to meet other fortunate fellows from all over the world and show them what Uncle Sam's youngsters can do. Three hundred of the finest boys that ever lived; and over three hundred thousand more staying home to take care of Yankeeland. Yes, there are now nearly 400,000 registered members in the Boy Scouts of America.

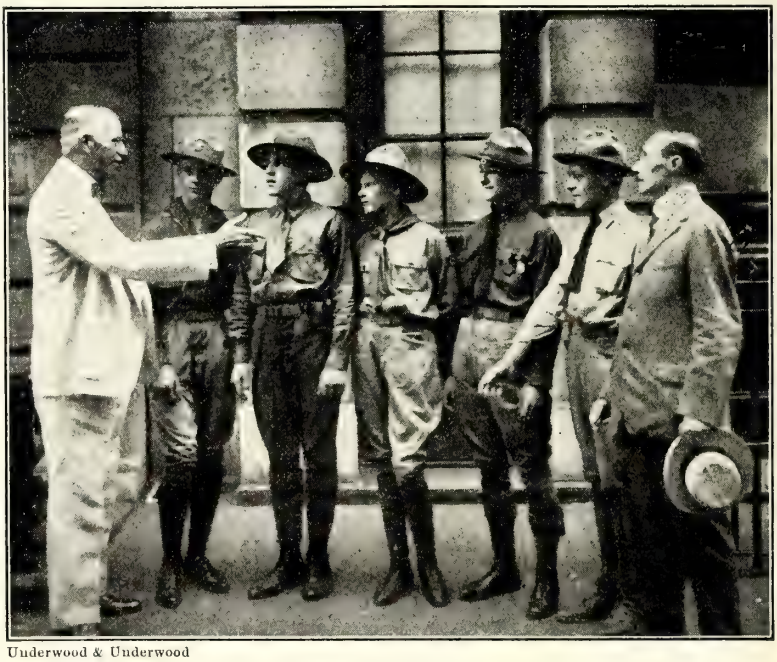
Scout Ezra Crane came all the way from Honolulu. There are Scouts from all parts of the country; Denver sent its Boy Scout band of fifty-five musicians. Thirty-four nations have sent delegations to the First International Scout Contests, held in the Olympia Stadium, near London, the first week in August.

The Boy Scouts of America was organized in February, 1910. Mr. W. D. Boyce, one of the incorporators, was in London and had lost his bearings. A boy came up, saluted, and asked if he could help. Mr. Boyce accepted his guidance and offered him a shilling. The boy, saluting, said, "A Scout accepts no reward for a courtesy or a good turn." Then Mr. Boyce learned about Baden-Powell's English Boy Scouts, and brought the idea home with him. A national office was established in New York.

A great many enterprises fail because the idea back of them is n't quite sound, or because the organization is n't managed wisely, or because the leadership is poor. The Boy Scouts of America failed in none of these respects, and its growth was amazingly rapid.

The Boy Scouts of America now has a Federal charter. The system of registration makes a fellow realize his responsibility as a unit in this great national force. With nearly 400,000 boys trying to keep themselves "physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight," "to be brave, clean, and reverent," who can say that America has not got a "standing army" fit for service?

Most of you fellows who read THE WATCH TOWER are Scouts, I suppose. You know how those lucky three hundred chaps have worked for the honor of representing America abroad. You know it 's going to take something mighty good to beat them in that international competition! Our WATCH TOWER crowd, boys and girls alike, is



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THE GREATER-NEW-YORK BOY SCOUTS READY FOR THEIR WESTERN TRIP



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OVER THREE HUNDRED BOY SCOUTS, ON BOARD THE "POCAHONTAS," SAILING FOR EUROPE

rooting for them. But the fellows who went to Europe did n't have all the luck; just look at the five chaps, one from each borough of greater New York, standing with Chief Scout Executive West and President Patton of the Far Western Travelers Association. They came in for a tour of the National Parks, given by the F. W. T. A. A committee of welcome will meet them in every city they visit. Maybe they are n't going to "see the sights!" And as for experiences, the stage in which they were, when on their way to the Yosemite Valley, was held up by real bandits!

They say the trip is made in the interest of the Americanization Movement; let the boys "see America first," you know. There 's a bit of a joke in that: trying to teach a Boy Scout anything about the U. S. A.!

PEACE—?

ITALY and Jugoslavia; Italy and Albania; Russia and Poland; Greece and Turkey; French troops and Syrians; four million men, they say, under arms. A strange state of affairs to follow the signing of a great peace treaty!

Fighting in Ireland; Bulgaria getting ready to fight Greece; civil war in China; uprisings threatened in Egypt and India; all the world, that is n't fighting, restless, suspicious, ready to fight; what is mankind coming to?

Europe does n't know where she 's going, but she 's on her way. And the U. S. A. had better study the road map too. We want a steady hand on the steering-wheel, and no foolishness among the passengers.

By the time you read this, great changes may have occurred in the standing of affairs that center about Poland. Who can say, at the end of July, what Poland and Russia, Germany and the Allies, will be doing a month later? Perhaps there will be peace; perhaps there will be another great European war.

In July, the situation was badly muddled. Poland had, it seemed, made a fatal mistake in trying to extend her power. Russia, it also seemed, had been reorganized by the war with the Poles. The Soviet Government had gained support from the masses of people more than might have been brought to it in any other way.

Germany, refusing to permit Allied troops to take a short cut through her territory to help the Poles, talked about fighting Russia. (Who could tell what might be the truth as to Germany's intentions?) France and England were sorely

puzzled. Russia had to keep an eye on the Finns and Lithuanians.

Poland asked the United States to make a declaration of friendliness, and to give her credits to help her buy munitions. Lenine declared that the failure of the League of Nations to harmonize the relations between the "capitalist" governments helped communism and Bolshevik ideas more than anything else could.

Through hundreds and hundreds of years the history of Europe has been a history of hatred, rivalry and war. The advance of civilization, it sometimes seems, has done nothing much but to increase the effectiveness of one nation's means of attacking another. Will the time ever come when Europe will be at peace? What can you say except that while there 's life there 's hope? But then it seems at times as though, when Europe gets through fighting, there will be no life left in it!

Well, that is n't very cheerful. Perhaps the job was n't finished in the Great War. Perhaps that was only part of the war. Or perhaps it will all come out right, even yet. But—how thankful the people of America ought to be for their opportunities, and how careful to say or do nothing to turn this country into another Europe!

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE

THE Empress Eugénie was ninety-four years old when she died, in July. She was the widow of the French Emperor Napoleon III. They were married in 1853; Eugénie was then twenty-seven years old. When the Franco-German war began, in 1870, she was in her forties. And she lived to see the Great War through, and the arrogant power that defeated France humbled in its turn.



Photographed from life

EUGENIE, THE EMPRESS

It was a long and remarkable life; full of such successes and failures, joys and disappointments as most of us never experience, and can know about only through reading. Empresses, one would think, must often envy their subjects the peace and quiet of life in lonely places.

Eugénie was a good woman as well as a brilliant one; a wife and mother as well as an empress. She shared her husband's power, and the sorrows of his exile. She was respected, admired, and loved.

In the story of her life, if you will read it, you will find lessons of courage and character; and enough of "things happening" to make it a good story, too, just as a story—one that makes fiction seem tame—unless it happens to be pretty exciting fiction.

SIX THOUSAND MILES OF WAR STAMPS

THE average length of War Savings Stamps is two inches. Up to the end of April, 202,159,000 of them had been sold. As some patient mathematician worked it out, these stamps, placed end to end, would make a double strip more than 6000 miles long. The line would go across the continent and home again.

Perhaps you think the grown-ups own most of these interesting bits of government paper. Well, down in Texas the boys and girls in school have bought more than twelve million dollars' worth; and I have n't heard any one say that the Texas youngsters like 'em better than the Junior Americans of other States do!

When you buy a stamp, you are buying a share in Uncle Sam's business. The war, with the sale of stamps and bonds, made many of us realize as we never had before that the United States Government is ours. It belongs to us—and we belong to it. If the grammar class won't be critical, I 'll say: It is us, and we 're it.

How many inches, feet, or yards of W. S. S. do you own?

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

MISS ANNETTE ABBOTT ADAMS is now Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. There was a time when it would have seemed remarkable for a woman to hold that high office—just because she was a woman.

Times have changed. No matter what any one may think or say about women in politics or public life, they 're there, and there to stay! And, somehow, it seems as though the American Home is still as well cared for and as skilfully run as ever.

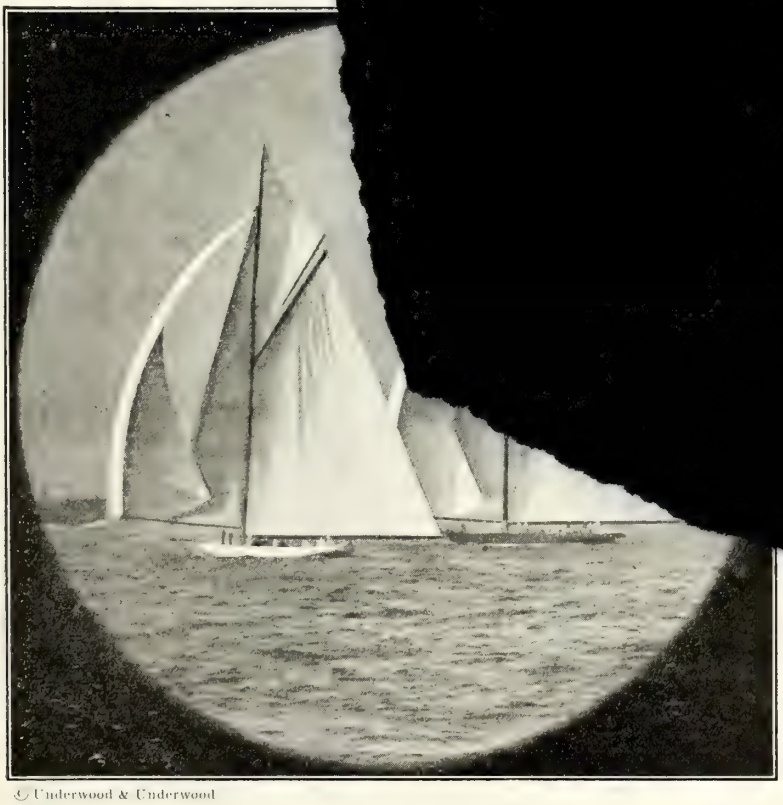
LIEUTENANT ARTHUR FERRARIN, an Italian aviator, flew his airplane from Rome to Tokio, makin[g] the first flight across the continent of Asia. T[he] Japanese gave him a hearty reception. They[,] themselves greatly interested in aviation.

The development of air navigation, bot[h] military purposes and for the carriage of [pas]engers and freight, is proceeding rapidly. [Many] countries are engaging in the study of air-[navigation] problems.

Unless the United States keeps awake, [it] will go ahead of us. Ought we to have a[n] Cabinet officer, a Secretary of Aviation?

TOKIO is growing so fast that its street-car[s] over-crowded, and the city is going to have a[n] way. Osaka is to spend $75,000,000 on stree[t] provements and $30,000,000 for a new har[bor] Japan is always up and doing.

IN 1895 it was supposed that there were not more than ten beavers left in the Adirondacks region, and legislation was enacted to protect them. In 1904 another act was passed, providing money for restocking the State waters. Now it is estimated [that] between fifteen and twenty [thousand] [in] New York State [have] [valu]able trees. [Lum]bermen [pay] [fo]rs a



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"RESOLUTE" LEADING "SHAMROCK IV," PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH A PORT-HOLE

THE "OLD MAN C[illegible]TAIN"

In all the world [illegible] stone face [illegible] unkno[illegible]



[illegible]y of a [illegible]ı granite to [illegible]eans of transverse [illegible]umn rains, these cracks [illegible]nich sets to solid ice with the [illegible]ap. Now water expands on freezing, [illegible]occupies considerably more space in the solid than in the liquid state. This expansion causes water-pipes to burst on freezing, and, for the same reason, forces open cracks in ledges, until stones are pried loose and rattle down the mountainside. This process of destruction is constantly at work, sometimes loosening small fragments, sometimes casting down many tons of rock in a single slide.

The profile is a chance outline in the progressive destruction of Mt. Cannon. Although it has been there during the memory of man, it is only a passing phase of erosion. Indians are said to [illegible]e worshiped it as the "Great Spirit"; Haw[illegible]ne wrote a beautiful story about it, "The Stone Face"; and we admire it to-day; but [illegible]ot last forever. The great cracks which it are slowly opening wider, and sometime [illegible]sh will come. The "Old Man" will be no

years ago the State of New Hampshire [illegible]liged to go to the rescue. A thirty-ton [illegible]hat formed the forehead of the profile, had so far out of place that it threatened to [illegible]d destroy the entire face. An expert [illegible]nason climbed to the loosened boulder and [illegible]d it in position by steel bolts, thus staying [illegible]d of Time for a few years.

profile is about eighty feet in height, and gainst the side of a precipice one thou[illegible]eet above the valley. The illustration was to show the structure, rather than the [illegible]ty, of the face.

GEORGE BURBANK SHATTUCK.

AN INGENIOUS WATER SYSTEM

[illegible]ERWORKS are not the possession of great [illegible]s and cities alone. In the dry-belt region of [illegible]sh Columbia, an Indian has worked out and [illegible]tructed a waterworks system that is probably [illegible]ue in the entire world. It serves even more [illegible]poses than the waterworks in a metropolis.

[illegible]A little distance behind his house, a creek ran [illegible]wn through a low range of hills, and at a point the hillside where the creek ran on a level con[illegible]derably higher than the house, the Indian built little aqueduct. This he extended nearly to his house. As it was built toward a lower level, the water naturally was carried along by the force of gravity, emptying into a huge cedar stump which the Indian had hollowed out for this very purpose. This made a reservoir capable of holding some thirty gallons of water. From it three pipes ran, the topmost one into a trough. This the Indian made to serve as a refrigerator, as the water of the creek, being from a glacier, was always ice cold. So in the trough metal receptacles were placed with meat, butter, milk, and other foods that need to be kept cold in hot weather. The trough at other times was used to water the stock. The second and largest pipe went into the house carrying water for various household purposes.

The lowest one was attached to a hose for irrigating a big garden, which otherwise would have been watered with difficulty in this very dry region.

Our picture shows the inventor of this useful system seated at the right. His wife, standing beside him, is five feet six inches tall, so some idea can be gained of the size of the cedar stump just beyond. The aqueduct is shown in the background. It can be closed off by working a lever, which is seen in the second Indian's hand. He is seated before the trough which plays the rôle of refrigerator.

FRANCIS DICKIE.



THE UNIQUE WATER SYSTEM AND ITS INDIAN INVENTOR

A TUG OF WAR BETWEEN STEAM AND ELECTRICITY

THAT electricity will supplant steam as a motive power for railroad locomotives seems to be indicated by the achievement of an electric locomotive at Erie, Pennsylvania, recently. In a "pushing" contest, this locomotive proved itself superior to two modern steam locomotives, pushing them back over a stretch of track while their throttles were wide open. The new locomotive is declared to be the largest and most powerful in the world. It is 78 feet long, 17 feet high, weighs 265 tons, and has fourteen axles, twelve of which are driving, and two guiding, axles. It is designed for hauling,



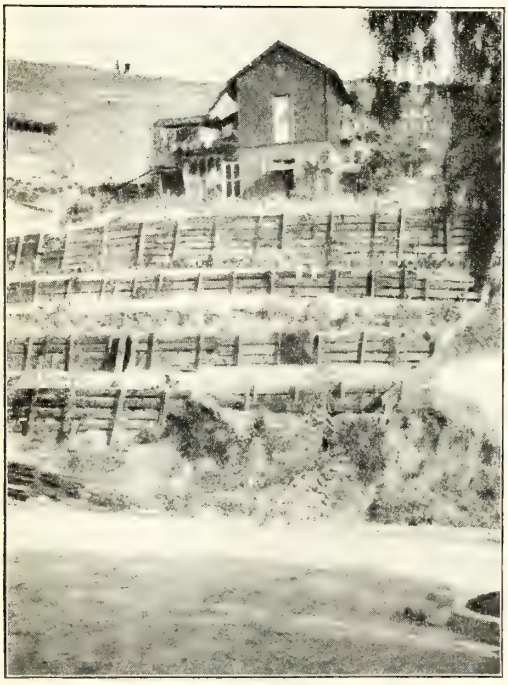
AN ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE (AT THE RIGHT) WINNING IN A TUG OF WAR

in normal service, a twelve-car train weighing 960 tons trailing against a grade of two per cent. at a speed of twenty-five miles per hour. It is also designed so that when "coasting" down grade, it will generate quantities of current and send it back to the generating stations, where it will be available for propelling other locomotives.

ROBERT H. MOULTON.

A TILTED GARDEN

THE commuter who digs his bit in a level and well-cleared plot may learn from our picture what hard work is. From a ten-foot rise above the roadway, the hill rises at a stiff grade, and four terraces were required in order to get enough fairly level land to work. The material for the wooden retaining walls was not as costly as might appear, for it was heavy, second-hand lumber and



MAKING THE MOST OF A STEEP HILLSIDE

knots and nails did not bar it from use, so it cost but a fraction of the price of new lumber. The posts were charred before being set in the ground. These rough walls will be covered with berry vines, which, in addition to the crop they produce, will be useful in checking the rush of water down hill, during a heavy rain, and will prevent the soil being washed away. On each terrace is set out several rows of vegetables and a few young fruit-trees. With the southern exposure, this tilted garden should be producing quite a bit in advance of one on the level ground.

Though the house appears isolated, the place is in the very heart of a city of half a million people. Being in a hilly section, the present owner secured the ground at a low price and is getting the most out of it.

L. M. EDHOLM.

SPIDERS THAT FISH AND OTHERS

FISH are preyed upon by many living creatures, and in many strange ways. It has been thought a wonderful thing that a dog has caught fish, and there are several truthful records of such strange doings. Yet more wonderful as a fisherman is a spider that is found in South Africa.

There, among the gorges and deep rocky valleys of Natal, lives the spider, called by naturalists the *Thalassius spenceri*. It is the spider that not only catches fish, but eats them too.

Specimens of it have been brought down from the shady gorges to the Natural History Museum in Durban, Natal, and placed in one of the large aquariums where they have been most carefully watched, and long ago the announcement was made that several of this species of spider had been seen in the very act of catching fish for food.

This strange spider of Natal is of great size, being four inches across, with legs stretched out. It places itself at the edge of the water with two of its legs on a pebble or stone, say, for its perch, and the other legs spread out on the water.

After some minutes, as the spider sits motionless, a fish comes swimming along in the water under the spider's outstretched legs, which are then suddenly thrust down into the water, closed round the fish, and the spider makes a downward plunge, driving its fangs into its prey. At once, it climbs out on to its perch or landing-stage of pebble or stone and devours the fish.

So strong and daring is the fishing spider that it has been seen to catch fish more than four times its own weight. For hours it will sit by the brink of the water, waiting for a tiny fish to come to within its clutch.

There is another strange spider, too, that is found in New Guinea, and which, if it does not catch fish, at any rate helps the native fisherman to get them.

The very strong web that it weaves makes just the right kind of net for catching the fish in the rivers and streams of New Guinea. The natives have a cunning way of making use of this spider. They bend one end of a tall bamboo till it is almost like a tennis-racket with a long handle, then they place it in the jungle or bush at a spot where they know the net-making spider lives. A day or two later, they come back and find that the space inside the curve of the bamboo is completely covered with a strong silken web. They entice the spider to leave it, and then carry off its web, join-

ing it up with others and so transforming them into a fishing-net.

Again, in Ceylon there is a queer spider that lives where the jungle fringes the glades and open parts of the country. It spins a web at a height of four to eight feet from the ground, fastening it to shoots of trees or shrubs. It is so strong as to blind you, if you walk into it, or even knock off your head covering. The spider's nest in the center is often as big as a man's hat, for the spider itself is of enormous size. Continually, too, the nest is growing larger and larger, for it is made of layer on layer of old webs rolled over each other into a hollow ball. These webs hold the legs and wings and bodies of insects of all sorts, and sometimes even the remains of tiny birds are found in them. All of them have been the prey of the spider and its family living in the den inside the great ball. N. Tourneur.

A LONG-DISTANCE WHISTLING CHAMPION

The champion long-distance whistler of the earth is undoubtedly the *Chamæza*, a rare bird of small size which lives on the eastern slopes of the central Andes Mountains in South America. Mr. Louis Agassiz Fuertes, the naturalist, in an interesting article on the songs of birds of the American tropics, printed in the magazine "Bird Lore," describes the whistling of the *Chamæza*.

When Mr. Fuertes first heard the whistle he was hunting for new varieties of feathered songsters in a dark, foggy forest in the lower Andes, deep within the mid-South American jungle. He was tired, when he became dully aware of a distant, long-protracted whistle, and in absent-minded preoccupation he vaguely attributed the sound to a steam-whistle in some neighboring village. In camp that night he startled himself with the realization that there was no mill nor steam-whistle within a hundred miles of that spot.



THE STEAM-WHISTLE BIRD—*Chamæza turdina*



TROGONS—"MOST BEAUTIFUL OF TROPICAL BIRDS"

The next day he returned to the forest to solve the mystery. At an altitude of eight thousand feet he again heard the sound. He timed several blasts of the whistle with his watch, the longest one lasting fifty-seven seconds without a break.

In imitating the whistle, conserving his breath and expelling the last bit of air from his lungs, Mr. Fuertes found that the longest sustained whistle he could manage lasted only forty seconds. The little songster, with lungs that would hold a thimbleful or two of air, exceeded this effort by seventeen seconds. Mr. Fuertes was able to entice the mysterious bird into the clearing, and later he identified him as *Chamæza turdina*.

Another rare bird described by Mr. Fuertes is the trogon, which he calls "at once the most beautiful and the most mysterious of all the varied tropical birds." The large *Pharomacrus* trogon is colored a rich blood-red on his breast and under parts. His long tail is a brilliant black and white, while his head and back is a resplendent emerald-green. His tail and drooping wings seem to form about him a pendulous mantle of gorgeous hue. Robert F. Wilson.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

Verses and drawings by Edith Ballinger Price



The LADY ACROSS the ROAD

THE lady who lives across the road
Is a perfectly beautiful one.
She let me really ride on her horse,
And oh, but it *was* such fun!
Then we went out in the garden-house
And had some afternoon tea—
Muffins, and toast, and little cakes,
Just only for her and me.
She kissed me twice when I went away,
And she asked me to call her Anne;
And I 'm going to love her *always*,
Until I 'm a grown-up man.



THE CRUISE OF THE TORTOISE

THE good ship *Tortoise* once set forth
To scour the Spanish Main,
To sail to east, west, south, and north
And then come home again.
Alas, no wind would stir that boat!
Indeed she lay (if we may quote
An elder poet's notion)
"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

"It is a shame, a shame indeed,"
Then up and spake her master,
"That she should show this lack of speed;
She ought to go much faster!"

The mate then sighed and shook his head,
"Her name 's the *Tortoise*, sir," he said,
"And what can you expect?
But if she does n't ever move,
At least she won't be wrecked!"

At length, when still she failed to stir,
These enterprising fellows
They blew a mighty blast at her
From out the fireside bellows.
The mate he blew, the master puffed,
And up into the wind she luffed,
Upon the weather tack,
And started on a three years' cruise
Across the tub and back!



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY JANET BLOSSOM, AGE 17 (HONOR MEMBER)

St. Nicholas League

EVEN the most hasty perusal of the LEAGUE pages this month will show the excellent quality and variety of the exhibit which our enthusiastic young artists and writers have prepared for us; and we may be sure that the boys and girls who have contributed these clever offerings, as well as their comrades whose names make up the "Special Mention List" and "Roll of Honor," are not looking forward with regret or apprehension to the return of the school season amid the allurements of these fine September days. The drawing on this opening page by one of our Honor Members and several of the unique and spirited photographs here shown might well have appeared in the body of the magazine; many of the lyrics written to "The Song of the River" evince a genuine poetic gift; and most of the brief stories and essays are remarkable both for ingenuity of idea and skill in expression. The text and pictures here printed, moreover, represent scores of others which possessed almost equal merit. Their young authors' or senders' names are given in italics on pages 1052 and 1053; and as many more, worthy of high commendation, follow in the Honor Roll.

All of which merely goes to show that whatever the task put before American young folk in general—and ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE boys and girls in particular—they can be counted upon to "make the best of it," not by yielding to its seemingly insurmountable difficulties but by pluckily facing and overcoming them.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 247

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badge, **Alice Carolyn Paxson** (age 14), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, **Marion Bronson** (age 13), Maryland; **Carlton Watts** (age 13), New York; **Arthur Gilbert** (age 14), Minnesota; **Betty Niven** (age 15), New York; **Phyllis Harroun** (age 17), California; **Ethel Clinton Wilcox** (age 15), New York.

VERSE. Gold Badges, **Lorna May Kelly** (age 13), Maryland; **Edith Clark** (age 13), Massachusetts. Silver Badges, **Josephine Boylan** (age 11), New Jersey; **Margaret Marion McHugh** (age 14), Iowa; **Helen A. Norsworthy** (age 17), Ontario; **Virginia Helene Cummings** (age 10), California.

DRAWINGS. Silver Badges, **Boyd D. Lewis** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Anne Robert Wright** (age 14), Mississippi; **Kathleen Murray** (age 11), Ontario.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver Badges, **Nan Carey** (age 14), New Jersey; **Helen Shumaker** (age 10), Minnesota; **John Montague** (age 15), New York; **Jessica W. Holton** (age 11), New Jersey; **Helen Folsom** (age 14), Wisconsin; **Laura M. Smith** (age 10), Vermont; **Beryl G. Caldwell** (age 10), Pennsylvania; **Brewster Ghiselin** (age 16), Missouri; **Virginia Mitchell** (age 15), New York.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver Badges, **Mary V. Fulton** (age 14), Minnesota; **Florence E. Bleakley** (age 13), Pennsylvania.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Silver Badge, **Elaine Ervin** (age 12), Ohio.



BY BREWSTER GHISELIN, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)



BY BERYL G. CALDWELL, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE)

"READY FOR ACTION"

THE SONG OF THE RIVER

BY LORNA MAY KELLY (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July, 1919*)

THE ocean, wild and free,
Beckons and calls to me:
On I go merrily,
On to the sea.

Now swift, now calm and slow,
On to the sea I flow,
Singing, as on I go
Laughing in glee.

Leaving the hills behind,
Down through the vale I wind,
Past banks with rushes lined,
Far o'er the lea.

Gaily I wend my way,
Through field and forest stray,
On to the wide, blue bay,
On to the sea.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT

BY CARLTON WATTS (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

JAMES WALDON lay in bed, thinking deeply. All Jimmy had done for the past week was to lie and think. His leg had been broken a week earlier in an accident when a big touring-car ran into him.

Just now the thing that was uppermost in Jimmy's mind was a Boy Scout War Saving Stamp parade which was to be held the following day. "Oh, gee!" he groaned; "and me a patrol leader! Why could n't this old leg heal up so I could march?" He asked the question of Rover Waldon, his big thoroughbred shepherd-dog. Rover in answer thumped his tail so loudly on the floor that Mrs. Waldon, who was in the room below, called up to Jimmy, wanting to know what on earth he was trying to do?

"Say, Rover," Jimmy went on, "I wish you were human; then you could lead—" Then with a sudden yell he brought his hand down on Rover's back, and turned over with a little squeal of pain, for his leg would permit no such violence. Next he grinned weakly at his dog. "Say, Rover," he said, "you *can* lead in my place!"

The following day, Mr. Waldon went with Rover down to the starting-point. He explained to the scoutmaster, who laughed heartily at the idea. "Sure, we 'll let Rover lead!" he said; "he'll be a splendid leader."

At the close of the parade all the people who wanted to buy War Savings Stamps promptly came to the scouts. They singled out Rover's patrol and sent the eagles over the top with a rush.

Rover had saved the day!

When Jimmy learned how the people all came to his patrol because of Rover's leading, he said drowsily, "I 'm glad I broke my leg!"

MAKING THE BEST OF IT

BY EVELYN L. EVERITT (AGE 14)

1920 is the three hundredth anniversary of the "Landing of the Pilgrims." This year, in various ways, we will commemorate the happenings of 1620. Especially after having heard of these preparations, the most interesting example of "Making the Best of It" is, in my mind, the brave determination carried out by those persecuted people.

Three centuries ago, a small band of Separatists, or Pilgrims, made the dreaded voyage across the Atlantic, being delayed for months by storms. Their intention was to reach the mouth of the Hudson River, but they were driven farther north and there they landed, resolved to stay through all trials.

The men went ashore where only the bleak, unbroken New England landscape greeted them. A log house was built; but by the time a second was erected, it was necessary to use it for a hospital; and before spring only a half of their original number were left alive. In April, the *Mayflower* sailed back to England, but not one of that brave religious band went back with it. *They* had come to stay.

At first, houses were built; then the men learned from the Indians how to plant corn. The savages gave no trouble after they once discovered Miles Standish's courage and leadership. Soon the housewives were singing as they spun their flax, and the peaceful work of the New England district began. Today there flourishes one of the busiest sections in America where that band of Pilgrims "made the best of it."



"READY FOR ACTION." BY JESSICA W. HOLTON, AGE 11 (SILVER BADGE)

THE SONG OF THE RIVER

BY HELEN A. NORSWORTHY (AGE 17)

(*Silver Badge*)

FROM a cloistered lake where the great peaks break
Through their snow crowns, chill and white,
I slipped away, and struck in play
At the rocks in my puny might

My strength grew great; joy changed to hate,
And I beat the cliff like a foe;
My waters whirled, in a cataract curled,
And leapt to the world below.

Flowing deep and swift where the foot-hills lift
And the sunset colors die;
Past whispering pines where the slim moon shines
And soft-winged night-birds fly.

Where the broad hot plain bears the ripening grain
I long to slow my flight;
But a nameless lure draws me swift and sure
Till I see the harbor light.

Where the breakers roll o'er the foam-flecked shoal
Lies the end of my journey far;
And at last I merge with the ceaseless surge
As it swings to the misty bar.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY BOYD D. LEWIS, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)

MAKING THE BEST OF IT

BY DOROTHY VAN ARSDALE FULLER (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

From the first, the boarder was annoying. Eleanor had found him seated in the bay-window in her favorite rocker the first night. Her list of grievances against him grew larger every day; but when Mother pointed out that Mr. Thorne would have to be one of a small party of friends Eleanor was having on Friday, the girl declared the boarder was "a dark cloud without any lining."

"He 's older than the rest, a business man, and won't care for our little parties, anyway," she insisted. "It 's bad enough to have him around the house evenings, but to invite him to meet the bunch—no siree!"

However much Eleanor wished him to refuse, Mr. Thorne said he would be "glad to accept." That night he ate more strawberry shortcake than even little brother. He was certainly a nuisance.

Until about nine o'clock, the evening of the party, the boarder was in the background. Then came a lull, and Eleanor proposed story-telling. The boarder began it. For the first time that evening he was useful—perhaps even ornamental. He told war stories—such vivid ones that the thought of refreshments altogether vanished from the guests' minds. The boys began the questioning, and Thorne became the hero of the occasion. He had been to France, was a non-commissioned officer. Yes, he 'd actually possessed a uniform, had seen Pershing and Foch—oh, he was useful! Eleanor wondered what she would have done without him. She need do no more entertaining that evening.

Later, as she prepared the refreshments in the dining-room, Eleanor laid an extra piece of cake on the plate that was to go to the boarder. "As a penance," she explained; "every cloud has a silver lining."

"MAKING THE BEST OF IT"

BY MARION BRONSON (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

In the year 1914, when the great hordes of the German army prepared to march through Belgium, little did the Germans think they were going to meet with resistance. Yet they did.

Belgium realized that she could not hold out against the Germans, yet she made the best of it.

You all know the story, or, rather, the history of how she made the best of it. How, by long, hard fighting she saved unprepared France.

The Germans had expected her to offer no resistance. A country offer resistance, which was sure to be beaten? Impossible!

But she did! and in doing so, helped to defeat them. Time was precious to the Germans, and, in that time lost, they lost the war—all through Belgium's making the best of her position.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT

BY ALICE CAROLYN PAXSON (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January, 1920*)

It was Commencement night. The principal was speaking. Madge Merton, seated with her class upon the platform, leaned forward and listened breathlessly.

"I take great pleasure in announcing," began Mr. Forrester, "that the scholarship, offered by Stanley College to the girl having the highest scholastic standing, has been awarded to Madge Merton."

Madge grew dizzy. She had won the scholarship!

Two weeks later she received a letter from the college. She showed it to her mother.

"To receive the full benefit of the scholarship," read Mrs. Merton, "the student must room at the college."

"Oh, my dear! " she exclaimed as she finished. "I don't see how I can let you stay in the college! We have no cook; I 'll have to do all the work myself unless you 're here to help, and I 'm really not able. You 'll have to be a day student."

Poor Madge! she had counted so much on living in



BY CHARLOTTE WHITE, AGE 15

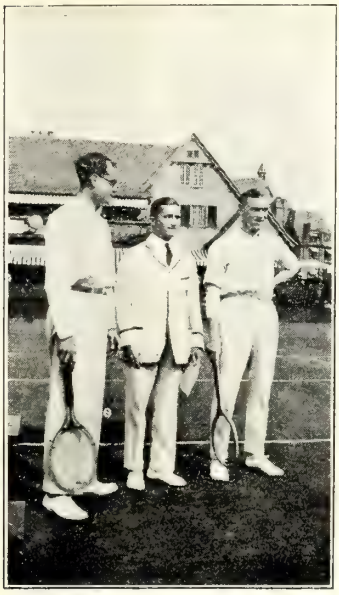


BY LAURA M. SMITH, AGE 10
(SILVER BADGE)

"READY FOR ACTION"



BY BRUCE KNODERER, AGE 9



BY JOHN MONTAGUE, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE)



BY VIRGINIA MITCHELL, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE)

"READY FOR ACTION"

the college. She had looked forward so eagerly to the fun and the comradeship of boarding-school life. And now she could only be a day student. She fled to her room, flung herself on her bed, and cried despairingly.

For fifteen minutes she lay there, thinking dully of her disappointment. Then suddenly she sat up. Which did she prefer—her mother's health and happiness or her own pleasure? She flushed at the thought that she had hesitated in her choice.

Tired little Mrs. Merton, sitting by the window, wondering "if she could n't manage somehow so as not to disappoint the dear child," heard some one run into the room. Two arms were flung around her neck and Madge whispered:

"Never mind, Mamma! I don't care. A day student has fun as well as a boarding pupil, and I could n't stay away from home, anyhow."

"THE SONG OF THE RIVER"

BY MARION BLATCHFORD (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

"I AM like the world of men that 's ever rolling onward,
Ever changing, never ceasing, reaching to the eternal goal;
Beneath my quiet surface flow a million small life currents,
Interlacing, clashing, weaving, they combine to make the whole;
Your life and those about you, and the countless lives of millions
Drawn together, put asunder, by the hand of Destiny;
'Mid their conflict and confusion I pursue my course unheeding,
For the small life currents cannot stop my journey to the sea.
The little 'disappointments, the sorrows and the heartaches,
The every-day occurrences that seem so great to you,
They are nothing but the tiny twigs, the harmless fallen leaflets.
That perchance disturb my surface by a ripple on the blue.
'Gainst rocks and cliffs and boulders of national disaster
Sometimes in maddened frenzy I am beating furiously,
But look! Beyond the obstacles a stretch of calm is lying,
For peace and strife must mingle in my journey to the sea.
I am like the world of men; in rough and rocky places
Just before I reach the stretches of the sky's reflected blue,
Perhaps, O child of man, beneath the roar of troubled waters
Thy little life with others is confused and troubled too;
Then remember that the currents cannot stay my onward rushing,
And the greater obstacles cannot impede or hinder thee.
Oh, yield thy little weakness to the strength of hidden forces
Till the troubled waters mingle with the waters of the sea.



"READY FOR ACTION." BY MARGARET DILL, AGE 13



"READY FOR ACTION." BY HELEN FOLSOM, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)

MAKING THE BEST OF IT

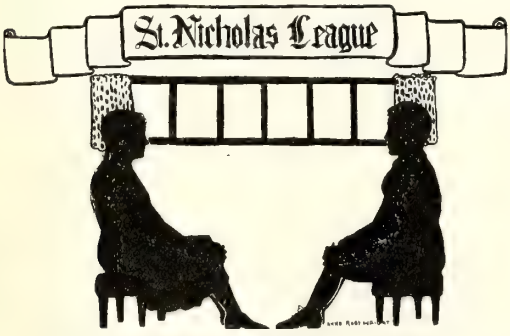
BY PHYLLIS HARROUN (AGE 17)

(*Silver Badge*)

PEDRO had an inspiration. It was an unusual thing for Pedro, but unusual circumstances had prompted it. He must have three centavos. That morning he had broken the water-carrier's olla, and the irate man had given him one day to pay for it. He had conceived the novel idea of taking in washing. He had often watched his mother pounding clothes on the flat rocks in the arroyo and it did not look hard, so he set out for the house of Major Roberts, the one white man in the little border town, accompanied by his dog, Juana Maria José Cabeza de Vaca, otherwise Juan.

"My mother, she send me for the washing," he prevaricated at the door.

He set the basket on his head and marched proudly down to the arroyo, where his troubles began. No matter how he worked, the clothes remained a dirty



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY ANNE ROBERT WRIGHT, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)

gray. Finally, he piled them all in the basket and spread the cleanest, a night-dress, over the top. As he picked up his load, Juan caught the trailing sleeve of the gown in his teeth and started for parts unknown, with Pedro after him. As they rounded a corner, the dog found himself almost under the feet of a big, black horse, with the white señora from the major's house on his back. The frightened animal shied and broke into a run. Pedro clutched at the reins and brought him to a stop. When it was all over, the señora happened to see the remains of her night-dress.

Pedro explained. There was nothing else to do.

"Juan," said Pedro, later, as he demolished the last of the sweetmeat seller's wares and watched the water-carrier's new olla come down the street on top of the little man, "these Americanos, they have hearts of gold!"

THE SONG OF THE RIVER

BY VIRGINIA HELENE CUMMINGS (AGE 10)

(*Silver Badge*)

A MERRY little river once sang its song to me,
As I watched it gaily flowing ever onward to the sea.
It babbled of the many boats that float upon its breast;
It murmured of the foam-flecked waves upon its snowy crest,
And of the little bullfrogs that nightly chant their lay,
And of the little fishes that in cool waters play;
And of the trees that bend their boughs o'er its mossy brink;
And of the many animals that daily come to drink.
It sweetly sang of meadows where orange poppies grow,
And the fields where stately lilies were bending to and fro.
All this, and more, it sang to me
As it flowed onward, onward to the sea.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT

BY ARTHUR GILBERT (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

FAIRYLAND was all a-gossiping. The "Daily Bumblebee" had printed that morning, from the pen of the estimable bee who had heard it from the roses, the astounding truth—the moon was not to shine that evening! All dances were postponed indefinitely. Of course, fairies cannot dance without moonlight; first of all, because they cannot see through the spacious blackness without its aid; and secondly, because—well, there never was a fairy-tale without moonlight in some form or other.

So the fairies pondered, scratched their tiny heads, and searched their brains. At last, one elder fairy suggested they invite the fireflies and glow-worms to shed their light on the dancing party. The invitations were written, sent by pigeon post, and duly accepted by return mail.

As dusk deepened into night, the fairies assembled, with wings of purest and lightest gauze. The fireflies and glow-worms came soon, and the fairies, led by their light, tripped merrily to the music of a diminutive piper.

At midnight they heard a deafening noise, like the firing of cannon, and two immense white lights, like huge eyes, were turned on them. The fairies ran; the glow-worms returned home by subterranean channels; the fireflies scattered as quick as a wink.

The fairies were disappointed—terribly so—to have their dance rudely broken up. However, unlike mortals, they resolved to make the best of it. So they cheerfully returned to their leafy palaces and flower bungalows.

For weeks after, fairyland was a-buzz with the wonder. Some said it had been the moon chasing them; others, that it was some creature, animal or human; all agreed it had been dreadful.

Dear reader, I will take you into my confidence. Perhaps you have guessed already. "It" was the headlights of an automobile.



BY MARGARET C. JACKSON, AGE 11



BY DOLORES L. OSBORNE, AGE 16

"READY FOR ACTION"

THE SONG OF THE RIVER

BY EDITH CLARK (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July, 1918*)

By woodland, by meadow, by mountain and plain,
By fields that are waving with ripening grain,
I glide o'er the pebbles, the sand, and the rocks,
Past the home of the rabbit, the lair of the fox.
'Neath the sun's heating rays, and the cold winter's snows;
'Neath the pattering rain, and the shrill wind that blows;
'Neath the silvery moon, and the stars all ashine;
'Neath gray clouds and white clouds, these waters of mine
Glide on and forever, in one time-worn course,
Flowing down to the sea from a deep woodland source.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT

BY BETTY NIVEN (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

Little David Kane was an invalid, and was obliged to sit all day propped up in an arm-chair by the window. It was very hard to have to sit there and see the other children playing their boisterous, happy games. Then, also, David was alone from morning until evening, when his mother and sister returned from work, too tired to play with him.

The greatest pleasure in David's lonely little life was when at five o'clock every afternoon a kindly gentleman passed by on his afternoon stroll. He always had a merry speech ready to light up David's wistful little face. Sometimes he even had a bag of peppermints. These were the most wonderful moments of the little invalid's eight years.

Mr. Hadley (that was the kind gentleman's name) had taken a great interest in David, and was trying to find a way in which he might brighten the little boy's life. Sadly he remembered how his own little son Dick had been obliged to sit all day in an invalid chair.

"How had he made the best of it?" Then he remembered.

One day a week later, as he strolled past David's window, he noticed that the little chap's face was lit up with happiness.

"Look, sir, what the postman brought this morning!" he cried, eagerly holding up a gaily covered St. Nicholas magazine. "And it 'll come every month, sir,



BY HELEN SHUMAKER, AGE 10
(SILVER BADGE)



BY JEANNETTE STEVENS, AGE 14



BY NAN CAREY, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)

"READY FOR ACTION"

the note says; and who do you s'pose my little friend Dick Hadley could be?"

Mr. Hadley turned away. "Dick" would ever remain little to him.

With the aid of ST. NICHOLAS, Dick had made, and David was making, the best of it.

"THE SONG OF THE RIVER"

BY MARGARET MARIAN MCHUGH (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

Two songs are floating
Sweet on the air,
A boat is drifting
On waters fair.
The moon is shining
Bright in the sky,
And I am dreaming
Of days gone by.

I am awakened
By a sweet song
Sung by the river
Journeying along;
Lights on the waters,
Night all in tune,
Softly the river
Sings 'neath the moon.

Hear, Senorita,
My song to thee,
Sung by the river
In Italy.



"A FRIENDLY CRITIC." BY KATHLEEN MURRAY, AGE 11 (SILVER BADGE)

MAKING THE BEST OF IT

BY ETHEL CLINTON WILCOX (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

"—but it rained!

An expressive phrase! Add to that a ruined New Year's eve sleigh-ride party, and you know why Bets and I stood watching so mournfully the rapidly increasing stream, yesterday a snowy road, which flowed past the window. Judy, frankly sulky, was beginning, "Guess I 'll go eat worms," for the seventeenth time, when Bets, whirling around with a sudden sparkle, grabbed my pigtail and pulled me, protesting loudly, into the kitchen, nearly upsetting Aunty and a plate of fresh doughnuts.

"I say!" popped Betty, unceremoniously, "may we sleep in the hay-loft to-night, to watch the old year out, and take the blankets from our beds, and fur robes, and the electric lantern, and—and cider and doughnuts?"

Blessed Bets!

New Year's eve found us cozily established in our nest under a tiny window, where the hay was highest. Snugly wrapped in blankets, we told stories and feasted on doughnuts and cider far into the night. The lantern cast a warm golden light on the fragrant hay heaped up all around us. Beyond the ring of light was a blackness intense, vast, giving one a feeling of incomprehensible space. It was most peaceful; the night sounds were quiet, subdued—the gentle lowing of the cattle in the far end of the barn, the horses moving about in their stalls, and the incessant tattoo of the rain on the roof. As midnight neared, we arranged ourselves for the last time, put out the light, and lay quite still. Then faintly, above the falling rain, came the far-off, silvery sound of the village church-bells tolling out the year.

"How beautiful!" breathed Betty, as the last faint peal melted into silence.

"I 'm so glad it rained" murmured the irrelevant Judy, sleepily.

THE SONG OF THE RIVER

BY JOSEPHINE BOYLAN (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

Oh, I wonder what is the river's song,
As, swift and shining it glides along!

Does it sing of a forest, cool and green,
Covered close by its leafy screen,
Where, though all may seem at peace,
The killing there shall never cease?

For, when the forest wakes at dawn,
From the soft-eyed doe and her little fawn
To the sneaking wildcat, prowling there,
The laws are, "Kill or be killed!" and "Beware!"

Or does it sing of the prairies wide,
With the rolling plains on every side,
And the clear, sweet smell of sage in the air,
And the breath of the desert everywhere?

Or does it sing of a rocky shore
Where great wild waves are pounding high,
No sight save the sea-gulls sailing o'er,
No sound save their mournful cry?

Or does it sing of a meadow, gay
With buttercups and daisies fair,
And the fragrance of a summer day
Drifting dreamily in the air?

While here a butterfly flashes by,
And here sounds the song of a bird,
And the humming of bees in the flowers nigh,
Seeking their fragrant blooms, is heard.

Does it sing of peace or sing of strife,
Does it sing of the joy or the sadness of life?

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Virginia Hagan
Hortense Fuqua
B. M. Burnheim
Mary O. Hagedorn
Elinor Jarvis
Virginia Blakeney
Louise Tarr
Frances P. Davis
Ruth W. Wainwright
Mary M. Swan
Mary McMahon
Katherine V. Milla
Roger G. Simpson
Emily M. Weeks
John Lund

VERSE

Rosamond Eddy
Dorothy Greenwald
Alice Moss
Dorothy M. Gervan
Junia Moreland
Elizabeth P. Bigelow
Mollie L. Craig
Elizabeth Singer
Margaret F. G. McJennett
Eleanor M. Fraser
Nadine P. Newbill
Sylvia Wunderlich
Fanita Laurie
Gwynne M. Dresser
Virginia H. Clinger
Celia V. White
Katherine Bridges
Olive I. Miller
Millicent F. Belknap
Margaret E. Clifford
Sylvia Lewis
Evelyn Abraham
Rae Verrill
John D. Matheson
Frances M. Garriott
Elizabeth Patterson
Alice Murray
Alice M. Mahoney
Mary Garlock

DRAWINGS

Vincent Jenkins
Otho Basil Blake
Ione Finch
Harriet Downes
Frances S. Badger
Hope Crouch
Jeanette Warmuth
Marguerite C. Detwiller
Robert Diller
Theodore Hall
Nancy Riggs
Dorothy C. Miller
Joseph Bolger
J. Rowan Boone

PHOTOGRAPHS

Robert Leigh Harrison
Alice L. Coonley
Kenneth W. Weeks
Alice R. Worthington
Margaret E. Miller
Marea M. Martin
Henry Bunting
Charlotte H. Peck
Ethel S. Phillips
Helen Burhans
Gloria Hellar
Edith M. Curtis
Henry A. Bettman
John E. Underwood
James C. Perkins
Jane McLennan
Myrtle I. Hart
J. W. Outerbridge
Jeannette Bailey
Jean Wheeler
Aralyn Knoderer
Kathryn L. Steinert
Hallet Gubelman
Beatrice E. L. Poser
Grace Holbert
Gertrude Bliss
Corita E. Hunter
Edna Marks
Reginald Gregory
Angelica S. Gibbs
Hildegarde Dolson

HONOR ROLL I

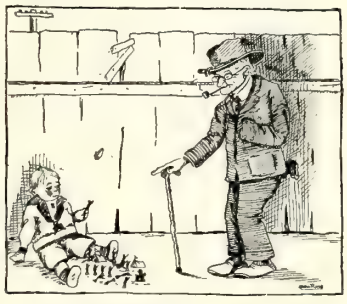
A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Mary Alltimes
Ina Ware
Mary T. Gentry
Katherine Dines
Minnie Pfeferberg
Nina Black
Marion Jones
Freda G. Reipma
Malvina H. Holcombe
Mildred F. Holt
Marjorie Cox
Judith D. Wragg
Rosalyn Thalheimer
Jennie Nizzardini
Jessie Hughes
Mimi Casano
Caroline L. Whyland
Jacob Jankowitz
Jean Judd
Naomi Furnas
Leonore F. Gidding
Ruth Anne Hussey
Geneva Neff
Harriet H. Lipscomb
Katharine Matthies
Agnes M. Bodwell
Margaret Fisher
June Johnson
Ione Barnett
Katherine Macy
Edna Kleinmeyer
Gertrude Green
Eleanor Stockwell
Mildred M. Ramsay
Joy E. Longhead
Aline Leutert
Elizabeth Ward
Virginia Lignell
Sylvia Kurson
Olive Gathercole
Beatrice Skoulund
Katherine Burton
Florence Hendrickson
Mary J. Folsom
Marion Barrows
Ruth McVay
Howard Anderson
Betsy Morris
Annie L. Sears
Rose L. Marsland
Elizabeth Miller

VERSE

Isabelle T. Ellis
Evelyn B. Thompson
Marion Ward Smith
Elizabeth Brainerd
Aline Fruhanf
Dorothy Good
Florence Frear
Alice C. Strawser
Cecil Cassels
Dorothy Woolf
Mary Eleanor Thayer
Esther K. Beard
Betty Warner
Jane Clover
Mary Elizabeth Howser
Lou W. Conklin
Caroline Rankin
Bernice Hammer
Constance M. O'Hara
Isabel Coltman
Emily Brittingham
Emily Reed
Elizabeth Hull
Beth C. Busser
Katharine Cholmeley
Evelyn Smith
Nell B. Aycock
Helen Norton
Grace Stebbins
Martha C. Dukes
Rachel Grant
Mildred J. Bernstein
Lalia Simison
Jean Poindexter



"A FRIENDLY CRITIC." BY JOHN ROSE, AGE 14

Barbara Channing
Helen Whitwell
Erminie Huntress
Mary P. Myers
Martha A. Reed
Eloise V. White
Dorothy Radcliffe
Carol G. Bagby
Verna Knipple
Mildred Buyer
Virginia E. Watson
Eleanor Wayman
Jack Susman
Ottilie Hoffbauer
Flora M. Davis
Virginia Bean
Helen E. Waite
Marion Humphries
Eleanor Pratt
Josephine Lewis
Franklin P. Bush
Samuel S. Berney
Elizabeth Mitchell
Katherine Michell
Barbara Irish
Maria E. Delabarre
Miriam Wayt
Elizabeth Bunting
Edgar Downing
Betty Nicholson
Mathilde Tonry
Alice D. Love
Aimee Wimelback
Mary Alan Skelding
Edward V. Taylor
Katherine Hill
Elizabeth Morton
Marion Mann
Lilly Partos
Emilie M. Turner
Parker Carpenter
Joyce Manley
Calvin Coolidge 2nd

DRAWINGS

Marion Lois Strawser
Elizabeth Dow
Doris Kent
Betty Robarge
Kate Denison
Ruth Holloway
Bill Bolger
Marian L. Turrill
Charlotte Cushman
Mary Billings
Priscilla Bradley
Mariette E. Paine
Annette Conklin
Beata Beach
Leonore Hollander
Martha R. Humphrey
Elizabeth Hardham
Herbert Wernimont
Alison Farmer
Leslie J. Powell
Hester Laning
Mercedes Pearce
Clara Balog
Lillian Eveslage
Louise Rexford

PHOTOGRAPHS

Elizabeth Dudley
Rodney Gage
William A. Dalton
Rebecca Rollins
Beulah Bierbach
Alice McNeal

PUZZLES

Betty McKenna
Rosamond Kittle
Grace McClure
Florence Goddard
Joseph Junkin
Harwood S. Belding
Marion Morris
Harriet Patterson
Barbara Greer
Janet Wise
Norma Stiner
Corinne O'Tole
Kate L. Lyon

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 250

Competition No. 250 will close September 30. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for January. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, **"The Winter Woods."**

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, **"A Remarkable Experience."**

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, **"Watching."**

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, **"A Pleasant Occupation,"** or **"A Heading for January."**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write *in ink* on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

KAIFENG, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My older sister Aurora takes you, and we share the joy of reading you. She once wrote you about our little Chinese dog named Darkie. One day we took him with us to see some Chinese boys act a play about Old China. They were acting on the lawn. They had just dressed up like soldiers, with bows and arrows, and were crawling around a hill, when Darkie jumped from my sister's lap and ran like a flash after them and scared those boys so that they ran away.



They tumbled over one another, and were nearly scared out of their wits. Some of those in the crowd of spectators thought Darkie had been trained to do this.

In Kaifeng, the camels pass through the country in caravans, just as they do in Egypt. We see them very often, because we live outside the city gate. I am enclosing a picture of myself on a camel. It was taken by Father. When I got on, the camel was kneeling. When he got up, he tipped forward so that I almost went over his head; and then he tipped backward so that I almost fell off the other way.

Your loving reader,

ELAINE HARGROVE (AGE 10).

LYONS FALLS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not know what we should do without you, you are such a help when we are in trouble!

I thought, as my cousins asked me to, I would tell you about an entertainment we had for the grown-ups in our playhouse—Holiday House. First we had two girls, my cousins, take the ST. NICHOLAS and sit on the steps of the porch, or "stage," of our playhouse, and look at it. As they commented and talked about the cover, the "cover" came out of the door, in the form of my cousin Carol, and she posed there until they went on to the next thing, which was one of the advertisements, and then that appeared in the doorway. After that I came out (as the pages turned) and posed as another advertisement. We had some more, then a picture, some stories, and poems. Another one of my cousins made the letters ST. NICHOLAS, and we strung them across the porch. I think it was quite a nice little entertainment, and it was the idea of Margaret, the cousin who made the letters.

We are eight cousins altogether, of about the same age, but there are three others who are babies. We usually get collected in the summer-time,—at least most of us do,—then we are scattered again when we go away to school in the fall. But we always have good times together, whether it is at the farm or at our grandmother's big house, rummaging in the attic in old trunks or dressing in old-fashioned clothes, of which there are loads, or at Holiday House, or at our own house.

Our mothers and grandmothers have all taken you, and all but the babies and two of us cousins take you now. Once, up in grandmother's attic, we found the ST. NICHOLAS that had the beginning of the LEAGUE in it. I think the number was one of the year 1898.

This is the first *real* social letter I have ever written to you, but it is really from all seven cousins (the eighth is a boy, not here), and we all send our love.

FLORENCE LYON MERRIAM (AGE 13).

MARGARETVILLE, N. Y.

BELOVED ST. NICHOLAS: I thought it would be of interest to your readers to know that my grandfather, Henry Mosler, is the painter of the picture "Ring, Ring for Liberty!" which was printed on page 770 of the July ST. NICHOLAS. In our dining-room is a large copy of the picture, and I am writing this letter in the studio in which it was painted.

My opinion of "The Mystery of the Sea-Lark" and "The Crimson Patch" is that they are two of the most interesting and exciting stories I have ever read.

Your most devoted reader,

ARTHUR R. MOSLER, JR. (AGE 10).

ROSLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every month you receive complimentary, loving letters from your LEAGUE members, and now I am adding mine to theirs.

Besides loving every one of your delightful stories, I enjoy THE WATCH TOWER *very* much, and read all the advertisements. Will Mrs. Seaman write another thrilling tale? Every girl whom I know that reads you hopes she will do so.

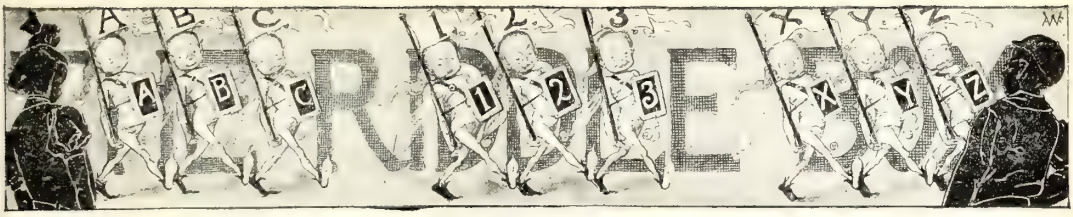
As Roslyn is near Oyster Bay, we motored to the cemetery to see ex-President Roosevelt's memorial. It was surrounded by an iron fence. The headstone was very simply inscribed, while some wreaths lay on the ground. What seemed most touching to me was a small bunch of fragrant posies, showing some little child's tribute to our great President.

I have a few bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, so when I desire to devote an afternoon to good and thoroughly interesting reading, invariably I bring you downstairs, and swinging in a hammock, I enjoy myself. I am sorry that your interesting advertisements do not appear in the bound copies, but I love them all the same.

So, thanking you for *very, very* happy hours, I am,

Affectionately yours,

ISABELLE T. ELLIS (AGE 11).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER

A Prose Charade. Hip-po-pot-a-mus.

Anagram Word-square. 1. Dare. 2. Anon. 3. Road. 4. Ends.

Concealed Words. Alhambra. 1. Acute. 2. Level. 3. Hardy. 4. Actor. 5. Melon. 6. Booby. 7. Rivet. 8. Adorn.

Diamond. 1. C. 2. Ban. 3. Camel. 4. Net. 5. L.

Some Curious Men. 1. Mango. 2. Manikin. 3. Manna. 4. Mansion. 5. Manor. 6. Manuscript. 7. Mantilla. 8. Mantelpiece. 9. Mantle. 10. Mandrill. 11. Manger. 12. Mandible.

Prefix Puzzle. 1. Outlast. 2. Outcry. 3. Outnumber. 4. Outrun. 5. Outwatch. 6. Outbuilding. 7. Outlaw. 8. Outline. 9. Outset. 10. Outskirts.

A Watery Cross-word Enigma. Salt Lake.

Numerical Enigma. "No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right." C. Simmons.

Double Diagonal. Pershing, Napoleon. Cross-words: 1. Pantheon. 2. Begonias. 3. Scrapped. 4. Ransomed. 5. Bellhops. 6. Electing. 7. Covering. 8. Nestling.

King's Move Puzzle. Begin at 61. Mausoleum at Halicarnassus; The Pyramids; Wall and Hanging Gardens of Babylon; Temple of Diana at Ephesus; Colossus of Rhodes; Pharos of Alexandria.

To Our Puzzlers: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be *mailed* not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the June Number were duly received from Elaine Ervin.

Answers to Puzzles in the June Number were received from Margaret and Adelaide Sims, 10—R. S. and Henry Dormitzer, 10—Catherine Chase, 10—Priscilla C. Manning, 10—William R. and John R. Hopkins, 10—Helen A. Moulton, 10—"Allil and Adi," 10—Mason T. Record, 10—Winifred Trask, 10—"St. Anna's," 10—Miriam J. Stewart, 9—Kingsbury H. Davis, 9—Esther Young, 9—Alan French, 9—Ernst A. Knoblauch, Jr., 9—Theodore H. Morris, 3d, 9—Helen P. Bassett, 8—Thelma L. Wade, 8—Virginia Straight, 7—Roderick B. Travis, 7—Annabel F. Learned, 6—Dorothy and Marion Welker, 6—Dorothea Maier, 6—Dorothy Schueller, 5—Jane Martin, 5—Harriet L. Rosewater, 5—Mildred Ridley, 4—Mary A. Hurd, 4—Virginia Seaman, 4—Betty Sharp, 4—Hortense A. R. Doyle, 4—Elizabeth G. Otis, 4—Olga F. Joffe, 4—Katharine Matthies, 4—Adelaide Auten, 3—Alyse V. Evans, 3—G. Wallace, 2—D. McDougall, 2—P. D. C. and F. D. C., 2—F. Gassman, 2—C. V. R. King, 2—L. H. Nelson, 2—E. O'Neill, 2. One puzzle: G. W.—F. B.—J. B.—V. F.—C. B.—D. L. S.—A. D.—R. E.—A. M. C.—K. K.—J. P.—S. S.—C. H. L.—K. H.—I. B.—G. S.—F. N. B. Jr.—M. and T. T.—E. J. C.—I. R. C.—A. F. S.—E. B.—M. J.—M. W.—W. B. I.—H. B.—M. M.—M. S. T.—J. M. S.—E. H.—C. A. A.—C. R.—J. B. K.—R. L. T.

DIAGONAL

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell a surname often seen in print. The initial letters may all be found in the word parsnip.

Cross-words: 1. To save from injury. 2. Pacific. 3. Stubborn. 4. A Jewish feast. 5. A declaration of something to come. 6. A place of bliss. 7. Contrite. 8. A work of art.

MARY V. FULTON (age 14).

CHARADE

Upon her finger gleamed my *first*, my *last*,
As carelessly she turned the bill of fare;
She touched the bell to order her repast—
My *first* my *last* brought seven waiters there
"Oh, dear, it 's Friday! That, of course, means fish;
Perhaps you recommend your toothsome sole;
And yet I have in mind a better dish,—
Please bring to me a portion of my *whole*."

WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

A HISTORICAL PUZZLE

1 . . . . 8 15
2 . . . . 9 16
3 . . . . 10 17
4 . . . . 11 18
5 . . . . 12 19
6 . . . . 13 20
7 . . . . 14 21

Though not so indicated in the diagram, the cross-words in this puzzle vary in length from four letters to eight. When rightly guessed, the letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 21 will name a prisoner of the Bastile in the 17th century.

From 1 to 8, a region on the coast of North Africa; from 2 to 9, a fortified city of West Afghanistan; from 3 to 10, the world; from 4 to 11, power; from 5 to 12, to make ashamed; from 6 to 13, a relative; from 7 to 14, a name for the elk.

From 8 to 15, internal; from 9 to 16, a fine Canadian city; from 10 to 17, a beautiful river; from 11 to 18, having horses harnessed one before the other; from 12 to 19, a volcano in Iceland; from 13 to 20, to ornament with raised work; from 14 to 21, a famous commercial city of Siberia.

JOHN MILLIKEN (age 16), *League Member*.

SOME QUEER RELATIONS

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

Example: What ant is an ocean? Answer: Antarctic.

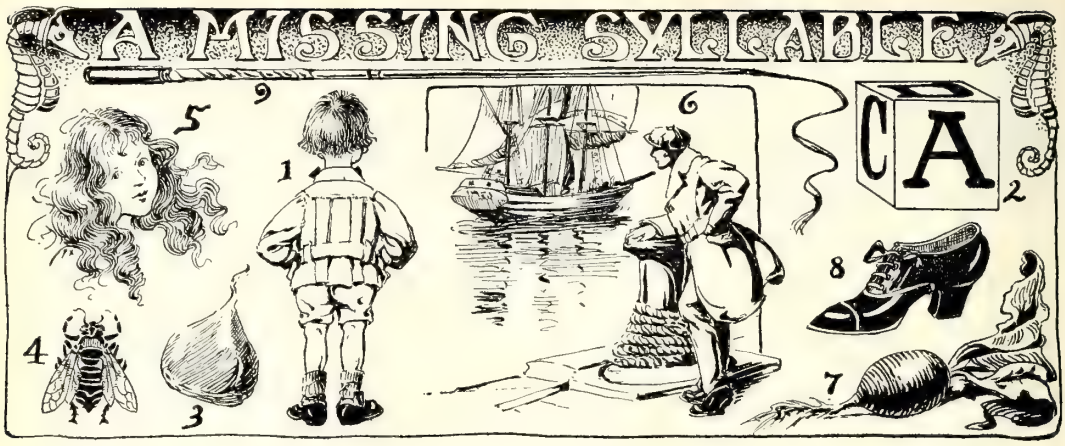
1. What ant is an opponent?
2. What ant is it to which a pronoun refers?
3. What ant lived before the Deluge?
4. What ant is part of an insect?
5. What ant is a caper?
6. What ant is ancient?
7. What ant is the opposite of synonym?
8. What ant is an edentate animal?
9. What ant counteracts the effects of poison?
10. What ant is a waiting-room?
11. What ant is a fleet animal?
12. What ant is a deep dislike?

FLORENCE E. BLEAKLEY (age 13).

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My *first* is in Flushing, but not in Queens;
My *second*, in Queens, but not in New York City;
My *third* is in New York City, but not in New York State.
My *fourth* is in New York State, but not in the United States.
My *whole* we wish our friends.

DOROTHY KLEITMAN (age 13), *League Member*.



Nine objects are shown in the above picture. The same syllable may be prefixed to each object, making nine new words. What are they?

ZIGZAG

* . . . .
. * . . .
. . * . .
. . . * .
. . * . .
. * . . .
* . . . .
. * . . .
. . * . .
. . . * .
. . * . .
. * . . .
* . . . .

When the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending at the lower, left-hand letter) will spell a coveted English decoration made from cannon taken in Sebastopol in 1855.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A filmy fabric worn over the face. 2. Certain mischievous little animals. 3. An agreement. 4. Warmth. 5. To spot with ink. 6. To make smooth. 7. A measure of length. 8. To become insolvent. 9. A cape on the coast of Newfoundland. 10. Sharp to the taste. 11. A volume. 12. To catch a glimpse of. 13. A cold-weather vehicle.

ELOISE REYNOLDS (age 14), *League Member.*

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a great battle, and another row of letters will spell the name of a great general.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pleasing. 2. Absence of government. 3. A root which pierces the earth downward to a considerable depth without dividing. 4. Agitation. 5. Liberation. 6. The side toward which the wind blows. 7. Fragrant. 8. A public vehicle.

EDWARD F. DANA (age 10) *League Member.*

RHYMED ANAGRAM

The same four letters may be used, variously arranged, to fill in the six spaces indicated.

His true love . . . . , with . . . . in hand,
And broiled the . . . . beside the strand;
While he, by . . . . smitten . . . . ,
Rich . . . . delved out by Yukon's shore.

ROBERT K. SHAW.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of sixty-two letters, and from a quotation concerning patriotism and good manners, from the wise old Frenchman, Montesquieu.

My 20-34-57-52-7 is a number of animals herded for driving. My 4-41-26-13-49 are certain diving birds. My 10-54-6-23-61 is to hide. My 16-30-56-2-60 is a pleasure boat. My28-11-45-40-18 is a giver. My 24-47-38-36-32 is a portable chair. My 43-8-58-31-14 is to ascend by climbing. My 29-44-15-59-33 is a famous river of France. My 55-51-21-46-42 is discovered. My 22-50-3-27-37 was an Athenian demagogue. My 48-19-12-1-53 is the road taken in passing from one point to another. My 9-5-39-25-62 is indistinct. My 17-35 are two letters that are found at the end of many letters.

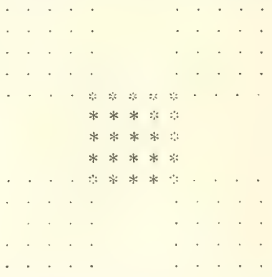
C. H. CONWAY (age 15), *League Member.*

DIAMOND

1. In racer. 2. To walk or move slowly. 3. To provide food. 4. A small and beautiful object. 5. In racer.

THOMAS R. RIDER (age 11), *League Member.*

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES



I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A cutting tool for smoothing boards. 2. Restricted to a particular place. 3. Sharp and harsh to the taste. 4. Ingenuous. 5. Senior.

II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An important organ of the body. 2. Impetuous. 3. To acquiesce. 4. To pass, as the end of a rope, through any hole in a block. 5. Driven to take refuge in a tree.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. To cook before a fire. 2. To command. 3. To love with deep devotion. 4. A European bird similar to the canary. 5. General tendency.

IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A small animal allied to the civet. 2. An era. 3. Magnanimous. 4. Applause. 5. A Greek letter.

V. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An established doctrine. 2. A species of iris. 3. A concession. 4. To chop into small pieces. 5. The Michaelmas daisy.

EMILY PENDLETON (age 17), *Honor Member.*

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CONCORD

Most Miles *per* Dollar

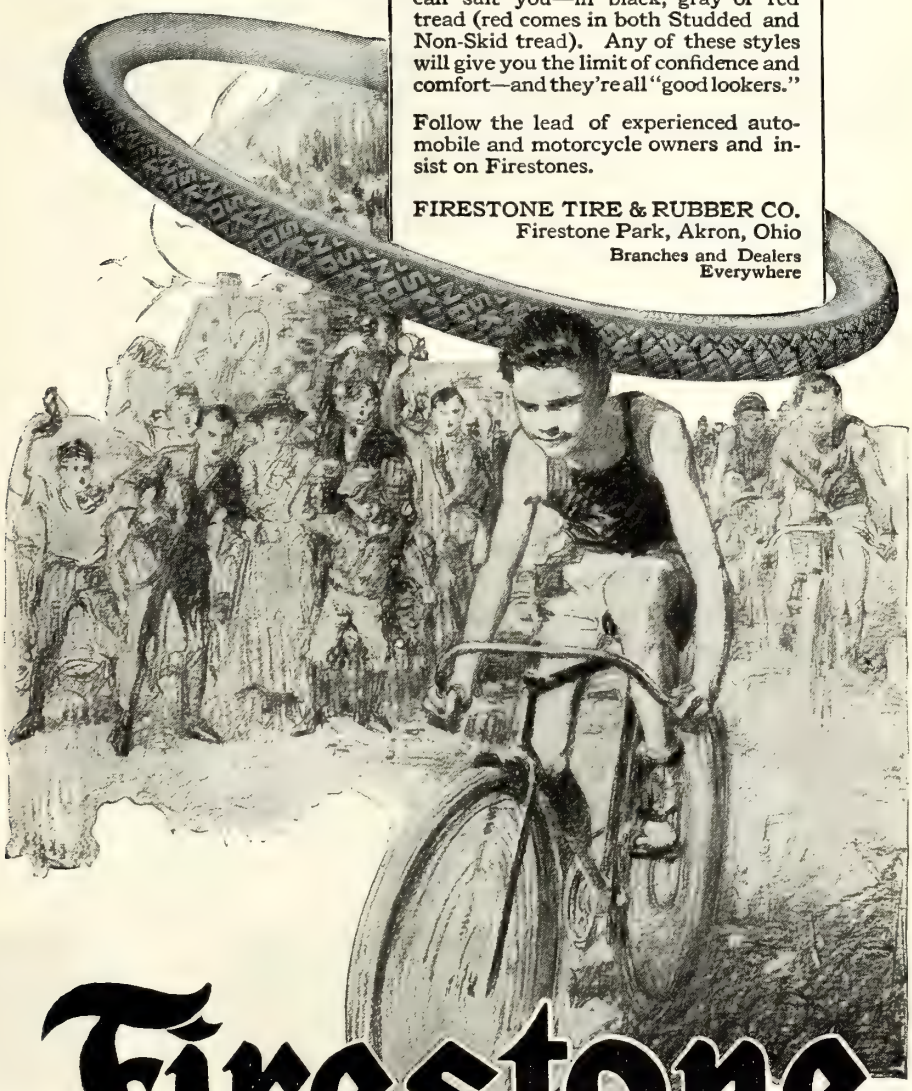
Always Ahead

YOUR wheel sets the pace if you ride on Firestones. There's winning quality built right into these sturdy tires. They will carry you fastest, farthest and for less cost.

In color, kind and price your dealer can suit you—in black, gray or red tread (red comes in both Studded and Non-Skid tread). Any of these styles will give you the limit of confidence and comfort—and they're all "good lookers."

Follow the lead of experienced automobile and motorcycle owners and insist on Firestones.

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GUARANTEED NON-NARCOTIC—NON-ALCOHOLIC

Make Baby Coo and Crow

The secret of health in infancy is keeping the stomach functioning naturally and bowels open by using the safe, guaranteed preparation

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The Infants' and Children's Regulator

This open published formula appears on every bottle.

Senna—a prompt, efficient vegetable cathartic.

Rhubarb—a rejuvenator of digestive action.

Sodium Citrate—an effective regulator of the bowels—used frequently with other ingredients by learned doctors in treating colic and diarrhoea.

Sodium Bicarbonate—highly valuable in treating severe gastric indigestion in children.

Oil of Anise, Fennel, Caraway, Coriander, Glycerine, Sugar Syrup, all of which help to make this the very best preparation that medical skill can devise to quickly and safely relieve constipation, flatulency, wind colic, diarrhoea and other disorders. Yet it costs no more than ordinary baby laxatives. Give it to baby and watch the smiles that follow.

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215-217 Fulton St., New York

General Selling Agents
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.
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Little Folks with a Big Idea

"What fun to 'play store' with the good things baked by the National Biscuit Company! These are the biscuit mother buys. She says they're so good for little folks —and *we* know how good they are to eat! And so many kinds, too!"

Always fresh and ready to serve in their famous In-er-seal Trade Mark package.

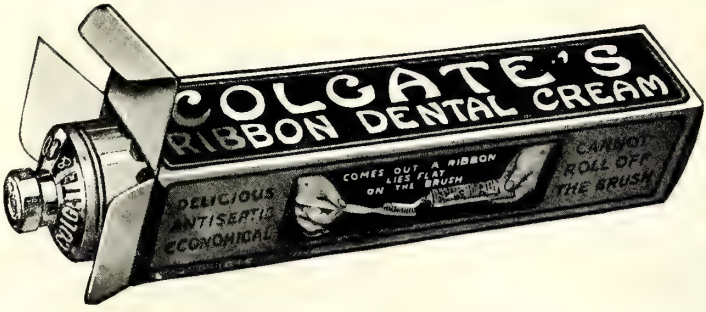
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY





"Hurry up and get some teeth!"

"When you're as big as I am you can use Colgate's, too.
"I use it before I go to bed, and when I get up in the morning.
"So do father and mother—because it's the best ever!"



"Twice-a-day-with-Colgate's" is a good habit for every boy and girl. It's good for the parents of the boys and girls, too.

Everybody likes the good, clean taste it leaves.

Always ask for Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—the *safe* and *efficient* dentifrice.

Send 2c for generous sized trial tube. If you want a set of attractive Mother Goose Booklets for your younger brother or sister, send 20c additional.

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Five Joys a Day

Which Bubble Grains Can Bring

Millions of people in these summer days revel in Puffed Grain delights. Morning, noon and night — in a dozen ways — they serve these fascinating foods.

Here are grain foods puffed to bubbles — airy, flaky, flimsy. They crumble at a touch, then melt away into almond-flavored granules.



Two are whole grains. All are steam-exploded. Every food cell has been blasted for easy, quick digestion. The three Puffed Grains are in these ways the finest foods created.



Two Morning Joys

Puffed Grains with cream and sugar — the most delightful cereal dish that children ever tasted. And the three Puffed Grains supply ceaseless variety.



Also mix with your berries. The flaky, flavory morsels add what crust adds to a shortcake. You are missing much if you serve fruit without this nutty blend.



Two Evening Joys

Puffed Wheat in milk is the supreme dish for supper or for bedtime. It means whole wheat kernels puffed to eight times normal size. Being toasted they are flavory, and with every food cell blasted they are easy to digest.

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs double the delights of ice cream. These fragile dainties fairly melt into the cream. And they add a flavor which suggests a toasted nut-meat puffed.
They are also used like nut-meats in home candy making.



All Day Long

Also crisp Puffed Grains and douse with melted butter. Then children eat them like salted nuts. Thus these grain foods largely displace confections.

Made by Prof. Anderson's process — shot from guns. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. The best-cooked grain foods in existence, and the most enticing.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3408

Beech-Nut Ginger Ale

"Great!"



© 1929 B-N.P.Co.

Here's a New Ginger Ale!

OH boy, how Beech-Nut Ginger Ale bubbles up in the glass! How that rich taste goes to the spot! How mild, and soft, and sweet it is—just the right tingle, but doesn't bite your tongue.

We make it that way, because it's the way young folks like ginger ale.

You know how you *love* Beech-Nut Peanut Butter? And everything else that has the name Beech-Nut—Gum—Mints—Jams—Jellies! Well this ginger ale is really *Beech-Nut.*

Ask Mother to get some Beech-Nut Ginger Ale and keep a few bottles in the ice-box, ready when you come in hot and thirsty!

Beech-Nut Birch Beer and Sarsaparilla equally good.

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"Foods of Finest Flavor"

Beech-Nut Bacon Peanut Butter Beans Condiments Conserves Mints Chewing Gum

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Finest White Shoe Cloth in the World

is scrubbed with a brush, cold water, soap. Make a stiff lather, apply with a 5-cent brush, wipe with a clean cloth and let the shoes dry over night. If trees are used the shoes will not only be perfectly clean but will regain their original shapeliness. The best shoemakers for men, women and children use Reignskin for their finest white shoes.

Look for the Reignskin mark inside the shoe when you buy. This is it →



Can You Write Jingles?

We will pay $10.00 each for rhymes about our white Reignskin cloth, which, in our opinion, are suitable for use in advertising, and descriptive of Reignskin's supremacy as a white shoe fabric. Here is a sample of what we want.

Mother, Oh mother, my shoes are soiled!
With powder and paste I've toiled and toiled,
But the paste rubs off
And the spots show through,
Mother, Oh mother, what shall I do?

Daughter, Oh daughter, Listen I pray,
You may throw your powders and pastes away
For the reign of the REIGNSKIN shoe is here!
Nothing like it for many a year.
Cool water and soap and a brush you know
Will make them as white
As the whitest snow.

—Written by MRS. EMERY C. HILL, Jackson, Louisiana.

Send rhymes to our New York Office, Peters Building

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

"ANSWERS TO QUERIES"

UNDER this heading we from time to time answer certain questions which are sent to us by readers of STAMP PAGE. But in order to receive a reply in these columns a question should be of general importance, something which will interest all our readers. There came to us recently a letter enclosing a "narcotic" surcharge upon a United States revenue-stamp, and the sender asked whether the surcharge was genuine. In our opinion it is genuine. But while that particular stamp is genuine, that fact is of interest only to its owner. Being a United States stamp we cannot illustrate it for general information. Readers who write us for information not of general interest should enclose a self-addressed stamped envelop, so that we may send a personal answer to their inquiries.

FOR BEGINNERS

WE may say at once that this article will have little interest for our older readers. But we are always acquiring new readers, new stamp-collectors, beginners who are not at all familiar with stamp matters, with stamp words, with the technical expressions of stamp-collecting. For their benefit we now and then write an article on the more common phases of collecting. First of all, what should a collector look for in his stamps, how may stamps vary from each other, what constitutes a collectible variety? Of course one at once realizes that all different designs should be saved. Varieties of color and varieties of value also at once appeal. But there are other things which grown-up collectors regard as of importance, and which the novice should endeavor to observe. Variation in perforation is important. By perforation we mean the size or number of the little holes at the edges of stamps, which are put there to facilitate separation. Stamps are printed in "sheets." When they are issued with nothing to facilitate their separation they are called "imperforate." They may be rouletted,—that is, a series of short straight cuts made between the stamps,—or they may be perforated, as are most of the stamps in common use. There are other means used—variations of the roulette, but they are not common. Perforated stamps are what most beginners have to do with, so they will find their first real trouble is with the size of perforation. This is determined by the number of punctures within the space of two centimeters. That sounds really worse than it is. At first, just match up the perforations on the current United States stamps. Measure them at the top and at one side. If they are different, save one of each size; if they are the same, save the best specimen for your collection, unless they are of marked shades. In that case, save the different shades also. A beginner will be surprised to find how, with a little practice, he will master this seemingly disturbing problem. Variations of paper and of water-marks are questions to be studied next, and his general knowledge of stamps will widen rapidly. The next important thing for the beginner is a home for his stamps. This is an easy problem. The "Junior International" is by far the best thing for all young collectors. The cuts and descriptions are of great value. He should also own a copy of the latest edition of the "Standard Catalogue." It will be of untold help to him in locating the country and date of issue of such stamps as he may acquire.

Now, when the new collector comes to the matter of fixing his stamps in his album he feels the need of what are called "hinges." He will often see these advertised and alluded to in stamp papers. They are little bits of thin paper, die cut, gummed on one side. They are made for the sole purpose of attaching stamps to albums and the like. Fold them so that one third is on one side of the crease and two thirds on the other side. Moisten the short side slightly and attach it to the stamp. Then moisten the other side and fasten it to the album. Then you have the stamp securely attached, yet it can be easily removed in case you discover you have it in the wrong place, or if you wish to replace it with a better copy, or to transfer it to a new album later on. Do not use paste, or glue, or the gum on an unused stamp. Use hinges, and the best peelable kind you can get. Often the collector finds he does not gather in stamps fast enough, and so decides to buy some. In reading the advertisements of dealers and in talking with other collectors, he learns that there are four ways of buying stamps, which are frequently alluded to: packets, sets, approval sheets, and want-lists. We have listed these in what we consider their relative importance to beginners. "Packets" are really bunches of stamps from here, there, and everywhere. They are subdivided into almost every kind one could think of, but they are not usually confined to one country nor one issue. For the beginner it is well to buy as large a packet as his purse will permit. But having secured it, do not look at all of the stamps at once. Use the lot as a grab-bag. Pick out say twenty-five and study these. Find out from what country each one comes, get them well placed in your album, and then draw out twenty-five more. Too many at once is tiresome and tends to check a beginner's interest. Or one may buy a small packet of what is called a "non-duplicating" series, and then another from the same series, until he has finished it. What are called "sets" are usually from one country, often all from one issue of that country. After one has exhausted a large packet, he can fill up many of the empty spaces by purchasing these sets from different countries. But as a collection grows, one finds that packets and sets contain duplicates of what is already in the album, and so the collector resorts to what are called "approval sheets." These are sheets of paper ruled to accommodate twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred stamps, all priced in some specific manner so that the collector knows what each stamp will cost him. He compares this sheet with his album, and selects such stamps as he desires. He is not expected to buy every stamp, as in the case of the packet or in the set purchase. There he has to take what is sent him, but not so from the approval sheets. Here he selects only what he needs to fill in spaces in his album. These three methods of purchasing stamps are the ones most used by beginners. This is because the stamps sold in these ways are usually offered at very attractive discounts from the prices as listed in the "Standard Catalogue." The fourth method, "want-lists," will be found really useful only after the novice has become a full-fledged collector. The beginner should confine himself to the first three methods of purchasing. The greatest need of the new collector, however, is patience. This, with a goodly mixture of perseverance will enable him to solve all the difficulties which at first seem so puzzling.

THE ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

is really a list of reliable Stamp Dealers. These people have studied stamps for years, perhaps they helped your father and mother when they first started their stamp collections. *St. Nicholas* knows that these dealers are trustworthy. When writing to them be sure to give your full name and address, and as reference the name of your parent, or teacher or employer, whose permission must be obtained first. It is well also to mention *St. Nicholas Magazine*. Remember, we are always glad to assist you, so write to us for any information that will help you solve your stamp problems.

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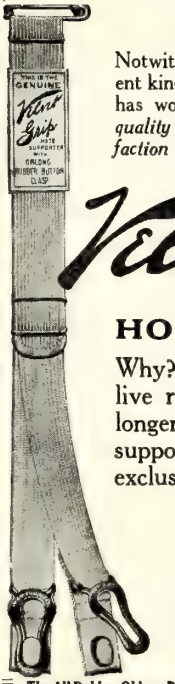
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"The world's future is in the hands of our boys of from twelve to fifteen years old. It is our duty to help discipline them and prepare them to meet the responsibilities their gigantic task will demand."

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If you have a school which serves these high aims well, it is a part of your obligation to locate those whom you can serve best. You will find them in St. Nicholas homes.

The schools whose coöperation we seek are those which possess confidence in themselves and in their future—schools that feel a definite obligation toward their students—schools eager to accept the responsibility of training those who will "carry the nation's future—and guard it well."

We will gladly help you in the selection of a school.

ST. NICHOLAS School Department

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ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION FOR

CROUP OR WHOOPING COUGH

120 Years of Successful Use. Relieves Promptly and Safely

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E. FOUGERA & CO., Inc.
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October Issue Will *Positively* Contain Names of Goodrich Prize Winners

WE expected confidently to announce the winners of the Goodrich Prize Picture Contest in September's issue but narrowing the number to a few is a greater task than the judges anticipated — particularly when 43,000 wide-awake, quick-thinking boys submit 50,000 good titles.

However, the judges are rapidly nearing the end of their task and announce that the names of the prize winners will surely appear in the October issue.

Read the October issue of St. Nicholas for the list of prize winners —your name may be among them.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER CO.
Akron, Ohio

Goodrich Bicycle Tires

"Best in the Long Run"

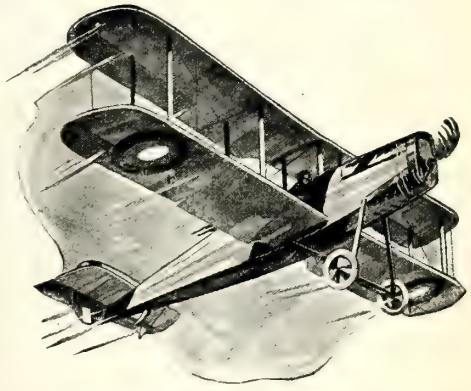


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New-Skin is antiseptic, and forms a protection that keeps out the germs.

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MODEL AEROPLANE
This Summer!

Build a real, flying model of any of the famous Aeroplanes listed below. IDEAL Scale Drawings and Building and Flying Instructions, furnished at price listed below, show how you can build and fly 3-ft. models of real 'planes. Greatest summer sport you ever had! Send now for drawings and instructions for the one you want to build.

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Catalogue of IDEAL Model Aeroplanes and Supplies, 5c if you write at once; regular price 10 cents.

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Making Model Aeroplanes Since 1911
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Look at Your Bare Foot

WHICH of the above pictures does it look like? If it is beginning to look like the one on the left, you've been wearing the wrong-shaped shoes.

Growing feet like yours need the shoes that "let the feet grow as they should"—Educator Shoes. They're shaped to fit the foot.

Shoes with pointed toes bend the toes as shown in the X-Ray picture at the left, and cause corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, fallen arches, callouses and other foot troubles.

Tell Mother that *you* want Educators. She and Dad will want them, too, when they learn about them.

Ask her for a postcard. Then send for the Free Book, "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet." Tells how to have feet that will always be well.

Rice & Hutchins, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

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VERDI gave the world great music. Century puts it on your piano at the remarkably low price of 15c.

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The paper—the printing—the designing are high-class beyond compare. The music is certified to be correct as the master wrote it. You can't ***buy*** more—why ***pay*** more than the Century price, 15c!

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CENTURY *Certified* EDITION

SHEET MUSIC

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

Stands the Strain

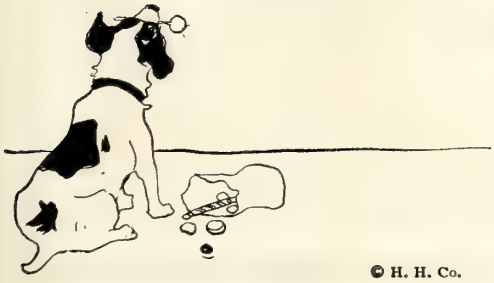
HEALTHY boys *will* run and jump and slide and climb. So the only thing to do is to give them the strongest possible stockings. That's why millions of mothers everywhere have come to Holeproof for all the family. Because it wears a long time, besides having the finest appearance. It will not last forever, but it lasts the longest.

Ribbed Holeproof for children. For grown-ups, all the popular shades in pure silk, silk-faced and lusterized lisle.

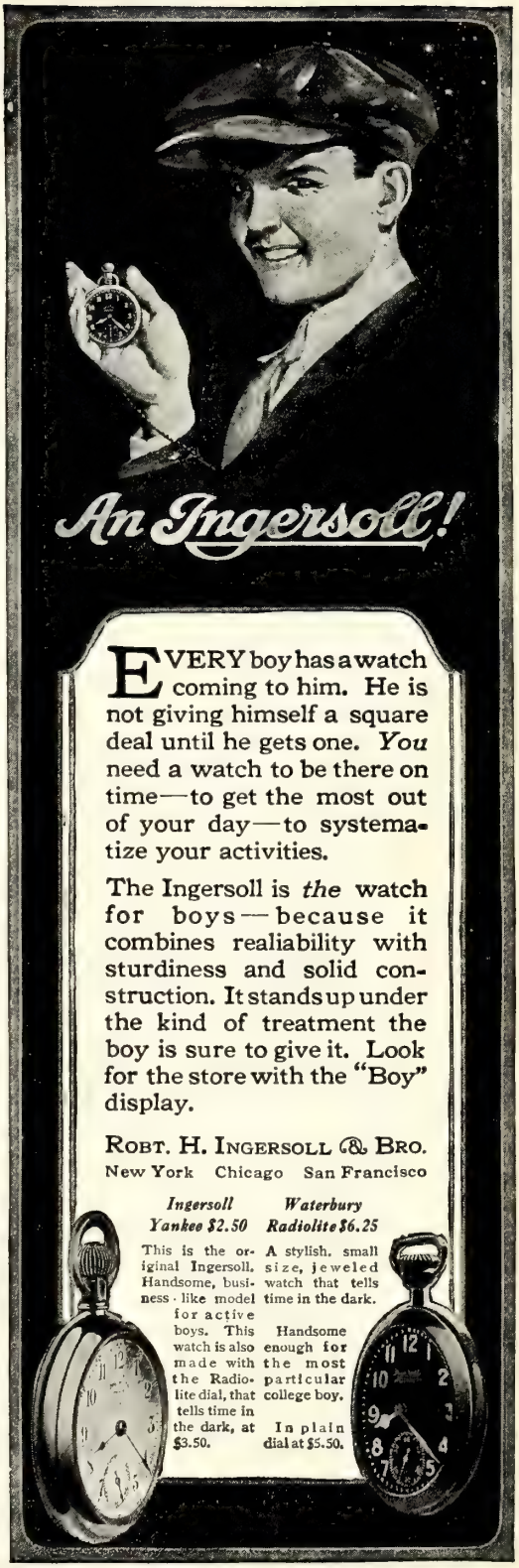
If your dealer cannot supply you, write for illustrated booklet and price list. Always look for this label.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., Milwaukee, Wis.
Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Limited, London, Ont.





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EVERY boy has a watch coming to him. He is not giving himself a square deal until he gets one. *You* need a watch to be there on time—to get the most out of your day—to systematize your activities.

The Ingersoll is *the* watch for boys—because it combines realiability with sturdiness and solid construction. It stands up under the kind of treatment the boy is sure to give it. Look for the store with the "Boy" display.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
New York Chicago San Francisco

Ingersoll Yankee $2.50

This is the original Ingersoll. Handsome, business-like model for active boys. This watch is also made with the Radiolite dial, that tells time in the dark, at $3.50.

Waterbury Radiolite $6.25

A stylish, small size, jeweled watch that tells time in the dark.

Handsome enough for the most particular college boy.

In plain dial at $5.50.

Five Century Books You'd Like to Own

US and the BOTTLE-MAN

By Edith Ballinger Price



"Us means two boys and a girl—at the seashore for the summer, all of them fairly tingling with energy and with imaginations that suggest splendid things to do. The "Bottle-Man," like a friendly genius, emerges from a bottle. At least, he "begins to be" when the children, pretending to be marooned on a desert island, float off a message in a bottle. Answering messages come; things begin to happen. In fact, events become so complicated that a tragedy is threatened. But just in time the Bottle-Man turns up and pulls the situation straight. It is a fresh, surprising story, beautifully told. **Price $1.50**

Blue Magic. **By Edith Ballinger Price.**—A beautiful story of the comradeship between a lovable little crippled boy and a very young man not long out of college. The scenes are set under the magic sunsets of the Nile and the turquoise skies of Italy. An idyll that will enchant every reader by its touching revelations of the child-heart. **Price $1.50**

Betsy Lane, Patriot. **By George Merrick Mullett.**—A small, plucky patriot starts her career of serving her country by sacrificing her Jo-An of Ark, with her exquisite set of doll clothes. This is only a beginning, and Betsy Lane's adventures in patriotism are delightful reading. **Price $1.50**

Comrade Rosalie. **By Mary Constance Du Bois.**—A young girl is left with her little sister and foster sister in charge of an old cheateau over which the war has swept—for the last time, her mother is sure as she leaves her to go and serve in a French hospital. But the Germans turn back, and Comrade Rosalie tastes bitter peril, but comes out triumphant. **Price $1.90**

The Camerons of Highboro. **By Beth B. Gilchrist.**—Elliot, the thoughtless, pretty daughter of a wealthy man, is parted from him by war. She has not been used to having her life ruthlessly disturbed, but when she goes to a farm owned by relatives in Vermont, resentment disappears and she finds ways to help her country splendidly. **Price $1.75**

At Bookstores

The Century Co., 353 Fourth Ave., New York City

The right way to shampoo



DO YOU think your hair grows from the head like a plant? No, indeed! There is a great difference.

Your hair does not breathe as a plant does. No fluid circulates through it, as sap does through a plant. Except at the very tips of its roots, your hair has no more life than a silken thread.

The whole beauty of your hair depends on your scalp. Here the hair forms. Here are the blood vessels that nourish it, and the pigment cells that give it its brown, black, red or golden color, Here, too, are the little fat glands that supply oil, to make it glossy and shining.

Caring for your hair means caring for your *scalp*. To have lovely, thick, glossy hair you must keep your *scalp* in good condition, just as to have a beautiful complexion you must keep your *skin* in good condition.

You can have beautiful hair

Is your hair too thin? Does it look dull and lifeless beside that of other girls? Is it *too* dry or too oily? You can change this condition—by the right care of your scalp, you can make it glossy, soft, abundant.

To have a healthy, vigorous scalp, use this famous shampoo:

Before shampooing, rub the scalp thoroughly with the tips of the fingers (not the fingernails). Do not let the finger tips slip along the scalp, but make the scalp itself move in little circles.

Now dip the hair in warm water, separate in small parts, and scrub the scalp with a stiff tooth brush lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub the lather in well, and then rinse out thoroughly.

Next apply a thick, hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and leave it on for two or three minutes. Rinse off thoroughly with fresh warm water. Finish by rinsing with cold water. Dry very thoroughly.

Use this shampoo regularly, and you will soon see a marked improvement in your hair.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake will give you five or six shampoos. When used for your face it will last for a month or six weeks. Get a cake today—begin making Woodbury's your regular shampoo soap.

"YOUR TREATMENT FOR ONE WEEK"

A miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations sent to you for 25 cents.

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations, containing *your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.*

You will find, first the little booklet, "A Skin You Love To Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap — enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder, with directions telling just how they should be used. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 2009 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2009 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Finished prep school in June?
Going to college in a few weeks?

You'll need The Century

A FELLOW in college who isn't a grind; who does his work honestly but has friends and good times and goes in for athletics, never has enough time for general reading. He "ought to," but he doesn't.

Just before the war snowed the subject under, there was a country-wide discussion as to what should be done about the college men, bright fellows, fairly bursting with knowledge along definite, limited lines, but who had made, apparently, no connection at all with a lot of the most interesting phases of life. Tests in general information were given to groups at a number of large universities, and the results would have been hilarious if they hadn't been sad. The things those fellows didn't know!

There's no getting around the pressure on time. College years are the best, the richest, the most crowded hours of life. Even those spent loafing. Can't spare loafing from a college education; can't spare friends; can't spare athletics — any more than lectures and lab. and books.

The best solution is to *subscribe to* and have *conveniently* and *regularly* at hand your own copy of one good, live magazine that will keep you in touch with world events, national and international affairs, travel, the theatre, art and books. THE CENTURY is ideal for this. Glenn Frank's new "Tide of Affairs" department will tell you what is most significant in current topics, in an interesting way. He doesn't run a clipping bureau, the results of which no man can wade through — but picks out the things that count.

The Century adds the "liberal" to education

Get a Real Magazine or You Won't Read It

THE CENTURY, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City:

Please find enclosed four dollars ($4.00) for one year's subscription to THE CENTURY to begin with the.....number. *S 9–20*

Name..... Address.....



U. S. Bicycle Tires are getting a larger following among *straight - thinking* bicycle riders all the time.

And whenever anyone starts using U. S. Bicycle Tires, he *sticks to them.*

U. S. Chain Treads, U. S. Cords and seven other treads in Clincher and Single tube styles.

"Ride a Bicycle"

United States Tires

United States Rubber Company

Patrick
DULUTH
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Bigger than Weather"

Wool Garments *for* Outdoor Boys

PATRICK Garments are stylish garments. They are carefully finished and tailored from Patrick cloth and possess all the qualities of warmth, comfort and serviceability for which this fabric is famous.

There is no other cloth just like Patrick cloth. It is as distinctive to America as are friezes to Ireland, cheviots to Scotland and tweeds to England. It is made of the thick, long-fiber wool from "sheep that thrive in the snow."

Manufactured exclusively in Patrick woolen mills and made up into garments in Patrick factories. Patrick controls every manufacturing process from raw wool to finished garments.

Look for the green and black Patrick label. It is found only on Patrick Pure Wool Products. If your dealer does not handle them we will refer you to one who does.

Send for 1920-21 Style Book showing Mackinaws, Sweaters, Greatcoats and Caps for boys as well as for men and women, also the Patrick-Duluth colors true to life. Also Elbert Hubbard's book "Bigger than Weather." Both free.

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS

Sole Manufacturers of both Cloth and Garments

1 Ave. R Duluth, Minn.



Pure Northern Wool from Sheep that thrive in the Snow



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NATIONAL PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN

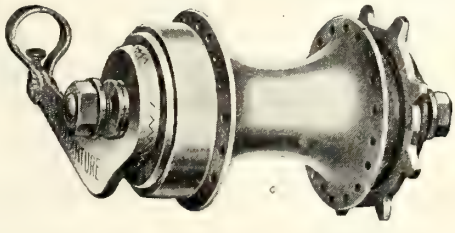
"Say, Boy!

If you want real fun, ride a bike — one with a New Departure Coaster Brake like mine.

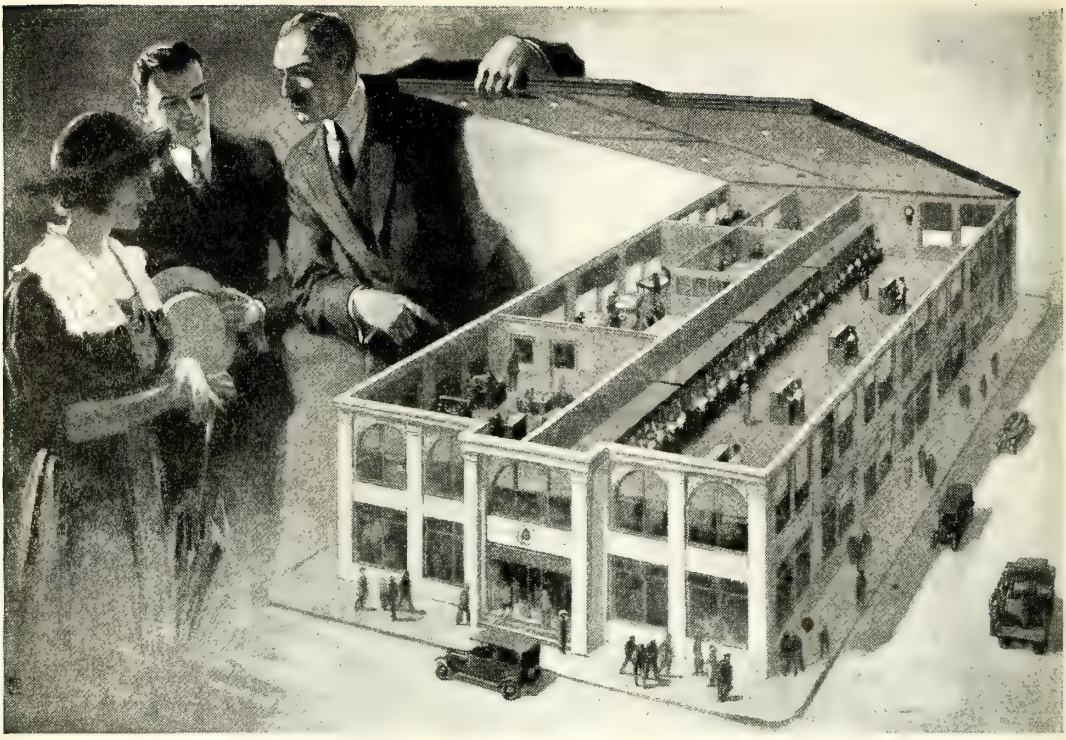
"Riding a wheel keeps you in fine shape — fit for anything. And you won't overdo, if you have a New Departure, for this dandy brake takes the hard work out of cycling — gives you that perfect control of your wheel that means safety at all times.

"Remember the name — New Departure Coaster Brake. And be sure to send for your copy of 'Billy's Bicycle Triumphs'. Address your letter to Department B."

New Departure Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., U. S. A.



"The Brake that Brought the Bike Back"



The Public Confidence

An important part of the management of the Bell System is to keep the public informed concerning all matters relating to the telephone.

We consider this an essential part of our stewardship in the operation of this public utility. It is due not only the 130,000 shareholders, but it is due the whole citizenship of the country.

We have told you of new inventions to improve service, of the growth of service, of problems involved in securing materials, employing and training workers, of financing new developments, and of rates necessary to maintain service.

You have been taken into our confidence as to what we are doing, how we do it, why we do it. You have been told of our efforts to meet unusual conditions; of how we have bent every energy to provide service in the face of storms, floods, fires.

It is an enormous task today to provide adequate service in the face of shortage of workers, raw materials, manufacturing production and transportation.

Nevertheless the service of the Bell System has been improved and extended this year. Over 350,000 new stations have been put into operation. And the loyal workers of the Bell System are establishing new records for efficiency and will establish new records for service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***



Just as sporty for school

—for gym and basket ball, too

START off for school in a new pair of Keds. They are just as comfortable, just as sporty for school wear. If you have not worn Keds before, this is the time to get a pair.

Look at their leather reinforcements and their thick waterproof rubber soles! The canvas is heavy and strong. Sturdy enough for the roughest boy in town, and yet so inexpensive.

And how bully Keds are for basket ball! Light, springy, full of speed. They fit snugly around the ankle and instep and give just the support a fellow needs. No slipping or skidding on smooth floors with the suction soles. You can get smooth soles or corrugated soles if you prefer them.

This is only one of the Keds family. There are many other kinds for boys and models for women, and for men and children.

Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company — the largest rubber manufacturer in the world—the same great organization that makes U. S. Tires for your bicycle and for automobiles.

Ask any good shoe dealer to show them to you. Look for the name Keds on the sole.



The most popular outing shoe the country over. Strong and durable, light and cool. In white or brown or black

Keds

United States Rubber Company

Fifty-three Factories

The oldest and largest Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred and thirty-five Branches

"AD" VENTURES of the IVORY HEROES



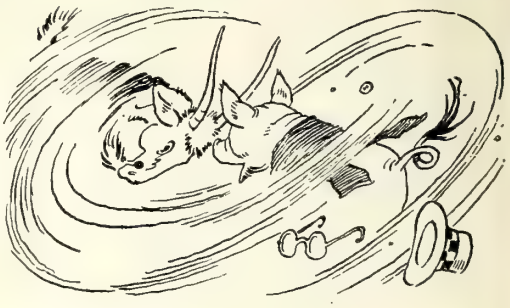
Chapter IX
A Family Quarrel
Part One

OUR heroes of pure IVORY SOAP were resting after battle. They all had dined and were content. The clear and pleasant rattle of dishes being washed and wiped by Betty sounded cozy and 'wakened memories of home and fond hopes sweet and rosy. "Ah, me," sighed Peter Pig, "that sound brings up sweet thoughts of youth, when mother tucked me in my bed and *hugged* me some, forsooth." "List to yon sentimental *pig*," said Billy with a shrug. "To hug an armful such as that was



Just try!!!

surely quite a hug." "Not quite so bad as you might *think;* she didn't have to pin my whiskers up and so prevent a tangle 'round my chin." "Quite true," said Bill reflectively, "but ne'er the less I'm thinking *my* mother didn't sit up nights to keep *my* tail from kinking." "Boys, boys! You're getting *personal*," said Betty, "please don't waste your time in personal remarks, you know it is bad taste." "But Bill insulted me," said Pete. "I *couldn't*," muttered Bill. "Just *try*," snoofed Pete, red in the face. "All right," said Bill, "I *will*."



Up bounced that pig; up rose Bill Goat. With gruesome snorts and gruntings, they mixed themselves most terribly with warlike roots and buntings. Poor Betty was beside herself. Gnif ordered them to cease. Bob tried in vain to separate those breakers of the peace. But long had Pete and Billy Goat repressed an ancient feud, that made our Peter gruff to Bill and Billy very rude. So Billy butted Peter's ribs where Peter's *bacon* grew. And Peter rooted Bill so hard that Billy's whiskers flew.

It was a most disgraceful fight. It makes my spirit bleed, to tell of heroes quarreling is terrible indeed. Gnif, Bob and Betty were nonplused and with deep grief astounded as battle butts and gruesome grunts with noisy noise resounded. But there's a lesson in all this and you will see I hope when friends *fall out*, we all *fall in* and turn to IVORY SOAP. And when we turn to IVORY SOAP, wash well, and do our *best*, e'en friendship stands the shocking strain of trouble's acid test.

Next month I'll finish up this tale
And show how peace depends
On IVORY SOAP to pacify
The feelings of our friends.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS - EST. 1837 -

IVORY IT FLOATS IVORY SOAP 99 44/100% PURE.

Reprinted By Permission of JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK THE CHILD'S MAGAZINE ©



Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. She really understands babies. She would like to correspond with you about your baby.



Baby's Perfume

Dear EDITH:

Is there any scent hidden in flowers so ineffably sweet as the fragrance of a freshly bathed baby?

Yet I know mothers who actually profane baby's body with highly scented powders which were meant only for adult use.

If it were only a question of good taste, I suppose it wouldn't matter much, but strong scents in baby powder are really objectionable for a more serious reason.

They often give Baby a very unpleasant headache—and the fretfulness that follows is apt to give you a headache, too.

I don't know that these strong perfumes are actually dangerous, but an unbroken rule of mine is never to take chances or experiment on a baby's sensitive skin. There is one talcum that I *know* is safe and that is the kind I use.

Mennen's, in the familiar blue can, has been the choice of mothers, nurses and doctors for nearly half a century and it has never yet harmed nor failed to relieve a baby's skin. It is different—and right—what I call a perfectly balanced powder—just enough of each ingredient and not too much of anything.



I use Mennen's on my own skin, which after all, is about as sensitive as that of a baby's.

Lovingly,
BELLE.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

Laboratories:
Newark, New Jersey
Montreal, Quebec



Sales Agent in Canada:
Harold F. Ritchie, Limited
Toronto, Ontario

"See how thick I spread it!"



© 1919, B. N. P. Co

Flavor First—

IN Beech-Nut Peanut Butter—as in Beech-Nut Bacon, in Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup, Chili Sauce, Pork and Beans, Beech-Nut Jams, Jellies and Marmalades, Mints and Ginger Ale—you will always find that *delicious flavor* has been made the first consideration.

Order a jar of Beechnut Peanut Butter today.

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

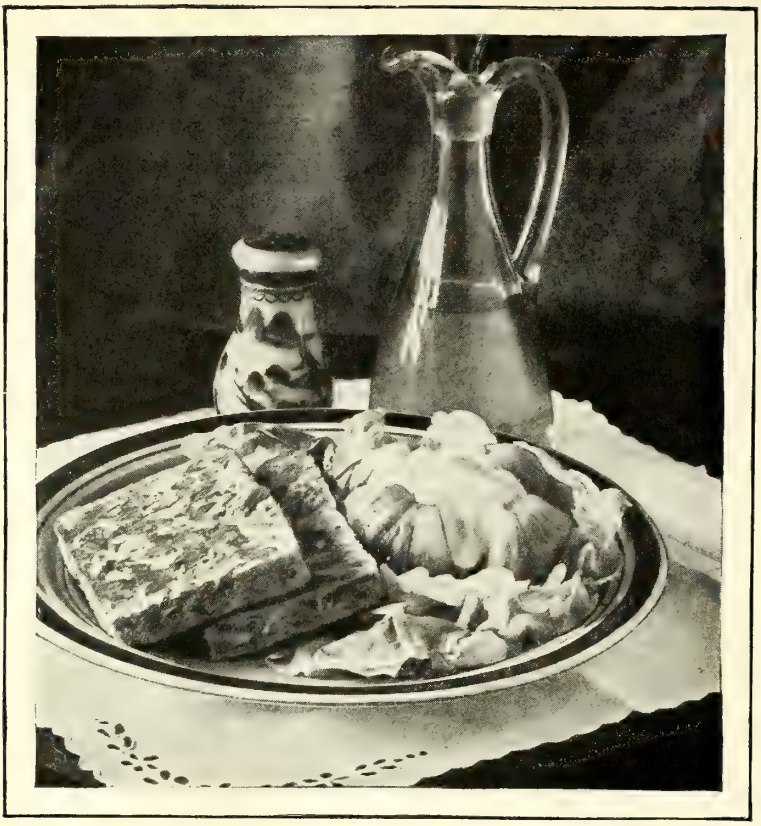
One of the "Foods of Finest Flavor"

ST NICHOLAS

for BOYS and GIRLS



OCTOBER 1920



So good sliced cold with salad!

Some good cold meat with salad—some bread and butter and a glass of iced tea—just a turn of the wrist and luncheon is ready!

We have all heard women talk that way, as if it were no trouble at all to get up a luncheon or tea for guests. And perhaps they are right—but one question you are bound to ask—where did the cold meat come from?

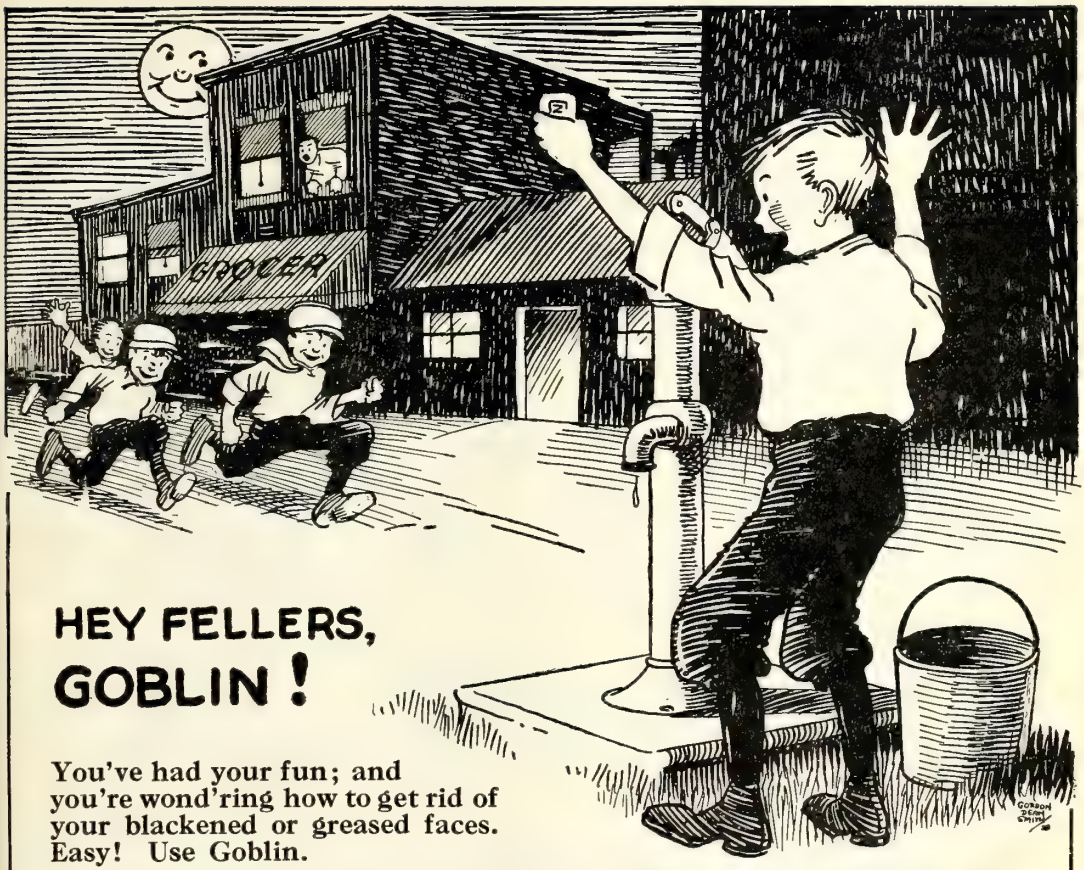
Libby's Packaged Meats are ready for just such emergencies. The corned beef turns out on the meat platter in a nice piece for slicing and there are quivering bits of rich beef jelly over it. The beef has been carefully chosen for its tender lean and rich bits of fat. It has been cured and cooked with painstaking care. It is not plain corned beef—but a choice meat for particular occasions.

Get a supply of Libby's Corned Beef from your grocer today. It is always ready.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 910 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd., Chatham, Ont., Canada





HEY FELLERS, GOBLIN!

You've had your fun; and you're wond'ring how to get rid of your blackened or greased faces. Easy! Use Goblin.

It leaves the skin clean as a whistle; makes it glow; freshens and brightens it; makes you feel great all over.

Goblin Soap

WORKS WONDERS



Get a cake and watch Goblin go to it. Get the dirt? well I should say so—every bit of it; and it doesn't matter whether it's hard water or soft; cold or warm; lathers freely in any kind. It sure works wonders; it's a regular fellow's soap.

Your grocer has Goblin. If you don't find it on his shelf send us his name and address, also your's, and we will send you a boy's trial size cake free.

TRIAL SIZE CAKE FREE

CUDAHY, Dept. N, 111 W. Monroe St., Chicago
Canadian Address: 64 Macauley Ave., Toronto, Canada

Please send me trial size cake of Goblin soap.

Your Name .....

Street ..... *Town* .....

Grocer's Name .....

Grocer's Address .....

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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR OCTOBER, 1920

Frontispiece: "'Scottie!' called the mother, softly; but he did not turn." Drawn by J. Clinton Shepherd

A Stray Husky. Story. Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd — **Mabel G. Ballough** — **1059**

Ye Voyage of Ye *Mayflower*. Sketch. Illustrated by the author — **H. A. Ogden** — **1065**

Golf Facts for Young Players. Sketch. Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea — **Francis Ouimet** — **1070**

What is Worth While? Sketch — **Hildegarde W. Hawthorne** — **1074**

"Flowers in the Summer, Fires in the Fall." Picture. Drawn by Emma Troth — **1076**

A Real Fairy-Tale. Sketch. Illustration from lithograph — **Mary P. Davis** — **1077**

E. L.'s Baptism of Fire. Story. Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd — **T. Morris Longstreth** — **1080**

A Portrait. Painted by Lydia Field Emmet — **1085**

Two Kinds of Tiny Folk. Verse — **Clinton Scollard** — **1085**

The Mystery of the Sea-Lark. Serial Story. (Conclusion) Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea — **Ralph Henry Barbour** / **H. P. Holt** — **1086**

October. Verse — **Percy W. Reynolds** — **1093**

Frank Luke—Balloon Ace. Sketch. Illustration from photograph — **Harry Starkey Aldrich** — **1094**

Un-Factful. Verse — **Blanche Elizabeth Wade** — **1099**

Biddy M'Call. Verse. Illustrated by Harold Sichel — **George William Ogden** — **1100**

The Happy Venture. Serial Story. (Conclusion) Illustrated by the author — **Edith Ballinger Price** — **1102**

The Test of Sportsmanship. Sketch — **Sol Metzger** — **1108**

The Mission of Sir Quincum. Verse. Illustrated by the author — **Charles F. Lester** — **1110**

The Tomb of Christopher Columbus. Sketch. Illustration from photograph — **Florence D. Welch** — **1112**

Boy Scouts in the North; or, The Blue Pearl. (Conclusion) Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull — **Samuel Scoville, Jr.** — **1113**

Signs. Verse — **Robert Emmet Ward** — **1120**

"You see, my friend, here's where a slim fellow has the advantage." Picture. Drawn by Clifton Meek — **1120**

Young English Monarchs Who Never Reigned. Sketch. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz, and from painting by Sir J. E. Millais — **Augusta Huiell Seaman** — **1121**

The Modern Pied Piper. Sketch. Illustrated from photographs — **Florence Samuels** — **1127**

The Watch Tower. Illustrations from photographs — **Edward N. Teall** — **1129**

Chicago's New Stadium to Rival the Colosseum of Ancient Rome. Sketch. Illustration from photograph — **Robert H. Moulton** — **1133**

Nature and Science for Young Folk: Illustrations from photographs — **1135**

The Flying Submarine—Catching Bullets with the Movie Camera (A. Russell Bond)—**Getting an Electric Spark from Paper—How Many Tastes Are There?** (S. Leonard Bastin)—**A Miniature Farm Constructed by Students** (L. M. Edholm)—**Buries Himself Alive** (George A. King)—**How the Trout Changes His Coat** (Daisy M. Moore)—**A Needle in a Desert** (George Burbank Shattuck).

St. Nicholas League. With Awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs, and Puzzles. Illustrated — **1142**

The Letter-Box — **1150**

The Riddle-Box — **1151**

St. Nicholas Stamp Page. Conducted by Samuel R. Simmons — Advertising page — **32**

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VOL. XLVII. **No. 12**

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Two jolly-old gentlemen form a partnership

Some time ago Santa Claus discovered that Uncle Sam makes the very finest toys in the whole wide world for children. So he formed a partnership with Uncle Sam and now the two merry old gentlemen are hard at work in Saint Nick's shop making the most splendid playthings for your Christmas.

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NEXT MONTH

ST. NICHOLAS *for* NOVEMBER

PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

The Luck of Denewood

EMILIE BENSON and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

We begin next month a new Denewood serial. So many boys and girls have followed, in three previous serials, the interesting fortunes of the family whose beautiful old home is Denewood, that not much more than the bare announcement is necessary to set them a-tiptoe with expectation. But we may just mention to them (and to our new readers) that this is a very exciting story, with an adorable young heroine.

The Dragon's Secret — AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

A splendid mystery story, which will run through many numbers, keeping its readers guessing and guessing, and experiencing delightful thrills.

Boy Hunters in Demerara — GEORGE INNES HARTLEY

This is one of the biggest pieces of luck for our boy readers (and the sister who is teased for being a "tomboy") that has happened to them in some time. It is a long serial which tells of the experiences of a young scientist and two younger boys in the jungles of British Guiana. The strange land and its strange inhabitants, human, animal and floral, are truthfully and accurately represented in a narrative filled with the charm of the unfamiliar, and with happenings of absorbing interest.

Boys, Parents and Football — SOL METZGER

November is the great football month, and we shall have in this issue an article that every football lover will appreciate. It tells how the game became cleaner and safer, how good it is for a fellow, and why he ought n't to miss it. It also tells what parents can do to make and keep it a safe game for their own and other people's sons, instead of forbidding it. Mr. Metzger, who is a well-known coach, will contribute also a valuable article on "Generalship in Football."

Mountaineering on Wheels — DONALD SHAUFFER

A most original expedition: up into the haunts of the wild goat, above timberline, six boys and their two leaders went—on wheels!

The Planting of Plymouth — H. A. OGDEN

Completing the story of "The Sailing of the Mayflower," this tells how the Pilgrims searched for a suitable place to "plant" their colony, and of their adventures in finding it. Based upon old, original accounts, it is very real indeed. As you read, your mind will go back and live along with them those early days of our country which we are celebrating this three hundredth year from their landing.

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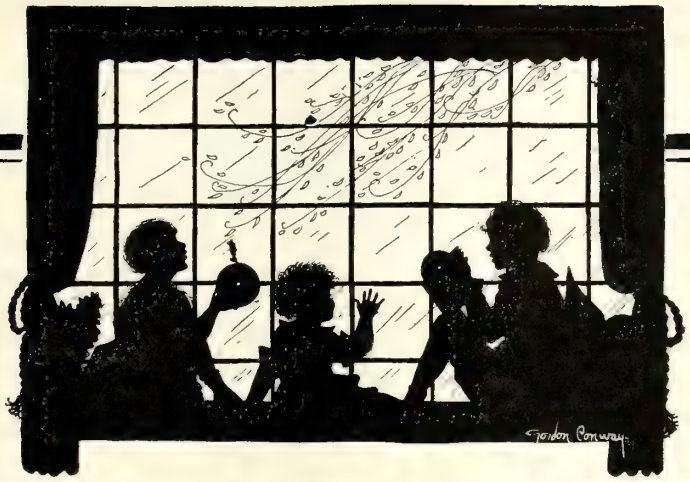
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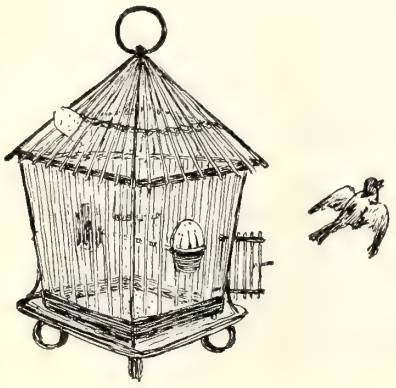
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ONCE upon a time there was a woman who gave away her bullfinch and her canary bird and came home and sat upon a plain wooden chair and said: "Thank Goodness!"

Before that, she had given away her two grey cats, her pot of blossoming carnations; she had had her garden sodded over; she had taken down her white window curtains that had to be washed so often, and the white coverlets from the beds. So she sat down to enjoy her freedom from care of animals and useless fripperies.

"Now," said she, "I will do some very high thinking, for certainly I have attained plain living." To her great surprise, there did n't seem to be anything to think about. She had been annoyed when her thoughts were interrupted by some need of concentration on her household work. Now, the thoughts had deserted her, and her brain seemed as bare as her house.

It never works. Stripping life bare is not ennobling it. Lots of fine women "do without" actually to the extent of a bad habit. They think it's unselfishness, but—did you ever think that sacrifice which leaves you a less developed, worth-while person to those you love is really selfish? Don't strip life bare and expect spiritual benefit: take what will make you a bigger, happier, better-rounded person, as your own: those who care most for you will thank you.

The Century Magazine, because of its well-rounded program, is an ideal periodical for the intelligent, busy woman who has limits to her reading time. It has everything; not "a little of everything," but a good satisfying quantity of timely articles, literary articles, of really worth-while fiction, of distinguished poetry, of essays, of fine illustration, criticism of music, art, and drama. It is an enrichment and an aid to a well-rounded life.

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HOW DO YOU DO?



MAY I introduce myself?—ST. NICHOLAS for 1920–21. I am forty-eight years young and very happy, and sure you will like me. Not "bumptious" or arrogant; no one would ever have liked me if I were that. But forty-eight years of being to thousands of young people what no other magazine has ever been creates a feeling of confidence.

Like the boy or girl (or man or woman) whom everybody likes, ST. NICHOLAS *expects* — gratefully and gladly expects — to be liked by strangers and welcomed by friends.

I believe that no boy or girl (this is a Very Large Statement, but I believe it is true) *ever* did n't like ST. NICHOLAS. And no boy or girl who ever grew up with ST. NICHOLAS has ever forgotten it. More — very, very few of the boys and girls who grew up with ST. NICHOLAS are willing that their children, or their nephews and neices, should be without it.

So you can see that I am able, on completing my forty-eighth and inaugurating my forty-ninth year, to meet with a certain happy confidence: All Boys and Girls, and All Mothers and Fathers of Boys and Girls, and All really well-brought-up Uncles and Aunts of Boys and Girls. That is quite a number of people not to need to be shy of!

And if I had any least doubt about them, or about the rest of the world, the splendid feast of good things I have in store for positively all who care to come would set my mind at rest.

Just turn over the next page — and the next, and the next. You will see that a great store of entertainment, information and inspiration is already planned for; and this will go on all through a year which I mean shall be quite one of the richest and finest of my life.

None of my usual features will be missing — you do not need a special description of them. If you are one of my new friends, just look at them in this issue. Aren't they interesting? The wonderful work the young people are doing for ST. NICHOLAS League would make it impossible to spare, if I wanted to; For Boys Who Do Things there will be practical directions and plans for doing really worth while things with their energy and talent; The Watch Tower will be needed next year especially to keep youthful readers in touch with world events; Nature and Science for Young Folks will be the same sort of "gold mine" of interesting facts for student and teacher; The flap of The Letter Box will be open for the very delightful correspondence of our readers; The Riddle Box, the ST. NICHOLAS Stamp Page, will all "carry on." *Now turn over!*

Splendid Serials



THE LUCK OF DENEWOOD

By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe

Moving slowly out of a theatre after a thrilling performance, some one in the crowd said: "He's certainly got the recipe for a play!" The Knipes certainly have the recipe for a serial! In this latest "lucky sixpence" episode, they have managed to tell a better story than ever, hard as that was to accomplish. It is one which almost the youngest and quite the oldest readers of ST. NICHOLAS will enjoy. The thrill of the lively happenings, the mystery of the plot, will appeal to those of quite slender years, while our older boys and girls of all ages will appreciate the wholesome, lovable realism of the characters. All will agree that the little French heroine is simply adorable, and the story of her brother's disappearance during the war, of her strong faith that he is not dead, and his final reappearance, is a poignantly touching one. It is not a "weepy" story, though; it is bright and tender and plucky, with the happy sort of ending its lovable people deserve.

THE DRAGON'S SECRET

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

This wizard of mystery tales has woven a number of intricate and absorbing ones for appreciative ST. NICHOLAS readers—but never a better one than this. Down on the sands by a little summer cottage, the excitement among four young people who finally solve the puzzle rises and rises and rises like the tide, but never once recedes — though sometimes, to be sure, the prospect does look as blank of any solution as a glassy stretch of sand at low tide. Queer things keep happening which are evidently related to the mystery, but no one of them seems to fit another! Not until a night of tremendous storm, with a threatening tide, when a desperate struggle occurs in the dark, do the pieces of the puzzle begin to fit together. The ending differs from that of most mystery stories in that it is even *more* exciting when you discover what it is all about!

BOY HUNTERS IN DEMERARA

By George Innes Hartley

Demerara — how many know, "right off," where it is? Perhaps one wouldn't be deafened by replies. All the better, for here is just such an account as the boy who loves wild life, hunting, adventure, will fairly revel in, of a region not too often explored or described. It is on the northern coast of South America — in British Guiana. It is a "big" serial, which will be hailed with delight by boys big and little.

and Short Stories

PRUNIER TELLS A STORY

By T. Morris Longstreth



One of the very best adventure stories ST. NICHOLAS has ever printed. It is hair-raising, gripping, the story that the usually silent Prunier tells by the cabin fire on two successive nights of storm. But it is also inspiring, honest and fine. There is high courage, without brag, the surmounting of fear; there is devotion: between sister and brother, between a French-Canadian guide and those he saves. There are scenes of breathless interest and a terrible beauty, and in the end victory over mounting dangers. It would not be fair to lessen the thrill of the splendid story ever so little by telling you just what happens. It will take two long instalments to bring it to its ending.

OLD ENGLISH LEGENDS

By George Philip Krapp, Ph.D.

"'Twas Adam Bell and Clym o' the Clough and William of Cloudesley" — and Sir Orfeo "who was a knight of Greece," and many others that folk loved to tell and sing about: the stories which endure because they satisfy things deep in all our hearts. Professor Krapp, of Columbia University, has re-told some of these in charming fashion.



BOYS, PARENTS AND FOOTBALL

By Sol Metzger

Mr. Sol Metzger, a famous football player in his day, and since a well-known coach of successful college teams, will discuss in several articles "Chivalry in Football," "Boys, Parents and Football," and similar questions of the sort that sometimes rage about major training quarters as well as among younger football players. Boys who would be splendid "football material," but whose parents do not wish them to play, are a problem in colleges as well as in high schools and "prep" schools, and the question of how to make football a game which shall retain its rigorous qualities and yet not deserve the reproaches of those who regard it as too dangerous, has bothered the leaders of sport. This is an article which every boy will want his parents to read, if there is trouble about his being allowed to go in for football. No one outside of a school can know what it means to a fellow to be shut out of the big excitement of the season, and even suspected of a "yellow" streak because his parents won't let him play. Mr. Metzger explains why such a prohibition is no longer necessary, and tells parents what they can do instead, to make sure their son is not taking undue risks.

THE PILGRIM TERCENTENARY

That long and catchy-syllabled word means something of great moment to American boys and girls, and ST. NICHOLAS will do its part in making the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock memorable. There will be an article on the Pilgrims by H. A. Ogden, which will stir the hearts of good Americans whether their ancestors came here in search of religious liberty in 1620, or arrived in later years. There will be also a brief but very interesting sketch of "The Mayflower Pilgrims in Switzerland," with a photograph of the Swiss memorial, and there will be other Tercentenary features.

NEW-WORLD HERO STORIES

By Mary R. Parkman

Robert McCormick and his son Cyrus, useful patriots of peace, made it possible for America to fulfill the slogan: "wheat will win the war." But for the invention, perfection and marketing of the reaper, such great

wheat harvests as the world to-day must have or starve would never have been possible. Miss Parkman has written a story of their struggle, and the boy who loves to invent things will see in reading it how noble and useful a talent has been given him, and will wish more than ever to develop it to finely serviceable ends. And the series will include other fascinating and inspiring stories of modern heroes.

MOUNTAINEERING ON WHEELS

By David Shauffer

"A trip that was a humdinger — a regular mountain adventure on wheels," the author calls it. "We were supposed to ride more than two hundred miles on our wheels in three and a half days, carrying all our own grub and sleeping outfits right on our bikes. And more than a hundred and fifty of those miles were mountainous — up cañons



and over divides, curving along by mountain rivers, or plugging up switchbanks. . . . No wheels had ever made the trip before." They did it all, though; six Boy Scouts, a regular Scout master and a volunteer guide. The story is certainly a good one, about a very remarkable sort of "good time."

THE CHRISTENING OF FOUR-TOES

By A. C. Allen

There was once (when A. C. Allen was a boy hunter in Wyoming) a tremendous big grizzly known as Four-Toes — and there was a boy who knew exactly why. This is a true story of one of the largest grizzly bears the West has known. He ranged Wyoming from the Yellowstone to Granger; his food-hunting varied from harmlessly licking ants off a tree-trunk to felling a brash young bull with a single blow of his paw. Men saw his tracks, some saw the great beast himself — but he always escaped. The boy helped to set the great trap that almost caught him, that made him Four-Toes, and the story he tells about it is immensely exciting.

SCHOOL LIFE IN SWITZERLAND

By Phyllis Pulliam

Imagine going to a school whose curriculum included a New Year's stay of ten days at a Swiss winter resort hotel; with skating, skiing — every winter outdoor sport—for daytimes, and for evening balls and music. Imagine how cosmopolitan the day-by-day life would be with comrades from England, France, Switzerland, Germany, as well as America. Such a school is described most delightfully in the December issue by one who was not so long ago a student there.



FOUR EXCITING STORIES OF ELECTRICITY AND ENGINEERING

By Charles A. Hoyt

H is the author, you will remember, of that breathless tale of electricity, "Please Get Off the Line," which readers of ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1918, will not have forgotten yet. There is heart-in-your-mouth excitement in every one of the four new ones to come — "The Inverse Time-Limit Relay"; "Cheating the River"; "Riding the Guy"; and "Jack the Kill-O-Watter."

AND HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE!

You have had some of your best thoughts with Hildegarde Hawthorne, have n't you? What wonderful vistas she can open out for us! How she makes the world seem greater, life seem freer, everything good more worthy of caring and trying for. She has a magic glass to show us the real values of the many toned and colored confusion of life. It is a gift of gifts, this magic glass she owns, and Miss Hawthorne uses it beautifully. In the new volume, Miss Hawthorne will have frequent talks with our boys and girls, about the things that make life worth while.

FROM READERS AND PARENTS ST. NICHOLAS RECEIVES EVERY YEAR COUNTLESS LETTERS SUCH AS THESE:

"Why does a month last so long? I am so anxious for the next ST. NICHOLAS—'The Happy Venture' is so good I wait impatiently for more of it. I am so glad I am a member of the League. It seems so good to be one with boys and girls who do such work for the League. Here's to *our* magazine!
—*Margaret A.*

"While looking at a bound ST. NICHOLAS for 1913, I came across a League story written by the author of that beautiful story, 'The Happy Venture'. You can't think how happy that discovery made me! To think that a 'really, truly author' had, when she was my age, written for the League and, very likely, been made proud and disappointed by turns. It made me wonder if *I* would write stories that readers of the best magazine that ever was would follow from month to month."
—*Helen E. W.*

"I want you to know how very much our Lovett enjoyed finding his little story in the July League. . . . I can well remember the joy I experienced twenty-five years ago when my letter appeared in your pages, and the thrill of seeing in print two puzzles I sent in. To this day I never fail to read the children's contributions, and usually find the names of some of my friends' little folks among them. This month there are three." —*M. D. K. P.*

"Betty says that her graduation from high school was an important turning-point in her life. . . . The greatest turning-point in my life, this far, was in November, 1913, when ST. NICHOLAS, the best magazine that was ever published, that ever will be published, was placed in my hands. Oh! ST. NICHOLAS, THE magazine of all magazines! What infinite stores of goodly knowledge . . . what joy, thou bringest!" —*Mary H. S.*

This is the time to subscribe. November is a beginning month for new serials, and is really the first of the new magazine year. Besides, you're sure, if you subscribe now, not to miss the beautiful Christmas number, which is sold so quickly from the news-stands. Use the coupon below, and let us have the responsibility of getting it to you safely and promptly, every time.

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***By* W. C. Tuttle**



Illustration from "Reddy Brant," by W. C. Tuttle

REDDY BRANT is worth knowing. You'll like him, boys, for he's just the sort of fellow you admire—full of pep and ginger and not afraid to take a chance. Fourteen-year-old Reddy wanders into the cow-country and what happens to him there would make a movie hero turn green with envy. However, Reddy has plenty of grit and before he gets through—but what's the use of spoiling a good story?

12mo, 285 pages. $1.75



Illustration from "Curley and the Aztec Gold," by Joseph B. Ames

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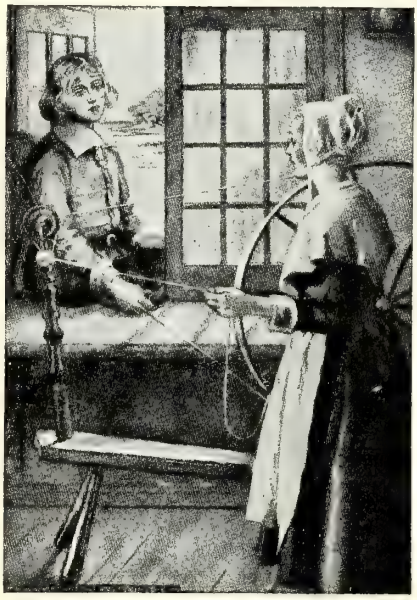


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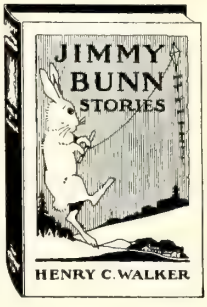
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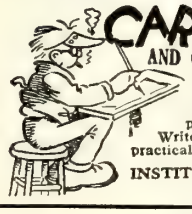
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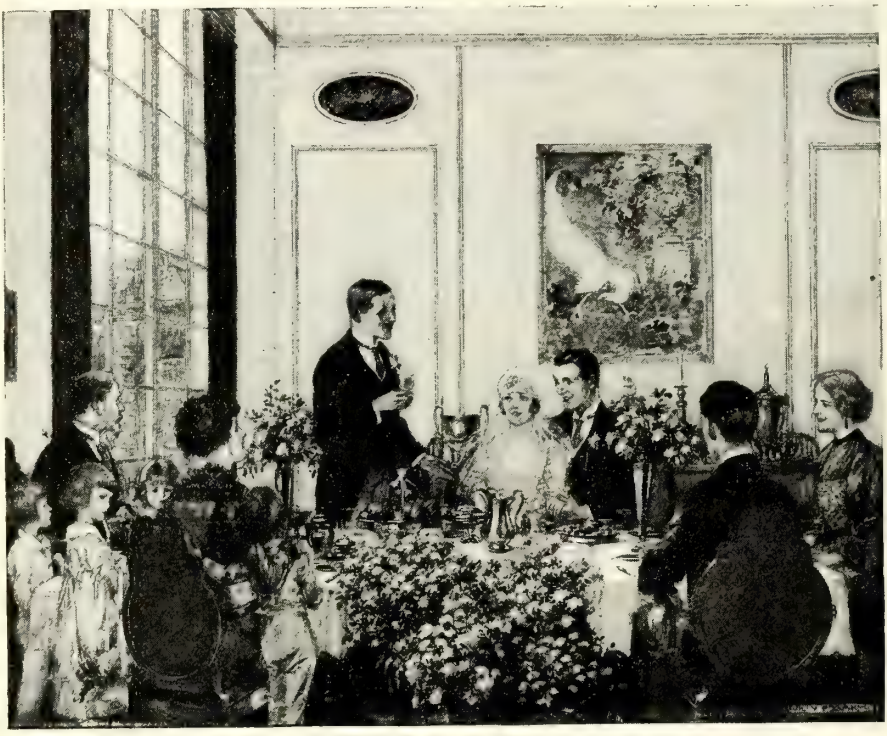
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"'SCOTTIE!' CALLED THE MOTHER, SOFTLY; BUT HE DID NOT TURN" (SEE PAGE 1062)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVII OCTOBER, 1920 No. 12

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A STRAY HUSKY

By MABEL G. BALLOUGH

(*Founded on fact*)

THEY first saw Scottie, so named by Canadian Charley, shivering and quaking with self-consciousness, crouched on the shore of the Hootalinqua River, in British Columbia.

It was nearing six o'clock in the evening of a June day as the little steamer, laden with a prospecting party, labored round the last bend in the day's journey and came in sight of O'Brian's Bar, a small, new-made clearing on the edge of a dense woods.

Two men who had preceded the main party by two weeks—going in over the thinning ice—now stood waiting for the boat, and answered its whistle with a long yodel, which echoed and re-echoed weirdly among the bare hills to the east.

It was plain that these people, except for a couple of seasoned guides, were new to the country. With their fresh-peeling skins and straight backs, they were a different type from the men who had borne packs and suffered the harsh environment of the unpeopled Northlands. And they looked eager for experience and ready to welcome each new incident with enthusiasm. The mother of the small boy was particularly glad to see a dog.

"Hello, Charley!" called the captain, as the small, overloaded boat headed inshore, careening in the boiling eddies. "Where did you run across the husky?"

Charley caught the rope, and the engine ceased its fussing. He looked down dubiously at the wolfish gray head, now thrust between his legs in abject fear of the approaching boat.

"Dunno," he said. "He struck our trail somewhere near Lake Lebarge and has followed along ever since." He laughed in good-humored apology for the stray, who, fearfully aware of being conspicuous, his tail tucked low, rolled his eyes, bared his teeth, and tried desperately to screen himself with Charley's moving legs as the latter proceeded to hitch the rope round a stump and help place the gang-plank.

The little party crowded ashore, depositing packs and boxes and rolls of canvas. The unloading was accomplished with speed, and but few moments were spent in the selection of tent sites among the litter of newly felled trees and piles of boulders.

Sleeping quarters and supper were urgent necessities, for the party had traveled far and long, and in the bustle Scottie was forgotten.

There was no hurry on the score of daylight. In that latitude and season there would be no darkness, but the evening chill of the far North was descending, and with it came clouds of the great Yukon mosquitos to greet the newcomers.

They all worked with a silent energy, stoically enduring the overwhelming scourge of vicious insects, while cutting ridge-poles, unrolling canvas, bringing water and wood, and building smudge-fires. Soon five tents, banked with earth and a golden satin moss, stood at odd angles on the edge of the sheltering woods, and the smell of freshly cut spruce boughs and frying bacon mingled in the still air.

After a supper of boiled potatoes, bacon and tea, and, by way of luxury, a generous sopping of bread and syrup, the tired travelers scattered to their tents and gratefully sought their pallets of "Yukon feathers" and gray army-blankets, covering their heads to shut out the day-light, as well as a few imprisoned mosquitos who had survived the smudging and now came forth to feast.

In the morning, when the campers gathered for breakfast and sat about on resinous, sticky stumps with their tins of coffee and warmed-up beans, it seemed as though the Boy might find it a lonely summer.

Across the muddy, swift-flowing river, the bare hills had clothed themselves with new snow while the campers slept, and it came over the Boy's mother with a pang that they were sixty miles from a post-office.

"There 's Scottie!" said the Boy, suddenly, with an interest that revived his mother's spirits. And there, within the recesses of the woods, sat a motionless, slim, gray shape looking out of the shadows with furtive eyes.

The Boy started toward him with his plate of beans, but the shape vanished without noise.

It was two days before he appeared again; then he was found eating the oleomargarin from a tin bucket, which, tightly covered and weighted, stood in a pool of icy water near the cook tent, for the mid-day was hot. Scottie had worked the lid off with his teeth.

He dodged the fusillade of stones aimed at him and stood at a safe distance, with apparently no loss of self-respect.

After that sumptuous meal, Scottie decided to remain with the camp. Nobody concerned himself with him, however. He was a skulking tramp, without endearing traits; neither did he feel his social ostracism; he possessed no moral code and missed nothing in the treatment accorded him.

An independent, self-centered member of the camp, he seemed possessed of a tireless energy, coming or going with an evident purpose, or standing alertly watching the men at work.

The Boy had been warned that huskies do not make pets, so, beyond saving the scraps of food from his plate and placing them in Scottie's way, he had made no overtures.

But one day, absorbed in the whittling of a little boat, the Boy inadvertently tripped on a root and fell sprawling upon Scottie. The mother, for one breathless moment, saw a flash of white fangs and flattened ears in a rolling heap of arms and legs; then the Boy emerged from the tangle and sat up with a pleased smile, and Scottie was seen grinning, and mouthing the tousled head.

Dating from this incident, a new relation was established between these two young things.

It is the impulse of youth to play; perhaps, also, youth knows a sign language, which is afterward lost—at least, so speculated the mother as she watched the growth of a perfect understanding between these two widely different minds.

At meal-times Scottie took his place under the pine-board table built under some trees, and there, out of sight, close to the Boy's knees, took, in silent gulps, potato skins, corn-bread, bacon rinds, and often choice bits of fresh meat.

But nothing that was edible came amiss to Scottie, and there was small opportunity in this barren country to develop pampered tastes.

Before a week had passed, an after-dinner romp had become an established custom—a dusty, noisy scuffle, that Mother regarded with more or less apprehension.

They dodged, grappled, and rolled; the Boy in unrestrained hilarity; Scottie in a silent frenzy of excitement.

Like good sports, they played fair, and emerged from the rough warming-up well pleased with themselves and each other.

As the days passed, the Boy's mother ceased to 'waken him for the too early breakfast, placing his portion of moose-meat and bread and cocoa to keep warm on the quaint little camp stove that heated their tent.

On these mornings, Scottie, grown impatient of waiting for his friend, would come to the tent to look for him.

Silently and deftly he would work his pointed muzzle between the tied tent-flaps until one eye at least could explore the interior. He knew the Boy's cot; and if a moment's intense scrutiny discovered no movement of the cover, he withdrew very quietly and went about other business.

No one ever came upon Scottie sleeping anywhere. If he slept, it was not in the camp. There was much to be learned about these foreign people and their ways before he would trust himself off guard.

If, perchance, Scottie found the Boy awake some morning, he grinned with delight, ducked and dodged and tore around the outside of the tent, until the air grew thick with the dust he raised, returning every few minutes to see how the dressing progressed.

But never once did he yield to coaxing and trust himself within imprisoning walls. A true husky, with the inherited cunning of his wolf parent, he suspected traps in all that was new.

The game of hide-and-seek seemed Scottie's original discovery. Just as he hid behind Charley's legs, he would screen himself with a tree or a tent, peering round first one side, then the other, making feints and dodges to lure the Boy.

When he saw him coming he waited with a nice

calculation till the last safe moment before darting like a gray streak to another shelter.

When the Boy, by a manœuver, would cut off his retreat, or all but grab him in passing, it furnished such zest to Scottie's enjoyment that he could hardly contain himself. His racial wolf strain had robbed him of his bark, so this means of speech was denied him. But by way of compensation, it would seem, this same parent had endowed him with more than human cunning.

His grinning was often incomprehensible—his eyes always inscrutable. The Boy alone seemed to know the dog's character and moods, and Scottie, schooled though he was in duplicity, seemed to trust his mate to the extent of dealing honestly with him—unless it was tacitly understood that they were matching wits in some game.

There came a day when the Boy was busy with a small rocker and a pile of gravel on the river shore; his mother sat near with some sewing, under the drooping boughs of a Labrador pine; not far away the men worked at the sluice-boxes.

The brief, fervid heat of a midsummer day was brooding over the camp; the bull-dog flies nipped savagely. As usual, the air was still, and the sweet, spicy fragrance of wild roses, and resin warmed by the sun, lingered about. From the sunless woods came fitfully a long-drawn, bell-clear note, like that of the wood-robin; but across the Hootalinqua, the snows still lingered on the north sides of the hills.

Suddenly the Boy called softly, "Indians, Mother!" And there, but a few yards from them, just emerging from the woods into the clearing, was a motley family—men, women, children, and dogs.

Surly and unclean they looked, but withal not formidable. The women were wearing men's coats, and their legs, wrapped and swathed in strips of soiled and faded cloth, seemed much too bulky to terminate in the small moccasined feet with which they stepped so softly that not the crackling of a dry twig had announced their approach.

They had fresh bear-meat to trade for "shug." The cook made the trade and good-naturedly treated the visitors to newly made doughnuts, a camp luxury. Meanwhile, the dogs were stealing what food they could work from under the rear walls of the cook tent, neither box nor tin protecting it from their ravening jaws.



"THERE SAT A MOTIONLESS, SLIM, GRAY SHAPE"

The Indians, nothing loth to secure for them a meal at some other person's expense, were slow to call them off, but they were finally rounded up and secured with ropes, and among them—Scottie, to the consternation of the Boy and his mother.

But most astonishing of all, that individual of hitherto undisputed freedom was seen sitting quietly on his haunches waiting to be led away.

"Don't take our dog, please," said the Boy's mother, hastening to placate the Indians with some squares of red calico, torn from her tent curtain, with which she replaced the soiled and dingy pieces on the heads of two brown babies, tying them under the docilely upheld chins.

"Me dog—lost," said the Indian, holding Scottie's rope, and he patted his chest and made a grimace intended for a smile.

Scottie, in apparent response to the patting, reared himself against the Indian's chest and bared his fangs very close to the repellent face, while a ridge of coarse hair rose along his spine.

Was he acknowledging his master? Or was he feigning friendship for reasons of his own?

The Boy's mother approached, as Scottie stood waiting and the Indians were preparing to leave, and laid her hand in farewell on this strange creature's head. She was thinking of the lonely days to come, when there would be no young thing to keep the Boy company.

Instantly, an ecstatic hope shot a white gleam from the dog's eyes and he went tense as an image. Slowly her hand slipped from the rigid head and rested on the knotted rope. Scottie shivered and pointed his nose to slip the noose. She understood—but the knot had been well tied.

A little later, the party was on its way, Scottie for the most part trotting at the end of a slack rope. But once he was seen to sit down and pull back, and once he leaped fawningly on the breast of his captor.

Silently the Boy and his mother stood watching the departure, until the flitting forms were quite lost in the dimness of the woods.

The Boy declined the fresh bear-steak for supper and ate his bread and syrup in silence. No insinuating muzzle disturbed his knees under the table.

The loss of Scottie did not interest the men. Gold was coming to fill all their thoughts.

At ten o'clock the sun had dipped below the woods, the air was still and frosty, the camp quiet, the Boy sleeping.

The Boy's mother, wrapped in a blanket, sat on a box outside their tent, thinking of home. She and the Boy were to be sent back the following week—the camp was moving on, where women and children could not go.

But what was this stealthy thing approaching—passing—without greeting or recognition? "Scottie!" called the mother, softly, but he did not turn. The chewed end of his rope dragged the ground, his proud crest was carried low, his half-closed eyes were darting furtive gleams to right and left.

All that was savage and crafty in his nature had been called into action since he had left camp in the afternoon.

He wearily selected a spot free from brush and chips and cast himself down; his nose resting on his paws pointed to the woods.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Scottie would not again be taken unawares.

"Scottie," said the Boy's mother, stooping to smooth the tired, muddy feet, "the world is full of unknown and unknowable things—for you and for me. I failed you in your hour of need, yet I am your friend."

Scottie sighed, but he did not move his tired head or his tired feet, and Mother sat there a few moments in silence.

The full moon, a dim white spot with no stars for company, looked down from a chalky sky, but shed no radiance on the little group of quiet tents brooding whitely in the unabated light.

Scottie's oddly slanted eyes were still open and fixed on the woods when Mother left him.

When the Boy awoke in the sharp, clean cold of early morning, his eyes rested on the eyes of Scottie, intent, motionless in his gray wolf's face, thrust between the tent-flaps. In that great moment neither of them spoke nor moved, but a smile like sunlight spread on the Boy's face, and Scottie's lips drew away in an ingratiating grin.

On the day the Boy and his mother were leaving camp in the care of an engineer returning to the States, Scottie was nowhere about. He had been last seen the evening before, his face full of porcupine quills which he was cheerfully and industriously working out, having declined assistance.

As they stepped into the skiff that was to float them down to the Yukon, the Boy confided Scottie to the care of the cook. To be sure, these two were not on the best of terms, but it was thought well to ignore this fact.

The little boat was guided to midstream and there committed to the six-mile current, where it began its journey, in company with bleaching driftwood, between high, crumbling banks.

A perilous way it seemed, amid rocks and shallows, or snags and whirlpools, or deep, full-flowing sweeps of water where the current was more than doubled and the silent boiling of the surface warned of hidden dangers. But trained eyes and the sturdy paddle guided the small craft in its tortuous way, and this close proximity to danger was not without its exhilaration.

After about an hour, and when the voyagers were growing accustomed to the smooth slipping downstream, sundry cracklings along the shore began to attract their attention. Moose, perhaps, were seeking a low place to reach the water and drink. The Boy kept on the watch to see them, but nothing appeared along the high-walled banks but the little dust-clouds from constantly recurring land-slides, until suddenly a small, lean, wolf-shape broke into view a moment at full gallop against the sky-line.

"Mother!" cried the Boy; "it 's Scottie!"

And Scottie it was, following as fast as he could for the countless obstructions.

They refrained from calling to him, hoping he would give up and go back. But not Scottie.

Mile on mile he covered; hour after hour he galloped. Often out of sight and hearing, but sure to reappear where thinning obstacles made progress possible.

It was characteristic of Scottie that he neither asked nor expected help, but relied upon himself alone. He had no intention of losing the boy,

Mother felt strongly tempted to suggest a landing, difficult as that would be, and invite him into the boat, but she thought it likely that, with his usual caution, he would decline to come aboard—just as he always refused to come into the tent.

And if he should agree to make the journey with them, what would they do with him later? He was unfitted for any kind of life but the one he lived.

So poignant was Mother's sympathy for these friends who had come to a parting of the ways,

"Mother, get him!" broke from the Boy.

"The dear old reprobate!" said Mother, laughing, with a tear on her cheek," he would not, and could not, live in a respectable home. I am afraid Scottie has met his Waterloo."

And so it seemed. After a time all signs of life along the shore had ceased, and the boat kept steadily on its course. The swift, monotonous current, untiring, unslacking, had beaten Scottie in the race, and was still bearing its driftage between widening shores to the great Yukon.



"SCOTTIE IT WAS, FOLLOWING AS FAST AS HE COULD"

that the engineer saw it in her eyes, and he suggested that she lie down in the boat and try to sleep under a piece of canvas that would keep off the sun.

Close she drew the canvas about her ears, and tried to forget the snapping twigs and the tired traveler who so valiantly kept abreast of the gliding boat.

But there was no forgetting; and once more she turned her eyes shoreward—this time to see that Scottie was losing ground. The sounds were slowly falling to the rear; an occasional glimpse of him showed the heroic effort it cost to lift his shoulders, spent, but unyielding still.

After a while the sounds had quite ceased. Hearing them no more, the little party made an effort to cheer up and to take note of the scenery, an exquisite panorama of northern solitudes, changing constantly with the river's windings. They even talked of Scottie's intrepid character and of the likelihood of his finding his way back to camp, when suddenly the sounds again fell on their ears, and they realized, with varying emotions, that Scottie had not ceased to follow, but had been making another cut. His splendid heart and brain were still undaunted.

At seven in the evening the small boat's voyage ended. Where the Hootalinqua's clouded waters met the wide blue sweep of the Yukon, the frail craft made a landing, and the voyagers found rest and shelter at a Northwest Mounted Police station.

As they toilsomely climbed the steep green mountain side, they paused for a breathing-space and turned their eyes northward. Somewhere back among the cold, lonely hills was Scottie, and portentous clouds were piling over Grizzly Paw that promised rain before many hours. Pearl and gray and slate and smoke-black, the clouds were massing in oppressive gloom, and in the absence of the sun the air grew ever sharper, and nipped and chilled.

As they neared the log hut, the door opened and their host came forth to meet them, and with him came delectable odors of a cooking supper. Assuredly, Scottie would go supperless. Even if he were clever at hunting, he had expended his last atom of strength in the great undertaking at which he had failed.

The rain came while the travelers slept; they woke to its steady drumming on the roof, and all next day they watched for the steamer due to pass

that way from Dawson; watched through an opaque, watery curtain that dropped in unbroken lines from the eaves. All day the curtain flowed unthinned; all day the drone of the descending flood kept its tune unchanged; all day it rained as it rains in Alaska and nowhere else.

The long hours passed, and again the travelers slept, and once more sat and looked through sheets of water for some moving object on the wide, cold, empty river.

Near the close of the second day came the boat, heralded by a thin, far-away whistle heard first by the station dogs. From scant and unsuspected shelter gathered the scattered pack of melancholy wolf-dogs. In every key they bayed without intermission, standing or crouching on their haunches in the downpour, their lean wet muzzles pointing to the leaden sky. Bred to native stillnesses and unpeopled lands, the wolf strain remained the dominant one, and prompted the vague forbodings and misgivings they felt at the approach of this man-made thing endowed with voice and motion.

The landing was brief. Only a few boxes and barrels of government supplies came ashore, with the small package of miners' mail consigned to the care of this N. W. M. P. station.

While these things were being receipted and the dirge of the huskies was growing intermittent, one was seen to be silently, and withal stealthily approaching the gang-plank. Once he stood a moment with his fore feet on it, but was jostled off by a deck-hand. Again, he made an attempt to follow behind a pair of sheltering legs that were advancing up the plank, but an impatient foot coming behind had pushed him overboard. Emerging from his icy bath, he tried yet again, reached the middle of the plank, and stood dripping, wabbling, his ears laid back, his tail tucked, his eyes rolling—all expressing the utter mental panic that had overtaken him.

"What 's the matter with this dog?" called the captain, at the same time moving to the end of the plank and blocking the way.

Just then came a boy's vibrant voice from the deck, "Scottie!"

The quivering legs steadied, the flattened crest rose, the tucked tail emerged and waved faintly, and the dog cautiously resumed his advance in spite of the formidable bulk closing the passage at the end. At the captain's elbow some one spoke.

"It 's our dog," said the voice; "we—are taking him to Seattle."

The captain looked down. At first he thought it was the Boy, she looked so young and small and boyish in her gray cap and sweater, her hair plastered with the wet, and the rain running off her cheeks and chin—or was it rain?

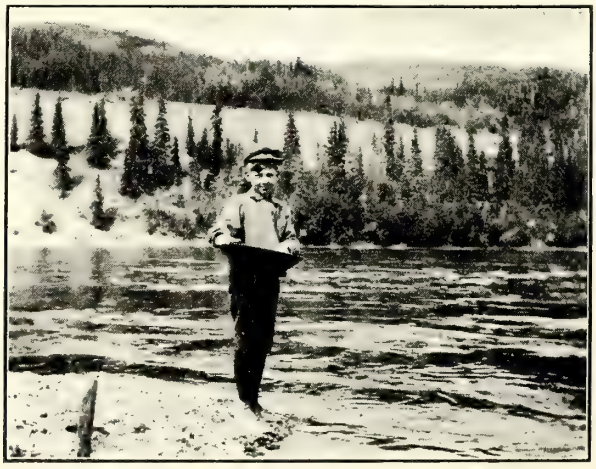
He did n't smile, but she did—a faint, tremulous smile, while something took place behind the captain's keen eyes—who can say what? But he moved to one side, and Scottie walked onto the boat and stood leaning heavily against the Boy's legs.

A little later, when the *Bonanza King* was chugging her way through the rapids, the captain in his slicker passed through the warm, dry cabin and cast a look of interest at the three contented faces and caught a fragment of conversation.

"And it was n't Waterloo, was it, Mother?"

"No, certainly not Waterloo," said Mother thoughtfully regarding war-worn Scottie. "It has been a great and double victory. Not only did he overcome all material obstacles, but his natural fear as well."

Scottie's shifting eye proclaimed his self-consciousness; and when the Boy laughed happily Scottie's lip responded with a flickering grin.



THE BOY

ye Voyage of ye Mayflower

Sept. 6th-Nov. 11th 1620



SOME years after the Pilgrims had settled Plymouth, on our New England coast, Governor William Bradford wrote, in the quaint language and spelling of the time, a full account of how they came to make their memorable voyage, now just three hundred years ago. He tells us how and why this band of God-fearing people, who had left their English homes to escape persecution on account of their religion, decided after a sojourn in Holland of eleven years, to cross the uncharted ocean and brave the perils of an almost unknown land in which to make a settlement, where they would be free to worship God in their own way. They had not been able to secure a patent or charter from James I, the English king, but he made no opposition to their founding a colony. Accordingly, a little vessel of some sixty tons, the *Speedwell*, had been secured, and, crowded with one hundred passengers, crossed the Channel from Delft Haven to Southampton. There they found the *Mayflower*, of 180 tons, ready for the voyage, since the *Speedwell* was to serve only as a tender, to be used for fishing and explorations along the coast when they arrived in America. The company, being distributed in both ships, their first start was made from Southampton on the fifth of August, 1620. It was not long before Captain Reynolds, the master of the *Speedwell* complained that his ship was leaking, and that he dared not sail farther until she was mended. So they both put in at Dartmouth.

Another start was made later in the month; but the same ill-luck followed the smaller vessel, as she sprung a leak again, this time both ships putting back to Plymouth. Here it was resolved to dismiss the *Speedwell*, with the more timid of the company, and proceed alone. The final start was now made on the sixth of September with a prosperous wind, for Bradford says, "These troubles being blown over and now all compact together in one ship, they put to sea."

As was natural in a small, crowded vessel, with scarcely head-room enough below her decks, many of them suffered from seasickness; and another annoyance came from one of the seamen, for he is described as a lusty, able-bodied and profane young man, that made him most haughty, using every occasion to condemn the poor people



THE PILGRIMS EMBARKING



LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON

in their sickness and swearing at them daily, saying, moreover, that he "hoped to cast half of them overboard before the end of the journey." Before that time elapsed, however, this troublesome sailor was taken ill and died, and so was himself the first to be committed to the deep—a just punishment at the hand of God, as the Pilgrims regarded it.

Fair winds were enjoyed for a time; but then came fierce storms, so violent that their ship was strained and badly shaken, causing her decks to leak also. One of the main beams amidships was so bent and cracked that many passengers feared to proceed, whereupon a serious consultation was held with the officers and crew as to what course to follow. Captain Jones knew his ship to be strong and firm under water, and as one of the company had brought from Holland a large iron screw, they were able to get the cracked beam in place, with a strong post to support it, so that if she were not overpressed with sails, she would probably be able to continue.



BETWEEN DECKS IN A STORM

Committing themselves to God, they now sailed on; more storms were encountered, with winds so great and seas so high, that for days no sails could be hoisted, which drove them to the northward far out of their course. Packed in as they were in their close and stuffy quarters, the courage of this band of one hundred and two men, women, and children is a marvelous instance of what was done for liberty of conscience, and the determination to found a free State. On one occasion, during a storm, John Howland, one of the young men, was swept overboard, but seizing hold of a rope as he plunged into the sea, held on, and, although he sank several fathoms under water, with the help of a boat-hook was hauled aboard, and after several days' illness was restored, to become "a profitable member both in the Church and Commonwealth."

Among other perils, they were threatened with fire, Francis Bilington, a mischievous boy, having caused a conflagration in the cabin by firing off a fowling-piece. In all the voyage, only one of the party died, and a boy was born, so that the number of the Pilgrims remained the same.

Great was their joy, when, on the ninth of November, the then wooded shores of Cape Cod were sighted. This land being farther north than they intended to go, they put about, with a fair wind, and sailed down the coast in an endeavor to find some place near the Hudson River at which to settle. Encountering shoals and breakers, and much alarmed, they resolved to return to the cape they had first sighted, and, sailing around its point, came finally to anchor on November eleventh, after a voyage of sixty-five days, in the safe, landlocked harbor where Provincetown now stands. Their first act was to give thanks to the Almighty, who had brought them safely through the perils of the voyage to "set their feet on the stable earth once again." Bradford, in his narrative, says that he paused "half amazed at this poor people's present condition."

Having overcome the vast ocean and unforeseen troubles, they had no friends to welcome them nor inns to refresh their weather-beaten bodies. It was now winter, which they had heard was sharp and violent, subject to fierce



THE PROSPECTING PARTY, UNDER CAPTAIN MYLES STANDISH, GOING ASHORE



"HE HOPED TO CAST HALF OF THEM OVERBOARD"

storms and, dangerous for any kind of travel, much more dangerous for exploring an unknown coast. Behind them, there was the mighty ocean separating them from all civilization. The captain of their ship and crew were insistent that they land speedily; their food was being rapidly consumed, and he must and would keep sufficient for the ship's return. Some of the crew even muttered that the voyagers would be turned ashore with their goods and left to shift for themselves. What could sustain them but God's mercy? May not the descendants of these Pilgrims well say, "Our fathers were Englishmen which came over this great ocean and were ready to perish in this wilderness, but they cried unto the Lord, and He heard their voice."

On coming to anchor, forty-one of the male passengers signed a compact, or form of government, under which they meant to live, choosing Mr. John Carver for their first governor. As one historian says of the leaders, they formed "a notable band, William Brewster, John Carver,



THE RESCUE OF JOHN HOWLAND

William Bradford, Edward Winslow, Captain Myles Standish, the soul, the heart, the head, the good right hand, the flashing sword—well-chosen instruments to unlock the frozen heart of New England."

Later in the day, a well-armed party of sixteen, under Captain Myles Standish's leadership, put ashore in the ship's small boat, on a prospecting tour of the near-by land, returning to the ship the same evening. The next day being the Sabbath, they rested, as was their invariable custom, but on Monday, November 13, some of the women were taken ashore, carried by the men,



"SOME OF THE WOMEN WERE CARRIED ASHORE"



THE PILGRIMS GIVING THANKS ON THEIR ARRIVAL



SIGNING THE COMPACT ON BOARD THE MAYFLOWER

who waded through the shallow water, and a "wash-day" was inaugurated, a custom which has been kept up in many parts of our country.

A larger boat, called a shallop, carrying a mast and sail, had been stowed amidships, but, having been much bruised and shattered by the gales, was in need of repairs which took the ship's carpenters over two weeks to make. During this interval, therefore, a second and larger expedition, each man with his musket, sword, and steel corslet set out, this time having a more exciting adventure, for a few Indians were seen and chased into the woods for some miles. That night they camped near the shore, taking up their search in the morning, pushing their way through thickets so dense that their clothing was torn.

Some ten miles from the ship a welcome spring was the first clear water found. Keeping on, the remains of an encampment were discovered, where corn had been set out; also earthern jars that had been left behind. Heaps of sand were dug into, and Indian baskets filled with ears of corn were a welcome surprise, the finding of which was to them another evidence of a special Providence in their behalf. These they took away for planting in the spring, paying the Indians in full some six months later. Their time limit having expired, they returned to the ship. It was now gravely debated whether to settle in some spot out on the cape where there was good water, and the possibility that crops and fish in plenty would come in the spring.

As it was decided, however, to make a farther search for a better landing-place, the shallop now being ready, a third expedition started out on the sixth of December. What befell the shallop under sail and oars with its seventeen explorers during their week's cruise, and how they finally chose the site for their "plantation," makes another chapter in the narrative of this famous voyage of the *Mayflower*, one of the great events in the founding of our United States of America.





GOLF FACTS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS

By FRANCIS OUIMET

North and South Champion



I KNOW there is great risk that I shall be misunderstood, but I want to state at the outset of this story that driving is one of the most important shots for youngsters to master when they take up golf, even though most championships have been won by approaching and putting. The fear I have in making this statement is that I shall encourage that fatal tendency which all golfers find it necessary to curb—the tendency to slug the ball in order to get distance. The results of such pressing are always discouraging. Happily for golf, there is a vast difference between driving, or using the wood, and in hitting the ball with sheer strength.

It seems to me that the reason for young players making every effort to master driving is most apparent. As time passes, the long drivers are forging to the front. Last year Hagen, Barnes, and Herron were at the top in amateur and professional ranks. A study of their games will show you that all three were well above the average from the tee, Herron especially so. But in every case they combined distance with accuracy. This latter quality must enter into the driver and brassie shots, else the player meets with disaster sooner or later, as does the slugger always for he lacks control.

The advantages of long wood-shots come more and more to the front. But this is never so when the long driver is lacking in skill with the other shots. I have stated at the outset that former titles went to those who best approached and putted. But to-day we are reaching a point in golf where many stars have almost equal ability at laying them dead with the irons or running them down when once on the green. There remains but one way for a competitor to win such a match with any degree of certainty when his opponent is his equal at short distances—long shots.

Last fall I had a talk with Charley Burgess, my club's professional, as to which is the most valuable stroke in golf. Burgess, a keen student of the game, gives this position to the long wood-shot. And he sums it up most effectively, so that any one may understand: "Let us take two players who are equal with the mashie and putter," said Burgess; "one will win one day, the other the next. There is nothing outstanding in the game played by either which warrants the belief that one of these fellows is a better player than the other. Now here is where long shots come in. Let us take, for example, a hole of 485 yards, and assume that one of these players is long and accurate with his wood, and the other is only straight down the line. The long player will usually get on such a green in two shots. The accurate one takes three. Now, unless this third shot is dead to the pin, which it will not be in the long run, the golfer who consistently gets there in two is going to win such holes. It is these long holes which tell the tale in long driving versus average driving. When all else is equal, the long driver will win such matches. He 's just bound to."

Nearly every golf article of merit deals with the importance of approaching and putting. The accent has always been placed there. There is no doubt in my mind that those authors, experienced in the game itself, have hit the nail on the head in laying stress on these shots. Lacking skill in them, no golfer can ever break through to recognition. But they are by no means the gauge to-day of top rank. It seems to me, however, that all this stress which has been placed on the short shots of the game has been heeded by all players who have reached any prominence. Those who rank well in golf to-day have certainly taken the wholesale advice given by all experts, in that they have practised with their irons and putters to such an extent that accuracy with them is assured. The lesson of golf, in so far as it applies to short shots, has been learned. This, more than all else, makes the argument for length more decisive. And those stars who, having mastered the mashie and putter, are now masters of the wood, are the ones who are forging to the front. A new school

has arisen in golf, one that places no undue accent on any club.

The argument that one club tells the tale of success in golf is an old one. Nearly every player differs in his choice. Putting probably has the call, due to the great skill at putting of former champions like Travis and Travers, although the mashie, the club that brought such great honors to Chick Evans, is a close second in popular choice. But a year ago the play of Hagen, Barnes, Herron, and even young Bobby Jones, convinced most players that length from the tee, length with the wood, is entering into the game as a decisive factor.

Immediately the importance of long shooting was unduly emphasized. The pendulum, swinging back, drew our attention to this new scheme in golf, and, as in all such cases, we thought we saw here a cure-all for golf troubles. The cry went up that lengthy shots would hereafter tell the story of victory and success in our championships.

I do not wish to impress young players unduly with the value of length from the tee and down the fairways. It is important, and, as the game is now played, perhaps its turning-point. But it seems to me we should be sane about this whole matter of golf, and, before adopting this doctrine, try to consider all other points in common with this one. That has been my view of it, and the result of my findings is that golf is becoming a balanced game—that no one shot is more important than others, but that we must give as much attention to length as to approaching and putting. It seems to me that such a result gives the player a more all-around game, one lacking any particular weakness which would bring us to too many defeats when playing in our own class.

Thus I set down at the start of this article the importance of wood-shots. No young player now beginning the game should neglect his wood while mastering his mashie and putter. On the other hand, he should give like attention to each. And I placed accent on the wood, because it has been neglected in the past. We have been so impressed with the arguments about approaching and putting that we have failed to develop this other part of our game, which is equally important. By no means should one do that. Golf supremacy to-day and in the future comes only to that star who can drive long and accurately, approach "dead"-ly, and take not more than two putts on any green. It is just as important to reach the green in the least number of strokes as it is to run down your ball in the fewest putts.



IN GOOD FORM—"A WHALE OF A DRIVE!"

Another reason I have for placing stress on the wood is that here is a club difficult to master. In my own case, I have had fair success in golf, but my measure of victories would have been far more numerous had I been able to control my drives in various matches. Slices or hooks off various tees have too frequently left me unplayable lies. Such shots have cost me much. It was such a shot against Woody Platt at Oakmont a year ago during the Amateur which assured him a win in an extra-hole battle. I have found control of my driving the most difficult play of all. Yet I really



PRACTISING THE DRIVE

began my golf with such a club. So my feeling about the wood is: that driving cannot be practised too often; that one cannot begin playing with it too early in the game. There is unquestionably some mechanical principle involved which makes it more difficult to use this club well than the irons. Results indicate this.

Jerry Travers evidently thought so. I have seen him in big championships cast aside a brassie and take up an iron, though a long shot was required, one beyond reach of his iron. Jerry had no confidence in the wood. He once won an open title by such a choice. Needing a four on a certain hole, Jerry's tee-shot left him within brassie distance of a well-trapped hole. But Jerry elected his iron, although he was bound to fall short. He preferred to take his chance in pitching dead with his mashie on his third shot to trying for the green with his brassie on his second, the one club in his bag to get him home.

Although Walter Travis is credited with having won his high place in golf a few years back by his uncanny putting,—at which he had no equal,—it is evident that we have overlooked the fact that

Travis was a master of the wood in so far as accuracy was concerned. He was never a long player. Thus he was frequently compelled to select his brassie for a shot that others would play with an iron. When he won the British Amateur in 1904, the first hole was a long two-shotter for Travis. His opponent was a tremendous driver and was about one hundred yards nearer the first green than Travis. But here Travis proved the value of the wood when he laid his brassie second dead. Had Travis been very long with his wood, no golfer would ever have been in his class, for none was ever quite so accurate from tee to pin. I recall the story of a man who saw him play a match years ago, when the lines between tees and greens were generously marked with flags to show one the way. This fellow's story consisted mostly of the fact that he was afraid all along that Travis would hit every flag, so straight down the line were all his shots.

From that description you gain a fine idea of what is wanted with the wood. The ball must be played straight down the line, without slice or hook. I would advise all young players to work above all else for such a result with the wood. And then add slowly to this quality the valuable one of distance. Driving, long driving, is the most satisfying shot of all in golf. Nothing quite pleases one so much as a screaming tee-shot which never seems to cease rolling down the fairway. Not even the "cluck" of a long putt going into the cup so exhilarates the player. Therefore, we are always doing our level best, and then some, to gain the glow of satisfaction the long shots brings to us. The trouble is we too often press, too often slug, to get such a result. Wherein comes the cropper in golf. Nothing is so upsetting to one's game, as the miscued tee-shot or brassie.

Now, long driving is not slugging. It is a nicety of timing of a clean sweep. The club and the wrists do the work, not the sheer strength of the man. There are many men long from the tee who have no more strength than the average boy of fifteen. They will outdrive physical giants. Bob Gardner is said to "hit them a mile," but Bob is no giant in strength. He simply knows how.

These are the points to remember when you take up your driving. Do not try to "kill" the ball. Neither distance nor accuracy will be yours if you do. Practise driving until you have mastered timing. Let the club do the work. If long drives were the inherent right of the strong alone, fellows like Chick Evans would never be heard from in tournaments. Yet in the semi-finals of the recent Western Amateur, Chick took fewer strokes reaching the last eighteen greens than did Bobby Jones, a powerful player from tee to green, to say the least. No indeed! length from the tee is within reach of any of you. Let your professional show you how to obtain it.

The big handicap of all young golfers is play. You fellows who have splendid possibilities set them aside day after day in your desire for competition. Practice is a grind with you. True, you will putter around with a few balls each day while waiting for the first tee to clear, or you may try a few mashie-shots. But how many of you conscientiously practise, and, during your practice, work out with your wood? I judge that less than one per cent. of our beginners ever take the trouble to do this, once they have taken a few lessons. How different from other sports!

A college football team will practise six days for a game. A professional baseball team spends a month or so in the South each winter practising for the season, and then a daily practice session is often the schedule mapped out. And a 'varsity crew will practise for three or four months for a race. But a would-be golfer will not so much as set aside an hour or so a week for practice. To be sure, I know that one can overdo practice. But a golfer who wants to succeed is never going to accomplish his ambition unless he schools himself to practise quite often. And not only must that practice include putting and approaching, but it should contain many hours with the wood.

There are ways and ways of practising. One gets but a little out of it if he just goes forth with a caddie and aimlessly hits balls. He should give his heart and mind to this work, studying each shot, analyzing each stroke, always seeking to understand the reasons. And when this is not to be done, when a fault crops up that you alone cannot erase, the sole solution is to call in a specialist. Golf has them in abundance.

You cannot place the blame on your failure to play well on any other cause. And you will never get the keen and thrilling satisfaction out of golf unless you give it such a study, yield to it much of your time. Boys and girls during their school-days have an advantage that older beginners lack —the time they can give the game. Once in business, the opportunities for practice are not so many. Besides, the younger players have all the advantage in that it is easier for them to learn the game. The earlier in life you start to master golf, the more readily you accomplish your desire. Youth's tendency is to play correctly. Later on, the inclination is to use force rather than skill, to make work of your shots.

There is nothing so exhilarating as a round or two a day with friends, when all play well. On the other hand, nothing is quite so upsetting as such a match filled with dubs and bungles. To-day you make your choice as to which type of game is to be yours through life.



WHAT IS WORTH WHILE?

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THE poet who said that the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts spoke a true word. The great mass of us, after we get into the welter of life, seem not to have much time for thought. Daily tasks and daily anxieties shove bigger things aside. We, as we sometimes confess, "never stop to think." Even our vacations are hurried, for we try to jam as much rest and change into a fortnight or a month as would crowd a whole year; and rest that is taken with an eye on the calendar is not real, nor does it give time for long thoughts.

But the boy or girl who is still at the beginning of life does find time for thinking—manages to think about a lot of things a great deal more than unobservant elders suppose. And one thing that gets a fair amount of thinking about with young people is "what 's worth while?"

What is it that will make your life a full, interesting, and happy life?

There is a subject that will bear a good deal of thinking over.

One answer is money. And many concentrate on the means to get the necessary money. What work will bring the highest money return, and what will be the best way to train for that work?

Let us see whether the money answer is as good as it appears to be.

A boy has a leaning toward engineering, a love for it and a talent for it. He is, besides, so placed that he can enter finance as a profession, become a Wall Street broker with plenty of backing, and be fairly sure of large returns as far as the money side of it goes. As an engineer he will probably never equal the income he can make as a broker or a banker.

If money is the right answer, there can be no hesitation. Is it?

Of course it is not. To make life worth while, you must use yourself to your full capacity. You must cultivate and express your talent. You must do the work you love, not the work that brings the greater money return.

Constructive work is in itself a source of happiness. Life is largely made up of work. If you are chained to the wrong job, you lose a vast amount of happiness, and you will never know the satisfaction that comes from pouring the whole of yourself into a beloved piece of work. In thinking out what you want to do, think carefully over what appeals to you. If you love the land and animals and the growth of grain and fruit, you will never be happy at an office job. Your job is farming, is some form of agriculture or stock-raising. Bend your energies to making yourself as fit for it as possible; train yourself to be a success at it. But don't follow some other path because the pot of gold at the end may be bigger. Don't miss the immense fun of working at your own real job for any amount of money. The cost is too high. I remember a forest-ranger I met in the Sierras. He was a college-bred boy, intelligent, and a young man who thought things over very thoroughly. We sat by a little fire beside a stream of clear water, looking out on a vast and wonderful expanse of mountain and cañon.

"My people wanted me to go into business," he told me. "I could have fallen into a job that would have paid more the first year than I am likely ever to haul down on this work if I stick to it the rest of my life.

"Well, what would it have meant? Living in the city and spending eight to ten hours each day shut up inside four walls, figuring. I don't happen to like walls and I hate figuring. I don't like cities, either. I like this:" he swept his hand toward the view before us. "Now, all the extra money I could have made at that business would never have given me more than a month out of each year to be free to come out to the mountains and live under the sky. And the work I was at would have made me less and less fit to live here, where I belong. What should I have spent that money on, the money for which I had paid all this? I don't know. I do know that it could never be, to me, as worth while as what I had given for it.

"I 'm a forest-ranger. I 'm interested in trees and their possibilities. Before I 'm through, I mean to have done things that will count in saving our forests, in eliminating waste of lumber, in replanting, reforesting. I shan't leave much money behind me when I come to die, but I 'll

have had a life that no amount of money could buy from me—and I hope that the old U. S. will be just a bit better off for the work I 'll have done."

No, clearly, the amount of money a job pays is not the measure to measure by. Not if you want fun and interest in your returns, usefulness, fulfilment, your life, not a copy of some one else's life.

There are other things that make for worth whileness. Your capacity for getting pleasure is one of them. There are lots of doors and windows in your mind and heart. You should see to it that they are opened. Beauty is everywhere, and beauty gives enormous delight.

Take two men traveling in a train. One of them sits reading the paper. That done, he hunches himself up and is bored clean through. Nothing to do. Will the journey never end? The whole day is a waste, worse than a waste, to him.

The other traveler finishes his paper and prepares to spend a day full of interest and pleasure. The country through which the train passes has moments of loveliness, at least. He misses none of these, any more than he would miss any other good thing that comes along. A beautiful row of trees along a hill, a splashing waterfall, a bit of forest, an old garden, a village street, a valley winding toward the sea, the tints and harmonies of the desert, the sky at evening—he has an eye and a mind open to these, each gives him its measure of happiness. So, too, with the life going on in the train itself. He finds interest in the other passengers, in the men and women and children he will never see again, but who are for the time his companions. That man is never bored. He has too many windows and doors open through which he can pass to a hundred different places of charm or interest.

The joy in simple things is one of the greatest sources of happiness you can own. Whatever you understand, whatever you appreciate, is yours. That is the only ownership that is real and permanent. If you own a garden, and only get trouble and worry out of it, only see the worms and insects that destroy your flowers and fruit, or the faults of the man who works it for you, or if simply you don't care at all for its beauty and find no joy in wandering there, then the casual passer-by, who gets a great throb of delight from the fragrance of your roses as he goes on his way, a wave of pleasure from the riot of color within your fences, then that passer-by more truly owns your garden than you do. It has given him its best, and the gift is permanent.

So-called simple things, nature and peace and understanding and beauty, are not really simple. Most people miss them, because it takes trouble and thought to make them yours. But you cannot give time and thought more wisely than in learning to love and to enjoy these simple things. If you must have a jazz band and a crowd to make you happy, you are in a bad way. You are in too narrow a place. You are blind and deaf to a million things that are capable of giving finer and more lasting joy than mere crowds and bands.

Health is another of the important things to think about and to realize. If you are not well, you are not happy, and your worth in the world sinks, and your self is not fully what it should be. It was a sad thing to hear that, when the draft went into effect, a very large proportion of our young men were not physically fit. There are some forms of bad health that cannot be avoided, though these are few. The rules of hygiene are easy rules. A little sound knowledge of the machine that is your body, a certain faithfulness in keeping these rules, a little time given to active play and exercise, and you will be fit and well, and able to work with zest.

What, then, is worth while?

The kind of work that interests you and which takes all your talent, your mind, your training, work that is a sort of play, in fact. Work that is a joy in itself, quite as much as for what it brings.

A knowledge of and a delight in nature. The world is full of plants and birds and animals, of mountains, hills, streams, and woods, of freshness and beauty and power. Learn as much as possible about these things, and in the learning you will come to find an extraordinary amount of fun in them.

The joy of your own healthy body. Use it soundly, delight in your legs and arms, walk, row, swim, breathe the fresh air, learn how to live under the open sky.

The happiness in beauty. Great pictures, fine music, fair cities, sunsets, the perfume of flowers, the flight of birds, the form of a pine or an oak.

The cultivation of your own possibilities. If you can learn to love reading, and to develop that love to its fullest capacity, you have a great source of pleasure and of interest always at hand. You are a thousand times richer than you would be without that capacity. It is a matter of training. It is only one of the many windows giving on this fascinating and wonderful world, windows that too often are kept shuttered and closed. Open every one of them. Other people cannot make life for you; you must do it yourself. The worth-while life is not the one that is cluttered up with a mass of material possessions. It is

the one that is fullest of vital interests, of keen perceptions, of the love of beauty and the understanding of the true value of what it meets as it passes along. It is the one that gives off worthwhileness as it lives. It is not what you can *get out* of life, it is what you can do and see and think in life that counts. Then indeed you get what is worth while out of life, in the measure in which you put yourself into it.

Never lose sight of to-day. So many people spend to-day getting ready for to-morrow. There has to be some of this, but the main thing is to live to-day thoroughly. Such people work and slave and never let themselves be happy and never play, all for to-morrow. Naturally, to-morrow never comes to them. They have been busily narrowing down, shutting things out, putting off living. And to-day rules to-morrow. Use it in as big a way as you can, and to-morrow will be an even bigger and freer to-day when it comes.

You ought to have a good time with your life, not a poor, mean, narrow time. You ought not to sell your life for any amount of money. Money is not worth that price. You want to make enough of it to give you full freedom to develop yourself and to fill your life full of the sort of living that is most worth while to you. Money has that value, it has no other; it is never an end, but always a means, in a sensible and interesting life. And that is surely the life that is worth while.

Life is a tremendous thing. Don't cramp it, don't belittle it, Swing out into the full current without fear. Plan for joy. Plan for *your* work. Plan for growth and increasing understanding. Plan for an open heart and mind. Plan, in fact, for what is really *worth while!*



A REAL FAIRY-TALE

By MARY P. DAVIS

EXACTLY one hundred years ago on the sixth of October, there was born in Stockholm a little girl whose life story reads like a fairy-tale. Indeed, we feel sure that the fairies did watch over little Jenny Lind from her babyhood, and follow her with their care and guardianship through all her wonderful career.

The very first to attend her was Fairy Harmony, who brought to her a sweet and amiable disposition, in tune with all that was good and beautiful around her. In addition to this most valuable of all endowments, Fairy Harmony presented her godchild with the magic gift of song, which was to open the enchanted world of music to her eager ears. Little Jenny used her precious gift from the time she was three years old, through a dreary, lonely childhood. At the age of nine, she was singing to her cat, they tell us, when a Swedish actress passed by and was so pleased with the childish tones that she made the acquaintance of the little singer and induced a music-master of Stockholm to take her in charge and train the beautiful voice. She also finally obtained the consent of Jenny's mother to have her little daughter trained for the stage. Croelius, the music-master, was delighted with the progress of his young pupil, and, after she had been under his training for a short time, he persuaded the manager of the court theater to give her a hearing. In this way she became a student at the music school which was connected with the Royal Theater of Stockholm.

From this time on, Fairy Enthusiasm came to watch over the little Swedish girl. This lively fairy, as you perhaps know, makes people work with all their might and main, but such is the magic spell which she casts over them, that they heartily enjoy their hardest toil. Jenny studied with the greatest industry, and delighted so eagerly in her work that her bright, happy face and sweet voice were noticed among the little girls who acted children's parts at the opera. Even at that early age, she became very popular with the audiences who attended the Royal Theater.

The only trouble with Fairy Enthusiasm is that she sometimes urges on her followers until they overstrain their powers and fall exhausted from their labors. This is exactly what happened to our little girl. When she was only twelve years old, her beautiful voice failed and all the sweetness of its tones was gone. We can imagine what a terrible disappointment it must have been to the student whose whole heart was set on making music her profession.

When Fairy Enthusiasm gets people into trouble, she is very often unable to help them back to happiness again. In this case, she frequently calls on Fairy Steadfastness to come to her assistance. This good friend immediately whispers encouragement to the disconsolate one, and Jenny Lind was ready and willing to listen to her comforting words. She did what we must often do in life when a great wall seems to rise in front of us, to cut us off from the way we are so eager to tread. She took the battering-ram of work and faith and courage, which Fairy Steadfastness put into her hand, and dealt the obstructing wall such steady blows that at last it fell before her.

When Jenny Lind was about sixteen years old, a singer was needed for a short solo in the fourth act of "*Robert le Diable.*" Herr Berg, who was then her teacher, thought that, as the song was very insignificant, his poor, faithful pupil might be able to fill the part. Jenny undertook it with her usual earnestness, although it made her wish, more than ever, for the lost freshness of her voice. What was her surprise and delight to find, just as she was trying it over for the last time on the evening of the performance, that her voice had come back to her with all its former beauty. When she sang it on the stage, the audience greeted her little solo with delighted applause, recognizing their young favorite who had been in obscurity so long.

From this time on, Jenny Lind's career was plain before her. The study that she had given to her music while her voice was resting made her ready to attempt the prima donna parts in several operas. *Agathe*, in "*Der Freischutz*," was the first, a character she had often longed to take. It was an instant success and was followed by *Alice*, in "*Robert le Diable.*" She became the favorite of the Swedish public, who were delighted with her youth and grace as well as with the beauty of her voice.

She herself was not as well satisfied with her singing as were the audiences who crowded to hear her. She wanted to study with Garcia, a famous teacher of Paris. In order to secure the money for this trip, she not only appeared frequently in opera, but made several concert tours through Sweden.

When at last she found herself in Paris, the fairies had to come to her help again. The great teacher gave her no encouragement. Her voice,

tired by the constant work she had demanded of it before leaving Sweden, did not seem to him worth cultivating. He agreed, however, to hear her again after she had given it three or four months' rest. How she needed the help of Fairy Steadfastness in this emergency! The good fairy did not fail her, and at last the master consented, rather grudgingly, to take her for a pupil. With him, her voice gained the flexibility she wanted, and she acquired the bird-like trill which charmed her audiences through all her later career.

From this time on, we read of continued triumphs for our young singer. Meyerbeer, the composer, heard her and was delighted with her voice and her ability as an actress. Later, while on a trip to Germany, Mendelssohn became her warm friend and admirer. He considered her "as great an artist as ever lived, and the greatest I have known." It is said that while she was in Denmark, Hans Christian Andersen and Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, were most enthusiastic over the singing of the "Swedish nightingale." During a long stay in England, she became the idol of the people and sang in many of the Italian operas of the day to overflowing houses. Queen Victoria received her with the greatest kindness, delighted not only with her wonderful voice, but with the sweetness and purity of her character. Her old friends the fairies had not deserted her, and Fairy Modesty joined the other sprites in attending this young queen of song and keeping her lovable and unspoiled, in spite of all the homage that was paid her. In fact, the life of an opera singer became distasteful to her. She was deeply religious and the characters that she was obliged to represent were often very foreign to her own nature. At the height of her success in opera, she announced that she intended to sing only in concert; and though her decision raised a storm of protest, she did not alter it.

Just at this time she was invited by a man who a generation ago, was well known to everybody in America—Phineas T. Barnum—to visit America under his management. At that time, this was an unusual thing for a European singer to do in the height of her career. The trip that is now taken by thousands of artists was then a journey to a strange new world. Jenny Lind decided to accept the offer, however, and was soon on her way to sing to audiences across the ocean.

In many families in our country there are traditions of the wonders of these Jenny Lind concerts. Our grandmothers and great-grandmothers have told us how they listened spellbound to the sweet-voiced singer. An orchestra came with her and a baritone of note, but the people gave them rather perfunctory greeting as compared to the ovation with which they greeted Jenny Lind. She sang for them airs from the famous operas in which she had acted,—"*Casta Diva*," from "Norma," and arias from "*Robert le Diable*" and "*La Somnambula*." She also gave them songs of her native land, a wonderful echo song, and a bird song in which her lovely voice seemed like that of the nightingale whose namesake she had come to be. Sometimes there were sacred concerts and her own deep religious faith sounded in the strains of "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

All kinds and classes of people formed her audiences. The poor took their hard-earned savings to buy admission, and the rich and famous came to listen and admire. While in Washington, she was invited to the White House, and Mrs. Fillmore and her daughter joined with President Fillmore in entertaining her. In her Washington audience, besides the President and his family, were members of the cabinet, General Cass, General Scott, and Henry Clay. She was entertained at dinner at Mount Vernon by Colonel and Mrs. Washington, descendants of General Washington who were then living there. Fairy Modesty did not desert her on her progress, however, and she received all these honors as simply and naturally as she had accepted from a royal enthusiast in Europe a golden goblet filled with ants' eggs, the "food of nightingales," and from a queen a nightingale of gems to wear in her hair.

There was one fairy attendant who had been with her ever since the first successes of her girlhood. Fairy Benevolence had whispered to her of the happiness to be found in helping others less fortunate than herself. The greatest joy that she ever expressed over her magic gift of song was for the power it gave her to relieve suffering and help the unfortunate. It is interesting to know that she gave a concert in England for the benefit of the fund that sent Florence Nightingale out to her glorious work in nursing the soldiers of the Crimean War. When she made arrangements with Mr. Barnum for her American trip, she reserved the right to give one concert in each of the large cities for charity, and many thousands of dollars found their way to orphan asylums, hospitals, and religious institutions in America through the generosity of the warm-hearted Swedish singer.

Toward the end of her American trip, a very wonderful fairy came to make a great change in the life of Jenny Lind. When Fairy Romance takes charge, one may expect even a great career to yield to her influence. The leader of the concert orchestra gave up his position and a new conductor had to be secured to finish the tour agreed upon with Mr. Barnum. Jenny Lind immediately suggested a young man prominent in European musical circles, Otto Goldschmidt, with whom

she had become acquainted while they were both in Lübeck and Hamburg. He was soon engaged to fill the vacant place. With so many interests in common and with mutual sympathy in recollections of the friendship of Mendelssohn, Lind Goldschmidt never once regretted leaving the applauding audiences that had showered attentions upon her. At one time she lived in England near a grove where she and a London friend used to go to listen to the nightingales. She



Lithograph by Sarony, 1850

JENNY LIND

the two young people were not long in falling in love with each other. A quiet wedding at the home of Mr. Ward, in Boston, was followed by a honeymoon in beautiful Northampton. The two gave several concerts together in New York before they left for Europe.

With a happy home in Dresden for several years, and later in England, and with the love of a devoted husband and son and daughter, Jenny sometimes accompanied her husband on a concert trip, but she led, in the main, a quiet home life, looking back to the excitements and triumphs of her youth as on another existence.

With thanks to the sprites who kept the young, talented girl safe and innocent while she was out in the great world, we may remember her in the shelter of her home in the care of the very best fairy of them all, Fairy Content.



"'LOOK THERE!' CRIED E. L., SUDDENLY; 'A FOREST FIRE!'"

E. L.'S BAPTISM OF FIRE

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

THE two questions most often arriving in the mails for Essex Lad and me are: How on earth do you fill in the time up there in your weather-beaten Adirondack wilderness? and How do you manage to escape dying from loneliness? (Essex Lad is "E. L." to me and I am "Lucky" to him.)

For the first we have the best answer in the world; we send 'em our Wildyrie calendar. Instead of the sun-cycle being chopped into irregular lengths and each length named after a deceased Latin god, we let the seasons have a say in their own affairs and allow the moon to take charge as it once did—the Moon of Mating Birds, the Moon of Flaming Leaves, the Maple-sugar Moon. These are very real periods of time to us.

And as for loneliness, it is as easy to think of one's eyes being lonely just because they happen to be separated by one's nose! Prunier (our French Canadian) and E. L. and I not only make a tongue-wagging trio entirely surrounded by a many-voiced wilderness, but we have our friends on the outside who write to us and make it easy for us to invite them in. And it is such fun to have them, for either they take to their flannel shirts and fit into our life like a snake into his new skin or—they don't; and then we know that if it is n't going to be fun, it is going to be funny, which is next best. So when I received the following letter one day in the Moon of Mating Birds we looked at each other and laughed.

> Your friend Mr. G—— has very kindly given me a letter of introduction to you which affairs now make possible for me to present in person on the morning of May 28th, if this could be convenient for you. I have ordered my private car parked for the day at your station and would be delighted to have you and your friends breakfast, lunch, and dine with me on it. If, however, that is inconvenient I can arrange to run in to Wilderness House. GRANTON LEONARD.

"I could arrange to run in," repeated Essex Lad, whimsically imitating the motions of a fat banker plodding before breakfast up our seven miles of inaccessibility. "What 's a private car, Lucky?"

"An apartment house on wheels," I said, trying to count up when the twenty-eighth of May

would come, "with brass trimmings, dark cooks, fire-extinguishers, smoke screens, beds, noise, and other conveniences. Would you like to see it?"

"Sure!"

"We can go out, have breakfast with him, and then run him in, if he does n't look too much like a kill-joy. Prunier can do him some Adirondack flaps—he can't get those on his private car." Thereupon we laid all thought of Mr. Granton Leonard aside and resumed our useful occupations.

Dawn met us on the road that morning of the twenty-eighth, early as dawn was. And dawn seemed polished with a silver finish, in suitable reception for a millionaire. The new leaves on the birches glistened, the bare cliffs of mountain flanks re-flung the sun upon us, the sky was clean to its last unthinkable endlessness, just as it had been for weeks. For as sometimes happens in that loveliest half-season between snow-melting and the full swing of early summer, there had been no rain. The forest was dry, sparkling dry, and not haze-laden as an August drought makes it.

When we had traveled our two hours, we heard the whistle of the train that was conveying Mr. Granton Leonard's private car into our private wilderness.

"We 'd better hurry, Lucky," said E. L.

"We 'd only have to cool our heels on the rear platform," I said; "the more money one has, the later one sleeps. We can expect breakfast at ten.

"Late into bed and later to rise
Makes a man fatter, foolish and—

"Look there!" cried E. L., suddenly; "a forest fire!"

"Just brush," I said, hoping that the thin spiral of smoke which the little breeze was playing with was merely somebody's early morning activity in the cleaning-up process. But as we increased our speed, it spread; as we ran, so did it; and when, panting and hot, we dashed by the little railroad-station and glimpsed the dusty, curtained, private car just arrived, there was no doubt that the fire was a real forest fire, already beyond control. There was, also, no doubt but that our village would sustain serious loss unless it was confined to the wood-lots near the railroad where it had started. If it ever jumped the brook and got to the oil-tank, the station, and the first line of houses, our beloved little village, "the capital of Wildyrie," as E. L. called it, might be wiped out.

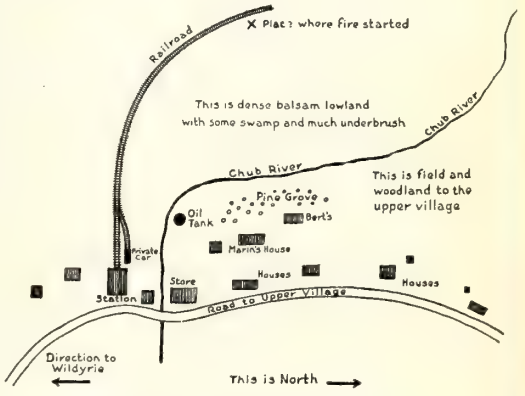
Already men were streaming from the upper road with shovels. "Will you take charge of this, Lucky?" called the village president, to me, including the immediate vicinity in his hand-sweep, "I 've got to oversee the ridge section. If it ever gets there, we 're goners."

I nodded. "E. L.," I said, "this is your baptism of fire. You 've got to be my aide in getting our forces organized."

The boy, his face flushed with the run, his early spring tan giving him a handsome, veteran appearance, saluted.

"It 's easy to see that the brook is the line to hold," I said. "Break into Marin's (the hardware store) and see that all the men going by get shovels. I will send you instructions by boy, later." We parted. The light of sudden responsibility in his eyes was beautiful.

To understand the situation this rough map is necessary.



I ran up the slope to the pine grove just west of Bert's, the canoe-maker's, house and from there saw the entire battle-field. A cinder, probably from Mr. Leonard's train, had ignited the duff (dry pine-needles, resinous stumps, etc.) at the curve of the tracks, at X. The breeze, though light, was from the west and freshening, and had already enlarged the circle of fire until it included half the tangle of timber and thicket between the railroad and the Chub River. This stream, while no wider than a brook and inhabited by trout instead of chub, was the only natural barrier between the fire and the dwellings. It had to be held, and it was this task that the village president had waved upon me while he led most of the men up the farther hills, where nothing but wood-lots and dry fields separated the village proper from destruction.

The fire was now an irregular line, a quarter of a mile long, moving not fast, but steadily. When it reached a dry balsam, the flames would leap like a dozen fighting tigers at the tree's throat. There would be a wild outcry from the tree, a crackling of limbs, a minute's roar in the throats of the attacking beasts, and then a column of smoke would cover the scene. Over all spread the beautiful morning, almost still, silvery and sweet-scented; yet coming at me, at the village I loved, was this

snarling, roaring destruction. I glanced once behind me at the private car in which Mr. Granton Leonard was still sleeping that fat and foolish sleep referred to by E. L. If the oil-tank caught, his car would be doomed and I smiled to think of him escaping in his costly night-clothes.

But there was small time for smiles. Almost all the men and boys whom I could count on were in the process of arriving with the weapons of defense, and, after sending a messenger back for my aide, I stationed myself where I could overlook the advancing foe and best direct all efforts.

The weapons we used were the homely ones at hand—axes, shovels, horse and plow, and fire. Bert's plow was very important, for a double furrow across a field would stop flames long enough for them to be beaten out by the boys with beaters made of green spruce boughs. Bert and the women in his family were highly excited. They would lose everything in the world if the slow-creeping tigers could spring across the brook and leap upon their pines. The women were busily carrying things out of the house, down the slope, and depositing them in a growing pile on the other side of the village road. In a moment Essex Lad had raced up to me.

"You are a patrol, Lad," I said. "Take this revolver and go with Bicky Graham along the fire-front. If it crosses the Chub at any place, fire two shots and I 'll send help." He was nimbly off with the other fellow, Bicky, and I turned my attention to the danger-zone, the curve at the oil-tank where a swamp usually existed, but now clumps of dead balsam and dried grasses made tiger-food for the flames.

By now, the twenty-odd males, some mere children with their green beaters, were distributed along the fire-front. The breeze was rising with the sun, momently; the smoke, dense and acrid, was beginning to obscure the enlarging arena, and, as the flames advanced into the nearer timber, that flash of lurid orange, that writhing of the tree's limbs, that hoarse, eager roar came oftener. Suddenly I heard two shots to my right.

"Dunham, the fire has leaped the brook. Quick, with your son."

But he was no sooner started than two more shots came. Below me a storm of tawny smoke was whirling, whirling, and, with a fearful uproar, a tall spruce just the other side of the brook gave a great gasp of terror as the tigers fell, shrieking, on her.

For the first time, something seemed to turn over inside of me, a cold fear; for majestic as was this fight between the tethered trees and the striped, hungry flames, yet there was more of horror in it. And as I looked, the spruce fell across the brook, and the wild tongues were lapping at a resinous pile of dead limbs but thirty feet from the pine grove.

"Axes!" I shouted. "Fell those!" and I pointed to a group of slender pines. If the flames ran up them, the house would go. If they could be cut down, we might still save it. E. L.'s revolver sounded twice more.

Suddenly there came a cry from the left, "The tank, the tank!" It had not yet been reached but, despite frenzied shovelings of wood-loam and thudding with beaters, the flames had crossed the brook toward it in two more places. The smoke was now too dense to see through, the roar of stricken trees was almost continuous, and then a new responsibility devolved on me. Bert's grandfather, a very old guide, now partially paralyzed, but with great strength in his arms, drew my attention to him by pounding on the floor of the porch. "See," he cried, "there she 's a-coming!" His bony hands clutched the railing feebly and he tried to rise, but the illness of years forbade. "See her a-coming!" he mumbled.

The flames on the right flank were indeed near the crest of the hill and were surely coming. Twenty minutes ago the fire had been an inconvenience; ten, and it promised loss; now it was threatening our lives.

"Go, crawl, get away!" I called to him before I remembered that he could not stir. At the same moment Bert remembered it, and emerged from the gray haze. He was sobbing in a dry-eyed way. "The horses broke away," he said. "They ran *into* it. Poor old Bess!"

"Carry him!" I yelled; "in three minutes it may be too late."

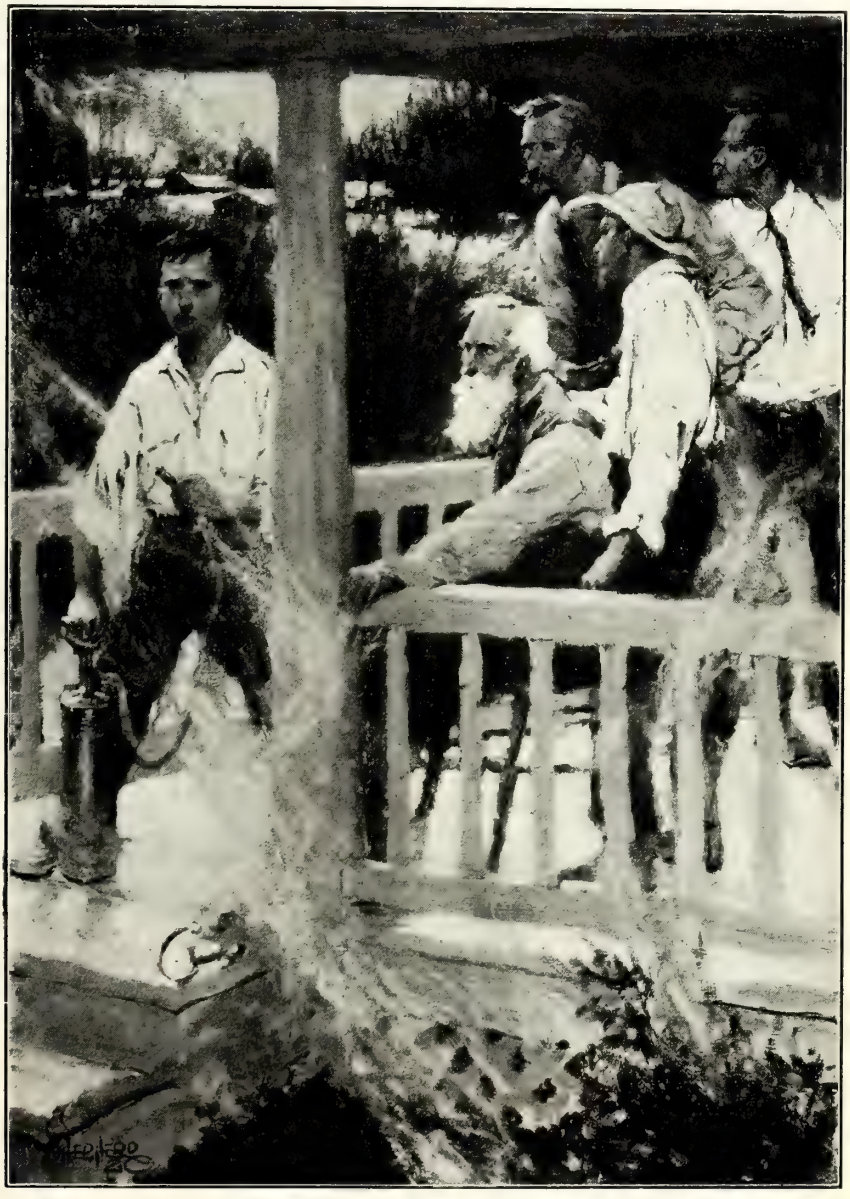
But the old man seemed possessed of the same madness that had seized the horses. With a miraculous strength, he gripped the railing. "I 've lived here all my life and I calcalate I kin die here," he said.

His set, thin face appeared terrible, and, with a new sinking of the heart, I turned my thought to E. L. Was he safe? In that dense area it was quite possible to be surrounded and cut off in a single outleaping of the flames.

The breeze lifted the sullen smoke now and then, and I could see men and boys working like strong demons in the sulphurous uncertainty. A dozen swift shovels would bury a wounded tiger to his last claw, and then the men would rush where a new brood was spitting in the brush. I left Bert pitting his strength against the frantic stubbornness of the old native and ran down to the tank. Its sides were warm to the hand, but an eddy of the breeze about it pushed back the slow-eating line of flame that gleamed in the underbrush, and, with three youngsters, I began to beat feverishly with a snatched bunch of spruce boughs upon

the bright-toothed fires. My job as commander was over, it seemed. Every available fighter was hand-to-hand with the enemy, the axmen at the pines, the women emptying houses, the boys beating, the men shoveling. Only the half-witted grandfather was idle on his porch, and E. L.—where was he? Finally, I could stand the suspense no longer and ran, panting, up this side of the brook to find him—stumbling, catching my feet in tangle and root, and unreasonably blaming the owner of the private car for all this sudden torment, loss, and dull dread of worse.

"Where is the stupid old chap?" I thought; "why can't he come out and help?" How swiftly, how needlessly, the situation had developed into tragedy! Then I tripped and fell. Half blind and nearly smothered, I lay for a moment to get my breath, when suddenly I heard that hoarse snarling, that eager roar of flames not ten yards in front. Would I be cut off? With a leap and a catch of the breath, I sprang back and almost into the



"THE BEASTS OF FLAME WERE BEING BEATEN BACK"

arms of an urchin, who said: "E. L. sent me for you. He says come quick to Bert's, where he is!"

With a swift word of thanks to the Almighty, I ran with my aide's messenger. Once we had to dash through a narrow river of flame, and the smoke was so misguiding that we came out below the tank. Across the brook, the railroad men had foiled the flames by a back-fire. The private car was saved, and I felt a burst of resentment at this, for the flames had got to the felled ruins of the pine grove. Smoke enveloped the place where Bert's house stood, and, though blackened ground showed that the oil-tank had been saved by those freak eddies of the wind, yet my mind refused the picture of that porch with the half-crazy old man gripping the railing and about to be engulfed in the turmoil of the relentless tigers. How they were roaring now in the fierceness of the pines!

"E. L.'s there!" said my guide, pointing into the conflagration.

"There?" I echoed, a lump crowding up into my throat. "It can't be!"

"He is, though," said the little chap, whimpering; "and—and I wish he was n't."

The two minutes it took to grope up that slippery, hot slope were the worst I could ever know; but thanks to the numbing effect of the smoke, the roar in my ears, the pounding of my heart, I barely knew it. I barely knew that I had reached Bert's house, barely could find the porch in the driving smoke, the heat, and fury of this front-line exposure. And when I found it, any ability to understand the scene deserted me. For there, lined up beside the half-wit of eighty, stood our stout, elderly guest, owner of the private car, also Bert, another man, and Essex Lad, all busy with shiny instruments that threw a curtain of chemicals into the livid jaws of the writhing tigers. All were blackened, scorched, weary beyond words. But the beasts of flame were being beaten back.

I ran to my boy, who looked at me, desperately tired.

"Commander, can you take charge of my battery a moment?" he said, and as, half fainting, he leaned against me he said, "We beat 'em, Lucky, I guess."

I laid him on the floor where there was less smoke, and a tremor of thankfulness ran over me as I caught the words, "Don't you guess we beat 'em, Lucky?" A mother would have kissed those smoke-blackened lips.

It was a gay luncheon we had in the private car.

"May the Old Boy smudge me again," cried Mr. Granton Leonard, "if it was n't worth it, just being ordered around that intelligently by the Lad! I 've done some ordering myself in my day."

"But how did you think of it?" I asked E. L., who was half-way down a tall lemonade to the red maraschinos at the bottom.

"Don't you remember, when I asked what a private car was you said, an apartment-house on wheels, with brass trimmings, fire-extinguishers, and dark cooks. I knew only an extinguisher could save that old man."

"The cooks are n't bad now, confess that," said the portly Mr. Leonard. "Eph, give Mr. E. L. that other half of his chicken."

"It 's all great!" sighed the Lad, blissfully, "private car, owner, *and* cooks."

"And the owner's temper included. You see," said Mr. Leonard to me, "it is n't everybody who is going to be so amiable *before* breakfast. I was wakened by all your noise and was just sliding out of my pajamas when he bursts into the room. 'Quick!' he says; 'where are the extinguishers?' 'If I knew,' says I, 'I 'd turn one on you and extinguish you from this room. Clear out and let me dress.' 'You 're going to help save your own car,' he says, so fearfully earnest that I agree. He holds the clothes while I jump into them, and I hold the door while he jumps out of it. 'There 's an old man being burned to death up there,' he shouts. 'I 'm with him,' is my reply, and we charge up that hill with an extinguisher under each arm. The pines are shooting fire at us like a combination volcano and blast furnace. 'I can't stand this,' I say. He says, 'You 're going to help me save that old man.' He has a revolver in one hand."

"It was n't loaded," interrupted E. L., from behind a chicken wing.

"Load yourself, and don't spoil the story," said Mr. Leonard, waving a bowl of gravy toward him. "He has a revolver in one hand, and so I struggle on up to the porch of that shanty. The shingles are smoking, the front boards ought to have been curling up, the infirm old gentleman was getting well done on one side, and yet clinging to the oven like a well-trained Thanksgiving turkey. Are you going to stop at three helps of jelly?" said Mr. Leonard, interrupting himself, and then continued, "Lots of times in the next few minutes I 'd have quit if it had n't been for him, playing the chemicals with his eyebrows scorching, standing right to it. And I say to myself, "See here, Granton Leonard, are you going to let a kid of sixteen show you what pluck is?"

"Please—" said E. L., who 'd rather be pommeled than praised, "Don't, now!"

But Mr. Leonard did, and his eyes could not help lighting a little. Mine glistened, I guess, for E. L. had been very brave; and I am sure a mother would have up and kissed him, though his lips were a trifle buttery.



A PORTRAIT. PAINTED BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET

TWO KINDS OF TINY FOLK

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

THE busiest people that I know
Are ants that travel to and fro;
They never seem to pause to play,
Nor take a happy holiday!

Crickets in the thorny thickets;
In the reeds and grasses—crickets!
Singing all, in merry chime,
"Autumn is a happy time!"

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA-LARK

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR and H. P. HOLT

Authors of "Lost Island," "Fortunes of War," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

THREE years before the story begins, Mr. Samuel Holden is robbed of a bag of money belonging to the firm of Barker and Holden. A gale is raging, and the thief escapes in the darkness. Simon Barker accuses Mr. Holden of conniving at the robbery, and to make good the loss the latter sells his home and finds employment as a bookkeeper. When the story starts, Jack Holden, eager to help his father, secures possession of a dismantled sloop, the *Sea-Lark*, and fits her up for use as a ferry across Greenport Harbor. With him in the enterprise are his chum, George Santo, and Rodney Farnham, to whose father the *Sea-Lark* formerly belonged. Two mysterious strangers, Martin and Hegan, seek to buy or rent the sloop, and, failing, make frequent trips in her. Simon Barker's schooner *Grace and Ella* is rescued by the *Sea-Lark* and towed to port. Barker refuses to pay the salvage agreed on, five hundred dollars, and Jack takes his case to a lawyer. Jack, sleeping alone in the sloop, is attacked at night, and his assailant escapes unrecognized. Jack and George are caught at sea in a storm and, losing mainsail and anchor, drift helplessly until a landing is made on an island. There they repair damages and at last return in safety, to learn that the mysterious strangers, Martin and Hegan, had offered to subscribe toward chartering a tug to be sent to rescue them. Martin and Hegan hire the *Sea-Lark* for an outing, and Jack and Rodney go along. Well offshore, the passengers seize the sloop and set the boys adrift in the tender. Under cover of the dense fog, the latter regain the *Sea-Lark* and discover Martin and Hegan prying loose the sheathing in the cabin, behind which they presently find the object of their search. Boarding the sloop stealthily, the boys close and secure the cabin door, and the imprisoned men, failing with cajolery, attempt to batter their way out.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CANVAS BAG

JACK moved nearer the cockpit again and stood watching the effects of the resounding blows with misgiving. Suddenly Rodney gave a startled cry, at the same time pointing ahead.

Round the end of the breakwater, with all sails set, a fishing-schooner was coming. "Starboard a bit, Rod, and cut her off," said Jack. "Hegan, you 'd better stop that now," he added, raising his voice. "There 's a schooner coming."

This intimation was apparently far from good news to the two captives. The battering ceased momentarily, and three shots were fired in rapid succession at the lock, which almost broke away. When the shots ceased, Jack leaped down into the cockpit, with the boat-hook raised above his head, ready to defend himself as the men broke out of the cabin, but the instant he landed in front of the door another bullet tore its way through the woodwork, and Jack felt a sharp, stinging pain in his leg, just above the knee. With an involuntary cry he clapped his hand to the injured place.

"Come and take the wheel," cried Rodney. "You 've been hit, have n't you?"

"Stop where you are. It 's nothing," replied Jack, gritting his teeth, nevertheless, as his leg began to throb. The boat-hook was but an indifferent weapon against men with loaded revolvers, but it seemed to Jack that the enemy would have only a few shots left, if any. The sloop and the schooner, moreover, were now approaching one another rapidly. The fishing-vessel had gone about, and her present course was taking her almost straight toward the *Sea-Lark*. Another minute or so would bring the vessels within speaking distance. Rod was already signaling as best he could.

Below deck, the prisoners were again assailing the door, and blows fell with telling effect against the weakening lock. With poised boat-hook, Jack watched and waited. Suddenly, with a crash, the doors flew open and Hegan, his face contorted with rage, leaped up the steps.

"Drop that boat-hook!" he commanded savagely, his revolver pointing at Jack's breast. Behind him, Martin peered across his shoulder, his features set in a malicious grin.

Jack, backing away, pointed to the schooner. "You 're too late, Hegan," he said.

Hegan shot a quick glance over the water and then, with a snarl of rage, hurled his revolver straight at the boy's head. Jack ducked, but not in time to escape a glancing blow, which sent him reeling back. Seizing his advantage, Hegan leaped forward, but Rodney, with a final hail to the schooner, now close at hand, left the wheel and hurled himself on top of Hegan. His weight bore the man down, and Jack, recovering, steadied himself to meet a new onslaught which came from Martin. Clutching the barrel of his empty weapon, Martin aimed a blow; but Jack was before him, and brought the boat-hook crashing down on the man's arm. The revolver dropped to the floor of the cockpit just as a deep voice came from the deck of the fishing-craft.

"Hello, there! Hello, there! What 's all this about?" It was Bob Sennet who spoke, and with flopping sails the *Ellen E. Hanks* nosed alongside the *Sea-Lark*, and the skipper, his

huge hands bunched formidably, leaped to the deck of the sloop.

"You 're just in time, Captain," growled Hegan. "These young ruffians were nearly killing the pair of us."

Bob Sennet's eyes fell on the dark mark on Jack's trousers which were already badly stained from his wound. From there, his gaze traveled to the revolver at Martin's feet. Jack, now that the worst of the excitement was over, was feeling curiously weak. He sank on to the cockpit seat, and hoped fervently that he was not going to do anything so foolish as faint. It was as though a red-hot iron was being bored into his leg, and his head felt absurdly dizzy.

"Give me that gun," the fisherman demanded of Martin, who picked up the weapon and handed it over.

Hegan made a movement in the direction of the dinghy, whereupon Bob Sennet strode forward, took him by the collar, and flung him roughly into the bottom of the cockpit.

"So these two boys were nearly killing the pair of you, were they!" the burly fisherman said. "I 've seen one of 'em at the wheel for the last five minutes. The other has a boat-hook in his hand and a bullet in his leg, if I 'm not mistaken. That yarn don't go with me, and it won't go with the police. Have they another gun, Jack?" he demanded suddenly.

"They had, but Hegan threw it at me when it was empty, and it must have gone overboard."

"What 's their game?"

"I don't quite know, Captain Sennet," replied Jack, "but I 'd be very much obliged if you 'd help us back to Greenport."

"You bet I will! Now then, you two," he went on addressing Hegan and Martin, "get onto the schooner. Nearly killing the pair of you, were they? A fine yarn! Hey! What in *thunder!*" Captain Sennet's head went forward and his eyes widened in astonishment as he saw the broken, bullet-torn doors of the companion-way. "Has somebody gone *crazy!*" he added.

Jack was by now in a state of semi-collapse, and the fisherman, picking him up, laid him gently on the deck of the sloop.

"They turned us adrift in the dory," Rodney explained, "but there was n't any wind, so we were able to paddle alongside again, and Jack slipped aboard and fastened them up in the cabin."

"Well, I dunno," said Captain Sennet, "but by rights you two ought both to be dead now, 'cording to what 's been going on. Joe," he called out, raising his voice and addressing the mate on board the schooner, "tie those two beauties up good and tight, or they might get away from you yet. Now pass a line aboard here, and beat it back to the harbor."

In a few minutes the schooner was heading for Greenport, with the *Sea-Lark* in tow, and Captain Sennet was standing, amazed, amid the scene of wreckage in the little cabin of the sloop.

"Say!" He pushed his cap back and rubbed his head perplexedly, addressing Rodney. "For the love of Mike, will you just tell me what them fellers have been up to in here? Half the sheathing is torn down! They must ha' gone clean crazy. Why—" Suddenly he stopped, and his jaw dropped, as, turning round and glancing on to one of the bunks, he saw something which took away his breath.

"What in *thunder!*" he began; and then, with a broad smile he leaned over the bunk and fingered his discovery.

"Money!" exclaimed Rodney.

"Some one must ha' been robbing a bank!" laughed Captain Sennet. "Fives—tens—twenties! Ho, ho! I reckon that accounts for some o' the milk in this particular cocoanut. Let 's put it in that thing," he went on, picking up a canvas bag and stowing the pile of paper currency and coins into it. "Guess I 'll take charge o' this till we find whose it is," he added, dropping the bag into his pocket.

Back on deck, he gave his attention to Jack.

"We 'll have you in a doctor's hands soon," he said. "Much pain?"

"Not too much," said Jack, with a grimace. "My head hurts most. I don't think the bullet wound amounts to much."

"Let 's have a look at it," said the fisherman, rolling up the boy's trouser leg and displaying a clean wound in the flesh about four inches above the knee. The bullet had entered the flesh at the front and passed out again at the back without touching the bone. Rodney produced a handkerchief, and the skipper bathed the injury with sea-water.

"Never mind if it smarts a bit," he said. "You want it clean, anyway. There 's no great harm done there, though it 's a mystery to me how you both got off as lightly as you did, with all that lead flying around."

"Had you got any money hidden in that cabin o' yours, Jack?" he asked, after binding up the wound with the handkerchief.

"Money?" the lad asked. "There was about eighty cents in my coat pocket. That 's all I know of."

"I mean a pile o' money."

"A pile?" asked the captain of the *Sea-Lark*. "I know there was n't any other money in the place. I *ought* to know."

"That 's just what you *did n't* know," replied

the fisherman. "I think I begin to understand it, though. You 've seen that mess those fellers have made o' the inside o' the cabin?"

"I saw that through the port-hole."

Captain Sennet drew the canvas bag from his pocket.

"This must ha' been what they were after," he said.

He held it out and Jack examined it curiously. On its side was printed "Barker and Holden."

"I don't understand," said the boy, opening the bag, and looking in puzzlement at the bills and coin within.

"You don't know anything about it, do you, Rod?"

"Never saw it before in my life," answered Rodney, blankly. "Whose is it?"

"I don't know," said Jack. "I don't understand it at all!"

"No, nor me neither," said the fisherman. "Leastwise, I ain't got the proper hang of it, but I 've got a notion, just the same. You say these two men set you adrift in the dinghy?"

Jack nodded.

"And then, as soon as your backs were turned, they started to strip off all the sheathing o' the cabin?"

"Why, yes. And I saw Hegan put his hand behind one of the boards and lift this bag out."

"Then," declared Captain Sennet, logically, "if they went after this, they must ha' knowed it was there; and if they did, *they must ha' been the ones who put it there!* Who else could ha' knowed where it was besides them as put it there?"

Jack sat up suddenly, with a most astounding idea in his head. "I 'm going to count it," he announced.

"Count it, eh?" said Bob Sennet. "All right. Might as well know what we 've got."

Eagerly Jack emptied the contents of the sack onto the seat, and, with the others watching curiously, counted bills and coins. At last:

"Twelve hundred and forty dollars!" he cried excitedly. "Just what I suspected! Don't you see, Captain?"

Bob Sennet shook his head. "Can't say I do, Jack. Guess you 'd better tell me."

"Why—why, this is the money my father was robbed of three years ago!"

"What?" exclaimed Rodney. "But how did it get here?"

"I don't know, but—"

"I do," interrupted the captain of the *Ellen E. Hanks*. "Those sculpins put it here."

"But—but when? The *Sea-Lark* 's been lying over on the dunes for two years or more!"

"Well, what of it?" asked Bob Sennet. "Was n't nothing to keep them from going over there and dropping the bag behind the cabin sheathing, was there? If they wanted to hide it, that was a pretty good place, was n't it? And—why, look here, Jack, maybe these fellows is the ones that stole the money from your father!"

"I wonder!" said Jack. "Anyway, it 's all a puzzle to me. Why should the men have hidden it on the *Sea-Lark?* And if they did hide it there, why did n't they take it away again during all the time the sloop lay on the dunes?"

Bob Sennet shook his head in perplexity. "Now 's the time to find out, if it ever is to be found out," he said as the schooner's sails dropped and she sidled toward her usual berth, much to the surprise of those who had seen her put to sea a short time before.

"What 's amiss?" Cap'n Crumbie shouted from Garnett and Sayer's wharf, seeing the sloop towing astern and Bob Sennet aboard of her.

"Telephone to the police station," replied Captain Sennet, "and tell the chief he 's wanted down here, quick. I want to get off to sea as soon as I can."

The watchman delivered the message, and, shortly afterward, the chief stepped on board the *Ellen E. Hanks*, where the crew were standing expectantly in a group. Jack, limping painfully, had joined them, determined to see the thing through now. Rodney and Cap'n Crumbie had also gone on to the schooner as a matter of course.

"What is it?" asked the chief, as he stepped off the wharf.

"There 's two men trussed up in the cabin, who are going to prison for several years, if I 'm any judge," replied the skipper. "Theft, and usin' firearms, and goodness knows what else. We happened along just when they were in the thick of it. Afore you go down and take a squint at 'em, I want to tell you all I know."

"Go ahead," replied the chief, alert and ready to grasp the essential points of the case. Bob Sennet briefly told of all he had seen, and showed the bag of money to the police official, who raised his eyebrows in astonishment.

"And you say there 's just twelve hundred and forty dollars there? That must be the stolen bag, all right!" he said. "This explains a lot that we did n't rightly understand before." The latter remark was addressed to Jack. "But the robbery took place a long time ago, and we may have difficulty in fastening the guilt on these men, even if they are the actual culprits, unless one of them can be made to confess. However, I may be able to work it. Men of that kind have no scruples when it comes to saving their own skins. Bring them up on deck one at a time."

A minute later, the man known as Martin was



"'DROP THAT BOAT-HOOK!' HEGAN COMMANDED SAVAGELY, HIS REVOLVER POINTED AT JACK'S BREAST"

ushered into the presence of the chief. The latter looked at him curiously for a brief space, and then smiled grimly.

"Hello, Whitey," he said. "Calling yourself Martin now, are you? Have n't seen you for quite a while."

CHAPTER XV

GOOD NEWS

"My name ain't White," the man blustered.

"It used to be. It was, anyway, when you and your pal were arrested at Baymouth for burglary and you were both sent to prison for three years. You only got out a while back, did n't you?"

"Well, what about it?" demanded White, in a surly manner, seeing that further denial was useless.

"Only this, that I 'm afraid you 'll have to go back again, and for a longer spell this time."

"What for?" asked White. "We 've only been defending ourselves against these boys."

"That yarn won't go," replied the chief. "The captain of this schooner saw too much for you to get out of it. But I 'm not talking about to-day's affair. It 's something else you 'll stand trial for."

"I have n't done anything," growled the man.

"Have n't, eh? What about knocking down Sam Holden three years ago and getting away with twelve hundred dollars? Forgotten all about that, have you?"

"I was n't in on that. You can't prove—"

"How 'd you come by the money then?" snapped the chief.

White darted a glance at the stern faces encircling him and moistened his lips.

"It was Hegan hit him," he blurted.

"How do you know?"

"I saw him," White floundered.

"Thank you," said the chief, ironically. "That is just what I wanted to be sure of. What happened after the pair of you got away with the money?"

Again White looked round appealingly to those near, and hesitated.

"You 'd better come across," urged the chief. "We 've got you, remember, and you can't squirm out of it. You must have hidden the money in the cabin of the sloop at once, because it was only the next day that you and Hegan were arrested at Baymouth, and you 've been in prison since then until very recently. It may make it easier for you if you tell me the truth now."

White shrugged his shoulders.

"It was n't me hit Holden on the head, remember," he said. "I was against that sort of thing all along. Hegan found out that this man Holden sometimes took a lot of money down to his house instead o' leavin' it at the office in the safe. We waited for Holden in the street, and Hegan laid him out. We 'd seen this sloop lying off the wharves, and so, when we had the money, we slid down there and got aboard her. We were afraid to wait around at the station for a train. We did n't want the sloop, mind you. All we wanted was to get away, and we thought we might make some place up the coast around Baymouth, run the sloop ashore, and foot it for the railroad. Hegan had the bag of money when we went aboard, and the first thing he did was to look for some place where it would n't be found if the cops got us. One of the boards was so as we could pry it loose at the top, and he shoved the bag behind it. It was pretty rough when we got outside and I was for turning back, but Hegan would n't agree to that, and we headed up the shore. Things got pretty bad and I made sure we 'd both be drowned, as I did n't know much about sailing and Hegan was n't a whole lot better at it. The gale got us off Indian Head, and we were nearly swamped. Our bit of sail went, and, next thing we knew, we were drifting up the river. After a while she ran on a sand-bank and the waves came right across her deck. We tried to get hold of the bag, but it had slipped down where we could n't reach it. We were fairly scared by that time, and so we left it and swam ashore, somehow, meaning to go back next mornin'. But we did n't, because that same night the cops nabbed us both for the old burglary affair. I got three years and so did Hegan. Soon as I was out, I beat it back here to get the money; but young Jack Holden was running the sloop, and I could n't find a chance. Then Hegan showed up, and we went after it together."

"I see," said the chief. "That accounts for the yarns about folks prowling around on the sloop at night."

"I don't know anything about that," declared the prisoner.

"Now, White, it 's no use your denying it. There was n't anybody but you and Hegan who had reason to attack those lads in that cabin."

White shook his head, however, and would not further commit himself.

"Here, Wilson," the chief added, turning to a policeman who had accompanied him, "take this man to the station and lock him up. Now for the other fellow."

Hegan was still full of fight when brought on deck, but he quieted down as soon as he saw the game was hopelessly up.

"Well, Hegan," the chief began, "you soon got into trouble again after being released, did n't you? White told us all about it. You 're both going to be the guests of the Government for some little time. There 's one thing I want you to tell me, though. Was it you or your pal who used to sneak down on to the sloop nights while she was lying at the wharf?"

"If it had been me," replied Hegan, scornfully, "you bet we would n't ha' been in this fix now. I 'd have got the money and been off. Whitey's afraid of his own shadow."

HALF an hour after Hegan had followed his confederate from the schooner to jail, Jack was lying in bed, joking with the doctor who was bandaging his wound, the pain in which was much easier now that it had been properly dressed.

"How about the ferry?" the lad asked. "Can't I get up to-morrow morning?"

"No," replied the man of medicine, firmly. "You 'll have to stay put for at least a couple of days. Fortunately, it 's only a slight wound, but you must give it a chance to heal. You 'll be all right in a week, anyway. Now promise me you won't try to stand on that game leg till Tuesday morning."

"All right, if you insist," replied Jack. "Hello, Dad, is that you?" he added, raising his voice, as the street door opened. He had not seen his father since returning from the astonishing trip in the *Sea-Lark*, for Mr. Holden had gone off on his usual Sunday walk.

Pantingly, Mr. Holden hurried up the stairs.

"What 's wrong with you, boy?" he asked, as he entered the room. "I 've just heard outside that you 've been shot."

"It 's only a scratch," replied Jack. "The doctor says I 'll probably be able to get up to-morrow."

"Tuesday," the kindly old doctor corrected, trying to look severe and making a complete failure of it. "If you get out of bed to-morrow, I 'll chloroform you and amputate both legs. Don't worry about him, Mr. Holden. He 'll be all right. Healthy flesh like his soon heals, but I want to give it a fair start. Good morning, Jack. Tuesday, mind! Good morning, Mr. Holden."

Mr. Holden looked white as he sat on the edge of his son's bed, for he was not yet over the shock of the news.

"Tell me about it, Jack," he said.

Jack smiled.

"I will in a minute, Dad," he replied. "But I have a little surprise for you first. You remember the night when you were robbed of that money?" Jack thrust his hand beneath his pillow, and felt a canvas bag that lay concealed there.

"Certainly, Jack," Mr. Holden answered, constrainedly.

"Did you ever have any hope of getting it back?

Mr. Holden shook his head slowly. "Not after the first few days," he said, with a glum expression.

"You 'd be tickled to death, then, if it turned up now?"

"Don't talk foolishly, lad," the man replied. "Such things don't happen."

"But if it did, Dad? What would you do?"

Mr. Holden would have preferred not to discuss the painful matter, but, to humor his son, he rested his chin on his hands and thought for a while.

"Well," he said at length, a twinkle coming into his eyes. "I 'd ask you to let me put your salvage money with it, and—"

"Salvage money? I 'm afraid Mr. Barker does n't mean to pay a cent of that," the boy declared. "He ought to, according to the law, but the law does n't seem to amount to much."

The twinkle was still there in Mr. Holden's eyes.

"That 's where you 're wrong, boy," he said. "The law does amount to a great deal. I met Lawyer Merrill this morning, and he 's just told me something you 'll be glad to hear."

"About the—the salvage?"

Mr. Holden nodded.

"What did he say?" Jack asked eagerly.

"That Mr. Barker has decided to pay the whole amount rather than go to court," announced the boy's father, triumphantly.

Jack stared, for that was the last thing he had expected. Then he began to laugh, for he still had his own good news to tell.

"Yes," Mr. Holden went on, "he 's going to hand the check over next week. Yesterday was the last day Mr. Merrill gave him before taking the matter to court, and, as Mr. Barker knew he would have to pay in the long run, he went round to the lawyer's house last night and tried to make a dicker. But Mr. Merrill held out until he got a promise that the whole amount would be paid."

"Really?" exclaimed Jack. "That 's fine! We 'll be as rich as—as anything, won't we?"

"Well, you will, son."

"And so will you! I mean—" Jack pulled himself up and made a new start. "You were saying that if you got back the money that was stolen you 'd put the salvage money with it, were n't you? And then what?"

"Why, in that case— But why talk about it, Jack? That sort of a miracle is n't likely to happen."

"But—but suppose it did," Jack insisted. "Suppose it had!"

Mr. Holden shook his head, smiling sadly. "Then I think I 'd go back into business again, son," he answered.

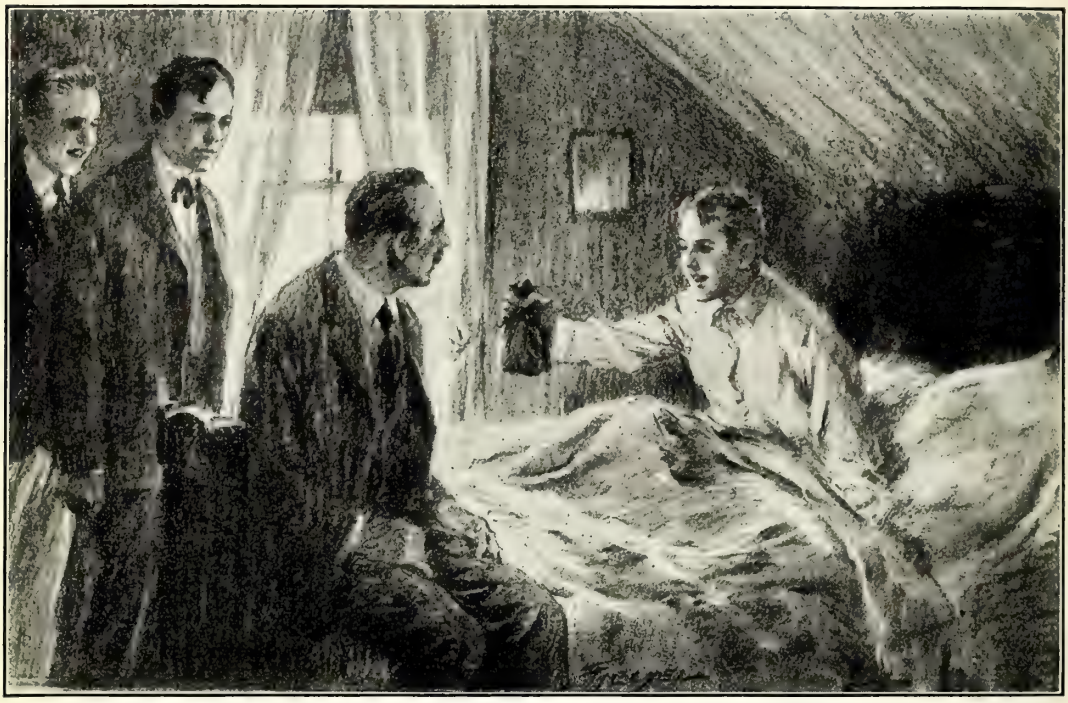
"How?" the boy asked eagerly, rising on his elbow.

"I 'd go into partnership with Garnett and Sayer. Mr. Garnett told me only a couple of weeks ago that he 'd be willing to let me buy

"When those two men go to prison for the theft, and they are going," he concluded, "your name will be cleared completely, Dad, won't it?"

"Aye," replied Mr. Holden. "Even Barker won't be able to insinuate things then."

There came a rap at the street door, and George and Rodney came hurrying up the stairs. "Well, they have n't spoilt your beauty, anyway!" ex-



"'HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THIS BEFORE?' HE ASKED"

a small interest for fifteen hundred dollars. But he might as well have said fifteen thousand."

Jack's fingers tightened on the canvas bag underneath the pillow, and he drew it slowly forth.

"Have you ever seen this before?" he asked, holding out the long missing article in question.

"Why, *Jack!*" Mr. Holden looked from the bag to his son's merry face. "Where did that come from?"

"Open it, Dad!"

With trembling fingers, Mr. Holden obeyed, and his gaze fell on the contents.

"There 's none missing," said the boy, unable to keep up the game any longer. "And it was on my sloop all the time!"

"I—I don't understand!" gasped Mr. Holden.

"Of course you don't," laughed Jack. "It kept us all guessing for a long while." And then he explained everything, while his father, the precious bag of money on his knees, listened.

claimed George. "I was afraid you 'd got your nose shot off or something. How 's your leg?"

"Nothing much wrong," replied Jack. "I 'll be on board again by Tuesday, but I 've got to stop in bed till then."

"You 'd better let George and me run the ferry for a day or two," said Rodney. "You see if we don't do a roaring business to-morrow! The story 's got all over the place by now, and half the town has been down to look at the bullet-holes on the sloop. Everybody will want to run across in the *Sea-Lark* to-morrow."

"Go to it," replied Jack. "That 's fine!"

Mr. Holden, bearing his miraculously restored money, slipped from the room, and the visitors perched themselves on Jack's bed, and George, frankly disgusted at having missed the adventure, insisted on hearing a full and detailed account of it. Jack acted as chief historian, and Rodney saw to it that he left nothing out, and when they had ended George shook his head regretfully.

"Just my luck to get left out of it!" he said. "But I suppose that if I 'd been along, those thugs would n't have tried anything."

"You hate yourself, don't you?" laughed Rodney.

"Well, with three of us instead of two—"

"George is right," said Jack. "They would n't have faced such odds, I guess."

"Would n't they?" demanded Rodney. "They went out to get that money back, and they 'd have managed it somehow. Maybe they 'd have acted worse than they did. By the way, Dad and the rest of them said I was to tell you how sorry they are, you know, and—and all that. And Dad told me this morning that if you want a place in his office, when you get through school, you can have it. Wish you 'd take it, because I 'd have a chance of seeing you now and then."

"That 's mighty kind of him," answered Jack, gratefully, "and I guess I 'd love to try it. I wish you 'd thank him for me, Rod. I 'll see him myself as soon as the doctor lets me out, but I 'd like him to know that I appreciate his—his offer."

"All right, Captain. I 've got to beat it now. I 'll be in again to-morrow to see how you 're getting along. Don't worry about the ferry. George and I will keep it moving all right!"

When the boys had gone, Mr. Holden came back, and Jack, who had been doing some thinking in the meanwhile, greeted him with a question. "Dad," he asked, "how much is twelve and five?"

"Why, seventeen! Or it was when I went to school." Mr. Holden was in high spirits and laughed enjoyably at his little joke. "Why, son?"

"Well, I was thinking, Dad. If you take that five hundred and put it with the twelve—"

"I don't know as I ought to, Jack. Maybe it would be safer for you to put your money in the bank—"

"Nonsense! Of course you 're going to take it! Gee, look at all the money you 've spent on me!"

"Well, I 'd pay it back gradually, son, and—"

"Don't want it! Besides, as I figure it, you won't need all of it anyway, will you?"

"Why, no, only three hundred, or maybe three-fifty."

"Great! That 'll leave a hundred and fifty, then. And I know a bully way to spend that!"

"To spend it?" asked his father, dubiously. "Don't you think that maybe you 'd better—er—save it, son?"

"I did n't mean spend, exactly: I meant *invest*. You see, Dad, the ferry has done pretty well this summer, and I guess it 'll do even better next year, because there are more folks coming here every season. Rod's father has offered me a job when I 'm through school, and I think I 'd like to accept it, but he probably won't want me until fall, and so I might as well keep on with the ferry. Don't you think so?"

"Why—why, yes. You 've made quite a lot of money with it."

"Yes. And even if I was n't here all summer, George could run it for me and I 'd still make on it. But what the *Sea-Lark* needs, Dad, is an engine. Just a two-cylinder motor that 'll kick her back and forth, wind or no wind. And I know where I can get a perfectly good second-hand one for a hundred and twenty-five; maybe less. So that 's where the rest of that salvage money is going, Dad. I 'm going to invest it in Holden's Ferry."

THE END

OCTOBER

By PERCY W. REYNOLDS

October in the mountains with her magic wand aswinging,
And turning as it touches every leaf to red or gold!
The month a fellow wonders what it is that starts him singing,
What it is that sends him hiking up the trails he loved of old!

October in the ozone that sets the blood a-running,
And puts the pep and ginger in his lone and weary heart!
The signal of the season for a man to go a-gunning,
Claim his hunter's license, call his dog and make a start.

October in the fragrance of hemlock, pine and bracken,
In the sound of crisp leaves crackling, of rushing crystal streams,—
October, calling, calling, and his steps can never slacken
When full of hope he ventures in her wonderland of dreams!

FRANK LUKE—BALLOON ACE

By HARRY STARKEY ALDRICH

Formerly Flight Commander with the 1st Aëro Squadron, A. E. F.

In spite of the fact that Lieutenant Frank Luke, Jr., of Phœnix, Arizona, is credited with having been the greatest balloon "strafer" of the war, his name and deeds seem to be comparatively little known. Moreover, he ranked second among the American aces on November 11, 1918, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker leading him by seven aërial victories. The general ignorance on this point may be due to the fact that Luke made his record in nineteen days, and that it was so marvelous that those who heard did not believe it. They can hardly be blamed for that.

The first time that I saw Frank Luke was during the latter part of 1917 when he was at Rockwell Field, California. We were flying cadets then and in the same instruction class. He was nineteen years old, of medium height, slight, with very blue eyes and very blond hair. When he became excited he talked exceedingly fast, and he was the sort who is never still. In all the camp escapades, Luke was sure to be found playing a very active part.

Later, our class was included in the group of fliers who left the field for New York in February, 1918. At that port we boarded the giant transport *U. S. S. Leviathan,* formerly the German liner *Vaterland.* Arriving in France by way of England, our party was ordered to Issoudun, fifty miles south of Tours.

Not far from this small city of Issoudun was located the Third Aviation Instruction Center, the largest American aviation school in France. This center consisted of eight fields. Elementary flying was taught at the first field, a little more advanced work at the second, and so on to the eighth, where battle tactics were taught.

Up to the time we reached Field Eight in the course of our flying instruction, nothing stands out particularly in my memory regarding Luke. At Eight, each man was provided with a Nieuport scout-plane. Every day the class was divided into groups of two and sent up to practise battle manœuvers. The dummy machine-guns on our planes took pictures instead of firing bullets. When each group's films were developed after the "battle," the number of effective shots one fired at the other were quickly determined.

Well do I remember the day when Luke's name and mine were listed together and we flew up over our appointed section of the surrounding country to do battle. That we in the class realized that Luke was a bit reckless is putting it mildly. I was still peacefully climbing for altitude when this fact was abruptly recalled. Luke was heading straight for me. Just as I pulled up to avoid colliding, he executed a perfect renversement to get in position behind me. My plane passed under him as he dropped to straighten out. His right wing nipped my left ever so slightly. Another inch, and we should have flown our last flight. My ship was still wobbling from the effects of his propeller wash when he made another terrific dive at me. For the remainder of that period I contented myself with avoiding what I considered a series of collisions. That in itself was "battle" practice enough.

He landed just before me and approached my ship as I was wrathfully climbing out.

"You are n't peeved at me, are you?" he asked, innocently enough.

"Well, I can get over it," I answered, "if you can remember that I earnestly desire to live long enough to get to the front, in case we have to fly together to-morrow." Which was mild enough, considering the jangled state of my nerves. His films, when developed, showed that he had scored several deadly shots on vital parts of my anatomy.

I never did fly with him again, but several others who did made no effort to conceal the fact that they were on the verge of nervous prostration when they landed. I knew just how they felt!

The next time I saw Luke, after leaving Eight, was during the first week in July. He had just "ferried" a new plane to the observation squadron I had joined two weeks before, stationed at that time at the Saints aërodrome behind the Château-Thierry front. He was dying by inches to join a squadron at the front and chafing under the tameness of a "ferry-pilot's" duties—mainly that of flying new planes to squadrons at the sector of the front that needed them to replace those lost or damaged.

Just a month later, under more exciting circumstances, we met unexpectedly on the aërodrome between Rocourt and Coincy north of Château-Thierry. Until recently this field had been in the hands of the Germans and was reputed to have been occupied by Richthofen and his flying circus.

That day a very important photographic mission six or seven miles into Hun territory had been assigned to an observer in my squadron and myself. We left the field rather late in the afternoon, accompanied by several protecting planes—

six, I believe—from the 1st Pursuit Group stationed there with the 1st Observation Group, to which my squadron belonged.

Once over the objective, forgetting to signal our intention, we dived through some low-hanging clouds in order to get the best possible photographs. The pursuit planes lost sight of us, for which I alone was to blame. Almost at once several gaudily painted Fokkers attacked us. By the skin of our teeth and the timely aid of our protecting planes, who were by that time diving to the rescue, we escaped from the rain of bullets, limping home with a badly damaged motor and controls. As I was walking toward headquarters to turn in my report, a pursuit plane landed near by. The pilot jumped out, and, running up, called out, "We sure owe you an apology for falling down that way on our protection, old man!" I replied that it was entirely my own fault. Then I saw that the other flier was Frank Luke. And that is a good illustration of the sort of chap he was.

He said that he had recently joined the 27th Aëro Squadron in the 1st Pursuit Group. We exchanged news of some of our Issoudun friends and then he left to taxi his ship to his hangar, far across the field.

That was the last time I saw him.

It was at this same aërodrome that Luke and Lieutenant Joseph Wehrner began the friendship that later was to play so important a part in the fate of each. Here, too, were heard the first rumors of Luke's tendency to disregard the orders of his superior officers.

The first week in September found the 1st Pursuit and the 1st Observation Groups behind the Verdun-Toul sector preparing for the St. Mihiel drive. This time each occupied aërodromes widely separated. Later, however, this did not prevent news of Luke's feats reaching our Group almost every day. On September 11th we heard that he had shot down a balloon the day before. It was his first officially confirmed victory.

In all the air services, German as well as Allied, each enemy aircraft shot down, whether it was a one-, two-, or three-seater plane, or a balloon, counted as one victory. As a matter of fact, most pilots would rather shoot down two planes than one balloon, or "drachen," as the Germans called them. One's first thought is that these great, swaying, clumsy bags of gas should be easy to puncture and set afire with a few incendiary bullets. This, however, is not so. One of the reasons balloon strafing is so dangerous is that the ground in the vicinity of them fairly bristles with machine-guns and anti-aircraft guns or "Archies." When a plane is seen approaching to attack, some of these guns fire directly at it while the remainder place a dense barrage about and above the balloon. In addition, small incendiary bombs called "flaming onions" are fired. These scatter burning fragments which instantly ignite any inflammable material they hit.

In attacking a balloon, a pilot tries to swoop down as unexpectedly as possible. Firing a well-placed round of fire at it, he will zoom up and fly out of the hail of fire as quickly as he can. More often than not, an incendiary bullet passes through a gas-bag with such great speed that it fails to fire the gas. If it does ignite the gas, care must be taken to get out of the immediate vicinity in order not to be caught in the explosion that follows. Then all is well with the flier—if the missiles from the machine-guns and the Archies, or the flaming onions, do not hit him! If the bullets fired at the bag have missed it or have pierced it without effect, he will do the sensible thing and fly away and live to attack another day. Only a pilot contemplating suicide, or one like Luke, would make another try then. Another very dangerous thing about this sort of work is that balloons are usually stationed about two miles within their own lines and two thousand feet high. Should the pilot attacking have his motor hit and put out of commission, he would not be high enough up to volplane back the two miles to his lines. A plane at only two thousand feet is not a very difficult thing for trained gunners to hit.

It was while Luke was giving chase to three enemy planes just within our lines that he decided to make a try for his first drachen. Unable to overtake the planes, he gave up the chase three miles from his own lines. As he turned for home he spied a drachen swinging slowly at its cable a mile ahead and far below him. He dived at it, taking the gunners in charge of its protection by surprise. His first attack had no apparent effect. Immediately turning, he dived again. By this time the gunners, who were thoroughly aroused, had directed a murderous fire about the bag while the crew hastily began to lower it. Miraculously passing through the barrage unhurt, Luke aimed another burst; still no effect. Although the crew had by that time lowered the balloon to within a few hundred feet of the ground, he attacked a third time. Zooming up, still unharmed, he found that both his guns had jammed. The drachen appeared to be undamaged, but it must have been leaking badly from the many holes in it. Determined to do or die, and scorning the deluge of shells and bullets from the ground, Luke made a turn or two and succeeded in fixing one gun. About to make a final attempt, he saw the sagging bag explode with a blinding flash. The third attempt had completed the destruction,

which was quickly confirmed by American balloon observers.

Only a man absolutely devoid of fear could have undertaken such a feat. Besides Luke, there was but one other of the many pilots I knew in the American Air Service who, to my knowledge, was such a man. That man was Quentin Roosevelt.

On the first day of the St. Mihiel drive, September 12, Luke reported downing two enemy planes, and the next day one more. These three victories were not confirmed. Any victory reported by a pilot which is not later confirmed, is not accepted as official. This does not mean necessarily that the man's word is doubted. But it is in order to make the records as reliable as possible that a reported victory is not recorded as official unless confirmed by spectators other than the pilot making such a report.

Luke got his second balloon a little west of Conflans on September 14 after trying five times. Not content with this, he dived low and turned his two guns upon the winch crew on the ground, who fled for cover. Later, this victory was confirmed by French balloon observers.

That same afternoon, he sighted two drachen between Etain and Conflans. Having previously received permission, he dropped out of the patrol formation, in which he was flying, to attack them. At his first burst, the nearest fell in flames. While manœuvering for a dive on the second, he was attacked by several Fokkers. Almost caught in a trap, he whirled about, twisting and dodging, and finally escaped with his ship riddled with holes. Feeling that he had been cheated out of his second drachen, he twice dived and fired on German soldiers on the way back to his own lines. Instead of proceeding to his aërodrome, he landed in a field near an American balloon station and requested confirmation of his victory, which was given. This he turned in at his aërodrome that night with his report.

The following day he attacked and brought down his fourth drachen. The shells and flaming onions rained about him, but he got away without a scratch. In the fast-failing light he became lost, and, landing, spent the night in a convenient wheat-field.

From this time on Luke gave his superior officers a great deal of trouble and worry. He began to attack balloons without even the pretense of caution. Often he was gone the entire day, his squadron commander knowing nothing of his whereabouts; often he did not return to his aërodrome at night, but spent it at an American balloon station or alone in a field. Each time he returned he was preceded by confirmations of one or two victories, telephoned in by various balloon companies. For this reason, Luke usually escaped punishment. Few squadron commanders could punish a flier, no matter how insubordinate, who returns with one or more drachen to his credit and thereby adds to the glory of his squadron. The 27th Aëro Squadron was proud of its fearless young pilot. What squadron would not be?

Luke became well known to the French and American balloon companies stationed in the vicinity of Verdun and Pont-à-Mousson, and, no doubt, only too well to those on the German side of the line. Needless to say, he was a great favorite with the former, who were delighted when they saw him glide down and land near by, preparatory to spending the night with them.

Belonging to the 27th was a pilot who had become Luke's best friend. This was Lieutenant Joseph Wehrner of New York City, a boy of about twenty. He was an excellent pilot and had several victories to his credit. Two young men more unlike could not be found. Wehrner was as calm as Luke was excitable. He had little to say at any time, and nothing regarding his victories. All that was ever learned about them was the meager information contained in his curt reports. He was devoted to his friend, and when the latter began to go out on his lone drachen-strafing missions he determined to accompany him. While Luke attacked, Wehrner flew high above him, ready to fight off any enemy planes that might be quickly sent up to save the threatened balloons. Twice Wehrner saved the life of his pal, who gave him full credit for it when, on returning, he related the circumstances to his squadron mates.

Luke's favorite time for doing his dangerous work was at dusk, just after the sun had rolled down below the sky-line and the shadows on the ground had begun to turn gray and indefinite. At about this time pilots turn their ships toward home, so that they may land before darkness sets in about them, and even the front lines take on a peaceful look, unless they are in a very active sector.

It was at this time of the day on September 16 that he shot down two more drachen, in spite of the unusual alertness of the enemy, who fired furiously at the attacking plane. In his report of this, Luke mentioned the fact that the first balloon fell on its observer, who had jumped in his parachute, and that the other fell on its own winch, setting it afire. According to Captain Eddie Rickenbacker's account of this exploit, Luke, before setting out, pointed out the two drachen to several pilots of his Group who were standing on the field in front of their hangars.

"You will see that one over there go up in

flames at 7:15 and that other one at 7:19," he is reported to have said. As described above, they went down flaming, each exactly on the minute predicted. Rickenbacker describes this as a "typical Luke expedition."

It has been said by some who knew him at this time that Luke was rather boastful of his prowess in the air. I can only say of this, that I saw him every day for many months, but never noticed in him a tendency to be boastful in any way; and I do not believe that he became so later, even at the height of his fame.



FRANK LUKE, READY FOR A FLIGHT

Late in the afternoon of September 18 Luke set out to destroy two drachen located a few miles south of Conflans. Wehrner accompanied him. As they crossed the lines they saw that a third balloon had been raised to the east of the others. After their accustomed manner, Luke dived for his attack on this nearest drachen and his pal climbed above him to keep an eye out for the enemy. The first dive was unsuccessful. At the second, the great bag fell a ball of fire, not five minutes from the time its crew had raised it into the air. Before starting a dive on his next victim, Luke quickly scanned the sky and made out, approaching from the west, five or six Fokkers. He decided to down one more drachen before hurrying home, with Wehrner's plane protecting him. But his glance had been too hurried, for not far behind him, coming at full speed, were three more Fokkers. When Wehrner saw Luke make for the second bag, he knew that his friend had not seen these three. He was glad now that he had insisted upon coming. At any cost he would prevent them from reaching Luke until the second drachen had fallen. Climbing a little for altitude, he placed himself between Luke and the on-rushing enemy in time to receive their combined attack. By this time the two remaining drachen were being rapidly lowered by their frantic crews. Luke's first dive on the nearest of these sent it earthward, flames shooting from it high into the darkening sky. The third bag had disappeared. Its crew had lowered it to the ground, where it was hidden from view. Looking in the direction of the first group of Fokkers, Luke saw that they had changed their course and were heading back home. Evidently they had decided that their three brother planes did not need any assistance. Puzzled, the young ace swung about, to see for the first time the three planes bearing the sinister black cross on their wings above him. To his horror, they were all firing at close range on his chum's Spad, which at that moment fell earthward in a spin, trailing red fire and black smoke.

The rage Luke felt at having allowed his lack of caution to cause the death of his best friend, his pal, must have nearly overwhelmed him. It was too late to save him, but not to avenge him. He

set his teeth and pulled back the throttle as far as it would go. Climbing as he went, he fell upon the nearest Fokker and sent it down as its pilot had sent down Wehrner—blazing. He took no notice of the stream of bullets directed at him by the two other Germans. Still white with the fury that consumed him, he pulled back on his stick and kicked his rudder to the right. This turn brought him about on the tail of the second Fokker, and down it went, nose over tail. A few hundred feet lower, it exploded and broke into fragments.

But the revenge was not complete. Luke looked about for the last Fokker just in time to see it some distance away, streaking for home. Attracted by Archie fire to the east, he headed in that direction. In the gathering dusk, he saw that several French Spads were engaged in a hot fight with the protecting Fokkers of a German two-seated photography plane. The latter, considerably lower, was already making for home. Luke ranged the nose of his plane on it and dived. The pilot crumpled over in his seat, and down went the heavy plane. Well could Luke say, "Vengeance is mine!" Two drachen, two scout planes, and one two-seater, probably carrying valuable photographs, in less than fifteen minutes! That is the record for the war, for either side. These five victories permanently made Frank Luke the leading American balloon ace,—a place till then held by Tobin of the Lafayette Squadron,—and for a time, the title of American Ace of Aces, then held by Rickenbacker of the 94th Squadron. The two drachen victories alone won for him his place as an equal of Coppens, the great Belgian balloon ace, and of Guntherman, the most noted German balloon ace.

Had Wehrner been alive, Luke could have thoroughly enjoyed the renown he had won—renown that made his name a household word, if I may so express it, to the rest of us in the A. E. F. As it was, he was inconsolable, and the memory of his friend's sacrifice seemed to be ever with him.

The next day the five victories were confirmed, and with them the three he had won on September 12 and 13. These gave him a total of six planes and eight balloons—fourteen victories—all of which were won in the preceding nine days! No other flyer in the war had then, nor has since, gained so many victories in so short a time—not even those peers among fliers, Bishop, Guynemer, or Fonck.

That night the 1st Pursuit Group gave a dinner in honor of Luke, and he was allowed a week's leave in Paris. In those days, no one was allowed to go to Paris except on official business.

On the day of Luke's return to the front he shot down another plane. That evening he did not return to his own field, but spent the night at an aërodrome many miles away, occupied by a French squadron. When he returned the next day he was reprimanded, and ordered thereafter, at the conclusion of each patrol he flew, to return to his own field.

A day later, September 28, he downed another drachen and spent the night with an American balloon company. The following day, as it was learned later, Luke landed at a French field just north of Toul and obtained a fresh supply of gasolene. He left there at dusk. Flying over the station of the balloon company with whom he had spent the night, he dropped a note to them in one of his metal dispatch-cylinders and then flew north. The members of the company picked up the cylinder and found that the note asked them to watch the enemy balloons a little to their left near Dun-sur-Meuse. Looking to the north, they could just make out the great gray balloon in the failing light. They knew what was going to happen. And sure enough, in a few minutes the watchers saw the bag fall like a stone, flames shooting from it high into the sky. An interval of two or three minutes followed. Then another drachen farther to the east was seen to blaze up, lighting the country about it for some distance. Hardly had the flames died down when a third balloon exploded with a great flash, making for Luke his twelfth balloon victory. The watchers immediately telephoned the confirmations to the 1st Pursuit Group.

Including the seven planes to his credit, Luke had a total of nineteen victories won in twenty days, seven of which had been spent on leave. This gave him such a lead over the other American aces that the only one able to overcome it was Rickenbacker, who, at the close of the war, had gained a total of twenty-six victories.

That night, September 29, Luke again did not appear at his home field, nor did he the next. Knowing his methods, it was thought among the members of his Group that he would glide down in a day or so and turn in his report. But days passed and he did not appear, nor was anything heard of him. His squadron commander is quoted as having said that, in the event of Luke's return, he would first court-martial him and then recommend him for the Legion of Honor. Finally, on October 18, through some information received from the Germans, the International Red Cross reported him "killed in action," but nothing further could be learned. What had happened, no one seemed to know. The end of the war came, and still the mystery was unsolved.

Soon after the new year, the incredible story of an American aviator buried at Marvaux was

heard by Captain McCormick, a Red Cross officer, who was in the vicinity of Dun-sur-Meuse, north of Verdun, hunting for the graves of missing men. Becoming interested, he investigated and found the grave of this soldier in the cemetery of the village of Marvaux near by. The body was disinterred and identified by a finger-ring as that of Frank Luke. Captain McCormick secured a statement of what had happened there on that summer evening three months before. This statement was signed and sworn to by fifteen of the inhabitants of the village who had been eye-witnesses to the tragedy.

This was their story: at dusk on Sunday, September 29, 1918, they had seen an American scout plane fly toward their village from the southeast. The pilot suddenly nosed his plane straight down and then flattened out close to the ground. He flew toward Doulcon, where he attacked and burned a German observation balloon. Watching him, they saw him fly back across the Meuse River to the village of Milly, where he burned another German balloon. There a terrific fire was directed at his plane from the machine-guns protecting the bag; and from the manner in which he flew, it was conjectured that he had been hit. Flying very low, he headed for Marvaux, where he turned his guns on some German soldiers, killing six and wounding six more. Immediately after, he landed. He climbed out of his plane and went toward a small stream of water near by. Seeing some German soldiers coming toward him, he used his last ounce of strength to draw his pistol. But before he could fire, he fell dead from a severe wound he had received in his chest. The villagers testified that the German commandant of the town refused to allow them to place straw in the cart that carried the body to the cemetery, nor would he allow the women to wrap a sheet about it. Instead, he gave the order, "Get that out of the way as quickly as possible!" Two elderly Frenchmen living in the village, Messieurs Cortlae Delbert and Voliner Nicolas, testified to having placed the body of the flier on the cart and conducted it to the cemetery.

So fought and died Frank Luke, America's second ace and her greatest balloon ace, who will live forever in the memory of his countrymen as an example of the highest courage and patriotism.

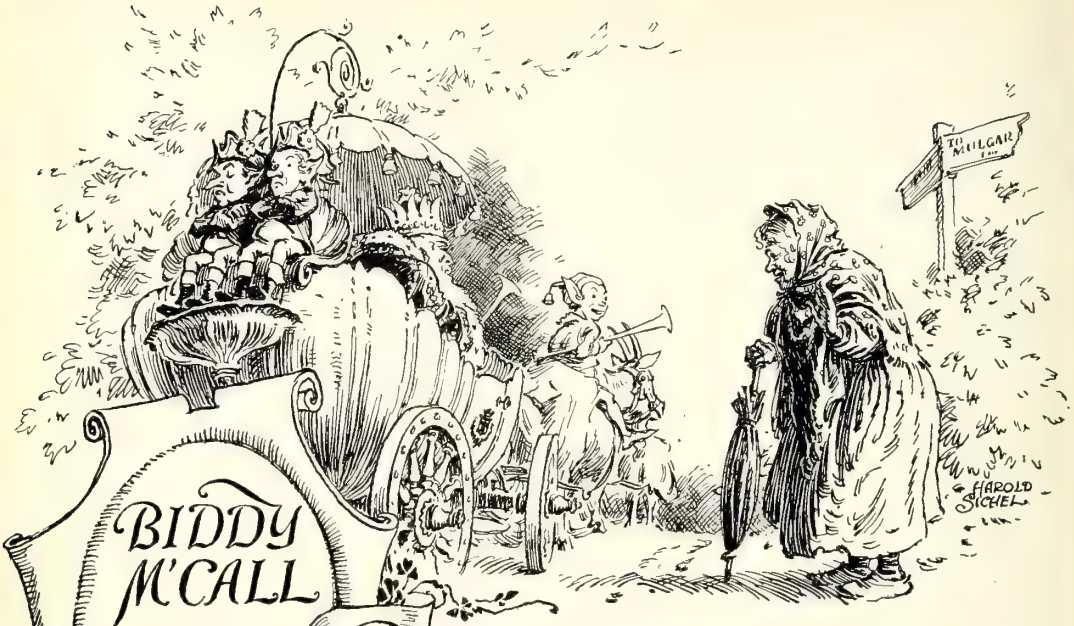
UN-FACTFUL

By BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

YOUNG Donald goes to school, of course,
  And learns new things each day:
And yet you would not think it
  From the things you hear him say.

He seems to be in doubt of facts.
  For when he tries to tell
An ordinary happening,
  He starts out rather well
But then a haze will seem to cloud
  The tale he tells to you;
He said, for instance, "Yesterday,
  I met—oh, you know who—
With What-d' you-call-him on the street—
  You know the street I mean—
And we got What 's-his-name to come
  And join us on the green.
He brought his thing-um-bobs along,
  So we could have a game.
We had a dandy time until
  It got a little tame;
Then we went down the river-path
  As far as—I forget—
But pretty far—to Someone's Wharf,
  And there his boy we met.
He let us take his father's boat
  And what-you-call-it, too;
And told us where to catch those fish—
  You know—the kind that 's blue.
We stayed till—I-don't-know-just-when,
  With only one mishap:
The wind blew Someone's jigger off—"
  (This meant young Reynold's cap).

Now if in school our Donald bounds
  The States with "You-know-whats,"
And says the exports of a place
  Are such things as "forgots";
If "What 's-his-name" was President
  In "I-don't-know-just-when";
If "Oh-you-know" was famous for
  The way he led his men;
If "what-you-call-its" grow on trees,
  And "thing-um-bobs" are rare,—
Our Donald's Seat of Learning then
  Must be the Dunce's Chair!



BIDDY M'CALL

By GEORGE WILLIAM OGDEN

OULD Biddy M'Call was n't right in her head,
An' wan time she wandered away.
Sure every wan said she 'd be comin' home dead,
But they found her all right the next day.
She was lyin' asleep at the foot of the rock
Where 't is said that St. Swithin wance preached to his flock.

The ould woman said she was travelin' the lane
That leads to the town of Mulgar;
As twilight was fallin' she heard the swate strain
Of music, an' then came a car,
Wid trumpeters blowin' their trumpets before,
An' footmen behind for to open the door.

An' the king of the fairies was sittin' inside,
Dressed all in his robes an' his crown,
An' he halted the car an' he asked: "Will ye ride?
I 'll give ye a lift to the town."
The footmen in livery helped her get in
While the king sat a-strokin' the beard on his chin.

They passed through the village of Bally M'Cleugh,
An' on toward old Craig Na' Gallów;
None seemed to be notin' the car passin' through,
Nor hearin' the trumpeters blow.
So she knew that the king had them under a spell
That they could n't be seein' nor hearin' him well.

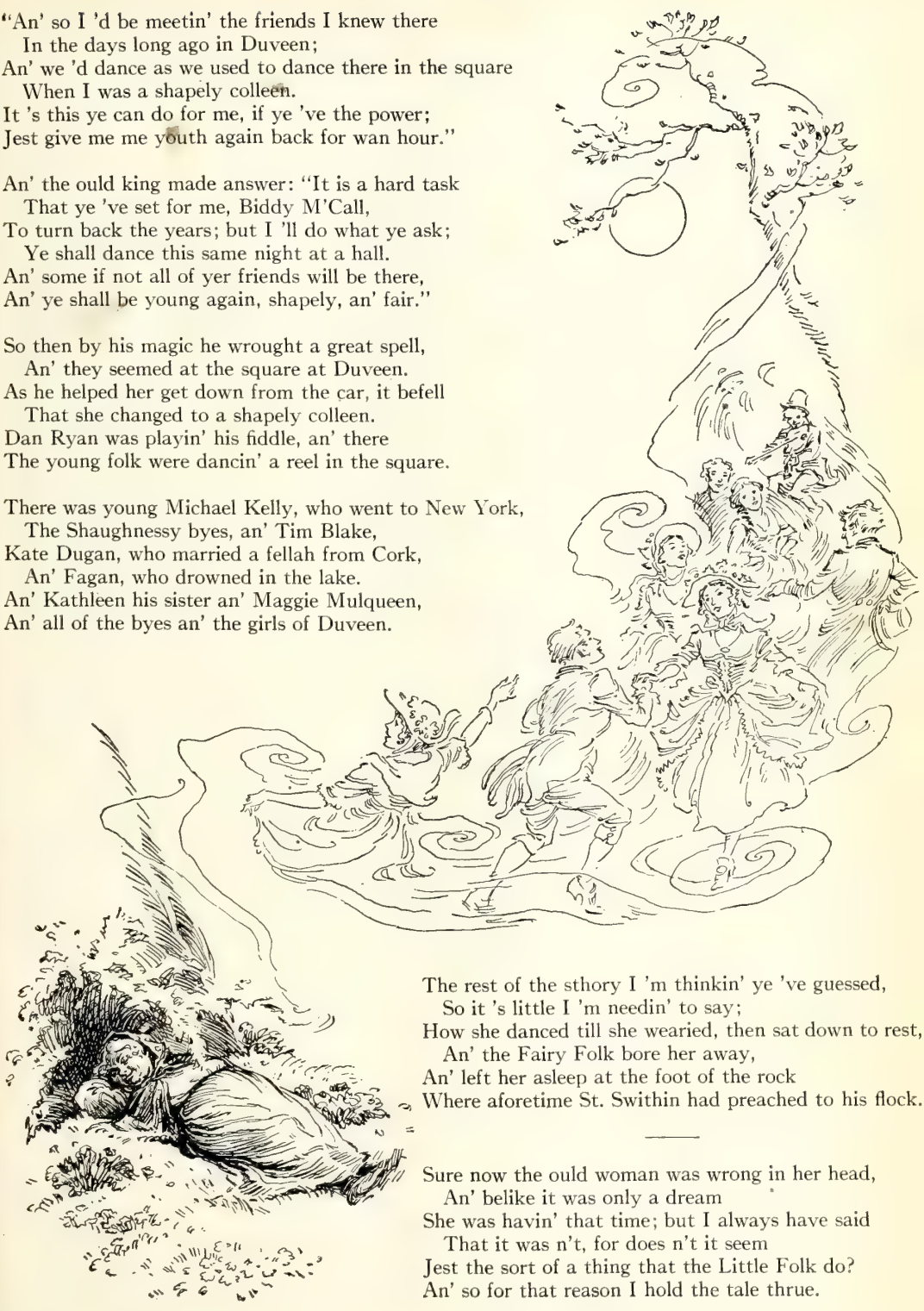
Then the ould king he said to her: "Granny, good wife,
It 's ould that ye are, an' ye 're gray.
If ye could be havin' wan wish in yer life,
What is it ye 'd ask for to-day?"
An' she answered him back: "I will tell ye the truth—
I would ask to be back in the days of me youth.

"An' so I 'd be meetin' the friends I knew there
In the days long ago in Duveen;
An' we 'd dance as we used to dance there in the square
When I was a shapely colleen.
It 's this ye can do for me, if ye 've the power;
Jest give me me youth again back for wan hour."

An' the ould king made answer: "It is a hard task
That ye 've set for me, Biddy M'Call,
To turn back the years; but I 'll do what ye ask;
Ye shall dance this same night at a hall.
An' some if not all of yer friends will be there,
An' ye shall be young again, shapely, an' fair."

So then by his magic he wrought a great spell,
An' they seemed at the square at Duveen.
As he helped her get down from the car, it befell
That she changed to a shapely colleen.
Dan Ryan was playin' his fiddle, an' there
The young folk were dancin' a reel in the square.

There was young Michael Kelly, who went to New York,
The Shaughnessy byes, an' Tim Blake,
Kate Dugan, who married a fellah from Cork,
An' Fagan, who drowned in the lake.
An' Kathleen his sister an' Maggie Mulqueen,
An' all of the byes an' the girls of Duveen.



The rest of the sthory I 'm thinkin' ye 've guessed,
So it 's little I 'm needin' to say;
How she danced till she wearied, then sat down to rest,
An' the Fairy Folk bore her away,
An' left her asleep at the foot of the rock
Where aforetime St. Swithin had preached to his flock.

Sure now the ould woman was wrong in her head,
An' belike it was only a dream
She was havin' that time; but I always have said
That it was n't, for does n't it seem
Jest the sort of a thing that the Little Folk do?
An' so for that reason I hold the tale thrue.

THE HAPPY VENTURE

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

By the author of "Blue Magic"

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

MRS. STURGIS loses almost all her money, suffers a nervous collapse and goes to a sanatorium. Her children,—Kenelm, sixteen, Felicia, fifteen, and eight-year-old Kirk, who is blind,—move from the town house to a little ramshackle farm in Asquam, which they reclaim till it blooms into a charming, livable place. Ken runs the popular "Sturgis Water Line," carrying baggage between Bayside and Asquam with his salvaged motor-boat. Kirk is happy in the friendship and teaching of the maestro, a charming old musician, who lives near by in the house whose garden has not been tended since the maestro's son ran away to sea years before. But now Kirk himself has been swept out to sea alone in Ken's boat, which has got adrift. After a hideous eternity of floating on, he is picked up at sea, unconscious from exhaustion and seasickness, by the four-masted schooner *Celestine*, homeward bound from South America. Kirk gives much account of himself to Martin, mate of the *Celestine*, who, next day, takes Kirk home to Asquam from Bedford where the schooner docks. Felicia and Ken, heartbroken and hopeless, are at the maestro's house, and there Kirk and Mr. Martin find them. While the joyful reunion is taking place, the mate stands apart, whistling a plaintive little tune that seems vaguely familiar.

CHAPTER XV

MARTIN!

"Roses in the moonlight,
To-night all thine."

That was the tune, to be sure! The maestro was on his feet. He walked slowly to the open French window.

"What—what right have you to come here whistling—*that?*" he breathed. He wheeled suddenly on Kirk. "Did you sing it to him?" he demanded. "Is this—*what* is this?"

"I did n't," said Kirk, quickly; "Oh, I did n't."

The air seemed tense, burdened with something that hovered there in the stillness of the waiting garden.

"I can think of no one," said the stranger, slowly, "who has a better right to whistle it here."

The maestro grasped the man's arm fiercely.

"Turn around!" he said. "What do you mean? What *can* you mean—unless—"

He flung his arm suddenly before his eyes, as he met the other's gaze.

"Martin!" he said, in a voice so low that no one but Kirk heard it. And they stood there, quite still in the pale September sunset—the maestro with his arm across his eyes; the mate of the *Celestine* with his hands clasped behind him and his lips still shaping the tune of the song his father had made for him.

Ken, within the room, swung Kirk into his arms.

"The library door 's open," he whispered to Felicia. "*Cut*—as fast as ever you can!"

THE little living-room of Applegate Farm bloomed once more into firelit warmth. It seemed almost to hold forth kindly welcoming arms to its children, together again.

"What shall we talk about first?" Felicia sighed, sinking into the hearth chair, with Kirk on her lap. "I never *knew* so many wildly exciting things to happen all at once!"

It came about, of course, that they talked first of Kirk; but his adventures went hand in hand with the other adventure, and the talk flew back and forth between the *Flying Dutchman* and the *Celestine*, Kirk and Mr. Martin—or Martin, the maestro's son.

"And it was the same old *Celestine!*" Ken marveled; "that 's the queer part." He fidgeted with the tongs for a moment and then said, "You did n't know I once nearly ran away to sea on her, did you?"

Two incredulous voices answered in the negative.

"It was when I was very, very young," said Ken, removed by six months of hard experience from his escapade, "and very foolish. Never mind about it. But who 'd have thought she 'd restore all our friends and relatives to us in this way! By the way, where 's the ill-starred *Dutchman?*"

"Up at Bedford," Kirk said.

"Let her stay there," said Ken. "The season 's over here, for the Sturgis Water Line. And I 'm afraid of that boat. When I go up after Mother I 'll try to sell the thing for what I can get."

Mother! There was another topic! Kirk did n't even know she was coming home! The talk went off on a new angle, and plan followed plan, till Ken rose and announced that he was fairly starved.

"I 'm worn to a wraith," said he. "I have n't had the time or the heart for a decent dinner since sometime in the last century. Bring out the entire contents of the larder, Phil, and let 's have a celebration."

NEXT morning, while the dew still hung in the hollows, Kirk got up and dressed himself without waking Ken. He tiptoed out into the new day, and made his way across the cool, mist-hung meadow to the maestro's hedge. For an idea had been troubling him; it had waked with him, and he went now to make a restoration.

All was quiet in the garden. The first fallen leaves rustled beneath Kirk's feet as he went up the paved path and halted beside the dry fountain. He sat down cross-legged on the coping, with his chin in his hands, and turned his face to the wind's kiss and the gathering warmth of the sun. Something stirred at the other side of the pool—a blown leaf, perhaps; but then a voice remarked:

"Morning, shipmate."

Kirk sprang up.

"You 're just who I wanted to see," he said; "and I thought you *might* be wanting to take a walk in the garden, early."

"You thought right."

They had come toward each other around the pool's rim, and met now at the cracked stone bench where two paths joined. Kirk put his hand through Martin's arm. He always rather liked to touch people while he talked to them, to be sure that they remained a reality and would not slip away before he had finished what he wanted to say.

"What brings you out so early, when you only fetched port last night?" Martin inquired, in his dry voice.

"I wanted to talk to you," Kirk said, "about that song."

"What, about the hat?"

"No, not that one. The birthday one about the roses. You see, the maestro gave it to me on my birthday, because he said he thought you did n't need it any more. But you 're here, and you do. It 's your song, and I ought n't to have it. So I came to give it back to you," said Kirk.

"I see," said Martin.

"So please take it," Kirk pursued, quite as though he had it in his pocket, "and I 'll try to forget it."

"I don't know," said Martin. "The maestro loves you now just about as much as he loved me when I was your size. His heart is divided—so let 's divide the song, too. It 'll belong to both of us. You—you made it rather easier for me to come back here; do you know that?"

"Why did you stay away so long?" Kirk asked.

Martin kicked a pebble into the basin of the pool, where it rebounded with a sharp click.

"I don't know," he said, after a pause. "It was very far away from the garden—those places down there make you forget a lot. And when the maestro gave up his public life and retired, word trickled down to the tropics after a year or so that he 'd died. And there 's a lot more that you would n't understand, and I would n't tell you if you could."



"'WHY DID YOU STAY AWAY SO LONG?' KIRK ASKED."

Another pebble spun into the pool.

"Are you going to stay, now?"

"Yes, I 'm going to stay."

"I 'm glad," said Kirk. They sat still for some moments, and then Kirk had a sudden, shy inspiration.

"Do you think," he ventured, "do you think it would be nice if the fountain could play, now?"

"Eh?" said Martin, waking from brooding thoughts.

"The fountain—it has n't, you know, since you went. And the garden 's been asleep ever since, just like a fairy-tale."

"A fairy-tale! H'm!" said Martin, with a

queer laugh. "Well, let 's wake the fountain, then."

They found the device that controlled the water, and wrenched it free. Kirk ran back down the path to listen, breathless, at the edge of the pool. There came first the rustle of water through long unused channels, then the shallow splash against the empty basin. Little by little the sound became deeper and more musical, till the still morning vibrated faintly to the mellow leap and ripple of the fountain's jubilant voice.

"Oh!" Kirk cried suddenly. "Oh, I 'm happy! Are n't you, Mr. Martin?"

Martin looked down at the eager, joyous face, so expressive in spite of the blankness behind the eyes. His own face filled suddenly with a new light, and he put out his hands as if he were about to catch Kirk to him. But the moment passed; the reserve of long years, which he could not in an instant push from him, settled again in his angular face. He clasped his hands behind him.

"Yes," said Martin, briefly, "I 'm happy."

CHAPTER XVI

ANOTHER HOME-COMING

Mrs. Sturgis stepped eagerly off the twelve-five train on to the Bedford Station platform, and stood looking expectantly about her. A few seconds later Ken came charging through the crowd from the other end of the platform. They held each other for a moment at arms' length, in the silent, absorbing welcome when words seem insufficient; then Kenelm picked up his mother's bag and tucked her hand through his arm.

"Now don't get a cab, or anything," Mrs. Sturgis begged. "I can perfectly well walk to the street-car—or up to the house, for that matter. Oh, I 'm so much, much better."

"Well," Ken said, "I thought we 'd have a little something to eat first, and then—"

"But we 'll have lunch as soon as we get home, dear. What—"

"Well, the fact is," Ken said hastily, "you see we 're not at Westover Street just now. We 've been staying in the country for a while, at the jolliest old place, and, er—they want you to come up there for a while, too."

Ken had been planning different ways of telling his mother of the passing of the Westover Street house, all the way down from Asquam. He could not, now, remember a single word of all those carefully thought out methods of approach.

"I don't think I quite understand," Mrs. Sturgis said. "Are you staying with friends? I did n't know we knew any one in the country."

They were in the middle of the street, and Ken chose to focus his attention on the traffic.

"Let 's get to the lunch place," he said. "It 's quieter there, to talk."

"Still wearing that old suit, dear?" Mrs. Sturgis said, touching Ken's sleeve as he hung up his overcoat in the restaurant.

"Er—this is my good suit," Ken murmured. "That is, it 's the only suit I have—that is—"

"See here," said Mrs. Sturgis, whose perceptions were beginning to quicken as she faced a member of her family again with the barrier of cautious letters thrown aside; "there 's been *enough* money, has n't there?"

"Lots," Ken said hastily. "We 've been living royally—wait till you see. Oh, it 's really a duck of a place—and Phil 's a perfect wonder."

"*What* 's a duck of a place?"

"Applegate Farm. Oh law! Mother dear, I 'll have to tell you. It 's only that we decided the old house was too expensive for us to run just for ourselves, so we got a nice old place in the country and fixed it up."

"You decided—you got a place in the country? Do you mean to say that you poor, innocent children have had to manage things like *that?*"

"We did n't want you to bother. *Please* don't worry, now." Ken looked anxiously across the table at his mother, as though he rather expected her to go off in a collapse again.

"Nonsense, Ken, I 'm perfectly all right! But—but—oh, please begin at the beginning and unravel all this."

"Wait till we get on the train," Ken said. "I want to arrange my topics. I did n't mean to spring it on you this way, at all, Mother. I wish Phil had been doing this job."

But Ken's topics did n't stay arranged. As the train rumbled on toward Bayside, the tale was drawn from him piecemeal; what he tried to conceal, his mother soon enough discovered by a little questioning. Her son dissimulated very poorly, she found to her amusement. And, after all, she must know the whole, sooner or later. It was only his wish to spare her any sudden shock which made him hold back now.

"And you mean to tell me that you poor dears have been scraping along on next to nothing, while selfish Mother has been spending the remnant of the fortune at Hilltop?"

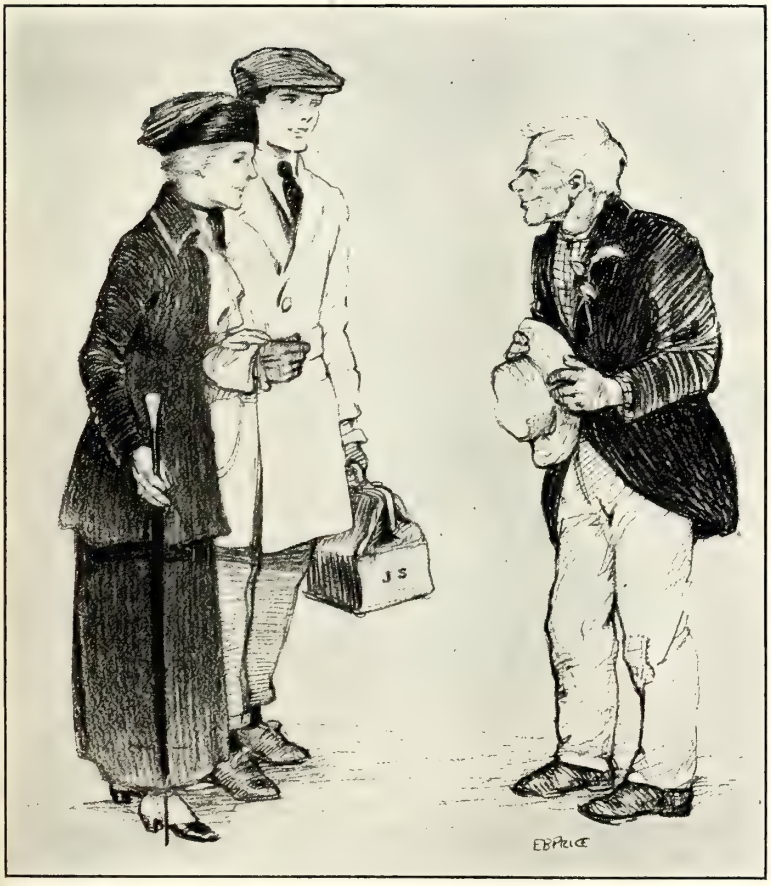
"Oh, pshaw, Mother!" Ken muttered, "there was plenty. And look at you, all nice and well for us. It would have been a pretty sight to see *us* flourishing around with the money while you perished forlorn, would n't it?"

"Think of all the wealth we 'll have *now*," Mrs. Sturgis suggested, "all the hundreds and hundreds that Hilltop has been gobbling."

"I 'd forgotten that," whistled Ken. "Hi-ya! We 'll be bloated aristocrats, we will! We 'll have a steak for dinner!"

"Oh, you poor chicks!" said his mother.

She must hear about the Sturgis Water Line, and hints of the maestro, and how wonderful Phil had been, teaching Kirk and all, and how perfectly magnificent Kirk was altogether—a jumbled rigamarole of salvaged motor-boats, reclaimed farm-house, music, somebody's son at sea, and dear knows what else, till Mrs. Sturgis hardly knew whether or not any of this wild dream was verity. Yet the train—and later, the trolley-car—continued to roll through unfamiliar country, and Mrs. Sturgis resigned herself trustfully to her son's keeping.



"'PROUD DAY, MA'AM,' SAID HOP"

At the Asquam Station, Hop was drawn up with his antiquated surrey. He wore a sprig of goldenrod in his buttonhole, and goldenrod bobbed over the old horse's forelock.

"Proud day, ma'am," said Hop, as Ken helped his mother into the wagon, "Proud day, I 'm sure."

"As if I were a wedding or something," whispered Mrs. Sturgis. "Ken, I 'm excited!"

She looked all about at the unwinding view up Winterbottom Road—so familiar to Ken, who was trying to see it all with fresh eyes. They climbed out at the gate of the farm, and Hop turned his beast and departed. Half-way up the sere dooryard, Ken touched his wondering mother's arm and drew her to a standstill. There lay Applegate Farm, tucked like a big gray boulder between its two orchards. Asters, blue and white, clustered thick to its threshold, honeysuckle swung buff trumpets from the vine about the windows. The smoke from the white chimney rose and drifted lazily away across the russet meadow, which ended at the once mysterious hedge. The place was silent with the silence of a happy dream, basking content in the hazy sunlight of the late September afternoon.

Mrs. Sturgis, with a little sound of surprised delight, was about to move forward again, when her son checked her once more. For as she looked, Kirk came to the door. He was carrying a pan and a basket. He felt for the sill with a sandaled toe, descended to the wide doorstone, and sat down upon it with the pan on his knees. He then proceeded to shell Lima beans, his face lifted to the sun, and the wind stirring the folds of his faded green blouse. As he worked he sang a perfectly original song about various things.

Mrs. Sturgis could be detained no longer. She ran across the brown grass and caught Kirk into her arms—tin pan, bean-pods, and all. She kissed his mouth, and his hair, and his eyes, and murmured ecstatically to him.

"Mother! *Mother!*" Kirk cried, his hands everywhere at once; and then, "Phil! *Quick!*"

But Phil was there. When the Sturgis family, breathless, at last sorted themselves out, every one began talking at once.

"*Don't* you really think it 's a nice place?"

"You came sooner than we expected; we meant to be at the gate."

"Oh, my dear dears!"

"*Mother*, come in now and see everything!"

(Kirk, said this, anxious to exhibit what he himself had never seen.)

"Come and take your things off—oh, you *do* look so well, dear."

"Look at the nice view!"

"Don't you think it looks like a real house, even if we did get it?"

"Oh, children *dear!* let me gather my poor scattered wits."

So Mrs. Sturgis was lovingly pulled and pushed and steered into the dusky little living-room, where a few pieces of Westover Street furniture greeted her strangely, and where a most jolly fire burned on the hearth. Felicia removed her mother's hat; Ken put her into the big chair and spirited away her bag. Mrs. Sturgis sat gazing about her—at the white cheese-cloth curtains, the festive bunches of flowers in every available jug, the kitchen chairs painted a decorative blue, and at the three radiant faces of her children.

Kirk, who was plainly bursting with some plan, pulled his sister's sleeve.

"Phil," he whispered loudly, "do you think now would be a good time to do it?"

"What? *Oh*—yes! Yes, go ahead, to be sure," said Felicia.

Kirk galloped forthwith to the melodeon, which Mrs. Sturgis had so far failed to identify as a musical instrument, seated himself before it, and opened it with a bang. He drew forth all the loudest stops—the trumpet, the diapason—for his pæan of welcome.

"It 's a triumphal march, in your honor," Felicia whispered hastily to her mother. "He spent half of yesterday working at it."

Mrs. Sturgis, who had looked sufficiently bewildered, now became frankly incredulous. But the room was now filled with the strains of Kirk's music. The maestro would not, perhaps, have altogether approved of its bombastic nature—but triumphant it certainly was, and sincere. And what the music lacked was amply made up in Kirk's face as he played—an ineffable expression of mingled joy, devotion, and the solid satisfaction of a creator in his own handiwork. He finished his performance with one long-drawn and really superb chord, and then came to his mother on flying feet.

"I meant it to be much, much nicer," he explained, "like a real one that the maestro played. But I made it all for you, Mother, anyway—and the other was for Napoleon or somebody."

"Oh, you unbelievable old darling!" said Mrs. Sturgis. "As if I would n't rather have that than all the real ones! But, Ken—you did n't tell me even that he could play do-re-mi-fa!"

"Well, *Mother!*" Ken protested, "I could n't tell you *every*thing."

And Mrs. Sturgis, striving to straighten her tangled wits, admitted the truth of this remark.

After supper, which was a real feast, including bona fide mutton-chops and a layer cake, the Sturgis family gathered about their fireside.

"This is *home* to you," Mrs. Sturgis said. "How strange it seems! But you 've made it home—I can see that. How did you, you surprising people! And such cookery and all; I don't know you!"

Phil and Ken looked at one another in some amusement.

"The cookery?" said Felicia, "I 'll admit came by degrees. Do you remember that very first bread?"

"If I recall rightly, I replaced that loose stone in the well-coping with it, did n't I?" said Ken, "or did I use it for the *Dutchman's* bow anchor?"

"Nothing was wrong with those biscuits, to-night," Mrs. Sturgis said. "Come and sit here with me, my Kirk."

Felicia blew out the candles that had graced the supper-table, drew the curtains across the windows where night looked in, and came back to sit on the hearth at her mother's feet. The contented silence about the fire was presently broken by a tapping at the outer door, and Ken rose to admit the maestro and Martin. The maestro, after a peep within, expressed himself loth to disturb such a happy time, but Ken haled him in without more ado.

"Nonsense, sir," he said. "Why—why you 're part of us. Mother would n't have seen half our life here till she 'd met you."

So the maestro seated himself in the circle of firelight, and Martin retired behind a veil of tobacco-smoke—with permission—in the corner.

"We came," said the maestro, after a time of other talk, "because we 're going away so soon, and—"

"Going away!" Three blank voices interrupted him. Kirk left even his mother's arm, to find his way to the maestro's.

"But I do go away," said the old gentleman, lifting a hand to still all this protest, "every autumn—to town. And I came partly to ask—to beg you—that when cold weather seems to grip Applegate Farm too bitterly, you will come, all of you, to pay an old man a long visit. May I ask it of you, too, Mrs. Sturgis? My house is so big—Martin and I will find ourselves lost in one corner of it. And—" he frowned tremendously and shook Kirk's arm, "I absolutely forbid Kirk to stop his music. How can he study music without his master? How can he study without coming to stay with his master, as it was in the good old days of apprenticeship?"

Felicia looked about the little shadow-flecked room.

"I know what you 're thinking," said the maestro, smoothing Kirk's dark hair. "You 're hating the thought of leaving Applegate Farm. But perhaps the winter wind will sing you a different tune. Do you not think so, Mrs. Sturgis?"

Mrs. Sturgis nodded. "Their experience does n't yet embrace all the phases of this," she said.

"Yes," said the maestro, "some day before the snows come, you will come to me. And we 'll fill that big house with music, and songs, and laughing—yes, and work, too. Ah, please!" said the maestro, quite pathetically.

Felicia put her hand out to his.

"We *will* come, dear maestro," she said, "when this little fire will not keep us warm any longer."

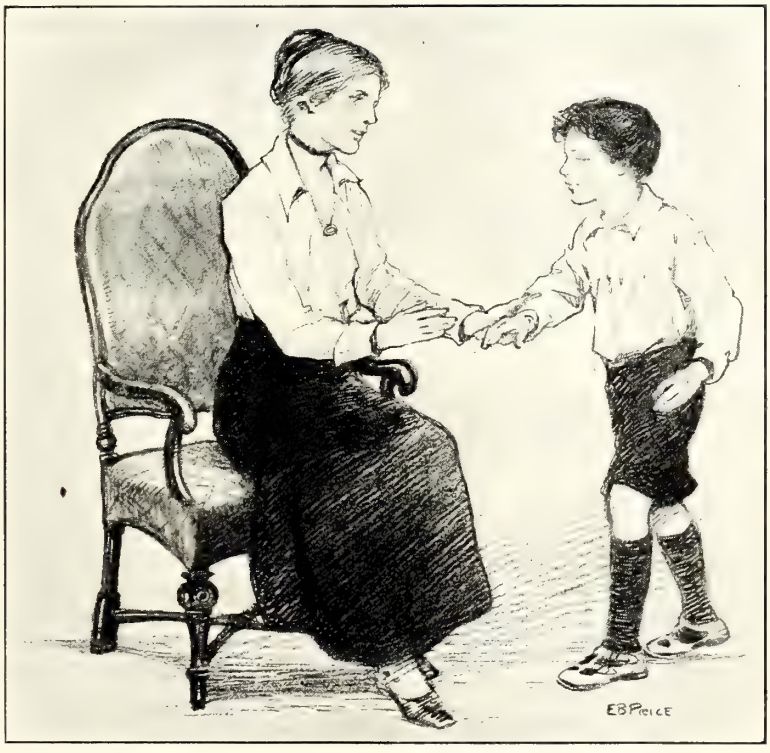
"Thank you," said the maestro.

From behind them came murmurous talk of ships—Ken and Martin discussing the *Celestine* and her kind, and the magic ports below the Line. Kirk whispered suddenly to the maestro, who protested.

"Oh, please!" begged Kirk, his plea becoming audible. "*Really* it 's a nice thing. I know Ken makes fun of it, but I *have* learned a lot from it, have n't I? Please, maestro!"

"Very well, naughty one," said the musician; "if your mother will forgive us."

He bowed to her, and then moved with Kirk into the unlit part of the room where the little organ stood. With a smile of tender amusement, he sat down at the odd little thing and ran his fingers up and down the short, yellowed keyboard. Then, with Kirk lost in a dream of rapt worship and listening ecstasy beside him, he began to play. And his touch made of the little worn melodeon a singing instrument, glorified beyond its own powers by the music he played.



"'I MEANT IT TO BE MUCH, MUCH NICER,' KIRK EXPLAINED"

The dimly firelit room swam with the exquisite echo of the melody. Ken and Martin sat quiet in their corner. Felicia gazed at the dear people in the home she had made: at Ken, who had made it with her—dear old Ken, the defender of his kindred; at Kirk, for whom they had kept the joy of living alight; at the maestro, the beautiful spirit of the place; at her mother, given back to them at last. Mrs. Sturgis looked wonderingly at her children in the firelight, but most of all at Kirk, whose face was lighted, as he leaned beside the maestro, with a radiance she had never before seen there.

And without, the silver shape of a waning moon climbed between the black, sighing boughs of the laden orchard, and stood above the broad, gray roof of Applegate Farm.

THE END



THE TEST OF SPORTSMANSHIP

By SOL METZGER



VICTORY alone is not the final aim in sport. There is a higher motive and a better purpose. Lacking it, sport would not have gained its present strong position in our national life nor be recognized as such a necessary factor in our schools and colleges. Now this quality referred to is not that our athletics serve the worthy purpose of building strong and healthy bodies, while affording that recreation every person actually needs; rather, it concerns itself with unselfishness, which, after all, is sport's finest trait.

There is no better way to show what is meant by unselfishness in sport than to illustrate by examples. These are to be found in abundance. A few such are given below, not because they are outstanding, but because they either have come under the writer's own observation or have reached him from unquestioned sources. Unfortunately, too little is written of such incidents, due no doubt to the rush and hurry of reporters in covering the story of each athletic event for their newspapers. Yet in the more careful analysis of the game, unselfishness is often the predominating feature.

In 1917 I coached the Washington and Jefferson football team. We played West Virginia, a time-honored rival, near the close of the season. The elevens of these two colleges always rank near the top, and their close proximity has developed a keen rivalry. So intense is the desire for victory in this contest, that neither team feels it has had a successful season should it defeat every other competitor on its schedule and then be outscored by the other. In such a match the players are at high tension, and the temptation to win by other than fair means is often tremendous. Let it be said that the play in this and other big gridiron battles is as clean as it is hard. This particular contest was no exception to the rule. Bitterly played, full of thrilling episodes, it gave added evidence of how splendidly the American collegian can concentrate upon the game itself in spite of the attending uproar and excitement. For most of the way, it looked like an even affair. Neither team seemed able to penetrate the stanch defense of the other. Then West Virginia, by a series of brilliantly executed forward passes, each made by Rodgers, the all-American full-back of last year, scored a touch-down. Every one thought the victory secured.

Not so the Washington and Jefferson eleven. With indomitable spirit, they staged a remarkable "come back." It was all the more conspicuous because, of the four backs who had started the game for this team, Bill Stobbs, the 140-pound quarter, was the only one of them physically able to gain ground. Alone and unaided, this boy drove himself into the opposing line until he had carried the ball over half the length of the field to a first down on West Virginia's three-yard line. Now there was a wild scene in the W. and J. stands, for it was believed that on the next play Stobbs would tie the score and thus save his side from what looked like certain defeat but a few minutes before.

But when it came time for giving the signal, which every W. and J. man believed would tie the score, they had not reckoned with Stobbs. He suddenly recalled all that Captain "Scrubby" McCreight had done for his team in former games and former seasons. McCreight, playing at full-back, had been hopelessly battered in that and in previous games. Earlier in this contest it had been necessary to take him out temporarily. "Guess I 'll give Old Scrubby the ball and let him make this touch-down," thought Stobbs; "He certainly deserves that honor." And without further delay, Stobbs did about as unselfish an act as ever was seen in football—he called McCreight's signal. The latter summoned what strength remained, threw himself at the opening, but was far too exhausted, unfortunately, to hold the ball.

A fumble came, and a West Virginian secured it, thus preventing W. and J. from tying the score. It was a hard defeat to accept; but when Stobbs afterward explained his reasons for calling upon McCreight, we carried nothing but fine memories from that field.

Contrast this with another contest between the teams of our two leading universities more than twenty years ago, and one will clearly understand why that failure in the West Virginia game carried no sting. These two teams battled to a scoreless tie that autumn because the selfishness of one of the captains wrecked his machine. Toward the

closing minutes of this notable struggle,—the first big game I ever witnessed,—the guard of this team alone and by sheer strength and determination carried the ball from back of mid-field to within a few yards of the opponents' goal in a series of mighty rushes. There was no denying him. His eleven seemed certain of the victory.

Then, from his position at the end of the line, the captain of the team ordered his own signal to be given for his run around the other end, in order that *he* might be cheered—rather than the deserving guard—as the player who won the game. Never was there a more selfish act in college sport; never did such an act meet with more just penalty; for as this captain ran back of his line, a player on the opposing side threw him for such a big loss that even the mighty guard failed to recover the distance in his next attempts. Thus the team was denied its well-earned victory.

How pleasing is the play of brilliant Benny Boynton, captain and quarter-back of the Williams eleven last year and this, and recognized by all football men as a great athlete. Apparently no amount of college and athletic honors have lost for him his high sense of sportsmanship. In the annual game with Amherst last season, Boynton caught a punt and, by reason of a brilliant bit of running, wormed his way through the whole opposing eleven and was just about to cross the goal-line when Captain Zink, the Amherst leader, brought him down with a remarkable tackle. Quick as a flash, Boynton leaped to his feet, seized the hand of Zink, and congratulated him upon the wonderful play which prevented Boynton scoring—an unselfish compliment if ever there was one.

Big-league baseball, forced to cater to public opinion and the whims of its fans, lives solely because the majority of its leaders have a high regard for sportsmanship. An incident from the World Series of 1913, between the New York Giants and the Boston Red Sox, will suffice. They were playing the seventh and deciding game, with New York in the lead and Boston batting in their half of the ninth with two men out. A hopeless fly was sent out to the New York center-fielder. It looked like a sure out, and the big end of the purse for the Giants. But Snodgrass, all set to catch it, miserably muffed the ball, and the Red Sox eventually won that game and the series. That "thirty-thousand-dollar muff," as it was called at the time, caused Snodgrass to be the target for great abuse at the hands of the fans. That the Giants' manager must surely get rid of him was the sentiment of nearly every one of them. And that was the feeling I heard expressed one night in the office of a New York newspaper. Whereupon a friend of the Giants spoke: "I think you 're all wrong. Snodgrass will not be treated in that cold-hearted way. Mark my words—Snodgrass will be there next season." And the manager lived up to his friend's belief in him, as he refused to listen to the selfish cry to rid the team of Snodgrass.

Unselfishness of a high order is continually cropping up in tennis. Fred B. Alexander, the veteran internationalist, told me of two instances when this occurred in a Metropolitan championship when he acted as umpire. William A. Larned, many times national singles champion, was playing Carl R. Gardner, in this event, about 1909. During the match, Larned tore a muscle in his leg and was compelled to leave the court for treatment. The rules call for forfeiture in case the delay is longer than five minutes. Thus, Gardner could have claimed the match had he so desired. Instead, he patiently waited for fully half an hour for Larned to return and defeat him. Next day, Larned was unable to meet Gustav F. Touchard in the championship round because of this injury. The latter had a perfect right to the title under such conditions, but he was unselfish enough to have the match postponed until Larned was in shape to play.

Larned won this title from Touchard some six weeks later.

One could easily fill volumes with citations of this nature—case upon case of athletes stopping to aid a distressed opponent rather than continue to victory; of others refusing to profit by the rules of the game, although this course held victory within its grasp; of others who set aside personal ambitions, such as the captaincy of a team, for the reason that a good friend was a candidate; and of still others who fought the fight at grave risk of further injury, when there was no suitable substitute, all because of love for the college. The story of our athletic history is filled with these fine incidents.

But those we have set down will suffice. They clearly prove that our athletes are good sportsmen first and always; that the quality of unselfishness is uppermost in their thoughts. Let me add, in closing, that any other policy in sport is both condemned and disapproved. Unselfishness is the spirit of all rules, as well as the maker of team-work and coöperation. Incidentally, sport is the field which may best develop this fine trait in one's character, a quality that is good to have whether the game be one of sport or of life itself.

The Mission of Sir Quincum

An Adventurous Ballad

by

Charles F. Lester



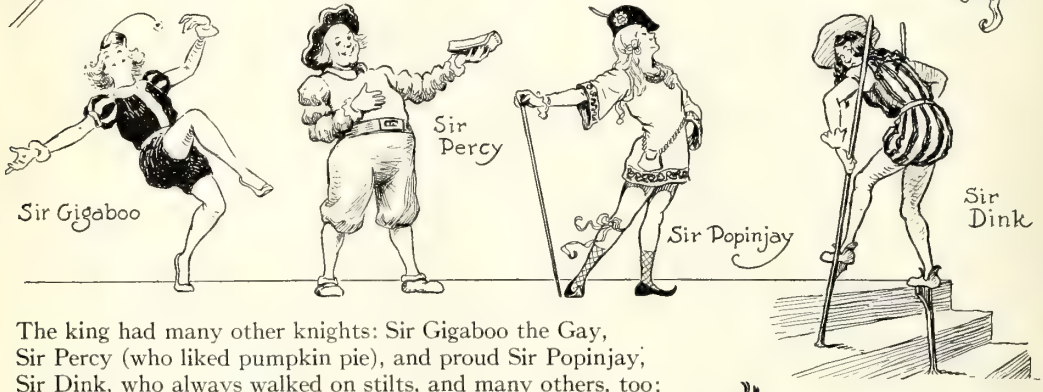




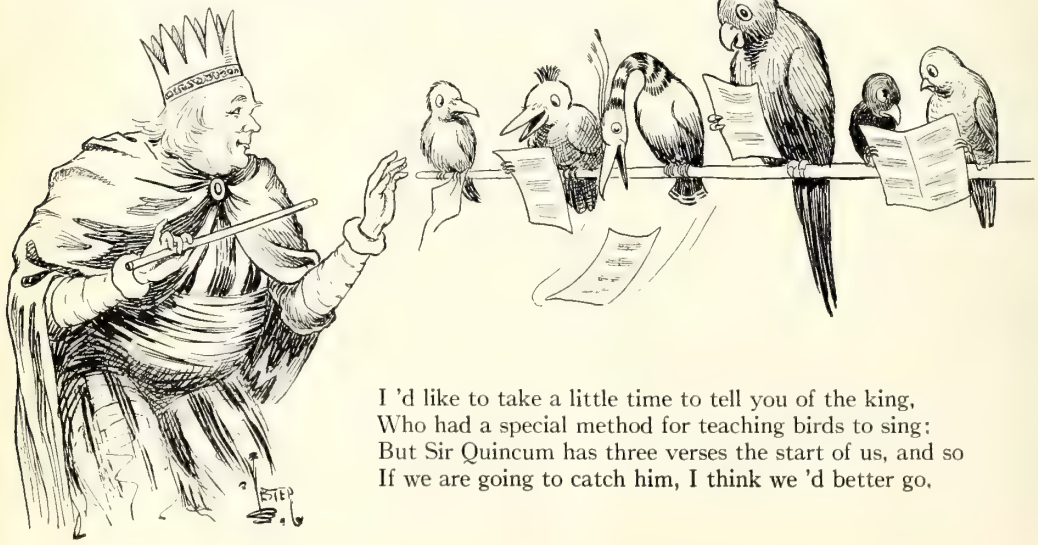
"And should I not return, my liege," quoth he, and wiped his eye,
" 'T will be because I don't come back. Farewell! In fact, good-by!"
(—How now! What 's this? Oh yes, I see! I 've got this thing reversed.
Why, I was really writing my second stanza first!)

Of course I should have told you how the good King Dingledong
Wished to send a secret message to the Emperor of Bhong.
He hit upon Sir Quincum as the very man to go,
And how the knight departed, you, of course, already know.





The king had many other knights: Sir Gigaboo the Gay,
Sir Percy (who liked pumpkin pie), and proud Sir Popinjay,
Sir Dink, who always walked on stilts, and many others, too;
But he chose Sir Quincum just because his name began with Q.



I 'd like to take a little time to tell you of the king,
Who had a special method for teaching birds to sing:
But Sir Quincum has three verses the start of us, and so
If we are going to catch him, I think we 'd better go.

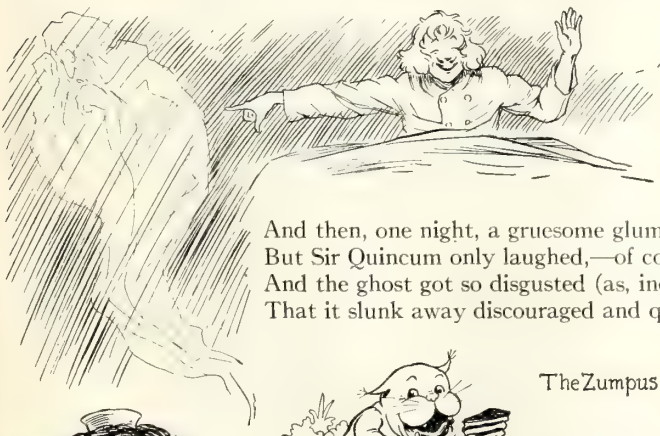




Now if you 're very nervous, *please* don't read any more,
For you 'll find our hero's pathway was beset with dangers sore;
And first of all, a robber band surrounded him one day,
But he sang a comic song at them and frightened them away.

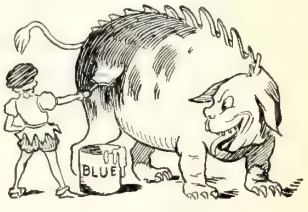
Then the wizard, Ziz, who mostly wizzed by night and slept by day,
And kept pet rats and bats and cats (for that 's a wizard's way),
Tried to hypnotize our hero, but found, to his surprise,
It would n't work at all, because Sir Quincum shut his eyes!





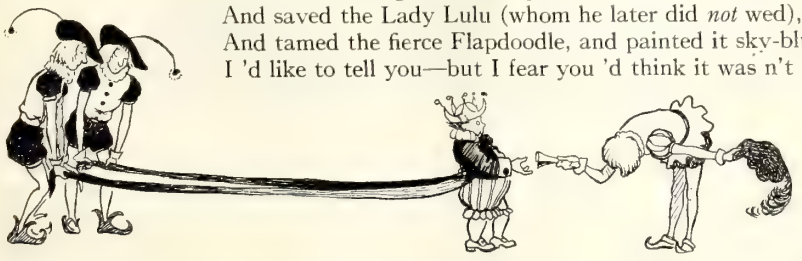
And then, one night, a gruesome glumpish ghost came gibbering,
But Sir Quincum only laughed,—of course he saw right through the thing!—
And the ghost got so disgusted (as, indeed, why should it not?)
That it slunk away discouraged and quit ghosting on the spot!







Now how he fought the Zumpus (which lives on cake, 't is said),
And saved the Lady Lulu (whom he later did *not* wed),
And tamed the fierce Flapdoodle, and painted it sky-blue,
I 'd like to tell you—but I fear you 'd think it was n't true.



Well, finally Sir Quincum reached the Emperor of Bhong,
Who was four feet tall (on Mondays), and had coat-tails three yards long.
And the message from the king? Well, *that* was secret, don't you see,
So if you wish to know it, ask Sir Quincum—don't ask *me!*



THE TOMB OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

By FLORENCE D. WELCH

ALL that is mortal of the discoverer of the New World has at last found a final resting-place. It is a strange fact that the bones of this great adventurer, who crossed the Atlantic eight times during his life, should have been sent across the same ocean twice in an attempt to satisfy claimants for the honor of providing his last earthly home. The first interment was made at Valladolid, Spain. The casket was later moved to Santo Domingo, on the Island of Haiti, then to Havana, Cuba, and finally back to Spain.

In the beautiful cathedral of Seville, the second largest in the world, the marble tomb was erected and surmounted by four allegorical figures. It is a magnificent memorial, and fittingly placed.

Not many steps from this tomb is another, that of Ferdinand Columbus, favorite son of the discoverer. This boy was the namesake of the king and was for many years a page at court. He adored his valiant father, whom he accompanied on his fourth and last voyage; and after the old hero had died in poverty and neglect, Ferdinand set to work to save his memory. He collected a library of twenty thousand volumes concerning his father's labors and adventures, and, along with many interesting memorials of the voyages, he bequeathed this treasure to the cathedral.

It was a grief to the son that his father did not live to know that he had found a new continent, but passed away in the belief that he had only touched outlying islands of Asia.



MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS IN SEVILLE CATHEDRAL

BOY SCOUTS IN THE NORTH; OR, THE BLUE PEARL

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness"

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

JIM DONEGAN, the lumber-king, has a wonderful collection of gems. His specialty is pearls. He tells the Scouts that a blue pearl the size of a certain pink pearl which he owns would be worth $50,000 and that he would be glad to pay that sum for such a pearl, but that no such pearl has ever existed. Joe Couteau, the Indian boy, contradicts this and tells him of the strange island he once, when a little boy, visited with his uncle, the shuman, or medicine-man, of his tribe. There his uncle found a great blue pearl in a strange stream in the interior of the island, the hunting-ground of one of the great brown bears, the largest of known carnivorous animals. Joe is sure that he can find his way back to his tribe and can go again to the island. The lumber-king agrees, if Joe and his friend Will Bright will make the trip, to finance it. Old Jud Adams, who has trapped all through that region, hears of the plan and insists on going along. Another boy is needed to make up the party, and Will and Joe agree to choose the one who shows most sand and sense in the great Interscholastic Games in which Cornwall is to compete. The day of the games comes, and after a number of extraordinary happenings, everything finally turns on the mile run. Freddie Perkins, of the Wolf Patrol, finally wins this after such a heart-breaking finish that he is unanimously elected to the vacant place among the Argonauts, as the four christen themselves. The boys make the journey to the Pacific coast. At Puget Sound they travel north on the timber-tug *Bear*, and, after many adventures, reach Akotan, the Island of the Free People, where they meet Joe's great-uncle the shuman. At Akotan they live for some weeks in the guest-lodge, and go hunting and fishing in preparation for the tests of courage which they must pass before they can journey to Goreloi, the Island of the Bear. They take part in a sea-lion round-up, and Jud by a cool shot saves Will from a sudden and deadly danger. Will qualified for the journey to Goreloi by hunting and killing a sea-otter in the midst of a tremendous storm; and Jud, by killing old Three-toes, the man-eating grizzly. Fred has an almost fatal adventure with the walrus herd and saves the life of old Negouac at the risk of his own. Back in the interior of the island they see the Mahmut, as the natives call a mammoth frozen in the glacier, and Will has a narrow escape. They are initiated in the medicine-lodge, and, after a desperate adventure with a devil-fish, reach Goreloi.

CHAPTER XII

THE BLUE PEARL

THE cañon widened as they pressed farther into its depths and its sides were more broken and less sheer. In single file they marched, led by the great chief, who for all his age, walked with as swift and sure a pace as any of his band. Behind him, at a respectful distance, came Haidahn and Negouac, who carried the weapons of their leader, his bow and quiver and the fierce bear-spear, with its double-edged head of tempered copper a good yard long fixed with a cross-bar at the end of a six-foot handle. With this very weapon, in his youth, the shuman had killed bears single-handed in battles which were still traditions of his tribe. As they marched, the brook rushed down to meet them, babbling, tinkling, talking, changing its tones every moment, but never for an instant silent. In the middle of the trail stood a huge boulder like some squat stone cabin. Beyond this the stream ran through a long stretch of pure white sand. As they reached the great rock, the air was suddenly filled with chiming notes.

"Sounds like church-bells underground," whispered Fred. Up from the surface of the water seemed to throb tiny bell-tones, which all blended together in one ringing rush of sound that was indescribably beautiful. The whole party stopped for a moment as wave after wave of the music floated toward them as if borne on by the brook itself.

"The Singing Sands," murmured Haidahn, to Jud.

The shuman stood and with folded arms gazed fixedly into the rushing water, as if listening to voices unheard by others.

"It is a place of magic," Haidahn went on. "No man may cross or stand on these sands, lest the spirit of the place drag him down. It is here that the medicine-men of old time would come," he continued, lowering his voice as he looked toward the motionless chief. "Fasting and in silence they would wait on the top of that great stone and listen to the voices of the brook until a message came to them."

For long the band waited while the great chief brooded in silence and the air pulsed with the lilting fairy music. At last he started up as one who suddenly awakes, and again the march began. As the bell-notes became fainter and at last died away behind a bend in the stream Will whispered to Fred and Joe that there were three other singing sands known. All of them were quicksands, that is, sand which, although it looks solid, is really floating in water. In them all the sand was made of grains of pure quartz so smooth that each particle was like a little flake of polished glass. Driven together by the movement of the water, each grain would give out a tiny tinkle of sound

which, multiplied by a million, swelled into the bell-notes they had heard.

"That kind of talk may be all right," objected Fred, when Will had finished his lecture, "but it 's too complicated for me. I 'm going to believe with Haidahn that it 's magic. Is n't that right, Joe?"

The Indian's answer was lost in a crash from the cliff above. Bounding from ledge to ledge came a huge boulder. Before one of the party could move, the rock was upon them and whizzed like a cannon-ball directly toward the great chief. Just as it seemed as if it must crush the life out of him, it struck a little point of rock, that jutted up from the base of the cliff, and rose in the air, clearing the shuman's head by a scant foot, and disappeared in the stream with a splash that threw water over them all. The silence that followed was broken by Saanak.

"The sheep, the sheep of the mountain!" he shouted. Following his gaze, they all saw the head of a bighorn, as the trappers call the mountain sheep, looking down at them. Its broad, twisted horns, black muzzle, and white face seemed to lean out into sheer space as it stared down fixedly at them, strangely long for so wary an animal.

For a moment no one moved. Then the great chief started on again, as erect and composed as if he had not just stared death in the face.

"My fetch has spoken—and is gone," said Saanak again; "I follow soon." And he hurried after the shuman.

As the trail turned away from the cliff the whole party looked up at the rocks above, but the bighorn was gone. For a time they followed the windings of the stream along the middle of the little valley. Then once again their path skirted the cliffside. Saanak passed Negouac and Haidahn and did not stop until he was next to the shuman himself.

"I go, O Chief," he said in his singing monotone, "but thou followest close. Farewell!"

As the shuman turned to answer, Saanak stretched out his right arm, ribbed and gnarled as the limb of some old tree. Following his gesture, the band saw once more on a shelf of rock the head of the mountain sheep peering down at them. There was something so sinister and threatening in its fixed gaze that old Jud gripped his rifle. Before he could unsling it from his shoulder, there was a long-drawn, hissing sound through the air, and a barbed arrow pierced deeply the broad chest of Saanak. Dead before he reached the ground, the giant pitched forward with a strangled cry, which was echoed by a shriek from above. A tawny streak had shot down from an upper ledge and, even as Saanak fell, a mountain lion landed directly on the back of the bighorn. The great sheep seemed to crumple beneath its weight, and the next second both animals whirled over the precipice, to land in a tangled mass not two yards away from the body of Saanak. A bullet from Jud's rifle put the big cat out of pain as it writhed with a broken back. The bighorn lay where it had fallen, without a movement.

It was the shuman himself who first examined its strangely flattened body. Reaching down, he raised one of the arching horns and, as he did so, apparently lifted the whole carcass off the ground. A murmur of surprise broke from the band. What the great chief held in his hand was only the dry, tanned skin of a mountain sheep with the head and horns attached. Underneath lay the dead body of a man, his legs chalked white to imitate the coloring of a bighorn and his fingers still wound around a short, powerful bow of osage-orange. Even in death the snaky black eyes of the dead man seemed to contain fathomless depths of cruelty and malignancy, while the copper-colored face showed the same fierce profile that appears on old Assyrian coins and carvings.

As the Indians glimpsed the deadly face a murmur of "Kenaitze! Kenaitze!" went around the circle and every man unconsciously felt for his weapon. Haidahn hurriedly explained to the Argonauts that those of his tribe who came to Goreloi often had to fight for their lives with this fierce, implacable race, who had come to the island from no one knew where. Like the Free People, they had probably found some secret entrance. Away from the central valley they lived hidden in that lone land, an outlaw clan, recognizing no laws and keeping no faith and speaking no language known to other tribes. Haidahn was convinced that this lurker among the crags was not a part of any war-party, but only a solitary hunter after mountain sheep. His disguise had been so fatally perfect that he had been taken for a bighorn and trailed to his death by a mountain lion even while he was making his own kill. In the dim light of the cañon the little party gathered around the lifeless body of their companion.

"Forth-seeing and with strange blood in his veins, yet he never flinched nor faltered even when he knew of his own doom," said Haidahn, in a low voice. "He was a true comrade and a brave man."

Then, at a muttered command from the shuman, he directed the digging of two shallow graves in the soft sand at the foot of the cliff. There in the twilight of the shadowed cañon, guarded by everlasting gates of living rock, with the singing brook at his side and the bear-claw on his breast,

they buried Saanak, the Whale-killer, with his foeman at his feet.

It was a somber and silent party that continued the journey. With weapons in their hands, prepared to fight for their lives at a moment's notice, they followed the winding trail, while Alunak and Akotan went ahead as scouts. As the day wore on, there was no further sign of the Kenaitze and the cañon widened out into a broad valley flanked by mountain-ranges. Once out again in broad daylight and freed from the haunting sense of danger, the spirits of the whole band rose. Jud, especially, tried to cheer up Will and Fred, who had been sobered and saddened by their first experience with sudden death.

"We 've all got to go sometime," he said. "The great thing is to quit ourselves like men while we live," which was as near to preaching as Jud ever came. Then the old man began a long discourse on the mountain lion, the same animal as the cougar and the panther and the most widely distributed of all the American cats, being found as far south as the Argentine.

"It 's the same beast that our great-great-granddads used to call a "painter" before the Revolution, and be more scared of than they were of the wolf and the bear, although it 's about as harmless as a lynx," went on the old man.

"Harmless, hey," objected Will. "How about that one which jumped me back in the bog?"



"A TAWNY STREAK HAD SHOT DOWN FROM AN UPPER LEDGE"

"Well," returned Jud, "when he saw you pickin' flowers and huntin' birds'-nests in a bog he thought you were wrong in the head. He 'd never have taken that chance with anybody else. Another thing about the mountain lion," hurried on Jud, before Will could make any retort, "it 's the best eatin' of any animal, except perhaps a young an' tender wolf."

"Say, Jud," broke in Fred, who had been an interested listener, "you can have my share of both."

By this time they had reached the end of the valley. Before them towered a curved wall of jagged rocks. Past this the shuman led the party by a little path which wound between boulders and zigzagged along precipices until suddenly it

seemed to end at a rim of rock. There before the astonished eyes of the Argonauts, lighted up by the rays of the setting sun, lay what seemed a fairy-land. Before them, as far as they could see, was a circle of green trees and grass and flowers, ringed around by dark cliffs. It was like that little oasis set in a wilderness of ice and snow along the west coast of northern Greenland between Kane Basin and Melville Bay where a warm current touches the frozen coast.

This valley, however, seemed to have been the crater of a vast, extinct volcano. All that was left of the fire and fury of bygone ages were hot springs, which bubbled and steamed everywhere and which gave forth a heat which, as on Halfway Island, raised the temperature many degrees above what it was outside the crater. As they pressed forward, the soft grass came to their knees and the hot, fragrant air was like a breath from the tropics. Beyond the grass was a grove of trees, hung heavy with fruit. At the sight Jud broke into a run.

"Apples!" he yelled. "To think that I should be eatin' red apples beyond the arctic circle!" he mumbled a few minutes later with his mouth full. "It beats singin' sands an' underground elephants."

At a signal from the great chief the whole party separated to revel in the many delights to which they had looked forward for so many weary months. No guard was kept since, by reason of some saving superstition, none of the Kenaitze ever ventured to set foot within the crater itself. Jud and the boys enjoyed themselves with the others. There was bathing in warm, deep pools lined with white and yellow sand, and wonderful trout-fishing in a little river of ice-cold water which wound its way uncooled among boiling hot springs. Will and Fred found flowers which belonged rightfully a thousand miles south, and birds, such as the bronzed humming-bird and the beautiful nonpareil finch, which must have covered hundreds of leagues of half-thawed land and ice to enjoy that northern oasis. To the Eskimo and northern Indians, who knew nothing of warmer, sunlit lands, Goreloi was like Eden itself.

It was the third day of their stay in Goreloi when the great chief beckoned the Argonauts and Haidahn and Negouac to his side.

"To-day," he said "we seek the Blue Pearl."

After a few brief instructions by Haidahn to the rest of the band, the seven started on the quest. Their way led away from the hot springs, across the grassy plain and toward far cliff-walls, which showed dimly in the distance. Here and there, through the waving grass they crossed packed and trodden bear-paths fully a couple of yards broad. At the first of these Jud stopped and studied the trail with a puzzled expression.

"The bear that made that road," he said at last, "must have been about the size of a mahmut. I never saw such a track in my life!"

No one answered him and with a shake of his head he followed the great chief, who pressed forward turning neither to the right nor to the left. On they went through the warm, moist air, waist-deep in grass and flowers, until they reached the distant cliff-face. In its side, grim and black, showed the entrance of a great cave. Fifty feet above the white sand floor a vaulted roof of rock stretched away until its outlines were lost in the darkness. Down through the very middle of the cavern flowed a bright blue stream, which wound its way along the edge of the cliff and disappeared in the lush grass. Not even Will, the scientist, would hazard a guess as to what mineral had given this color to the water. Joe told them that this was not the place where the first blue pearl had been found, but that the water was of the same color. Then, while the great chief sat himself down in the entrance to the cave, began a pearl-hunt led by Joe and Will, who claimed to be expert pearlers on the strength of the famous pink pearl which Will had found, "Scar" Dawson had stolen, Joe recovered, and Jim Donegan bought.

At first the Indians sat as spectators while the Argonauts poked through wet gravel and dabbled in the blue water after fresh-water mussels. It was Fred who made the first find. Opening with his trusty jack-knife a large unio, as the pearl-bearing mussels are called, he discovered in the mantle or lining of the inner shell an irregular-shaped, white pearl as large as a pea. The sight of this treasure-trove was too much for the two chiefs. Piling up their weapons on the bank where the Argonauts had left theirs, Haidahn and Negouac joined the others. Up and down the banks and bed of the blue brook they dug and waded and splashed, while in the shadow of the cliff the great chief leaned on his spear and watched them. Perhaps his mind ran back to the far-away days of his own youth when he too had traveled far and suffered much in the seeking and winning of treasure. Farther and farther down the stream the treasure-hunters splashed their way. For once, even the vigilance of the watchful Haidahn and the wariness of old Jud were relaxed under the spell of treasure-hunting. Not otherwise would they have left the old chief alone nor have gone weaponless even for a moment in a strange country. As for the great chief himself, perhaps, like Saanak, he already knew his fate and future and that it could not be averted, for he did not call them back nor warn them to be on their guard, but sat in the shadow staring half sadly out over the flower fields and the blue water.

Then there came from the dark of the cavern

behind him a roaring, unearthly growl, so deep that it clanged and echoed through the cave like the closing of iron gates far underground. At the sound, the treasure-seekers, who were then well down the brook, splashed out of the shallows to the bank and ran for the life of their leader to where their rifles had been left.

It was too late. Out into the full sunlight towered such a bear as none of them, save Joe, had believed could be found on earth to-day—the great brown bear of the farthest Northwest that rivals the giant cave-bear, which was the terror of mankind in the Old Stone Age of a hundred thousand years ago.

It had the concave face of the grizzly, rather the convex face of the polar bear, and was of a dusky brown in color, silvered with gray at the shoulders. It was its size, however, that was its most terrifying feature. As it approached the old chief, it reared up on its hind legs until it towered a good twelve feet in the air, the largest carnivorous animal in the world to-day. Joe and Fred ran as they had never run in any race, hoping against hope that they might reach the rifles in time. Close behind them was old Haidahn, who, in spite of his age, had passed Negouac and Jud and even Will.

Swift as they were, the great bear was swifter. Towering like a dark shadow of death, he moved forward upon the great chief without a sound after the first growl which had signaled his approach. For an instant the man faced the beast. For the shuman there was no escape, since no man can keep ahead of a bear even one as vast as this.

Nor had the grim old chief any thought of flight. As he stood up for his last fight, with such a monster as man must have battled with often in the days when the beast-folk ruled the world, he seemed to put off his years like a garment. Like an old lion, he threw back his head with its tossing mane of white hair. His spare figure straightened, and gripping his spear with both hands, he awaited the charge of the bear. Memories of forgotten, far-away fights may have surged back to his mind as he stood there in the sunlight with the grim brute in front of him while the beat of the runners' feet and the panting intake of their breath sounded nearer and nearer from behind.

"Come then, O Bear!" he shouted, as he had shouted in his youth in the formula of the bear-hunters. "Come and see which is the stronger. I too have a keen claw, and it waits for thee. Come—"

The rest of the invocation was drowned in the roaring cough that a bear gives as he charges. The old chief braced one foot against a point of rock and waited. Then the long spear-head feinted toward the rushing bulk, now not six feet away. Like a gigantic boxer, the bear struck down at the blade, but the blow met only the empty air. Then, sudden as the fangs of a striking snake, the spear shot forward and the keen three-foot point buried itself just below the mighty fore paw.

With a roar, the great animal rushed forward. The long handle of the spear bent and quivered, but the old chief, braced against the rock, held it firm until the rush of the bear drove the point deep into its huge chest.

Not until the towering figure surged against the very cross-bar, with the spear-point through its heart, did the chief seek his own safety. Then, with the mortally wounded beast almost upon him, he tried to avoid its death-blow by leaping to one side, as he had done so often in his glorious youth. Alas, the speed and the strength of long ago had passed with the years! He sprang away from the spear, but not quick enough nor far enough to escape entirely the last smashing stroke of the dying bear. It hurled him against the rocks with a crash that seemed to break every bone in his wasted body. For a moment he tried vainly to rise, only to find himself paralyzed from his waist downward and with evidently only a few moments of life left to him.

"Vex not yourselves," he said to Haidahn and Negouac as they knelt down beside him in a frenzy of remorse at having left him. "Saanak spoke truly. I follow him close, nor could I have chosen a better way to go. Wrap me in the skin of that bear, than which no man of my tribe ever slew a greater, and bury me here in Goreloi, which I found in the days of my youth and have given to my people."

The old man's voice stopped for a long time. When next he spoke it was so softly that it was hard to catch all the words.

"Danger, sorrow, and death is always the price of the Blue Pearl," he said very low, the very words which Joe had quoted when the quest was first proposed.

"Come close to me, O thou last of my blood," he whispered to Joe. As the boy knelt beside him the old chief unfastened from his neck a little bag made of soft leather and fastened with a curious, interwoven knot. This he thrust into Joe's hands.

"I give to thee and thy friends the Pearl which thou and they sought," he said. "Hold me fast as I go into the dark."

A few moments later, with Joe's strong young arms about him and with Haidahn and Negouac clinging to his robe, as if they would keep him with them, the undaunted soul of the great



"TOWERING LIKE A DARK SHADOW OF DEATH, THE GREAT BEAR MOVED FORWARD"

chief passed to the reward that awaits those who, with no thought of self, have fought and wrought for others.

THE last of the two trains which stopped at Cornwall almost every day, except of course on Sundays and holidays, had come and gone. In the big library of the big house of big Jim Donegan, the biggest lumber-king in all this big world sat alone. He was smoking an aged corn-cob pipe of unsurpassed range and windage. This was a sign that the old man's mind was troubled. Whenever that happened, he always harked back to this particular pipe. It was of about the vintage of the Centennial, and no one could smoke it and think of anything else. Two puffs would be fatal to an uneducated smoker, but had only a soothing effect on big Jim. To-night he certainly needed soothing. There had been a stormy interview with Will's father, a tearful one with Fred's mother, and an embarrassing one with Joe's uncle.

"They all seem to think that I 've kidnapped their blamed boys and sold them up in that well-known slave state of Alaska," grumbled the old man to himself. "I wonder why the mischief I don't get any word from Nord," he broke out again a moment later. "The more salary I pay a man, the more he does as he blame pleases," and big Jim puffed out clouds of raw, acrid smoke until the air smelt like a gas-attack.

At that very psychological, critical, selected moment the door-bell rang. Furthermore, it kept on ringing. Even from the sequestered depths of his library the old man could hear the insistent, irritating, buzzing rattle of that bell. Then followed the steps of his well-trained butler, buttling down the hall on high. The next thing Jim heard was a beseeching bleat from the said butler:

"Indeed, sirs, you must n't go up without being announced," he insisted, in the rich, throaty, British tone which made him so valuable.

"We 'll do the announcin'," shrilled a high-pitched voice. A sound on the staircase, like a herd of stampeding elephants, followed.

"What the—," had begun big Jim, when the door flew open and in dashed four disreputable, dangerous-looking characters, with James the butler vainly trying to hold them back. They were armed with repeating rifles. At their belts they wore hunting-knives and axes. They were brown and burned and swarthy from sun and wind. All of them wore feather-lined parkas and tarbosars which came to their hips and were soled with sea-lion flippers. One of them carried the priceless pelt of a sea-otter. Another one staggered under the horns and tanned hide of a bighorn sheep. A third had a viking dagger at his belt. All of them wore suspended around their necks, curved, enormous bear-claws.

With one accord they sprang upon the lumber-king, who was entirely unarmed save for his pipe—no mean weapon. To the terrified butler, what happened next looked like a combination of riot, "rough-house," and assault and battery with intent to kill. Really, it was only an attempt on the part of big Jim Donegan simultaneously to hug and pat on the back each one of his visitors. Strange words straggled out of the unoccupied corner of his mouth.

"Get out of here, James!" he shouted to the perturbed butler. "This is no place for you. Lock yourself up in your butler's pantry and don't come out no matter what noise you hear. Furthermore, don't you let anybody else come up here to-night as you value your life."

"We dressed up on the train to show you how we looked in our working clothes, boss," explained Jud. "We would n't let Captain Nord wire, for we hoped to surprise you."

"I 'll say you succeeded too," ejaculated the lumber-king.

"Hey, Bill," continued Jud, "open those windows quick. This is worse than the shuman's lodge with the incense going," and he gently, but firmly, took possession of big Jim's pipe.

"Make yourselves at home," chuckled big Jim, rescuing his pipe and shutting it up in a drawer. "Don't mind me. The trouble with you, Jud, is that you don't know a good pipe when you see it."

"I 'd know that pipe anywhere within two miles," returned Jud, "and I would n't have to see it, either. The boys have asked me to make a report to you, boss," he went on, plumping himself down in the largest chair in the room. "I ain't much of a talker, but here goes."

"You ain't!" returned his host. "Why, Jud Adams, the only difference between you and a talking-machine is a machine sometimes runs down. But go ahead. Let 's hear the worst."

Two hours later Jud closed his report up to the fight of the great chief with the big brown bear. Big Jim drew a deep breath.

"It does n't seem possible," he said finally. "For the life of me I can't see how an old has-been and three kids could ever have gone through what you did and come out alive."

"There you go again!" howled Jud, hopping up and down, with his wiry gray hair standing on end like the quills of a porcupine. "All the time

makin' cracks at my age. I 'll bet old Three-toes thought I was pretty young, an' you ask Will an' Fred here if my shootin' ain't just at its prime."

"You bet it is, Jud," chorused both the boys.

"All right, Jud, just as you say," his old friend hastened to agree. "You don't look a day over eighty. Your report is mighty interesting, but—did you get what you went after?" and the old man leaned forward, every muscle and line of his face tense and expectant.

There was a little pause. Then Will and Fred pushed the reluctant Joe forward. The Indian boy pulled out from under his parka a little leather bag.

Untying the knot, with fingers which trembled in spite of himself, he motioned for the lumber-king to hold out his hand. Into his outstretched palm from the little bag dropped something round and shimmering about twice the size of an ordinary marble. In the lamplight it gleamed and glowed with a magical color that seemed to combine in itself all the blues of earth and air and sea. In its depths was the soft tint of the summer sky, the color of the bluebird's back, the blue of the fringed gentian, the luster of the veery's eggs, the shimmer of deep, deep water, and the pure depth of distant hilltops—all were in the grasp of the lumber-king's hand. For long and long big Jim Donegan looked, and his face changed before them as one who sees a vision come true.

"A blue pearl!" he half-whispered.

"*The* Blue Pearl," corrected Joe.

What Cornwall said and did to the Argonauts; what they did with the fifty thousand dollars; and how the Blue Pearl sent them off on another treasure-hunt in the far South—all that is another story too.

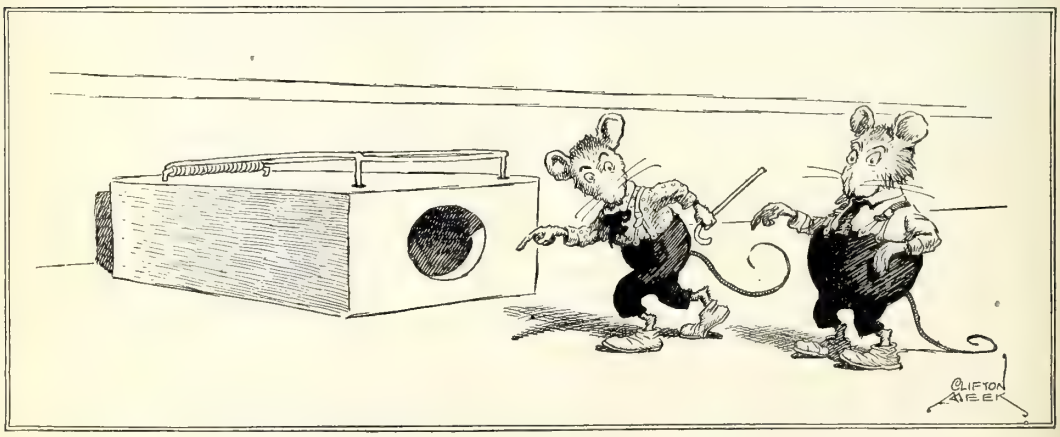
THE END

SIGNS

WHEN the days are hot and the nights are cool,
And the boneset blooms by the sun-warmed pool,
And the tall blue asters, along the stream,
Sway to the butterflies' kiss, and dream;
When the black-eyed Susans and milkweed nod
A gay "good-day!" to the goldenrod,
And the pink gerardia, grass-blade high,
Stretches the spider-web lace to dry,
Silvery with dew, in the morning sun,—
Oh, then we know that the summer is done!

When the hickory-tree, in the first frost's cold,
Shivers, a shower of gleaming gold;
When the squirrels scold where the nuts abound,
And the dead leaves drop with a rustling sound,
Where the chestnuts hide in their opening burrs,
And up from the wood-road the ruffed grouse whirs;
And, under a scarlet oak-leaf hid,
Whispers a desolate katydid—
Last of her clan—in the noontide clear,—
Oh, then we know that the autumn is here!

Robert Emmet Ward.



"YOU SEE, MY FRIEND, HERE 'S WHERE A SLIM FELLOW HAS THE ADVANTAGE!"

YOUNG ENGLISH MONARCHS WHO NEVER REIGNED

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

First William the Norman, then William his son,
Henry, Stephen and Henry, then Richard and John;
Next Henry the third, Edwards one, two, and three,
And again, after Richard, three Henrys we see;
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess,
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess;
Then Jamie the Scotchman, then Charles whom they slew,
Yet received, after Cromwell, another Charles too;
Next James called the second ascended the throne,
Then good William and Mary together came on;
Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all past,
God sent Queen Victoria, may she long be the last!

WHAT child studying English history has not committed to memory this useful little doggerel, in order to keep well in mind the sequence of Great Britain's rulers! Nowadays we should have to alter the last line, and add another couplet, to include Edward VII and the present monarch; but let any one who doubts its helpfulness try to run over the list without its assistance!

As we glibly enumerate these kings of England, we are very apt to take it for granted that they all acceded to their rights in good and regular order, and it is seldom that we give much heed to the fact that there were *five* innocent, helpless boys who had every just and legal right to reign, and who never came into their own. Crowded away in the dim background of history, it is only faintly, vaguely, and very briefly that their claims are touched upon. Yet sometimes they seem to beckon to us with their shadowy, childish hands, and beg us to render them at least the recognition of a thought, the "passing tribute of a sigh"!

The crown of England has been always supposed to descend to the monarch's eldest son, or, if he lack descendants, to a male relative descended from the next eldest line. There were not a few cases where serious complications ensued in the latter event, as after the death of Edward VI, when there were a number of female claimants and not one male claimant for the crown. Here the succession was indeed difficult to decide; but in the five instances of which we speak, there is no doubt. In every case it was a *boy* who was defrauded, and in three of the five instances it was a heartless and unscrupulous *uncle* who did the defrauding.

The first was a grandson of William the Conqueror, known as William Clito, William of Normandy, or William Fitz-Robert. William the Conqueror's eldest son, Robert Curthose, was of a hot-headed, though well-meaning, disposition, and quarreled unceasingly with his father during the Conqueror's latter years. Consequently, the great William felt in no mood to relinquish the succession to this unprofitable son. On his death, therefore, he took matters into his own hands and left England to his second son, William Rufus, a considerable sum of money to his third son, Henry, but to Robert he gave the Province of Normandy, then England's most important possession.

William Rufus reigned thirteen years and died by an accident. He left no son to succeed him, and his brother Robert was off in the Holy Land. Only Henry was on hand to snatch the prize, and we may be sure he lost no time in taking possession. But the grasping Henry was not to be satisfied until he had succeeded in annexing Normandy also to the crown. Slowly, but surely, he set about its acquisition, till at length, in a great battle, he defeated Robert, captured him, and kept him for twenty-eight years a prisoner in Cardiff Castle, Wales, where he finally died, eighty years old and totally blind.

But it is Robert's little son, William Fitz-Robert, who claims our deepest sympathy. Eldest son of an eldest son, his rank entitled him to a seat on the world's greatest throne! It was a pitiful little boy of seven that they led crying before his uncle Henry, who had robbed the child of even his Normandy domain. For once, Henry's conscience was a little troubled, and when he *might* have put this obstacle forever out of the way, he magnanimously confided him to the care of a faithful servant, Helie de St. Saen. His conscience, however, did not, we notice, carry him to the length of restoring what did not belong to him!

Helie de St. Saen secretly carried the little William to France, fearing, no doubt, the uncertainty of Henry's mood. Here the child was befriended by Louis VI, who promised to aid him in recovering at least the Province of Normandy. The promises of most kings being ever thinner than air, poor little William's affairs were speedily forgotten when, in 1115, Henry made a treaty with Louis VI, and was promised a great French princess to marry his own son, another Prince William. That settled all question about Normandy, not to speak of any greater claim, and William Fitz-Robert faded into oblivion. He was a brave and persistent little prince, however, and as he was now well on to manhood, made a bold stand for his rights.

But a swift and terrible vengeance was shortly to overtake Henry I. Prince William and his father had been in France on a visit to Louis VI. In returning to England, Henry embarked first and his son came later on the ill-fated *White Ship*. Late in the night the *White Ship* struck a hidden rock, and went down with all on board. But one soul, a butcher's son, escaped to tell the tale, and it was he who broke the dreadful tidings to Henry. The king never recovered from the blow, and died, years after, a broken-hearted man, leaving no son to succeed him. On the death of Prince William, hope again revived for William Fitz-Robert. Many disgruntled English barons rallied to his cause, and the French king, Louis VI, had his interest rekindled to such a degree that he gave William his sister-in-law for a wife. It was at this bright turn of his affairs that the young man received a pike wound in his hand, during some unimportant battle. Little attention being paid it, blood-poisoning set in soon after and caused his death, at the age of twenty-six. Thus perished the first defrauded claimant to England's throne, struggling bravely to the last for the place so unscrupulously denied him.

Fifty-four years passed, and another child-king arose, the touching story of whose fate has stirred the world! King Henry II had three sons living, Richard, Geoffrey, and John. When Henry II died, Richard I came to the throne, and he is endeared to us in many a favorite book, under the title "Cœur de Lion" or "Lionhearted." Richard, however, died leaving no son, and the throne should have descended to the little son of his next younger brother Geoffrey. This boy, the famous Prince Arthur, was at the time a bonny lad of twelve. But here again, an uncle with neither heart nor conscience interposed; and being a man, older, stronger, and craftier, the throne of England fell easily into his grasp.

Again, as in the case of William Fitz-Robert, the French king, Philip, pretended to espouse the cause of the little English prince. But it is easy to see that Philip was only seeking for some pretext to oppose England, and here was a good and very opportune one. Philip made no move for two years, during which time the boy lived quietly with his mother in Brittany. Suddenly, however, Philip concluded that there might be something to gain by stirring up a fuss with England and England's abominable monarch, John. So he summoned Arthur to him and questioned him as to whether he would now like to claim his rights as sovereign. Poor little fellow!—dupe of two equally heartless rascals,—of course he would! Doubting nothing, and happy as though he already felt the crown's weight on his boyish brows, he gladly accepted the two hundred knights offered by Philip. Before he got them, however, he had to sign a little agreement in which he promised forever to acknowledge Philip as his superior lord and to allow him everything that he, Philip, might win from John. With these knights, and five hundred more sent by Brittany, and about five thousand foot-soldiers, the little lad started off gaily to attack the town of Mirabeau.

Can we not see him at the head of his troops, attired in glittering armor, fair curls flying and eyes alight with hope? How Philip must have laughed in his sleeve at the sight, and how John must have sneered as he prepared to meet him! Arthur had an object in besieging Mirabeau. There dwelt his grandmother, Elinor, and he imagined that, by capturing her, he could bring his Uncle John more easily to terms. The siege began, but had not advanced far when along came John, who speedily set about relieving his mother and capturing by stratagem the little prince. After that, the end was a foregone conclusion.

Arthur was confined in the castle of Falaise, and entrusted to the care of one Hubert de Burgh. The end of Arthur is shrouded in mystery. That he disappeared, was disposed of in some cruel manner, is certain; but just *how*, no one has ever known. Some think he was allowed to attempt to escape by leaping from the high castle walls and so met his end. Other circumstances point to a more horrible exit from his stormy little world. But one thing is sure: whatever was his fate, his miserable uncle was the cause of it. Somehow we cannot feel anything but satisfaction in knowing how supremely John was hated by the people over whom he reigned, and how they wrested from his unwilling hands the Magna Charta, that glorious treaty of English liberty. And we rather exult in the fact that he died from over-feeding himself with peaches and cider at Swinestead Abbey—a very appropriate name, by the way! Prince Arthur truly was avenged!

We now come to the most sensible, and certainly the happiest, of all the defrauded little monarchs. Richard II was, if anything, the most contemptible, idle, worthless, and utterly good-for-nothing sovereign under whom England ever suffered. Richard himself was a grandson of the great Edward III and son of the famous Black Prince, but was as little like either of these able men as could well be imagined. After he had administered the Government in the worst possible manner for twenty years, the people began to feel that they could endure it no longer. An insurrection arose, the idea being to depose Richard, who had no sons, and elevate to his place his cousin Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster. Now this was all very well, had it not been that

there was a little rightful heir to throne in the young Earl of March, then a child of nine. This boy was descended from an *older* son of Edward III than the one from whom Bolingbroke sprang, consequently his was the prior claim.



"FOR TWO YEARS, PHILIP LIVED QUIETLY IN THE COUNTRY WITH HIS MOTHER"

Well, the rebellion occurred, and poor Richard II, hounded from pillar to post, finally gave up the crown of his own accord, and was promptly rewarded by being clapped into the Tower, a despised and friendless prisoner. Now Henry Bolingbroke, who then became Henry IV, if he had acted properly, might have accepted the *regency* for this little nine-year-old Earl of March, who of course was not yet fitted to reign. But no such thought, apparently, occurred to Henry. Instead, he trumped up some absurd story about having been eldest descendant of Henry III, and therefore rightful heir to the throne—a claim patently unfounded and false, as everybody knew it to be, though they pretended they did n't!

Henry IV was not by any means a bad king. On the contrary, apart from having taken as his own a throne he had no business to occupy, he tried to rule wisely and justly, keeping his subjects' welfare always before his eyes. One of the first things he did was to put the little Earl of March in honorable confinement in Windsor Castle. This imprisonment was not rigorous, and Henry gave the little earl into the charge and companionship of his own son, afterward Henry V, one of the most attractive monarchs England ever had. To his credit it must be said that Henry IV never sought to harm the innocent child, and only kept him confined as a political measure.

For the way of the usurper is hard! Again and again was Henry obliged to meet and crush insurrections led by dissatisfied nobles, who wished to reinstate the rightful heir. Never was he allowed to feel that his throne was secure. At length he died. His last days had been harrowed by failing health, and a very much disturbed conscience (we hope!) on the subject of his usurpation. He passed away, gladly relinquishing a burdensome crown to his son.

The first act of the new king was gracious and magnanimous to a degree. He set free the Earl of March from his long imprisonment and bade

him go his way in peace. These two young men had grown up together—theirs was a friendship reaching high above the ambitions even of a throne. Well did Henry know that not one move would be made by this lifelong companion to snatch away the coveted crown. And he was not mistaken. The Earl of March, besides having now not the slightest desire to reign, would have been too stanchly true to Henry ever to have made the attempt, even had that ambition still lurked in him.

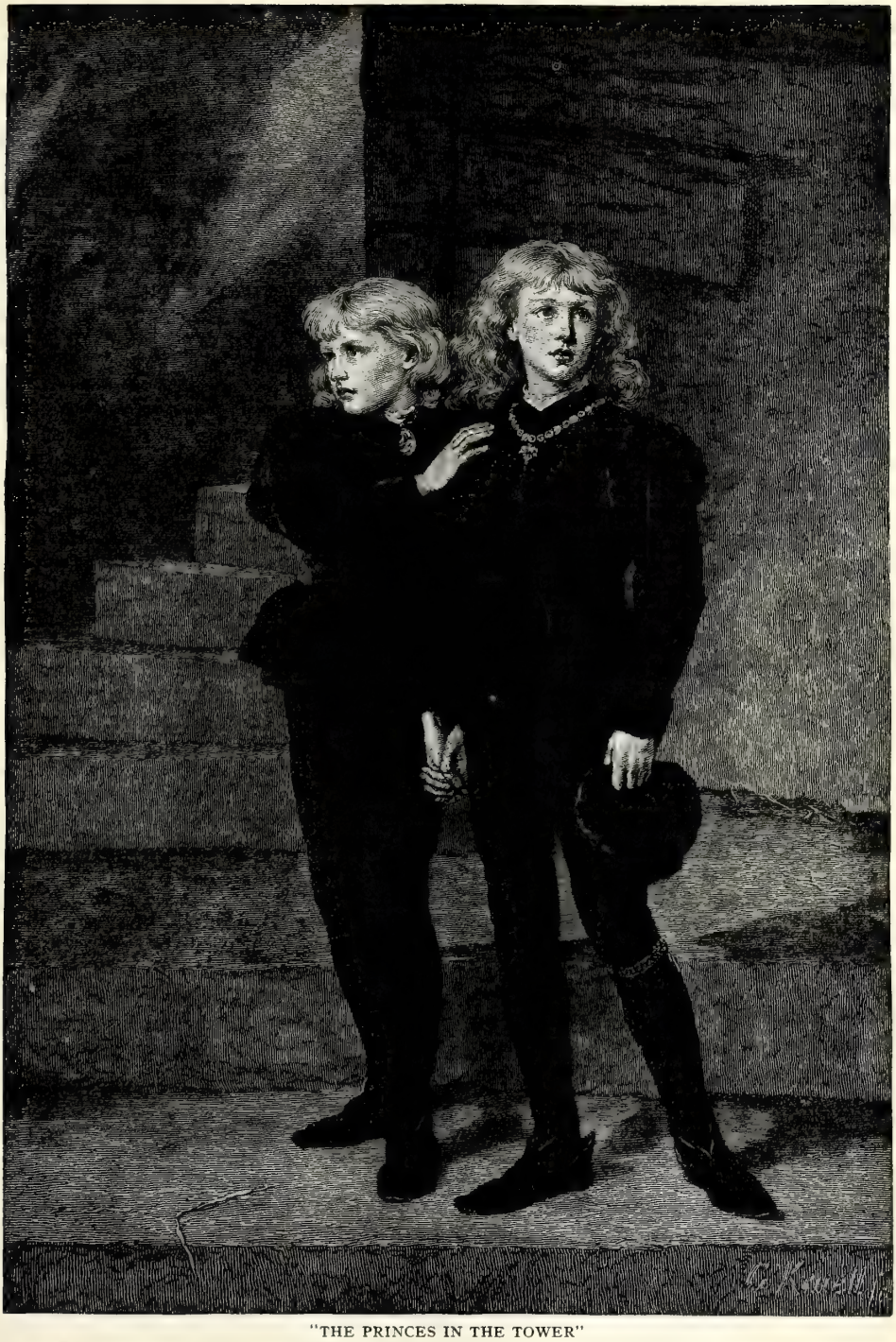
The Earl of March became the firmest supporter of Henry's throne, and through all their lifetime not one instance occurred to mar the beauty of their mutual affection. At the marriage and coronation of Henry's queen, Katharine of Valois, the earl knelt on one side of her throne and held her scepter. Could regal dignity have further abased itself! The Earl of March outlived his kingly friend, but even then he made no effort to recover his own, and died at last unthroned, uncrowned.

The fourth and perhaps best known of our list is Edward V. When his father, Edward IV, died, he left two sons, aged thirteen and eleven. The former, the new little king, was at the time with his maternal uncle, Lord Rivers, at Ludlow Castle. Of course they started at once to London for the coronation. The younger, the little Duke of York, was with his mother elsewhere. But another uncle, the famous Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard III, who at the death of the king was proclaimed Protector and Defender of the Kingdom, had his own ideas and schemes on the subject of the succession. The Duke of Gloucester and his nephew, Edward V, met on their way to London, at Stoney-Stratford. Richard immediately took the boy from the kindly charge of Lord Rivers, conducted him to London, and placed him in the Tower. Next he sent for the little Duke of York, whose distracted mother, fearing some evil, could scarcely be persuaded to relinquish him. The Duke of York was immediately sent to join his brother in the Tower. Then Richard doubtless rubbed his hands and chuckled wickedly to himself, for had he not now the whole line of succession secure!

Meanwhile, the people of England were patiently waiting for the coronation of the new little king, and wondering why it did not take place. Next, by an incomprehensible system of juggling with the poor ignorant multitude's muddled ideas, Richard proceeded to convince them that neither of these children had any right to reign, and that *he* was their only legal sovereign, anyhow! And as the wavering minds in any mob are willing to be swayed by the most absurd arguments, he somehow got the populace to shout, "Long live Richard III!" Of course that settled it, and he straightway went off and had himself crowned! Not a word was spoken in favor of the rightful king; but even so, the presence of these two children mightily troubled Richard. At any time the popular favor might veer again and return to its rightful allegiance. What was to be done? Oh, that was simple and easy to a conscience as hardened as Richard's! The pitiful story of the two friendless princes in the Tower, and how they are supposed to have perished, is known to the youngest reader of historical tales.

But Richard did not go unpunished. His only son, Edward, a boy of eleven, on whom the king built every hope of future succession, died suddenly at Middleham Castle, and the blow completely staggered his father. Popular favor, too, had long since deserted him, and the people wearied for a new and more acceptable monarch. This monarch they declared they had found in Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, a son of the rival house of Lancaster. Sick to death of the fear and treason in the midst of which he existed, Richard III met the Duke of Richmond in the great battle of Bosworth. He was utterly defeated and struck from his horse, but perished fighting fiercely to the end. His golden crown was snatched from his head, and there, on the battle-field, placed upon the brow of Richmond, who became Henry VII. Thus was the throne of the usurper usurped!

The last of the little defrauded monarchs is strangely connected in fate with that of the previous one. Richard III had an older brother, the Duke of Clarence, whom he had sometime before, and for reasons best known to himself, disposed of by the new and entirely original method of drowning him in a cask of Malmsey wine! Clarence, however, left a surviving son, Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick. How his existence ever escaped the vigilant eye of Richard is a thousand wonders, but we find no record of its greatly troubling the unscrupulous usurper. At the time of Henry VII's coronation, this boy was fifteen years of age. As the first act of his reign, Henry had the child transferred from the castle of Sheriffe-Sutton (where he had been virtually a prisoner since his father's death) to the Tower of London. But this king was inclined to be merciful, and only intended to keep the lad a prisoner. The young earl, about whom very little is known and who was never more than a pale shadow across the page of history, passed the entire remainder of his life in this confinement. He was destined, however, to be the center of two singular conspiracies, and his life was curiously and fatally linked with those of the two little princes who perished by the hand of Richard.



"THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER"
FROM THE WELL-KNOWN PAINTING BY SIR J. E. MILLAIS

Henry VII had not been reigning more than fifteen months when strange rumors were wafted over from Ireland. It was there declared that the Earl of Warwick had escaped from the Tower. To support this, a handsome youth, who certainly bore a strange resemblance to the uncrowned king, was exhibited to the people. This youth was better known as Lambert Simnel, a

baker's son and a rank impostor. The credulous Irish received him, notwithstanding, with open arms, declaring that they would support his cause, and he set about entering England. Meanwhile, Henry VII had had the *real* Edward Plantagenet exhibited in all parts of London, for of course he had never for one moment escaped from the well-guarded Tower. When the pretender landed at Furness, the populace did not rise for him as he had hoped, and Henry met and easily defeated him in a battle at Stoke. Lambert Simnel, for he was no other after all, was placed in the king's kitchen as a scullery-boy, where he seemed heartily content to remain!

That ended the first conspiracy.

But another was treading fast upon its heels. Once more a pretended claimant for the crown arose, and again Ireland was first to be duped into belief in the impostor. This time the personage declared that he was no other than the Duke of York, brother of the little murdered Edward V, who, so he said, had escaped a like fate and had been wandering about unknown for seven years. Now this Perkin Warbeck, as he really was, proved to be a far more audacious and resourceful impostor than his predecessor. Moreover, he claimed to be some one whom all thought dead, and whose death would be very hard to prove. Therefore he quickly gained to himself supporters, and not a few important ones at that. The Duchess of Burgundy pretended that she recognized him as her nephew, and solemnly proclaimed him Duke of York, rightful heir to the throne. Many English malcontents joyfully embraced his cause, and also a goodly number of eminent men became concerned in the conspiracy—for which indiscretion they presently lost their heads!

Warbeck first advanced into Scotland, where the Scotch king, James IV, was so befooled as to believe in him, and give him the charming Lady Katharine Gordon for his wife. Then Warbeck made his great blunder—he determined to cross the frontier into England. He advanced boldly till he was obliged to confront the royal army, when courage forsook him and he took refuge in ignominious and precipitate flight. He was captured at length, hiding in a church, led to London, and exhibited to the people as a fraud.

But Perkin Warbeck must have been a rather likable fellow, on the whole, for Henry decided to keep him right there at court, albeit rather closely watched. But Warbeck made the mistake of attempting to escape from this pleasant surveillance, was recaptured, and thrown this time into the Tower.

Here it was that this pretender became the companion of poor Edward Plantagenet, who was no doubt glad of any diversion to while away the dreary hours, and whose unworldly mind was easily deceived by Warbeck's clever pretensions. At any rate, Warbeck gained such a hold over the luckless youth that together they planned to escape and incite a fresh rebellion. But even the first step of the plot was not taken before all was discovered. Perkin Warbeck had exhausted Henry's last atom of patience, and the monarch felt that there was nothing for it now but to be rid of him, which was speedily accomplished. But poor Edward Plantagenet, whose innocent feet had become entangled in the wily rascal's net, was destined to pay all too dear for his complicity, and his life was also forfeited on the twenty-third of November, 1499, at the age of twenty-nine.

Thus perished the last of the legitimate and much-wronged claimants to England's throne. What differences might not have been effected had any one of these children been elevated to the position to which he was rightly entitled! Certain it is that the whole face of England's history, perhaps the history of the world, would have been altered. We wonder vainly would it have been for better or for worse. Of all the five young lives, but one was happy and peaceful and useful, and that one only so because, like a sensible person, he early renounced all ambition to sit upon an unstable throne. Truly has Shakespeare said: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!" And perhaps it is better that these unfortunate young monarchs should have been spared that greater misery of reigning in sorrow over a perhaps fickle and ungrateful people.

So they pass before us, wan, pathetic little shadows out of the tumultuous long ago. We sigh for their misfortune in that they were born to the purple, when they might, in some lesser sphere, have been entitled to happy childhoods and well-spent lives. But as they fade again into the misty past, we let them go, whispering perhaps in our thoughts, "Ill-fated young uncrowned monarchs, you are not wholly forgotten!"





THE MODERN PIED PIPER

By FLORENCE SAMUELS

LIKE all stories, this story begins, "Once upon a time," but that time is not so very long ago. In fact, it relates to things that have happened within the memory of even the youngest reader of ST. NICHOLAS.

It is a story about stories, and the wandering story-tellers who told these stories; so, on the whole, that makes it quite a tale of genuine human interest, especially because it 's true.

The streets of Bridgeport are crowded with children. Dusty streets and empty lots, amid rows of depressed looking, shabby houses crowded together like scraggly hedges, do not provide many opportunities for very lively play. In such sur-



THE STORY OF "ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES" PROVES POPULAR IN THIS SETTING

roundings, even the most inventive mind of boy or the most contriving mind of girl cannot think up enough schemes to fill all of the playtime after school-hours and in the long summer twilight; especially when fathers and mothers are busy working in factories and homes; especially when skates, wagons, bicycles, and other things made for outdoor enjoyment are not to be had because there is not sufficient money to pay for them.

One day a young woman came into just such a crowded district as this. Her appearance excited delighted surprise among the older boys and girls, and, it must be admitted, considerable fear among the smallest ones, for she looked like a gipsy. But gipsies seldom have such a charming smile, nor do they greet one gaily with, "Do you want to hear a story, children?"

Soon, on a neighborly doorstep, they clustered round her. The wondering ones on the outside of the group drew closer as she related the thrilling tales of the "Arabian Nights," fairy-tales, and stories that the older girls and boys liked.

"I 'd have liked to see that old giant," said little Tony, an eager listener, after one of the tales was told. "I 'd have shown him what 's what!" But of course Tony was only a little boy. Angela said she liked best the story of the "Bird's Christmas Carol." That had been quite apparent, for she had laughed so uproariously over the funny struggles of the *Ruggleses* to appear genteel that she had interrupted the progress of the tale.

After telling more stories, the "gipsy" storyteller passed on to the next street, the delighted children pressing closely and following as others joined the procession until she halted again and told other stories.

That was the beginning, over a year ago, of the Wandering Story-tellers, sent out by the Community Service commission of Bridgeport. These Wandering Story-tellers are not gipsies at all, but high-school girls who have been trained in the art of telling stories to little people and big people. Not only do they go among the children in the streets, but to the unfortunate little people in the hospitals to help them forget their pain for a time. They even go to the public home for the aged and infirm, because the old people there enjoy hearing stories such as O. Henry used to write, as much as the little ones enjoy the tale of the generous parrot or the greedy cat.

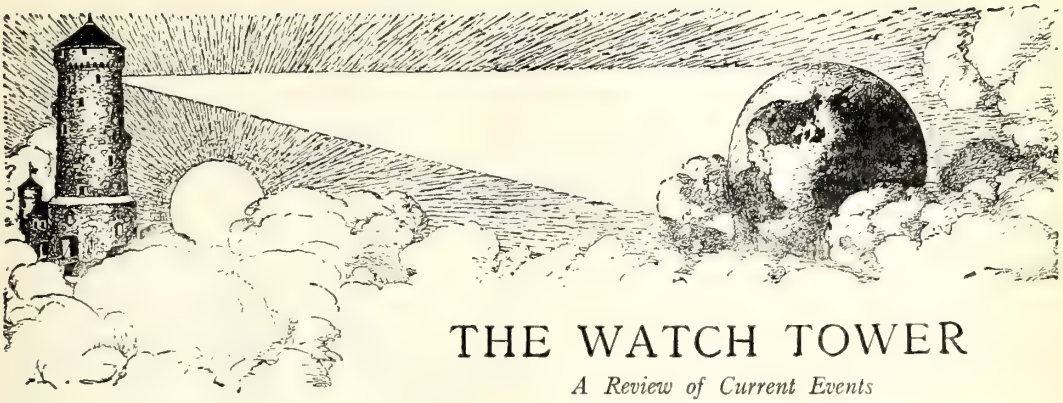
Going from one section of the city to another, these story-tellers are hailed with delight. "Hey, fellers, she 's coming!" brings a rush of happy boys and girls to hear stories, fairy-tales, and fables from a memory storehouse as rich as a year's volume of ST. NICHOLAS.

These Wandering Story-tellers are the modern Pied Pipers. Their tales, like the music of the piper in Browning's poem, charm the children's interest to such an extent that they follow them wherever they go. But these Wandering Story-tellers are more trustworthy than the man in Hamelin Town, for they are guaranteed not to entice away anything but youthful imaginations. They leave behind them happy boys and girls who look forward to another Children's Hour with Community Service.

"Community Service," has a familiar sound to most of us. We heard of it during the war as War Camp Community Service. With athletics, community sings, clubs, plays, and pageants, Community Service (Incorporated) helps a town fill its playtime with recreational activities which will make healthier and happier citizens, more contented homes, and the whole town a finer and more interesting place to live in. A sort of Pied Piper itself, Community Service invites every one who believes in living a happier life himself and helping his neighbor to live a happier life, to follow and take part in whatever is going on that will bring good to the town.



FAIRY STORIES TAKE BEST WITH THE YOUNGER FOLK AND LITTLE TOTS



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

RUSSIA AND POLAND

At the end of August it looked as though the tide had turned for Poland. The Bolsheviks, after driving in upon Warsaw, had been repulsed with great losses, and were in disorder.

The Russian is a good soldier, but he has a "queer streak" in him. He is temperamental, fatalistic. He fights hard while he does fight, but when it looks as if the fight were hopeless, he is inclined to believe that it is not meant that he shall gain the victory—and he calmly stops fighting. The Russian way of life is quite different from our Anglo-Saxon belief that a man makes his own fate; and the difference is bound to show, in war as in other things. So it seemed as if such a reverse as the Reds suffered before Warsaw might be decisive against them.

The Polish National Council of Defence issued a proclamation calling upon the nations for aid. It said that if Poland fell it would be due "not



Wide World Photo

THE CITY OF WARSAW, AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE

only to overbearing might, but to the indifference of a world which calls itself democratic and freedom-loving." "If Polish freedom dies tomorrow," it added, "yours will be threatened." And, with Lenin declaring that his followers would never cease trying to stir up revolution in every nation, it certainly seemed that the Council was not far from the truth.

An exceedingly interesting figure in the events of August was General Wrangel, who followed Kerensky, Kolchak and Denikine as a possible organizer of popular power in Russia. His successes in South Russia were a great obstacle in the way of the Bolsheviks, and promised to help Russia reach a solution of her problems. But no one dares try to say what will happen in Russia, and there was nothing to do but wait to see what General Wrangel could do in the way of extending his power against the cruel progress of Bolshevism.

It becomes more and more evident that the Bolsheviki are not going to rule the world, and perhaps the terrible demonstration of what Bolshevism means will result, finally, in bringing the nations together on a basis of democratic peace.

In response to our Government's presentation of its views, it was stated late in August, the Poles intended to refrain from any invasion of territory and to confine their efforts to driving the Red army out of the territory assigned by the Peace Treaty to Poland. England was said to have given the Poles the same advice. In the midst of the hubbub, happenings like these seem fairly to promise an honest attempt to put things on a footing of good order and fair play.

WORDS HEARD ROUND THE WORLD

Did you read about the round-the-world wireless dispatch? It was sent, August 21, from the Lafayette Radio Station at Bordeaux, France, to Secretary of the Navy Daniels, at Washington. The message went to him because the station was set up by the United States Navy and turned over to the French Government for operation.

The dispatch was: "This is the first wireless message to be heard round the world, and marks a milestone on the road of scientific achievement."

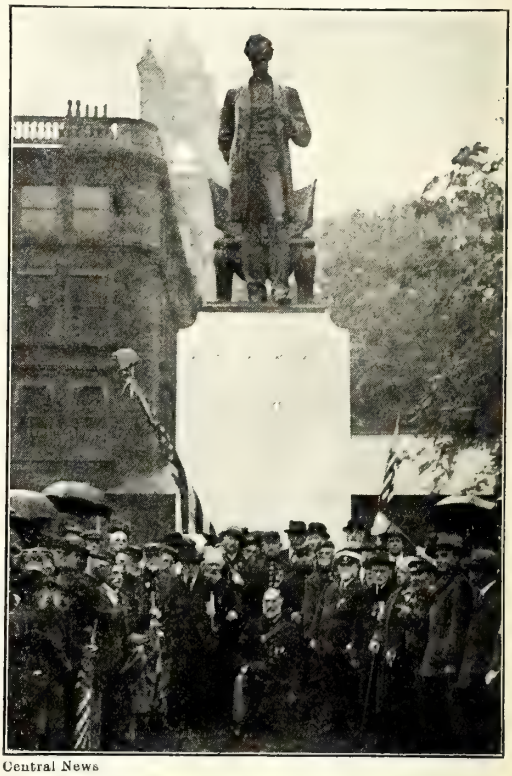
Secretary Daniels sent congratulations, and said: "We are happy to recognize in this powerful signal a symbol of that force and sympathetic understanding with which the voice of France shall be heard by its sister republic."

The new wireless has a radius of 12,000 miles; and 12,000 miles east and 12,000 miles west measure about the whole circumference of this terrestrial ball.

BOY SCOUTS ABROAD

Perhaps this ought to be the longest piece in this Watch Tower; as I begin to write it, I imagine it will really be one of the shortest. For—who is man enough to try to tell our young folks the story of that famous Jamboree?

Scouts from twenty-one nations assembled at London. And—"the Yanks were there!" Such



Central News

THE STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE, LONDON

an experience will make every boy who shared it a force in later years on the side of friendship among the nations.

While the Jamboree was going on, a statue of Lincoln, by the American sculptor Augustus St. Gaudens, was unveiled in Parliament Square, London. The English people paid it high honor.

It will be a sad day for the world if England and America ever cease to be friends.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

With October, the campaign gets into full swing. The skirmishing is over, the battle is on.

Cox and Harding, and the armies of orators they lead, are putting the arguments before the people; and the people are listening, granting this and denying that, weighing one statement

against another, and making up their minds. Next month we shall stop guessing, and know.

A large part of the debate is politics and nothing more. Many charges and counter-charges are made that don't amount to much more than smoke, so far as the voters are concerned.

It seems to me there can be no question but that the really vital issue, the one on which the vote will be decided, is the League of Nations. And—right or wrong—I can't help thinking that the voters will refuse the compromise of "a" league, "an association of nations coöperating in sublime accord," as Candidate Harding describes it, and vote yes or no for "the" League. Some will vote "in," some will vote "out." And—the majority will rule, and the minority will accept the verdict.

Unless there shall have been a very remarkable shift between the time this is written and the time it is read, the Democratic party will be standing firmly for participation in the League of Nations, and the Republicans will be committed to a policy of complete or qualified refusal to participate in its proceedings. And the question about this policy will be: Can American isolation be possible in the years to come, and can we help keep international affairs safely balanced if we are not formally represented in the Council of the Nations?

Now, don't misunderstand me; I am not trying to answer these questions for you. I do not know that my answer would be right. It would be impudent for me to try to persuade you to think one way or the other about it. You must do your own thinking.

Likely enough the world is n't ready yet for a League. Possibly, though, now that it has been constituted, even if incompletely, the only thing to do is to give it a full, unqualified trial.

Two very important factors in America's decision will be the new voters, of whom there will be several millions; and the veterans, the men who fought in France. If you can tell how they will vote, you can come very near to predicting correctly the result of the election next month.

THE TERCENTENARY

THREE hundred years ago this month the Pilgrims were on the sea, on their way to America. They tried to get to the mouth of the Hudson River, but landed on Cape Cod. Our young friends from up Boston way will know what to say if we remark that the Pilgrim Fathers—and mothers, and sons and daughters—were truly out of luck! Still, it must be admitted that they did pretty well, and we are glad they found the "new England" they wanted.

The WATCH TOWER girls will be interested in a comparison made between the Jamestown and Cape Cod settlements. Some one says that the reason the northern colony got along better was: the women. They were brave, those Mayflower women; and I should not wonder a bit if, when the great beam of the little ship broke and there was talk of turning back, it was the women who refused to hear of it. Tradition says that Captain Jones ruled that as the voyage was half done, it was no safer to go back than to sail on; but that sounds like an afterthought. I can imagine the men hesitating, trying to reason the thing out, and the women setting the example of dauntless courage.

To me, one of the most interesting things in the story of that Great Adventure is the drawing up, while still aboard ship, of an agreement by which the colony was to be governed. They were still subjects of the British King, these exiles; but they were carrying the British flag



Photo International

"THE MAID OF 1620." A STATUE TO BE ERECTED AT PLYMOUTH IN HONOR OF THE PILGRIMS

into new lands where there were no officers of the King to administer British laws, and so they made a code for the regulation of public affairs in the colony. They were practical people, and they gave American democracy its start. It was the beginning of majority rule.

England and America are both celebrating this tercentenary. In this country Thanksgiving

Day, the anniversary of the day devoted by the Pilgrims to the rendering of formal thanks for their blessings, should this year mean more to us than ever. In the weeks that intervene it will be worth while, and pleasant, to read the history of the Mayflower's voyage and of the settlement of Massachusetts. The anniversary spirit helps make the story more vividly real to us.

THE TWENTIETH AMENDMENT

THE abolition of slavery came slowly and painfully; but it had to come. Such a system could not conceivably endure.

Some changes in the social scheme are simply inevitable. Woman suffrage in the United States was one of them. As I write this, the vote of the Tennessee Legislature, making Tennessee the thirty-sixth State to ratify the Twentieth Amendment and so make equal suffrage for women a part of the Constitution of the United States of America, is under attack. Those who oppose suffrage, like those who opposed abolition, are hard fighters and refuse to surrender; but their fight has long been clearly hopeless.

The girls who read ST. NICHOLAS to-day will grow up to equal responsibility and power with the boys who belong to the good Saint's family.

DOLLARS AND SENSE

SOMETIMES I find tucked away in the columns and columns of "big" news in the papers a little two- or three-paragraph item that stands out like the one white cloud you sometimes see in a blue sky. And sometimes I think these obscure bits of news are the most important of all.

For example: there is the story of David N. Cant. He was a farm-hand—and, I should say and I guess you will agree, a pretty good one, too.

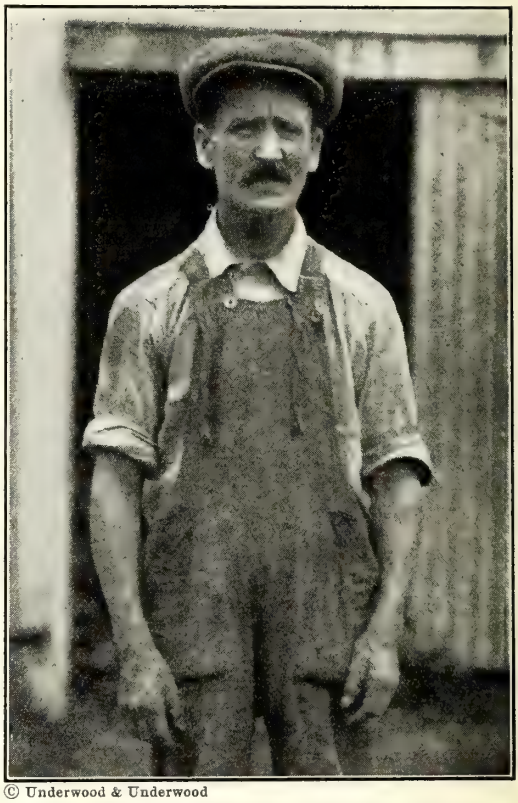
He earned, so the story goes, $22 a month and his "keep." Being a farm-hand, no doubt he truly earned all he got.

Then somebody left him a fortune. Of course, the reporter made it a million dollars. Whether the figures are exact or not, the fact is that it was a fortune big enough to enable Mr. Cant to retire and live in ease.

But it was haying time, when every hand counts. You have to make your hay while the sun shines, you know; and the sunshine can't "last more 'n just about so long at a spell." So David went right on with the haying. The fortune would keep; the hay would n't, unless it was properly put up, in stack or mow, before the showers came. David would n't quit till the job was done.

Now, a chap who can combine dollars and sense like that is apt to be modest, and to dislike having people talk about him and his affairs. But the story is so refreshing, so helpful, that Mr. Cant will just have to put up with the publicity, and, as an act of public service, let us get all the good out of it we can.

The best thing about the story is that, when you get to thinking it over, you can't help believing that there are still a good many clear-headed Americans who would act, in the same circumstances, in the same sensible way.



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THE FARM-HAND WHO INHERITED A FORTUNE BUT WOULD N'T QUIT HIS JOB UNTIL THE HAY WAS IN

OLYMPIA IN BELGIUM

THE first Olympic games since the war, held at Antwerp, brought together a wonderful assemblage of athletes from many nations. If international rivalries could always be of such a pleasant nature, there would be a lot less trouble in this world.

The Yankee boys and girls—for there were competitions for women, and we sent a swimming team of fourteen girls—performed well. The team standing was very high. No other nation makes such a business of sport as we do. Some folks think we go too far with it. Things sometimes happen that justify such a charge, but they are comparatively few and far between.

As a nation we play hard, and go into athletic

competition to win. But we are pretty good sportsmen, and mean to win fairly; and we are pretty good losers, too, when the other fellow proves himself better at the game than we are. American play enabled us to send to France an army of men ready to take their chances, able to take care of themselves, and trained in using their wits as well as their muscles.

British sportsmen objected to the character of the Olympic program, but it seems right to make the international competition include all forms of sport. It is not a track meet that calls the nations together so much as an all round exhibition of strength, courage and skill.

America is proud of the men and women who represented her at Antwerp, and may congratulate herself because for every champion there is a small army of people who compete less showily or, not competing at all, engage in sport purely for its own sake, for the fun of the game and for recreation of mind and body. In this country athletics is an institution of the utmost value. It is a safety valve.

Statement can now be made (tonight's news) that the United States won the track and field events, with 212 points; Finland second, with 105; Sweden third, with 95; England fourth, with 85. The British Empire totalled 129. The American athletes made three new world's records.

By the way: please don't speak of the games, as some folks do, as Olympiads. Get out your dictionary, and learn the difference between the two words, "Olympic" the adjective and "Olympiad" the noun.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

It would be fun to hear the Prince of Wales tell about his trip around the world, in which he visited the British colonies. In New Zealand he was entertained by a force of Maori warriors. England used to make fun of America with its red-skinned savages, but we doubt if any American photographer to-day could get a picture that would rival the photos of the spearmen who greeted the Prince at Rotorua.

Ohio, having supplied three parties with candidates in the national campaign—Republican, Democratic and Prohibition—is pretty sure to gain on Virginia in the race for the honor of being called the Mother of Presidents.

Mexico City celebrated the restoration of order in the troubled republic, and honored President de la Huerta, of whom much is expected in the way of reform. The French Government gave Mexico a program when it announced that its readiness to recognize the new Government south of the Rio Grande depended only on Mexico's ability to establish law and order, assure the safety of foreign lives and property, and pay interest on the republic's debts.

Does Turkey need a new Sultan, or does the Sultan need a new Turkey?

While the United States "stays out," Elihu Root has drawn up the plan for a League of Nations court, which has been adopted. So America has an important part in the work—which may be used as an argument by either side: those who say that we ought to be in all the way, and those who believe that we can be as usefully helpful out as in.

It is n't too early, right now, to begin taking count of the blessings for which you will have to be thankful next month. There are plenty of them!

Did you get a good start at school?

Football days!

Who was it called autumn the time of "melancholy days"?

CHICAGO'S NEW STADIUM TO RIVAL THE COLOSSEUM OF ANCIENT ROME

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

Chicago invites the international Olympic games of 1924, and offers for their accommodation the greatest stadium in the world. This stadium will be built in Grant Park, on the lake front, before that time, and already an aggressive campaign has been started to capture the great contest.

The stadium which is one of many features forming the Plan of Chicago, a scheme involving an expenditure of $250,000,000 in the remodeling and beautifying of the city is to be a permanent one of marble and concrete, where championship football and baseball games, tennis tournaments, and all manner of events of athletic importance can be witnessed by a hundred thousand people at a time. It will exceed the capacity of the world-famous Colosseum of Rome in the days of the Cæsars. Every seat will command an unobstructed view of the arena, secured by the sloping sides of the U-shaped structure, and the north end will be left open in order that parades and

other spectacles may pass before the stadium as before a gigantic reviewing stand and be seen to full advantage. Pageants and popular exhibitions of all sorts can be held during the summer. In winter, almost the entire area can be flooded for skating.

The Yale Bowl, which is the largest enclosure of the kind now in America, has naturally been compared with the Chicago enterprise. The famous bowl seats 60,000 people, and, on occasions, 70,000 have crowded in. The acoustic excellence of the Yale Bowl is such that signals given in a football game, or the voice of a speaker, can everywhere be plainly heard. The Chicago stadium will be similarly built.

The arena will be 1000 feet in length and 300 feet between walls, this width being as narrow as practicable while placing the spectators as close to the enclosure as is deemed advisable.

The stands of most importance are those on the east and west sides of the structure. A football field is centered on the center line of these stands, and the finish of the one-third-mile track and the 220-yard straightaway is opposite the reviewing stand at the center of the west group of seats. The combination of the east and west stands with the theater seats—those in the semicircle at the south end—comprise the large majority of permanent seats, of which there will be sixty thousand in all. Forty thousand temporary seats are provided for in the upper theater terraces, the three terraces north of the main east and west stands, and a portion of the north end of the arena.

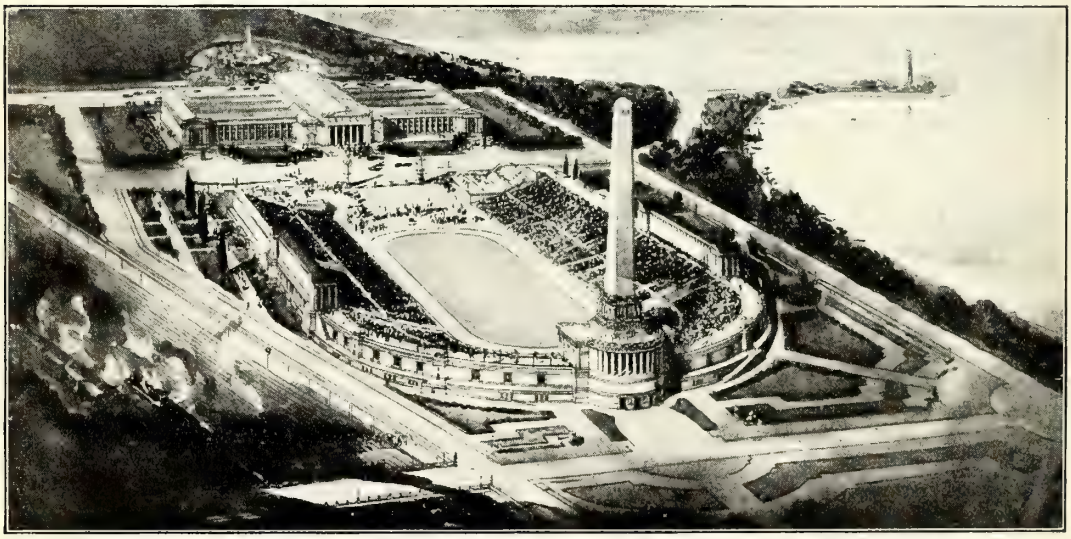
A promenade will extend at grade 31 entirely around the stadium, from which, at frequent intervals, run passageways and ramps leading to the banks of seats. People may enter at the north end, or at any of the terrace levels, and proceed to the section of seats which they are seeking. Entrances are provided for on the exterior of the stadium as well. All the main aisles in the amphitheater lead directly to the arena.

The superstructure comprises a wide promenade, covered on the east and west by two monumental porticos. Along this promenade, sockets are provided for the display of flags and bunting, and for searchlights at the south end.

At the extreme south end it is proposed to erect a large monument commemorative of the men from Chicago who lost their lives in the World War. The site is of a commanding nature, with the 1500-foot sweep to the Field Museum.

In the space under the main stands, east and west, and under the theater, arches will be used in order to eliminate columns and give large, unobstructed areas. This space is divided into three large halls having approximately 125,000 feet of floor area, available for automobiles, live stock, dairy, and industrial or other educational exhibitions.

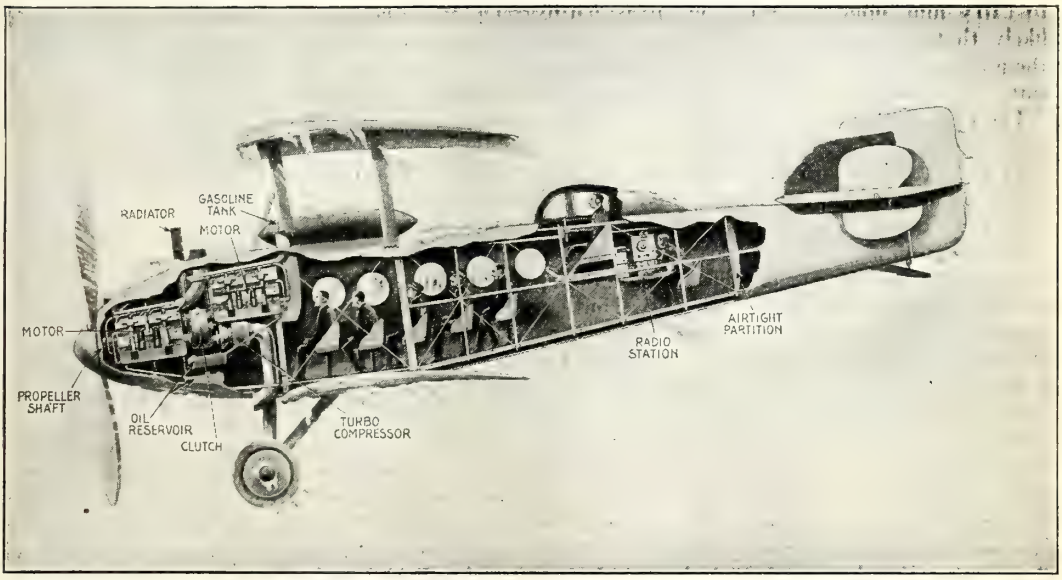
The stadium will be constructed entirely of concrete and marble, the total length over all being 1500 feet and the total width 1000 feet. A million and three quarters to four millions of dollars is the estimated cost of the undertaking, depending upon how richly it is beautified with marble and statuary.



THE PROPOSED NEW STADIUM AT CHICAGO WHICH WILL RIVAL THE COLOSSEUM OF ANCIENT ROME

THE FLYING SUBMARINE

On February 26 last Major Schroeder climbed into his Lepère biplane, started the 400 horse-power Liberty engine going and set out to find a new ceiling. A ceiling in aëronautical parlance is the altitude to which an airplane may rise. In the early days of the flying machine Latham established a ceiling of 300 feet which was considered a considerable exploit. During the war there were hundreds of machines that went up over 20,000 feet. Last year Rohlf reached the record height of 34,610 feet. Major Schroeder was bent on pushing up the ceiling to 40,000 feet. There was no doubt that his machine was capable of reaching that altitude if the man could stand it. A gasolene engine just like the human engine will suffocate unless supplied with plenty of air; in fact, it burns seven times as much air as gasolene. To keep the big Liberty engine supplied with all the air required, a super-charger was furnished to pump air in from the atmosphere and feed it to the cylinders at the requisite pressure. This consisted of an air pump driven by a turbine motor which in turn was propelled by the exhaust gases of the engine. The super-charger for the human engine consisted of an oxygen tank and mask which fed oxygen into his "cylinders" or lungs through a valve automatically regulated so that the more rarified the atmosphere the more oxygen would be supplied. To protect him from the extreme cold he was provided with electrically-heated outer clothing, moccasins, gloves and headgear. It was an endurance test for the man rather than the machine.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE BRÉGUET AËROPLANE, EQUIPPED WITH AIR-COMPRESSOR FOR HIGH ALTITUDES

Sailing up into the sky Major Schroeder disappeared from view. He climbed steadily up to a height of nearly seven miles (his barometer registered 36,020 feet); then something happened to his oxygen apparatus and he lost consciousness. Soon after watchers on the ground saw what looked like a comet shooting down to earth. It was Major Schroeder's biplane falling with a stream of smoke pouring out of the exhaust pipe. He was given up for lost, but when he was within 2,000 feet of the earth and going at a terrific pace the aviator regained sufficient consciousness to right his machine and land safely. When the watchers ran over to him he was in a pitiable condition, semi-conscious, suffering from poisonous gases that had flowed over him from the engine during his fall, and blinded by the extreme cold which had *frozen his eyeballs!* The rapid fall from thin air to air at normal pressure at the ground level subjected his body to a severe strain. The gasolene tanks were crushed by the sudden increase of pressure.

At first it may seem very foolish to try to reach such extreme altitudes, but if human beings

can stand the strain there is considerable advantage in sailing at extreme heights. The thin air offers less resistance to the airplane and much higher speeds are possible. If we are to make long distance flights through the ocean of air it will pay to rise many miles above the surface. Many hours and much gasolene would be saved on a trip from New York to Paris, for instance, if the airplane sailed at an altitude of 30,000 feet. The aviator might find it of advantage to rise even higher if he could locate a favorable wind to carry him along his way, but it is hardly likely that the passengers would care to make the journey clad in oxygen masks or aërial diving suits.

The French have been devoting much study to the problem at the Aëronautical Laboratory of St. Cyr. It has occurred to them that in navigating the ocean of air they might take some lessons from navigation in the ocean of water. When we go down under the sea we do not let the ocean into our boat and depend upon diving suits or oxygen masks to keep us alive, but we shut the water out and carry down in the open chambers of our submarines enough air to supply a whole crew of men. Why not build a closed car similar to a submarine for our high flying airplanes? A submarine has to be built with a very strong hull or it will be crushed by the heavy pressure of the surrounding water, but the changes of pressure in the air do not begin to compare with those of the sea, and the shell of the flying submarine does not have to be very heavy. The ordinary submarine has to come to the surface to get a fresh supply of air, but the flying submarine can get plenty of air from the ocean in which it is flying. Near the fore end of the car there is a compressor that pumps in the thin air from outside and delivers it into the car at the normal pressure of air at sea-level. This air feeds not only the engine but the pilot crew and passengers of the airplane. The latter may roam around freely in the closed cabin without feeling any of the usual discomforts of travel in a rarified atmosphere. When air is compressed it becomes heated and the cabin would be kept warm by the heat of compression and also by the heat of the engine which would not be wasted, as in present airplanes. There would be no difficulty in ventilating the cabin.

It is quite probable that before long people will be voyaging around the world in comfortable "flying submarines" far above the reach of fogs, clouds and storms. If anything happens to the compressor and the engine stops, the pilot needs merely to volplane down to a level where the air is sufficiently heavy to start the motor up again.

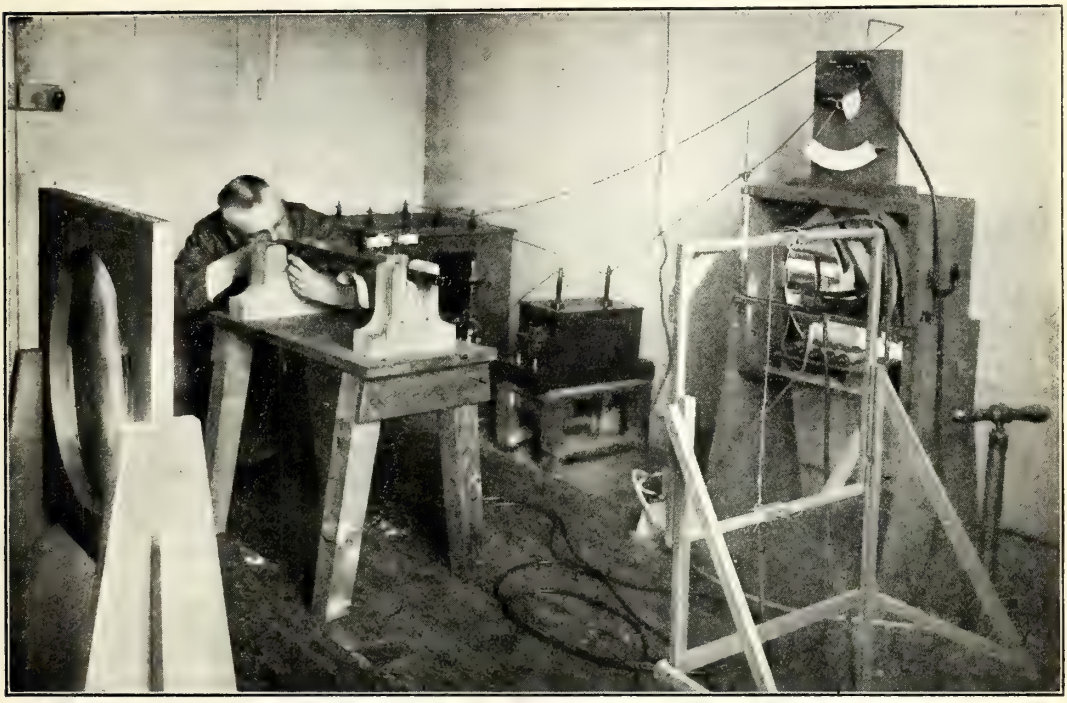
CATCHING BULLETS WITH THE MOVIE CAMERA

One of the advantages of the "movies," is that it enables us to speed up or slow down motions of all kinds and in that way make studies that would otherwise be impossible. A flower may be made to grow so rapidly on the screen that we may actually see the bud swell and the petals unfold into a perfect bloom, or a tree may be seen to branch forth and put on its summer dress of leaves, all in the space of a few minutes. On the other hand, we may see a star pitcher throw one of his famous curves so slowly that it will take a long time to reach the catcher and the spinning and twisting of the ball may be closely watched. But the most remarkable spectacle of all is to see a bullet slowly emerge from the muzzle of a revolver and pursue a leisurely course across the screen. Filming projectiles from revolvers, rifles and guns has been accomplished by Lucien Bull, a French scientist, with an ingenious apparatus of his own invention.

As every reader of St. Nicholas probably knows, the appearance of motion is obtained by projecting a series of pictures on the canvas in such rapid succession that the eye cannot detect the shift from one picture to the next. The camera that takes the pictures usually runs at 10 to 12 exposures per minute, but the pictures are thrown on the screen at the rate of about 16 per minute. This speeds up all motions and explains why people always seem to be so lively and walk so briskly in motion pictures. Budding flowers may be filmed as slowly as one picture per hour, while the growth of trees can be taken at the rate of one exposure per day or week. But to film a rifle bullet traveling 2,500 to 3,000 feet per second the pictures must be taken at the rate of 15,000 to 20,000 exposures *per second!*

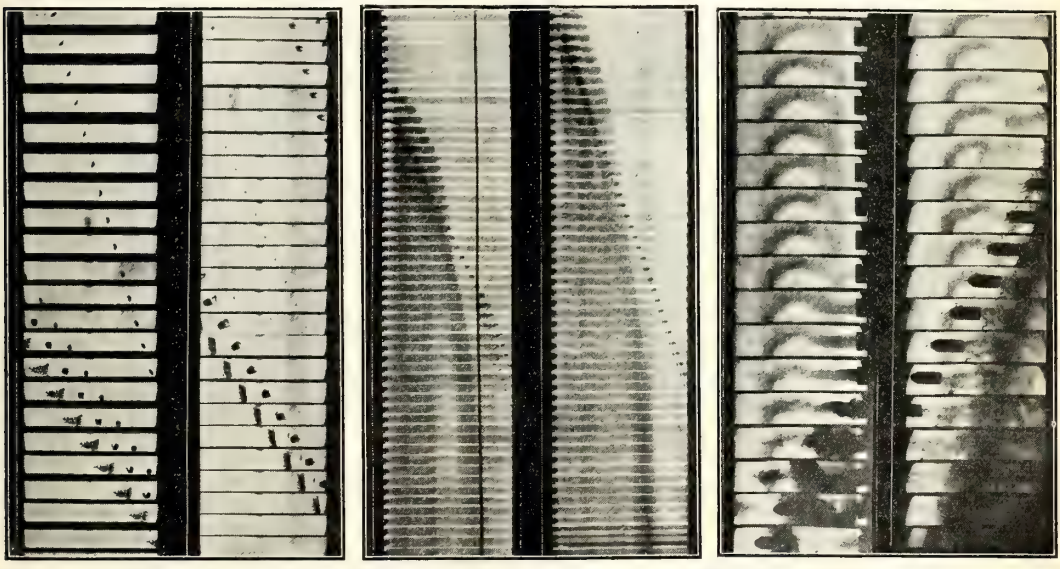
In the ordinary motion picture camera the film has a jerky motion, for it can move only while the shutter is closed and must come to a dead stop when the shutter opens; but it is impossible to do this at the rate required to film a bullet in flight. A very fast camera may have its shutter open for one-ten-thousandth part of a second, but that would be too slow to snap a rifle bullet, because in that time the bullet would travel three or more inches and would make only a blur on the film.

In the apparatus invented by M. Bull the exposures each last *less than a millionth of a second*, during which time the fastest projectiles move but $\frac{1}{32}$ of an inch and thus are practically stationary. The film travels at the rate of over 300 feet per second or about 200 miles per hour, and it is not stopped for each picture, because, despite a speed three times as great as that of an express



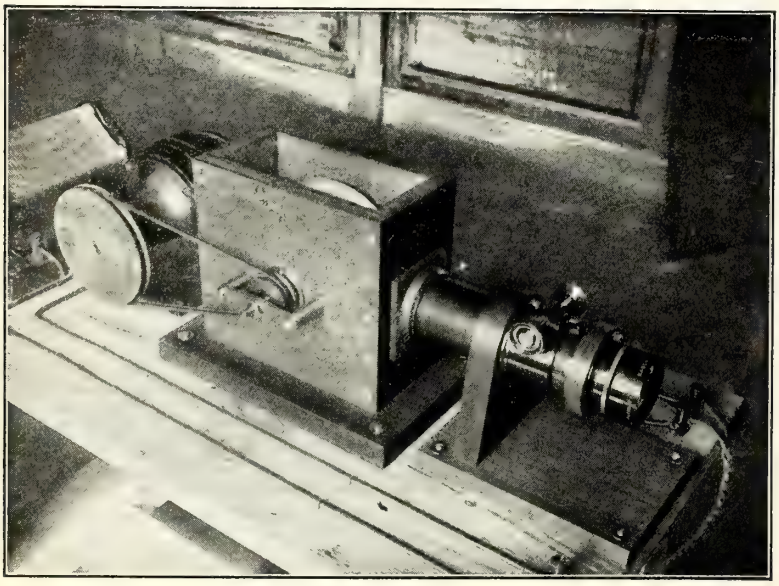
M. LUCIEN BULL AND HIS APPARATUS FOR PHOTOGRAPHING RIFLE AND SHOT-GUN BULLETS

train, it is practically stationary during the one millionth of a second of exposure. There is no mechanical shutter that will open for only one millionth of a second and repeat the performance 20,000 times each second, and so M. Bull gets around the difficulty by keeping the camera *open in the dark* and making the exposures *by the light of a stream of sparks* which cast silhouettes of the bullet on the film. The sparks can be regulated to discharge at a rate as high as 50,000 per second, but that is faster than necessary. The light of the sparks is gathered by a reflector (shown at the right in the general view of the apparatus) and is thrown as a beam against a large lens



FILMS OF A BULLET FIRED FROM A REVOLVER; SHOT FIRED FROM A SHOT-GUN; AND A SHELL LEAVING THE MUZZLE OF A GUN. (FOR EXPLANATIONS SEE NEXT PAGE)

(shown at the left). This focuses the beam on the camera (not shown in the picture). This rifle or shot-gun is mounted in a stand and is aimed to project its bullet or shot across the pulsating beam of light and against a couple of wires mounted in a frame. The camera is shown in the picture on this page, with the top removed to show the drum or wheel inside on which the film is mounted. By means of an electric motor the wheel is revolved at a rate of 12,000 revolutions per minute, but it makes less than one revolution in the short interval during which the bullet is speeding by. The lens of the camera is closed with an electrically operated shutter.



THE CAMERA

When all is ready, with the shutter closed and the film wheel revolving at top speed, the operator pulls the trigger. The instant he does this the shutter is opened; but no pictures are taken just yet; time must be allowed for the powder to ignite and the bullet to travel through the bore of the gun. When the powder is detonated the recoil of the gun operates a delicate switch which starts the stream of sparks and the camera begins to take pictures. The bullet or shot speeds across and breaks the two wires in the frame. One of them stops the sparks and the other closes the camera shutter.

Another of the photographs shows how the apparatus is arranged for recording the flight of a 37-millimeter shell. The camera is in the foreground out of the field of the picture.

The films are arranged in pairs; that is, there are two sets of exposures on each. In the films of the 37-millimeter shell, the muzzle of the gun may be seen very clearly at the right-hand side of the left-hand set of exposures. The air wave preceding the projectile shows first, then comes a burst of smoke, and finally the shell may be seen emerging from the gun and eventually making its way through the smoke or hot gases. In the right-hand set of exposures the black spots around the shell are grains of unburned powder.

One of the films shows how revolver bullets act. The gases issuing from the revolver travel faster than the bullet at first, and it is some time before the bullet overtakes and passes them! In the left-hand set the vertical line is a thin pine board and the splinters produced when the bullet passes through the board may be clearly seen.

In the film of the discharge of a shot-gun the set on the left shows how the shot spread vertically from a smooth bore, while the other set shows how the shot spread horizontally when fired from a choke bore. The black spots following the shot are bits of the wadding.

A. Russell Bond.

GETTING AN ELECTRIC SPARK FROM PAPER

Few people realize that it is possible to get brilliant sparks of a considerable size from a piece of electrified paper. No elaborate apparatus of any kind is needed. As a first step, get a large sheet of stout drawing-paper. The thicker this is, the better. Now hold it in front of a fire until it is perfectly dry. Then spread the sheet out on a dry wooden table and rub briskly with a piece of flannel or any woolen material. After doing this for a minute or so, put a large key, or a bunch of small ones, right in the center. Any other steel or iron object will do as well. Now pick up two of the corners of the paper and ask another person to put his finger, or, better still, his knuckles toward the metal in the middle of the paper. At once there flashes out an electric spark which may be an inch or more in length. No sensation is experienced by either individual, as the current is not sufficiently powerful to be felt, even though it gives out such a bright flash. If this experi-

ment is to be really effective, all the objects used must be absolutely dry; and should the paper be actually warm, so much the better. Where there is any dampness about, the trick cannot be satisfactorily carried out.

HOW MANY TASTES ARE THERE?

Most people, if asked to declare the number of tastes, would say that almost everything has a distinctive flavor. But this is not really the case. It has been clearly established that there are only four real tastes: sweet, bitter, acid, and salt. If you relied on taste alone, you could not tell the difference between a cup of tea and a raspberry-ice.

As a matter of fact, what we know as the sense of taste is a very complex thing indeed. Two other senses, touch and smell, are usually closely associated with taste, and, quite often, sight comes into prominence as well. It is considered that, roughly speaking, any flavor is fifty per cent. odor, twenty-five per cent. feeling, and twenty-five per cent. or less of actual taste. If you take away the other senses, you could distinguish nothing by taste save sweet, bitter, acid, or salt. When you have a bad cold in the head, you say your taste is affected. This is quite wrong, for you are simply suffering from that loss of smell which helps you to define flavor. However bad your cold may be, you can still detect the four real tastes I have mentioned.

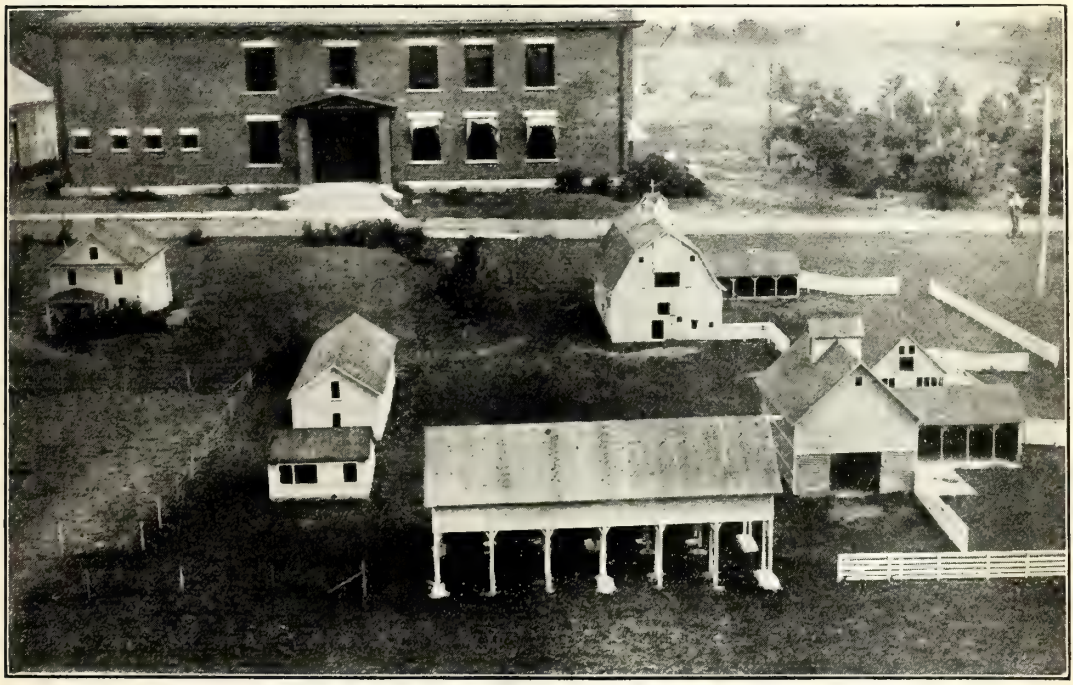
Hold your nose and shut your eyes, and you will find that you cannot tell the difference between tea, coffee, or cocoa. If highly flavored ice-cream was at the same temperature, you would be just as much in the dark. To you it would be a sweet liquid, like the other drinks, and nothing more. The only possible way of distinguishing the tea would be that there might be a slight roughness that would affect the sense of touch in the tongue. But this would have nothing to do with taste.

Another curious thing about taste is that you can only use this sense when a substance can be dissolved into a fluid state in the mouth. People talk about tasting an iron nail or the lead of a pencil; but this is quite impossible. Any sensations you experience here are just those of touch and smell, seeing that these insoluble things have no taste at all so far as you are concerned.

S. Leonard Bastin.

A MINIATURE FARM CONSTRUCTED BY STUDENTS

The Nebraska College of Agriculture is teaching the future farmers of the State in a thoroughly up-to-date manner. A miniature farm has been laid out on the campus, with modern buildings that meet the requirements of local conditions. They have a pleasant little farm-house, built upon a concrete foundation and equipped with modern conveniences. There is a dairy-barn and silo



MINIATURE FARM BUILDINGS ON THE CAMPUS OF THE NEBRASKA COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE

with solid walls of concrete, a horse-barn, a hay-shed, a hog-house, poultry-house, tool-shed and shop, and a machine-shed.

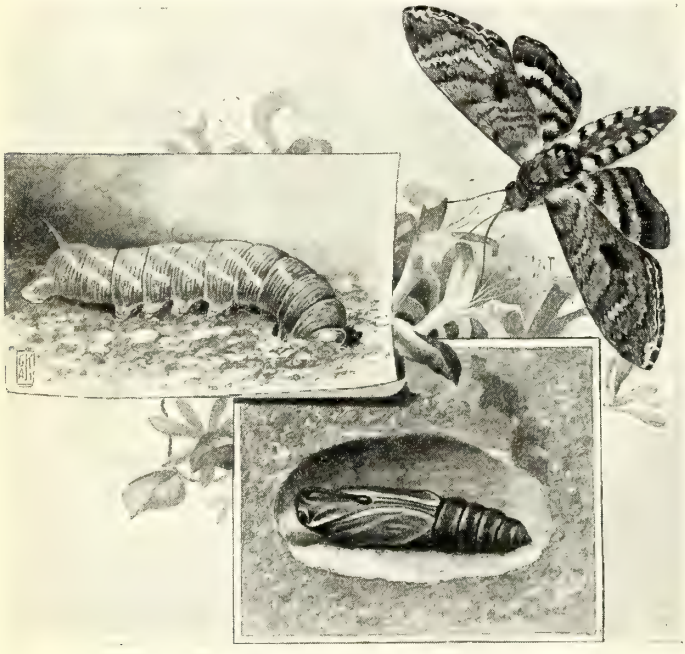
The students in the wood-working classes constructed the various buildings in their shops, on a scale of about three inches to a foot, setting them up on the campus as they were finished.

The house is well situated in regard to the barn; in fact, everything is scientifically planned and arranged so that the work can be done easily and as little time as possible wasted in getting from one building to another. In this plan an attempt has been made to save labor, and a schedule has been drawn up showing just how to do the work so that no unnecessary steps have to be taken.

As a further help to farmers of the State, complete sets of blue prints and bills of materials are furnished to any one at cost. L. M. EDHOLM.

BURIES HIMSELF ALIVE

OFTEN we have seen, on the tomato plants in the garden, that big fat green worm with whitish oblique stripes on his sides and a sort of horn on his tail. But who has thought as to what becomes of him in the natural course of his life?



THE WORM THAT BURIES HIMSELF ALIVE

One day we look for him in vain. He is gone! But where? So suddenly has he disappeared, that it seems as though the ground might have swallowed him up. And strange as it may seem, that is just exactly what has happened.

As we have looked at this great clumsy worm, who has ever even dreamed of his having any higher ambition in life?

Who would think that this lowly creature's one great idea was to rise to a more exalted plane of living?

Such appears to be the fact; and to accomplish this transformation, something in that little head of his seems to tell him that he should first ea and eat day after day until he becomes the perfect worm; and when that state is attained, that he must bury himself alive, deep down in the ground.

A day comes when, if we were watching him closely, we should see his beautiful clear green coat turning somewhat darker and getting a bit muddy in color; and also that, instead of contentedly munching the leaves as before, he now begins to act uneasily, continually moving from place to place and finally going down a stem to the ground.

Here he crawls around for a time, nosing the soil, and when he finds a spot suitable for his purpose, he begins his self-imposed burial. First his head is forced into the ground, and gradually his body follows, going deeper and deeper, until he is entirely out of sight; and as he wriggles and wriggles beneath the surface, the loose earth closes over him, leaving little or no evidence of where he went in.

Could we follow him farther we would find him still going down. Finally when far enough below the surface, by squirming around he forms a little smooth-walled chamber. In this subterranean room he soon throws off his caterpillar skin and changes to a chrysalis of a rich brown color, with a long slender tongue-case which bends over from the head so as to touch the breast, resembling somewhat the handle of a pitcher.

In this condition he spends the winter, and when the next summer comes he works his way back to the surface of the ground, where the chrysalis skin splits open, and out he crawls, now a beautiful moth. Mounting a near-by plant, he waits till the coming of evening to sail forth in the cool fragrant air and drink the sweets of the deep-throated flowers—no longer a delver into the earth but a winged creature, his great ambition now at last fully realized. GEO. A. KING.

HOW THE TROUT CHANGES HIS COAT

MANY have been the speculations indulged in by fishermen as to the explanation of the chameleon-like changes in color of the fresh-water trout. Since the color of the trout always conforms to the shade of the stream-bed in which he lives, many have believed that this was a case of nature's protective mimicry, which we find many times in insects.

One devotee of the sport, in order to satisfy himself as to the length of time which these transformations require, and to discover, if possible, why they take place, made a number of tests.

The trout secured for the purpose was put into a vessel having a white porcelain bottom. In a few days it was noted, through the clear water which was passed through the vessel, that the fish was growing lighter in color. In five days it was a light yellow, the spots and stripes being but little darker.

Having been given a dark carpet, in the shape of a thin black rubber sheet, a change to a dull, dark color took place, almost obliterating the markings. When moss was substituted for the rubber, the trout very soon became an olive green. This change was quicker than the former ones, no doubt because the fish was dark before.

Then everything was removed from the bottom of the vessel, and the turncoat was soon flicking about in light-lemon apparel again. When brick-dust was generously sprinkled on the bottom, he readily took on a reddish hue, and later became a straw-color when mica replaced the brick-dust.

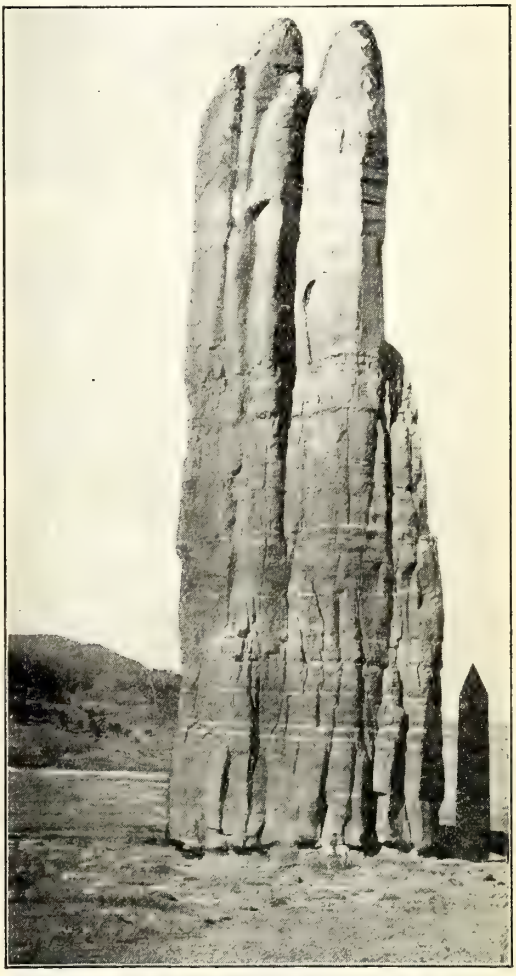
After repeating these experiments in a darkened room, and finding that each change in shade required three times as long as the former ones, the zealous angler was convinced that the transitions were due, not to any power which the fish possesses to effect these changes for protection, but to the effects of the rays of light on the coloring matter in his skin. DAISY M. MOORE.

A NEEDLE IN A DESERT

How would you like to swing into the saddle, start up your pack-train, cut loose from Ft. Defiance, in the Navajo country, and hunt a needle in the desert of New Mexico? After you have ridden about twenty miles toward the northeast, you will be over in Todilto Park and "getting warm," as they say in hunt-the-thimble. Now keep a sharp lookout for Venus' Needle. You will not have to strain your eyes, for it is large enough to attract your attention if you pass near.

The West is a country of big things. There are big mountains, big volcanoes, big rivers, big cañons, big trees, big cities, big ideas, big enterprises, big ventures, and big successes. So if the needles are a trifle larger than we are accustomed to in other parts of the country, it is no more than should be expected.

How high is it, do you ask? Well you can answer that question for yourself. Look carefully at the base and you will see a man on horseback. The top of his head is about ten feet from the ground. Now take a measure and compare him with the height of the needle. You will find



THE BIG "NEEDLE" IN TODILTO PARK, NEW MEXICO

the capstone is approximately 300 feet above the ground. But it will look even higher if we place the obelisk (Cleopatra's Needle) in Central Park, New York, beside it for comparison.

In the hills across the valley there are strata that correspond with those in the needle. Both are highly colored, and, of course, were at one time continuous. But erosion has separated the one from the other and left the needle an independent, outstanding rock.

GEORGE BURBANK SHATTUCK.



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY MARGARET M. WATTS, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1920)

OUR youthful poets paid abundant tribute to the glories of October for this month's feast of good things, which includes many tuneful lyrics and a clever acrostic. Right gladly, too, would we have given place to all the contributions represented in the Special Mention list, if room could have been made for them.

As for "The Turning-Point," the LEAGUE pages would have to be doubled to do justice to our zealous young contestants, and to the novel and unusual "turns" which many of them gave to the subject. Judge the mass by the specimens here printed, which, admirable as you will pronounce them to be, are yet all too few in number, (alas!) compared with the scores and scores that were of equal, or almost equal, merit; and here again we must refer you to the Special Mention list. It was interesting to note, by the way, how many of the prose-writers chose historical events for this theme, such as the battles of Saratoga, Gettysburg, the Marne and Chateau-Thierry as the turning-points, respectively, of the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, and the Great World War just ended.

We also heartily commend this month's pictorial section—both for the artistic beauty of some of the photographs and drawings, and for the delightful humor of others.

Altogether this two-hundred-and-fiftieth LEAGUE exhibit is one that increases our pride in the organization, and it is permeated throughout with the invigorating ardor of youthful endeavor.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 248

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badge, **Katherine Hicks** (age 13), Illinois. Silver Badges, **Barbara Pocle** (age 11), Illinois; **Meredith Wilson** (age 13), New Jersey; **Florence Dorothy Wood** (age 13), Colorado; **Catharine L. Bullard** (age 15), Missouri; **Olwen Leach** (age 17), Illinois; **Laura M. Hanigan** (age 17), California.

VERSE. Gold Badges, **Rhea M. De Coudres** (age 13), Connecticut; **Frances Mallory** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **Emily Kingsbery** (age 12), North Carolina. Silver Badges, **Barbara Channing** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Birkbeck Wilson** (age 16), Maine; **Joan Elizabeth Stauffer** (age 13), California.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badge, **Margaret Miller Watts** (age 17), District Columbia. Silver Badges, **Frances Michelson** (age 14), Wisconsin; **Alice Lillian Mac Lean** (age 13), New York; **Turpin C. Bannister** (age 15), Ohio; **Lucille Duff** (age 14), Calif.; **Leslie Powell** (age 14), Oklahoma; **Otho Basil Blake** (age 16), Maine.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badge, **Katherine C. Ash** (age 13), Minnesota. Silver Badges, **Albert Keep** (age 13), Illinois; **Helen E. Faber** (age 15), New Jersey; **Evelyn Schlinkert** (age 13) Missouri; **M. Elinor Smith** (age 14), Minnesota; **Albert Vann Fowler** (age 16), New York.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold Badge, **Elaine Ervin** (age 12), Ohio. Silver Badges, **Margaret H. Sims** (age 14), Rhode Island; **Lincoln K. Barnett** (age 11), New York; **Betty Hutchinson** (age 12), New York.



BY ALBERT KEEP, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)



BY FLORENCE E. FINLEY, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER)

"A PLACE I LOVE"

THE TURNING-POINT

BY KATHERINE HICKS (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1920)

THE sun had sunk beyond the horizon, and as the first silvery beams of a new moon touched the little French village of Domremy, a young girl sat on the hill. Her red dress was dampened by dew, and she shivered unconsciously, but her mind was far from trivial things. She had a tremendous decision to make, a decision which would affect her beloved France besides herself.

Jeanne d'Arc! Sometimes, in the glory of your deeds, we forget what a struggle you must have had with yourself before leaving home to go to war! Now at one side of Jeanne lay the valley of her birth, fertile and green, and bounded by low, wooded hills; on the other side, obscured by mists, lay France. To turn again to her home life, quiet and peaceful, was her wish; and yet her conscience called her to the rescue of her prince and her country. What would the future hold there? She strained her eyes, and through the mist of coming days saw a shining shield—a spear—a flash of color, of fame, —a cruel chain—and then, a fiery tongue of flame.

The girl hid her face, and thought deeply.

But when the first star shone brightly, she rose to her feet, and turning her face away from her native valley, stretched out her arms to France, to war, and to the martyr's crown.

OCTOBER

BY BARBARA CHANNING (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

'T WAS all in the forest of merry Sherwood
When the good brown ale flowed free,
That feasts were held by Robin Hood,
With bags of gold as fee.

'T was all in the sweet October days
When scarlet flamed each tree,
That Marion from her postern stole,
Her true love for to see.

'T was all in the Indian summer eve
When the harvest moon shone bright,
That the reapers brought home the golden corn,
And danced all through the night.

'T was all in the dark and moonless wood,
That the witches kept their ward,
And the goblins danced with airy sprites,
Upon the mystic sward.

Oh, the woods of October are red and gold,
Beneath their misty haze!
And the folk of romance come forth once more,
In the sweet October days!

THE TURNING-POINT

BY BARBARA POOLE (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

ALL their lives had they been the most loving of brothers. Now they had parted.

The cry of "war" had spread through the South. The plantation was no longer the same.

The negroes were buzzing that "Mars' John was gwine to fight fo' the 'souf' and "Mars' Sam was gwine to fight fo' the 'nohf.' "

The day of their parting had come. John and Samuel together had had their mother's blessing; but their father blessed only John. He drew away, stiff and indignant, with hurt pride, from Samuel; to think that Major Davis Lee's son should be fighting against his kith and kin!

As the brothers rode down the long avenue together to the gate, their heads were bowed. At the gate, with bowed heads and clasped hands, they prayed that God might be with them.

Then each turned and rode his way into the future.

OCTOBER

BY RHEA M. DE COUDRES (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1919)

GOLDEN and scarlet against the sky,
Blazing bright next the fir-trees green,
Vivid colors are streaking high
Into a clear October sky
Mingled with blue-black boughs between.

Crimson and purple the flowers stand,
Regally splashing the field's dark brown.
Ivy and goldenrod, hand in hand,
Twine by the trunk of the oak-tree grand
And the sun glows brightly down.

Pumpkins of yellow 'neath sere brown corn
Over the fields stretch away, away!
Cold is the clear October morn
As I race o'er the hills, and am glad I was born
Just to witness this perfect day!

THE TURNING-POINT

(Told in 1950)

BY SILVIA A. WUNDERLICH (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

'WHAT 's this?" Margaret inquired as she pulled an old card out of her grandmother's drawer. "Is a tale of adventure connected with it?"

Grandma took the card and slowly read it over.

"To a young heroine, who braved a dangerous turning-point. It is my wish that at each turning-point of life, you may display the same perseverance and courage. Dad."

Grandma smiled. "No my child, but perhaps its story would interest you.



"AT THE GATE." BY FRANCES MICHELSON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

"I was a girl of fifteen when we entered the Great War. Like all young girls of the time, I started knitting. Sweater after sweater, I finished. Socks, of course, were needed by the army more, but my sisters and I were afraid to attempt them. Finally my father said, 'I will give a silver pin to the one of you who makes the most socks during the war.' We all started immediately. My sisters soon arrived at their first heel and passed it. When I arrived there I gaily started—'Knit one row—purl one row, etc.' How carefully I followed those directions! But when I was ready to pick up my thirteen stitches

at the side, eleven only were there! Grimly I ripped it all away, and started over. The same thing happened again! For two whole weeks I worked at that heel before it was done. No one, so I thought, had noticed my troubles. I was far behind when the armistice was signed, and my oldest sister received the pin. At the same time, however, Dad gave *me* a box of candy with this card in it. You may imagine how pleased and surprised I was!"

Margaret, who had been listening very attentively suddenly jumped up. "I think I'll go and finish that troublesome sewing of mine!" she said.



"AT THE GATE." BY ALICE LILLIAN MAC LEAN AGE 13 (SILVER BADGE)

THE TURNING-POINT

BY MEREDITH WILSON (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

STEALTHILY the powerful black glided forward through the long South African grass towards the hut of his white master. In his hand glistened a sharp knife, and his eyes bore an evil look. For the master had found a stolen tie-pin in his possession, and had taken it from Pont, the negro.

When Pont reached the hut he looked through the window before committing the evil deed that was in his mind.

He saw the master and his wife and little girl standing about a cake with three candles upon it. Laughing, the child blew out the candles and with her mother's help cut the cake. Glancing up at that moment, she spied Pont and running out she smilingly handed him a slice of the birthday cake, just as he flung the knife into the bushes behind him.

Later, much ashamed of himself for wishing to disturb the family's happiness, Pont slunk away, while the master's little girl played on, utterly unconscious of the fact that her kind thought had been the turning-point that averted an evil deed.

OCTOBER

BY BIRKBECK WILSON (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

IT was morning—day's beginning,—
In the Land of Mystery
When I saw a maiden fairer
Than the waking world may see.

In her hair of woven sunlight
Were the autumn leaves entwined,
In their dresses, red and yellow
By the Frost King left behind.

And the landscape all about her
With eternal beauty shone;
And each leaf and every flower
Had a color all its own.

Thus it was, in realms enchanted,
To these eyes by slumber sealed
That the Spirit of October
In her beauty, stood revealed!

THE TURNING-POINT

BY FLORENCE DOROTHY WOOD (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

BETTY HOSKINS opened the mail-box eagerly.

"It 's time I heard from that story," she thought. Then her face fell, as she saw the contents of the box, and her eyes filled with tears. Her book had been returned again!

Slowly, with heavy heart, she walked to her room. Throwing her returned book into a corner, and herself on the bed, she burst into tears.

"It 's no use!" she sobbed, "I just was n't born to write! Oh, Mother, Mother, I wish you were here!" Her thoughts went back to that day, eight long years ago, when she had tried so hard for a badge in the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, and failed. Her mother had kissed her, and said: "Never mind, girlie; keep on trying. There will be a turning-point. There 's bound to be!" And her next two stories had won the silver and gold badges. She took them out now, and looked at them fondly.

"There will be a turning-point!" Betty looked up with new hope in her eyes. It was as if her mother had spoken from that Great Beyond.

"I 'll try again!" she whispered, "even if two publishers have turned it down!"

She crossed the room, picked up the book from the floor, addressed, stamped, and mailed it to another of the publishers on her list.

Several weeks later, when Betty took her regular walk to the post-office for the evening mail, a long business envelop was all the box contained. But it was enough. Betty opened it in her room, her heart pounding. One look at its contents, and she was crying from sheer happiness.

"Mother!" she whispered, "it has been accepted! The turning-point has come!"

THE TURNING-POINT

BY CATHARINE L. BULLARD (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

IT was a typical late July day. The very air in the Chateau-Thierry sector seemed charged with expectancy. And the men? The firm set of their jaws and the determined light in their eyes betrayed the underlying feelings. *They* would do or die!

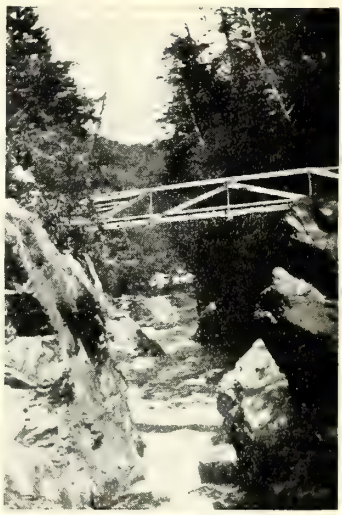
For hours a terrific barrage had been laid down; a slight lull—then, the clash!



BY DOLLY HAGER, AGE 13



BY HELEN E. FABER, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE)



BY SUE CARNS, AGE 13

"A PLACE I LOVE"

The dashing, fiery spirit of the Yank, the cool, grim courage of the Frenchman, and the bulldog tenacity of the Britisher all combined to make this battle one of the greatest turning-points in the world's history.

Just as the great, angry wave that breaks far up on the shore must reach a turning-point and be forced back, this great, threatening wave of barbarism reached *its* turning-point at Chateau-Thierry.

Back—back, line upon line to the land of its origin, the land of the black German cross and blacker deeds, it was forced by these bravest of soldiers who had caught the spirit of the Marne—the spirit of Jeanne d'Arc herself!

OCTOBER

(An Acrostic)

BY MOLLIE L. CRAIG (AGE 13)
(Honor Member)

Oh, now it is October, when all the gorgeous trees
Change their summer clothes for those of fall!
Tossing is the goldenrod in the cooling breeze,—
Opportunely peeping o'er the wall.
Burning is the sumac in the open field,
Endless is the color as we gaze;
Riches all abundant fields and orchard yield,
Soft and ripened 'neath the warm sun's rays.

Darkness comes on early, shadows lengthen soon,
And a touch of frost is in the air;
Yet glorious, magnificent, shines the harvest moon,—
Seldom is anything so fair!

In the frosty evenings great bonfires are lit;
Near them games are played far into night.
Dreadful loom the corn stacks! They don't seem a bit
In the darkness as they seem in light!
Almost every day great flocks of birds fly by,
Never any way but south they go;

Sultry are the noontimes, the melting sun is high
Up above; 't is hard to think of snow.
Merging from the tree-tops' to the hill-top's crest
Mildly spreads the golden, sifting haze;
Everlastingly the sense of quiet peace and rest
Reaches souls in bright October's days!

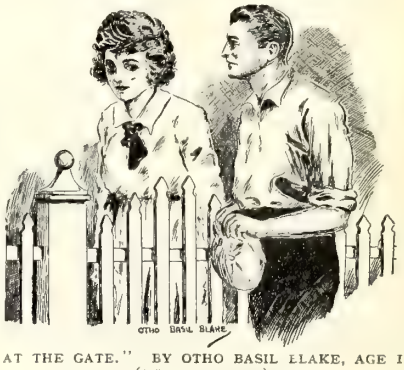
OCTOBER

BY JOAN ELIZABETH STAUFFER (AGE 13)
(Silver Badge)

'T is Indian summer, and the goldenrod
Is gaily challenging the traveler's eye.
The ivy turns to crimson on the wall;
A lonely bird is winging in the sky.

In yonder field a sprightly cricket chirps
A lyric serenade of runs and trills.
A wind comes dancing lightly overhead,
Then wanders off among the wooded hills.

The trees decked out in Nature's richest gowns,
The gardens long since shorn of their array,
The corn piled up in wigwams—all present
A charming pageant this October day.



"AT THE GATE." BY OTHO BASIL LAKE, AGE 16
(SILVER BADGE)

THE TURNING-POINT

BY NATALIE C. HALL (AGE 13)
(Honor Member)

The turning-point in a nation's history is frequently the outcome of a small incident; yet people often call a larger event the hinge on which fate turns.

In the history of Canada this point is clearly indicated in the Seven Years War, when Quebec was cap-



"A PLACE I LOVE." BY EVELYN SCHLINKERT, AGE 13
(SILVER BADGE)

tured by Wolfe. Although, to the English, the siege of Quebec was the important factor in obtaining Canada, from the Canadian standpoint it was the hoisting of a flag that decided the destiny of one of the largest countries in the Northern hemisphere.

After the capture of Quebec there was still another important stronghold to take before Canada could be considered conquered, and that was Montreal. The French, though having the advantage of the fort, were considerably weakened by the fierce fighting of the Britishers. On the other hand the English troops were few and tired with the long months of ceaseless vigilance. Both sides expected help from their mother countries, and whichever sent aid first was almost certain of victory.

One day when hope of success was vanishing, a frigate came up the river on whose nationality the fate of Canada depended. Both English and French waited with bated breath for the flag to be unfurled. At last a ball was run up to the mast-head which broke out into the white ensign of the British Navy. The French abandoned their camp a few days later, and during the summer, Montreal was taken.

By the Peace of Paris, in seventeen hundred and sixty-three, Canada was ceded to Great Britain, as the direct outcome of the unfurling of a flag. On a little thing, therefore, the destiny of a nation is sometimes based, and this is only one of the many "turning-points" in the world's history.

OCTOBER

BY WILLIAM I. CARPENTER (AGE 14)

INDIAN Summer haze;
Soft, warm, autumn days,
Fields of waving maize,
First of fair October.

Cooler skies of blue
As the gentian's hue,
Ground, the apples strew,
Middle of October.

Trees in garments gay,
Jack Frost passed that way,
Pumpkins hid in hay,
Last of rich October.

Jack-o'-lanterns glow;
Forms flit to-and-fro,
All behold; and lo!
The death of fair October!

THE TURNING-POINT

BY OLWEN LEACH (AGE 17)
(*Silver Badge*)

FATHER loved music, though he did not play or sing; and it was a disappointment to him that none of his daughters were musically talented. Therefore, he was more than pleased, when "Buster," our only brother, professed a desire to take violin lessons. Father procured a fine instrument, and engaged a good teacher.

And there began—what shall I call it,—the Dark Age in the House of Carroll? Buster never did things by halves. Morning, noon, and night he practised, and at various and sundry times between.

But oh! the discords, the shrieks, the groans, the moans, the wails, the plaintive tones, the mournful outbursts! Buster never did things by halves. We shut ourselves in our rooms, and sought the inmost corners,—and yet we heard. We went into the kitchen, and clattered plates and pans, but above it all, came that unearthly squeak. We betook ourselves to the garden, and the breezes wafted the dismal sound to our ears. We girls despaired; Mother was resigned; Father alone was sanguine. "Just give the boy time," he said.

A month later, Mother and we girls left for the country, not primarily to get away from Buster; but we did



BY ELEANOR TILTON, AGE 13



BY MARY GILBERT, AGE 16



BY BETH LITTLE, AGE 16

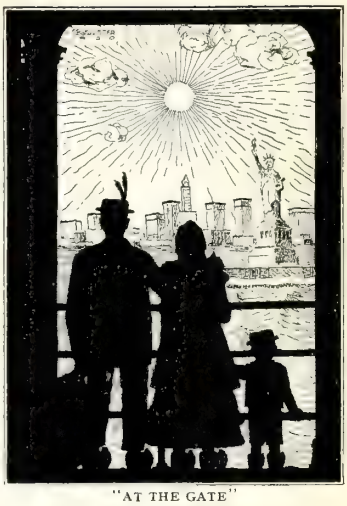
"A PLACE I LOVE"



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER"
BY ELIZABETH SOUTHARD, AGE 17
(HONOR MEMBER)



"AT THE GATE"
BY LUCILLE DUFF, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)



"AT THE GATE"
BY TURPIN C. BANNISTER, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE)

go earlier than usual. Father and Buster were to come in a fortnight. But we had been there only three days, when the two appeared. We groaned. Not that we did n't want to see them; only, we were dreading the sight of a violin case. But—he did n't have it! We breathed easier.

"Where is your violin?" we demanded.

"Oh! Dad said he 'd buy me a new bicycle if I 'd leave it in the attic," said Buster. "Say, have you anything to eat?"

All eyes turned towards Father. "Ahem!" said he. "Would n't you all like to go fishing to-morrow?"

OCTOBER

BY FRANCES MALLORY (AGE 15)
(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1919*)

OCTOBER is the brightest month
To me of all the year
When the air is brisk and full of tang,
And the sky is blue and clear.

There 's football in October
And the goldenrod is out.
All the girls and boys go nutting,
While the squirrels frisk about.

October is the harvest month
With fields of waving gold,
Green leaves turn red and yellow
Ere the coming of the cold.

But the best time in October
Is when nights are chill and clear
And we gather round the fire-log
And our hearts are full of cheer.

Then cider 's passed in brimming mugs,
The dear old songs are sung,
And Grandpa tells a story
Of the time when he was young.

THE TURNING-POINT

BY LAURA M. HANIGAN (AGE 17)
(*Silver Badge*)

WHAT important things turning-points are! And what an important part they have played in our history! If it had not been for the defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga, on the seventeenth of October, 1777, the turning-point of the war, France might never have come to our aid in our fight for independence; we might still be under the



BY KATHERINE C. ASH, AGE 13
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JUNE 1920)



BY M. ELINORE SMITH, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

"A PLACE I LOVE"



"A PLACE I LOVE." BY ALBERT VANN FOWLER, AGE 16 (SILVER BADGE)

dominion of Great Britain and our Washington might have come down in history as a traitor.

Until September, 1813, in our second war with England, it seemed as if we would lose our hard-won independence. But then came the turning-point! Brave Captain Perry, afterward Admiral, met an enemy battle fleet on Lake Erie, and by his victory encouraged our people to go on fighting until our independence was assured.

On July 3, 1863, when the Confederate army was almost at the gates of Washington and it seemed that our country would forever be divided, the Union forces under General Meade repelled Lee on the field of Gettysburg, and brought about the turning-point of the Civil War.

And, in the recent war, the most terrible the world has ever known, as yet scarcely over, after four years of the heart-breaking struggle, it at last seemed probable that the Hun might accomplish his designs and that the Allied armies were to be crushed and defeated.—Then came the battle of Chateau-Thierry, where, for the first time, our khaki-clad boys went into action. It was a turning-point that saved civilization! It was indeed a turning-point to be proud of forever.

OCTOBER

BY EMILY KINGSBERY (AGE 12)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July, 1920*)

O October, month of beauty!
Trees with leaves of every hue,
Juicy apples, ripe and rosy,
Clearest skies of brightest blue!
Mountains hazy in the distance,
Rippling fields of ripening grain,
Welcome, welcome, Indian summer!
Autumn weather 's here again!

And the night of fortune-telling,
And of witches, spooks, and ghosts,
Black cats, owls, and jack-o'-lanterns
Grinning at you from the posts!
Roasting chestnuts, eating apples,
Popping corn before the fire,
Telling tales of ghosts and witches,—
Tales of which we never tire.
Playing games and asking riddles
Till it 's time to go to bed;
Listening cautiously to noises,—
Hark! Is that some witch's tread!

O October, month of autumn!
Soon will come old Winter's reign;
Gather in your nuts and apples,
Harvest now your corn and grain!

THE TURNING-POINT

(*A True Story*)

BY CAROLINE EVERETT (AGE 12)

At the time of the late Republican Convention, I happened to be in Chicago. Of course the main topic of conversation was: "Who will be nominated?" Many predicted Lowden; almost an equal number, Wood; and a very few discussed Harding. It was thought by some likely that a "dark horse" would be nominated but Tuesday evening most delegates were confident that the choice was between Wood and Lowden.

Early Wednesday morning, we started from Evanston to visit the "Terrace Gardens" (to have luncheon there). Everybody enjoyed the skating and other amusements but all were eager to learn who was ahead at the Convention on the latest ballot. The returns were posted soon after they were announced at the "Coliseum"; and when the sixth ballot was posted it was hard to tell who would be successful. But when the eighth was announced, everyone could see that Wood's and Lowden's votes were rapidly decreasing. This, then, was the real turning-point; for Harding was now rapidly gaining. The nominee was chosen on the tenth ballot, and the successful one was Warren G. Harding, Senator from Ohio.

OCTOBER

BY ANNE E. WOOD (AGE 13)

Oh, the gray clouds are racing across a blue sky!
The wind that chases them whistles loud and high.
The merry brown leaves dance round and round,
While above fly birds, southward bound;—
For 't is the month of October!

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Evelyn L. Everitt
Margaret Gott
Mildred Ridley
Jean McCrum
Floy Jane Norwood
Esther Monahan
Paula Gysler
Mary Hoyt Stoddard
Jean Douglass
Jeanne Hugo
Catherine N. Nevins
Stewart Craig Thomson, Jr.
Louise Tarr
Margaret Polt
Elizabeth Singer
Jane Buel Bradley
Anne Atkins
Helen Elmira Waite
Margaret Fisher
Ruth Joan Chrest
Dorothy A. Nehel
Judith DuBois Wragg
Kitty Dickerman
Lorra M. Kelly
Dorothy Sewing
Dorothy Alice Mills
Margaret Durick
Orlando Paul Metcalf, Jr.
Grace Stebbins

VERSE

Virginia E. Follin
Katrina Hincks
Sara P. Matthews
Margaret Mackprang
Frances Chapin
Lois D. Foley
Lillian Thomas
Ruth G. Tarrant
Elizabeth N. Rhoades
Anne L. New
Carol P. Schmid
Jean E. Cameron
Eva Tibman
Carol Kaufman
Ruth Renks
Rae M. Verrill
Brenda Green
Molly Smith
Fanita Laurie
Keturah C. Rollinson
Dorothy M. Gervan
Elizabeth Cleaveland
Elizabeth Patterson

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Henrietta Dolta
Alice Hammel
Rose Fletcher
Bruce Horsfall, Jr.
William Osgood Morgan, Jr.
Kate L. Lyon
Ruth Fowler
Eleanor E. Spottiswoode
Abraham Just
Mary Reeve
Anne West
Evelyn R. Brooks
Mildred C. West
Kathleen Delehanty
Lois Dugan
Isabelle C. Midgley
James C. Perkins, Jr.
Virginia M. Burmister
Thomas Webb
Evelyn Whitmore
Doris E. Rigby
Cuthbert Brown
Sibyl E. Briggs
Barbara O. Richardson
Mary Keith
Almera Yingling
John P. Wilson, III
Plarton Middleton
Barbara Nelson
Helen F. Corson
Priscilla Gove
Winifred Wise
Elizabeth Dohme

DRAWINGS

W. M. Randol, Jr.
Katharine T. Ide
Marjory E. Root
Virginia Lignell
Marion Rae Brosius
Allison Flynn
May Holmberg
Dorothy Van Gorder
Selma Morse
Albert G. Reader
Frances Oler
Julia Dean
Eileen E. Blackburn
Frances Lee Purnell

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

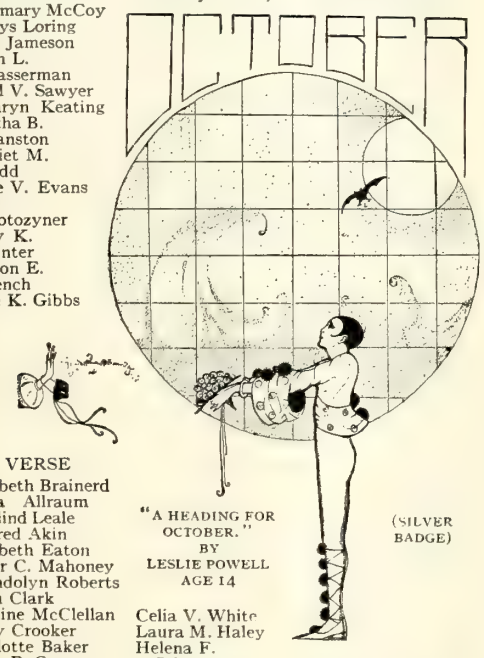
Elizabeth Cope
Estelle Cieslinski
M. Helen Durick
Virginia White
Elizabeth Gray
Ethel Dale Laughlin
Gertrude G. Thompson
Dorothy Toombs
Faith H. Poor
Catherine Shedd
Elizabeth Runkle
Helen Williston
Linda E. Mitchell
Elizabeth Cattelle
Ruth Gunther
Sylvia Raphael
Margaret Monroe
Suzanne R. Cross
Blanche Michell
Sarah McCordic
Lillian A. Hardy
Dorothy Louise Sponsler
Rosemary McCoy
Gladys Loring
Weir Jameson
Edith L. Wasserman
Carol V. Sawyer
Kathryn Keating
Martha B. Cranston
Harriet M. Gadd
Alyse V. Evans
Elsa Krotozyner
Mary K. Painter
Gordon E. French
Anne K. Gibbs

VERSE

Elizabeth Brainerd
Juana Allraum
Rosalind Leale
Mildred Akin
Elizabeth Eaton
Elinor C. Mahoney
Gwendolyn Roberts
Edith Clark
Caroline McClellan
Lindy Crooker
Charlotte Baker
Helen P. Carson
Mary V. Gaither
Rosemary J. Sperry
Betty Burd
Marcia M. Perry
Esther Strass
Gladys H. Bowman
Marion Cleveland
Helen Wood
Ruth King
Jennie Bruederlein
Lucia Nolan
Gloria Cheney
Alice Hooper
Alice Hecht Frank
Ellen Arnold Frank
T. Turner Rose
Helen Zimmermann
Betty Muir
Eda Marie Dunstan
Janet Kimball
Adelaide Amella
Paul Ruttkay
Lucia Jenney
Wm. Draizen
Sarah E. Dorn
Helen Dawes
Elaine Thompson
Mary C. Pope
Betty Carpenter
Hugh McCandless
Doris Kent
Emma Rounds
Anna Nisbet
Barbara Brewer

DRAWINGS

Hilda F. Wanker
June Johnson
Marjorie I. Miller
James L. Montague
Alison Farmer
Mildred A. Young
Frances M. Frost
Dorothy Hetzel
Tessie Gilbert
Dorothy Cox
Lynd K. Ward
Boyd D. Lewis
Janet Blossom
Dorothy M. Day



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER."
BY
LESLIE POWELL
AGE 14

(SILVER BADGE)

Celia V. White
Laura M. Haley
Helena F. Schoonover
James Taylor, Jr.
Elsie Frey
Julius Miller
Harriet Witman
Lester L. Carlisle, Jr.
Frances S. Badger
Dorothy Stephenson
Frances C. Hale
Robert H. Colvin
Worthen Bradley
Mary Isabel Fry
Jane Gaston
Helen Stevens
Ruth Puls
Waitie L. Thurlow
Naomi V. Neill
Elizabeth Robbins
Ethel Glenn
Parmenia Migel
Joan M. P. Hill
Dorothy Perry
Tommy C. King

PHOTOGRAPHS

Eleanor Beckwith
Frank H. Sloss
Anita Kellogg
Edythe Stepp
Helen R. Hebbard
Martha Lichti
Richard Thayer
Helen F. White
Alice I. Bourquin
Anna Diller
Genevieve Wells
Jane S. Swartz
Margaret Sill
Edgar S. Downing
Lida McCarthy
Lester Morris
Alma J. Austrian
John P. Santuci
Robert Warner
Frank Vinson
Eleanor K. Hoysradt
William Wallace
Katherine Weeks
Elizabeth Miller
Frances P. Hillman
Marian Kellogg
Beulah Bierbach
Rosalind M. Serrat
Marjorie Serrat
Margaret E. Smith
Beth Harrison
Helen Sass
Alice Schreiber
Sallie C. McKenzie
Margaret Kip

PUZZLES

Barbara Wendell
Ruth Dyer
Dorothy MacDougall
Mary Louise Edwards
Dorothea Maier
Henry J. Day
Mary A. Hurd
Richard D. Gatewood

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 251

Competition No. 251 will close October 30. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for February. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, **"The Evening Star."**

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, **"Taking a Chance."**

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, **"My Best Negative."**

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, **"Something Round,"** or **"A Heading for February."**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write *in ink* on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

SALEM, OREGON.

DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: I really don't believe in complimenting people to their faces, but honestly, I think you are perfectly gorgeous! I have enjoyed your shining presence once a month for a year and four months, and I think I like Mrs. Seaman's stories the *very* best.

I have taken a great interest of late in your RIDDLE-BOX, and have worked almost all of the puzzles in my old numbers.

Your devoted subscriber,

MILDRED P. GILBERT (AGE 12).

ROSS, CALIF.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your June number, in the NATURE AND SCIENCE department, you told about the "Devil's Post-pile," in California. In the same article you mentioned some other places bearing a similar name. I want to add that up in the Blue Ridge Mountains, where I have been visiting, there is a place called the "Devil's Race-course." It is a lot of rocks piled loosely together, three quarters of a mile long. It was made by a glacier. The rocks are loose, but almost on a level with each other. There is a spring in the middle of it.

Your loving reader,

LOIS THURSTON.

MT. DORA, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have lived in four States, California, Connecticut, Texas, and Florida. I was born in Connecticut and I like it best, but now live in Lake County, Florida. The reason it is called Lake County is because of its many lakes.

Yesterday we went to Daytona; it has about the best beach in the world. We went in swimming, but I like fresh water the best, because I can dive easier in it.

Your loving reader,

MARGARET E. WHITE (AGE 12).

CEDARHURST, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for about four years. I remember when I only used to read the fairy stories, but now I read everything including the advertisements. Father's grandmother used to take you and she had you bound and gave you to Father. We have the volumes from 1875 to 1892 and on dull rainy days my brother and I go and fairly eat up the pages.

I went to the yacht races the other day. I saw them from the *Highlander* which is the New York Yacht Club boat. It was very interesting besides exciting to watch the race. The *Shamrock IV* is exactly the same length along the water line as the *Resolute* but she had a larger sail spread, so the former has to give a handicap of a little over seven minutes. At first the race was very slow; the *Shamrock* covering the first two legs on over four and a half hours so everybody was practically sure the race would n't be finished before the six-hour limit. Just as the *Shamrock* turned around the second stake-boat a strong south wind came up and the *Shamrock* sailed straight for the finish with the *Resolute* ten minutes behind her. Our boat got up to the finish line a little before the *Shamrock IV* crossed it and we had a beautiful view of the finish. The sun was setting behind us, and the last rays shone on the sails of the victorious boat. The wind was fresh and it swelled out the sails; this is a sight I shall always remember. After the *Shamrock* had finished everyone had their watches out to see if the *Resolute* could finish before her handicap time was up. The minutes seemed to fly. Finally: one minute more—fifty seconds—forty—thirty—twenty—ten—five—four—three—two—one!

Hoping that you will always be a member of our family.

Your interested reader,

EDYTH ELLIMAN (AGE 14).

WEST ROXBURY, MASS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an old, old reader and I 've wanted to join the "LEAGUE" for a long time! But goodness—I 've just managed it (I mean to write you!) We were all brought up on "ST. NICK"—"Father," "Grandpa" "Mother" and all of us. Indeed you can realize how valuable you have been to us when I tell you this little incident: One cold night when I was about six years old, a fire broke out in the rear of our house, and we were told to pack up and move out quickly. I was frightened—but not too much to forget my most precious treasures. Rushing into the library I pulled down two books—all I could carry and ran back to Mother. The fire did not prove serious, and when we again turned into bed, Mother noticed my heavy load. She laughed, and said, "Why bless the child she 's got the ST. NICK!"

Well, dear old magazine! I just worship you—and I 'm aching to join the LEAGUE and then—I will have to earn the "gold and silver badge" before I 'm ousted out by getting to be eighteen.

My age by the way is 15.

Your loving reader,

ANN D. IDE.

GOVERNMENT TEACHERS COLLEGE,
WUCHANG, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to write you a letter to put in the LETTER-BOX.

I have two brothers and a sister that are all older than I am. I am the baby of the family. In Nanking the Chinese called me "Shao baby" which means in Chinese "little baby."

I have never been to America, and I want to go very badly.

We live in the city and about all we can see is the roofs of Chinese houses.

I don't know if you would want to know anything about the Chinese, but I will tell you a little about them.

Many of the Chinese houses are very, very dirty while others are all cleaned up nicely. The poor people's houses sometimes don't have any windows in them except a piece of glass in the top of the roof and almost all of them have mud floors.

I like "Understood Betsy" very much.

JEANETTE GILBERT (AGE 11).

NASSAU, N. P., BAHAMAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly two years and I simply cannot get on without you because I like you so much. I live way out here in the Bahamas Islands, they are nearly a thousand miles from New York. We never have snow here and some of the children have never seen it. I simply adore the "Crimson Patch" and I look forward to getting the monthly magazine each time because it is so exciting. I belong to the Girl Guides and I am camping this summer with them. There is a seaplane which comes here twice a week and I enjoy seeing it come.

Your devoted reader,

HELEN BRICE (AGE 12).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

DIAGONAL. Pershing. Cross-words: 1. Preserve. 2. Peaceful. 3. Perverse. 4. Passover. 5. Prophecy. 6. Paradise. 7. Penitent. 8. Painting.

CHARADE. Her-ring.

A HISTORICAL PUZZLE. The Man with the Iron Mask. Cross-words: From 1 to 8, Tripoli; 2 to 9, Herat; 3 to 10, earth; 4 to 11, might; 5 to 12, abash; 6 to 13, niece; 7 to 14, wapiti; 8 to 15, interior; 9 to 16, Toronto; 10 to 17, Hudson; 11 to 18, tandem; 12 to 19, Hecla; 13 to 20, emboss; 14 to 21, Irkutsk.

SOME QUEER RELATIONS. 1. Antagonist. 2. Antecedent. 3. Antediluvian. 4. Antenna. 5. Antic. 6. Antique. 7. Antonym. 8. Anteater. 9. Antidote. 10. Anteroom. 11. Antelope. 12. Antipathy.

CROSS-WOOD ENIGMA. Luck.

A MISSING SYLLABLE. 1. Horseback. 2. Horse-block. 3. Horse-chestnut. 4. Horsefly. 5. Horsehair. 6. Horsemanship. 7. Horse-radish. 8. Horseshoe. 9. Horsewhip.

ZIGZAG. Victoria Cross. 1. Veil. 2. Mice. 3. Pact. 4. Heat. 5. Blot. 6. Iron. 7. Inch. 8. Fail. 9. Race. 10. Sour. 11. Book. 12. Espy. 13. Sled.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Waterloo; third row, Napoleon. Cross-words: 1. Winsome. 2. Anarchy. 3. Taproot. 4. Emotion. 5. Release. 6. Leeward. 7. Odorous. 8. Omnibus.

RHYMED ANAGRAM. Rose, rose, roes, Eros, sore, ores.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "The love of country produces good manners; and good manners, love of country."

DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Lag. 3. Cater. 4. Gem. 5. R.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.

I.	1. Plane.	2. Local.	3.	
Acrid.	4. Naive.	5. Elder.		
II.	1. Heart.	2. Eager.	3.	
Agree.	4. Reeve.	5. Treed.		
III.	1. Roast.	2. Order.	3.	
Adore.	4. Serin.	5. Trend.		
IV.	1. Genet.	2. Epoch.	3.	
Noble.	4. Eclat.	5. Theta.		
V.	1. Dogma.	2. Orris.	3.	
Grant.	4. Mince.	5. Aster.		

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were duly received from Peter T. Byrne.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were duly received from John R. Hopkins, 11—Mason T. Record, 11—Charlotte R. Cabell, 11—Helen W. Azhderian, 11—Peggy Johnston, 11—Bessie A. Rowley, 11—Helen McIver, 11—John F. Davis, 10—Ruth Mary Collins, 10—Katherine Bogardus, 10—Bernard Le Trois, 10—W. Hawthorne Carr, 10—William J. Hart, 10—Miriam J. Stewart. 10—Thelma L. Wade, 10—St. Anna's Girls, 10—Ruth M. Willis, 9—G. E. A., 9—E. A. Sensenig, 9—Dorothea Maier, 8—C. Dudley Everest, 8—Jane L. Martin, 8—Dorothea Schlesinger, 8—Dorothy N. Teulon, 7—Bennie and Millie Whisler, 7—Frances J. Gassman, 7—Mary I. Fry, 7—Elizabeth Werner, 6—J. A. Strite, Jr., 5—E. Howland, 5—H. S. J. Torbert 5—O. Lowry, 5—H. L. Duncan, 4—M. Bigelow, 4—S. E. Lyman, 4—R. M. Swales, 3—H. A. R. Doyle, 3—A. D. Love, 3—E. Dessonneck, 3—A. Dunlap, 3—E. Finckel, 3—D. Lonney, 2—K. Kahler, 2—B. L. Rosenbaum, 2—M. Newburger, 2—E. Hudson, 2—S. E. Scudder, 2. One puzzle: M. A. S.—N. D.—A. R. H.—L. G.—J. N.—G. S. J.—D. E. H.—E. H.—B. C. D.—J. F.—L. McC.—E. W.—J. B.—N. C.—P. F. F.—M. R.—A. K. K.—C. K.—M. L. S.—A. T. F.—L. McC.—M. R.—C. B. H.—J. V. C.—C. S. S.—C. O'T.—D. C. S.—R. M.

A PRESIDENTIAL ACROSTIC

(*Gold Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

*	2	*	9	.
*	.	*	.	.
*	.	*	5	17
*	.	*	28	.
*	6	*	26	27
*	22	*	1	.
*	.	*	14	8
*	13	*	16	.
*	10	*	19	11
*	.	*	23	.
*	20	*	21	25
*	29	*	24	.
*	7	*	12	15
*	.	*	.	.
*	.	*	3	30
*	18	*	4	.

READING ACROSS: 1. Austerity. 2. Those who use. 3. A number of persons. 4. Throws with force. 5. The name given to some wonderful marbles in the British Museum. 6. Staggers. 7. Not so many. 8. Shaped like an egg. 9. Summer blossoms. 10. A town directly east of Wittenberg. 11. Useful in building a house. 12. Away. 13. A celestial being. 14. A county in the State of New York. 15. A heavy black wood. 16. From the time of.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters (indicated by stars) will spell the name of a President; so will the letters of the third row. The letters indicated by numbers from 1 to 7, from 8 to 16, from 17 to 22, and from 23 to 30, will spell the surnames of four other Presidents.

ELAINE ERVIN (age 12).

DOUBLE DIAGONAL

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

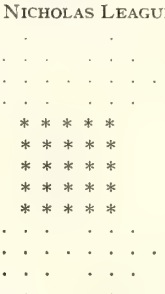
ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, **the diag**onal (from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, and from the upper, right-hand letter to the lower, left-hand letter) will each spell the surname of a President.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to the sides. 2. Found in many bakeries. 3. Occupants. 4. One who elects. 5. Thrift. 6. A little globe. 7. A figure having nine sides and nine angles.

L. K. BARNETT (age 11).

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)



I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In brethren. 2. A large bird of New Zealand, now extinct. 3. A branch. 4. Since. 5. In brethren.

II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In brethren. 2. Also. 3. A wandering troop or gang. 4. A lyric poem. 5. In brethren.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Hurry. 2. A certain

tree. 3. Athletic amusements. 4. Elegantly concise. 5. To go in or to penetrate.

IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In brethren. 2. A measure of length. 3. A senior. 4. Conducted. 5. In brethren.

V. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In brethren. 2. A serpent. 3. Boisterous. 4. Since. 5. In brethren.

MARGARET H. SIMS (age 14).

A M'SSING SYLLABLE



Four objects are shown in the above picture. The same syllable may be prefixed to each object, making four new words. What are they?

ZIGZAG

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell a name well known to many Americans.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To rule. 2. To sink through fear. 3. Not attached. 4. To use badly. 5. A number. 6. A utensil for sifting. 7. Incident. 8. A number of students of the same standing, grouped together. 9. Two.

RUTH BEAUDRY (age 13), *League Member.*

CENTRAL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central row of letters will spell the surname of a famous man who was born in October.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Three and one fifth grains. 2. A long, outer garment. 3. Spacious. 4. A builder in stone or brick. 5. Desolate and exposed. 6. To include. 7. To swindle. 8. Very cold. 9. A source of power.

J. VAILE (age 15), *League Member.*

ENDLESS CHAIN

To solve this puzzle, take the last two letters of the first word described to make the first two letters of the second word, and so on. The last two letters of the twelfth word will make the first two letters of the first word. The twelve words which form the answer are not of equal length.

1. To wait on. 2. Much debated or contested. 3. Furnished with an edge. 4. To draw out. 5. A common abbreviation for a certain musical instrument. 6. To give shelter. 7. Frozen. 8. A simpleton. 9. Not identical. 10. To obliterate. 11. To cut apart. 12. Irregular, as if eaten or worn away. 13. To wait on.

MARGARET HUSSEY (age 13), *League Member.*

CHARADE

My *first* is a letter; a number my *second;*
You may look for my *last* at your door;
My *whole* is most useful in workshop or kitchen,
It is found on the farm—at the store.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

DIAMOND

1. In depository. 2. Consumed. 3. A country of Europe. 4. A large animal. 5. In depository.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of fifty-five letters and form a beautiful tribute paid to Quentin Roosevelt.

My 47-14-25-39-12 is part of a river. My 27-33-36-54-38 is perceived by the ear. My 20-50-31-28-6 is a composition in verse. My 49-8-2-22-40 is a woolen fabric. My 45-17-53-3-55 is extreme suffering. My 51-42-48-30-11 is the sound made by a pig. My 44-10-35-18-46 is determines. My 13-29-1-26-19 is the fruit of an East Indian tree. My 5-16-34-24-37 is a criminal. My 9-23-4-43-7 is a rotating disk. My 32-52-21-41-15 was Quentin Roosevelt's official position.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Z	Z	R	N	I	L	H	T	L	E
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
L	I	G	O	L	A	N	P	P	O
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
E	Y	A	K	E	M	H	C	E	A
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
B	A	R	N	G	I	A	D	R	L
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
L	E	H	O	A	R	P	O	S	E
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
Y	A	L	W	O	P	O	R	C	O
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70
X	N	O	N	L	U	P	E	I	N
71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80
T	I	S	W	A	R	S	O	H	R
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90
G	I	B	K	F	F	A	G	T	S
91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
E	R	E	L	E	R	I	A	M	U

BEGIN at a certain square and move to an adjoining square (as in the king's move in chess) until each square has been entered once. When the moves have been correctly made, the names of fifteen large animals may be spelled out. The path from one letter to another is continuous.

BETTY HUTCHINSON (age 12).

THE RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

Sure Delivery

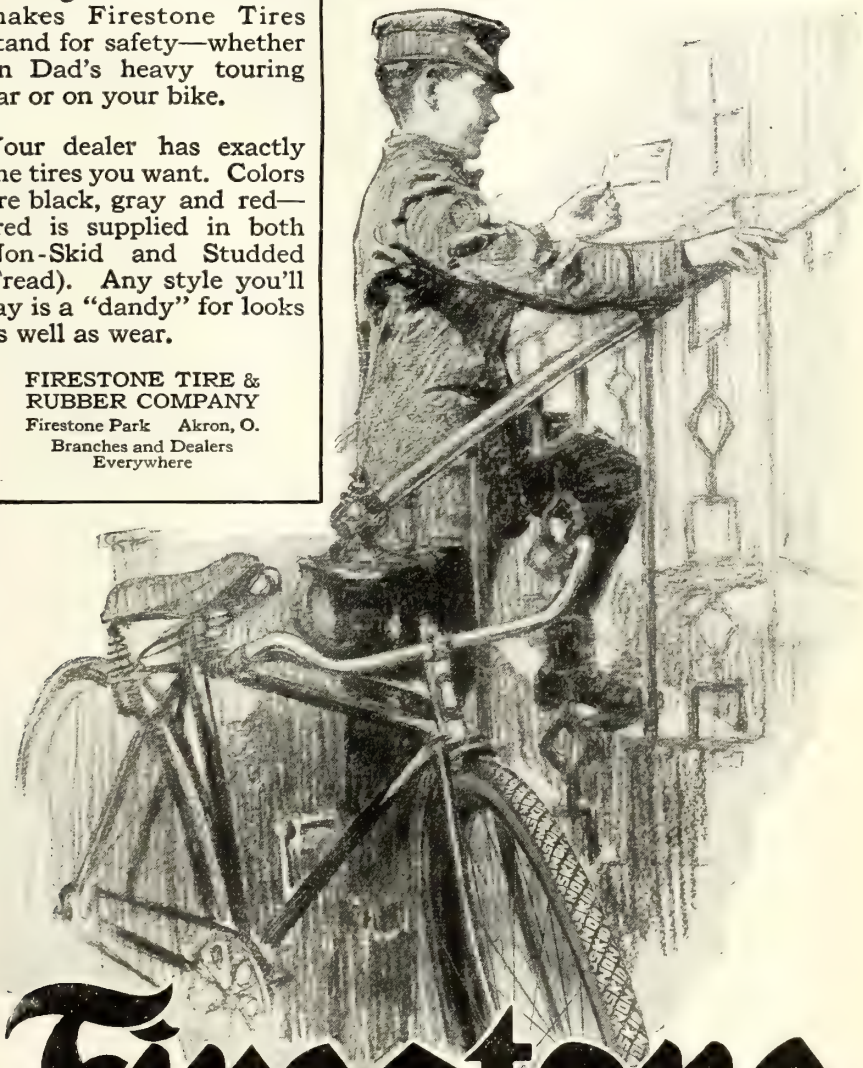
Count on your Firestones to back you up every time. They are as reliable as your own service.

The Non-Skid tread gives that good hold which makes Firestone Tires stand for safety—whether on Dad's heavy touring car or on your bike.

Your dealer has exactly the tires you want. Colors are black, gray and red—(red is supplied in both Non-Skid and Studded Tread). Any style you'll say is a "dandy" for looks as well as wear.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Firestone Park Akron, O.
Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Most Miles *per* Dollar



Firestone
Bicycle Tires

All night—all day—your skin never rests from its work



DON'T forget that your skin is more than a mere covering for your body! It is a *living organ*, with vital work to perform!

Always, no matter what the outside heat or cold—it keeps your body like a warm little house, at exactly the same temperature. It protects your other organs. It breathes! Through its millions of tiny pores it absorbs oxygen from the air.

But if, for any reason, it is hindered from doing its work—how quickly it throws out distress signals.

Look at your skin in a hand mirror in a strong light. Is it soft, clear, fine as a baby's skin? Brilliant with lovely color? If so, you may be sure that it is in a *healthy, normal* condition. The delicate pores are working actively, freely, carrying away waste matter—giving your skin a chance to breathe.

But if it shows pale and colo less—if it is marred here and there by little blemishes—by ugly blackheads—then it is telling you, as plainly as it can, that it is unable to do its work properly.

Your skin is changing every day

This condition can be changed—your skin *can* be made as clear and radiant as you want it to be. For every day your skin changes—part of the old skin dies and new skin takes its place. By giving this *new skin* the right care, you can make it soft, smooth—flawlessly clear.

Try using every night this special treatment:

Just before you go to bed, lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Go over your face thoroughly with this, taking care that every part of your face is well lathered. Now with the tips of your fingers work the cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, using an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

You will find that this treatment stimulates the tiny bloodvessels—strengthens the little muscular fibres of your skin—and cleanses the pores so thoroughly that your skin almost immediately will begin to gain new brilliance and life.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Get a cake today—begin using it tonight. A 25c. cake lasts for a month or six weeks.

"YOUR TREATMENT FOR ONE WEEK"

A miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations sent to you for 25 cents.

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations, containing *your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.*

You will find, first the little booklet, "A Skin You Love To Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder, with directions telling you just how they should be used. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 2010 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2010 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



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"Bigger than Weather"

Greatcoats *for* Boys

"Snappy" lines to please the modern boy, plus warmth, comfort and serviceability—the choice of wise parents. Excellently tailored from the famous Patrick cloth.

There is no other cloth just like Patrick cloth. It is as distinctive to America as are friezes to Ireland, cheviots to Scotland and tweeds to England. It is made of the thick, long-fibre wool from "sheep that thrive in the snow."

It is manufactured exclusively in Patrick woolen mills and made up into garments in Patrick factories. Patrick controls every manufacturing process—from raw wool to finished garments.

Whether you are buying Greatcoat, Mackinaw, Sweater, Cap, Wool Hosiery, Auto Robe or Outing Blanket, look for the green and black Patrick label. It is certain identification of Patrick Pure Wool Products.

Write us if your dealer does not handle them. We will direct you to one who does.

Send for 1920-21 Style Book, illustrated. Shows Patrick-Duluth colors true to life. Also Elbert Hubbard's book, "Bigger than Weather." Both free.

Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mills
Sole Manufacturers of both Cloth and Garments
Duluth · Minnesota



Pure Northern Wool from Sheep that thrive in the Snow



Just Like Dad!

You can be just like your Dad and drive a regular automobile of your own with a

Janesville BALL-BEARING Coaster

You can zipp down hill like a flash or speed'er up with a short run and coast farther than with any other wagon 'cause it's got real auto-type wheels with ball-bearings that just make it slide along.

You'll be the envy of every boy in your block. You can simply cut circles around 'em in a race, leaving 'em so far behind they won't know they're in it.

The body is made of selected white ash, fairly glistens. And it's braced "extra strong" with steel bolster plates. It isn't a toy, it's a real wagon.

Ask Dad, Now!

Sold at hardware, department and furniture stores everywhere. If your dealer hasn't it he can quickly get it for you.

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Ball-Bearing

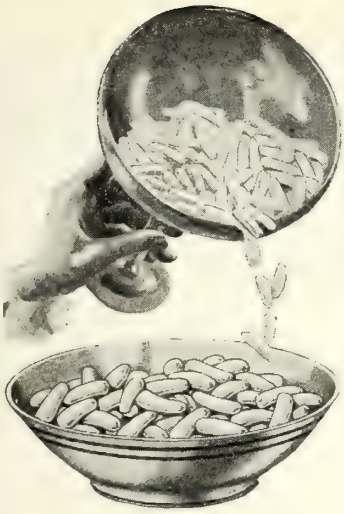


Press with one foot, then with the other and watch the Skudder go. And, it coasts without motion of the tilting board so you can turn corners "on high."
Ask about this, too.

Janesville Products Company

Janesville · · · · Wisconsin

DEALERS: Write for full particulars about our proposition.



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Breakfast ever brings

Grains puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size. Made into food confections which, with cream and sugar, seem like fairy foods. Never were cereals made half so delightful.

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The three Puffed Grains form the greatest foods one can imagine. The texture is dainty—bubble-like, crumbling at a touch. The flavor is nut-like. Blending with cream there is nothing so delicious.

The three grains supply variety. The ways of serving are endless. And, unlike most good things, their use need never be restricted.

The Perfect Dish

At supper or bedtime

Puffed Wheat in milk—a practically complete food in its most enticing, most hygienic form. Whole wheat in native form, toasted, flavory, flaky—four times as porous as bread.



Supreme in Nutrition

Puffed Grains are also the scientific grain foods. They are made by Prof. Anderson's process. Every food cell is blasted by steam explosion. Digestion is made easy and complete.

Here are all the whole-grain elements so treated that every granule feeds. Each delicious serving brings a child the utmost in a food.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

All Bubble Grains—Flimsy, Flaky, Flavory

And now a new delight

PUFFED RICE PANCAKE FLOUR

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

By the author of "The Boarded-Up House"



Illustration from "The Crimson Patch," by Augusta H. Seaman. Published by The Century Co., New York City

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By Augusta Huiell Seaman

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

NEW ISSUES

EVERY now and then comes an issue of stamps which we take genuine pride in introducing to our readers. Such issues we believe will always be a source of interest and pride to their owners. And seldom does this come to us more strongly than it does now as we present here a description of a new issue from Belgium. It is a special issue—in honor of and to commemorate the Olympic games which are taking place this year at Antwerp.





These Olympic games are something in which all boys and girls should take a keen interest. We wish very much that our space permitted a short outline of their origin and history, but we cannot spare the room for it. We hope, however, that every one of our readers will take the time to look up their encyclopedias and read therein the account given of the Olympic Games. If our memory serves us correctly, this is the third series of stamps to be issued in their honor. The first Olympic Games of modern times took place in Greece in 1896; there was then issued a complete series of stamps up to the value of ten drachmæ. The second Olympiad, in 1906, was also in Greece, with an issue up to five drachmæ. The present issue of stamps is for the seventh series of games, the intervening ones not having been celebrated in a philatelic way. Before we describe these stamps we should like to mention two items of especial interest. First, these wonderful specimens of the engraver's art, though issued by Belgium, were engraved and printed in the United States. Second, the highest number of points scored by the contestants in the games at Antwerp accrued to young men from our country. So that much local interest centers around this foreign issue. Please also remember that in Belgium two languages are spoken—French and Flemish, and that on her stamps the French inscription is duplicated in Flemish. And another point: this issue of stamps is not only to commemorate the seventh Olympiad, but it is also a Red Cross issue. That is, for every stamp sold, five centimes is set aside for the wounded in the Great War. This series which we illustrate consists of only three stamps. All three are of low face value so that the price at which they may be purchased is easily within the allowance of boys and girls. Each stamp bears above the central design in two lines the words "VII Olympiade 1920" and "Anvers-Antwerpen." Below is the value and the words "Belgique-Belgie." Also "Pour les mutiles+5 Voor de Verminkten." The five-centime stamp is in a rich, clear green, a beautiful shade, and the central design represents the discus thrower. Those of you who have read the encyclopedia article will know what that means. The second stamp, the ten centimes, is the least interesting of the series, though still beautiful. It is in red, and the central design represents a chariot race, the driver and his four prancing steeds being exceedingly well executed and clearly shown even in the small space occupied. But the third and last stamp of the series is to our mind the gem of the set. It is the fifteen centimes.

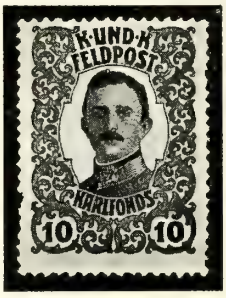


The entire setting of the stamp is very artistic and seems to emphasize the central figure—the winner of the Marathon race, really the greatest event of the whole series of games. The color is a rich brown. We certainly think it is one of the most beautiful stamps we have ever seen.



We also illustrate a recent issue of Bavaria. It shows a female figure with flowers and fruit in her hands, while near her is the coat-of-arms of Bavaria. Many of the recent stamps of Bavaria exist both with and without the surcharge "Deutsches Reich."

A correspondent writes us to know what is meant by the "Karl and Zita" stamps which he has seen mentioned in some advertisement. We presume he refers to three stamps issued by Austria in 1918 as Charity Stamps. We illustrate two of them showing portraits of King Karl and Queen Zita. These stamps were issued for the purpose of raising money for charity—for what was called "Karl's Fund."





ANSWERS TO QUERIES

¶The queer-shaped vessel which appears upon the three-cent value of the 1893 issue of the United States is the flagship of Columbus, the *Santa Maria*. This entire series was issued in honor of Columbus, you know. He set sail in a fleet of three vessels, and when you add to your collection the four-cent value of this series you will see upon it all three of them—the *Santa Maria*, the *Niña*, and the *Pinta*. These same vessels appear on several stamps—notably on an issue of Argentine. ¶Quite a number of our own stamps have

(*Continued on page 34*)

THE ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

is really a list of reliable Stamp Dealers. These people have studied stamps for years, perhaps they helped your father and mother when they first started their stamp collections. *St. Nicholas* knows that these dealers are trustworthy. When writing to them be sure to give your full name and address, and as reference the name of your parent, or teacher or employer, whose permission must be obtained first. It is well also to mention *St. Nicholas Magazine*. Remember, we are always glad to assist you, so write to us for any information that will help you solve your stamp problems.

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(Continued on page 34)

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(*Continued from page* 33)

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(*Continued from page* 32)

either portraits of real Indians or Indian figures introduced into the design. The list is too long for us to print here. Very many of the long list of newspaper-stamps in the catalogue have the figure of an Indian as the central design. The heads on the one-cent stamp which you own (Scott No. 300) are portraits of real Indians. The central design is Captain John Smith. The Indian medallion at the right is the famous chief Powhatan, and the one at the left is his still more famous daughter, Pocahontas. She it was who saved Smith's life, and afterward married John Rolfe. Get your history and read up all about these people. It is wonderfully interesting, and your stamp will mean more to you forever afterward. ¶There have been many stamps issued which have pictures of ships upon them. Even if we knew them all, we could not spare the space for a complete list. Nor could we in all instances give the name of the ship pictured. In many instances, as in the current issue of Bermuda, probably no especial ship was in the mind of the designer.

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6th. Prize—One pair of bicycle tires, W. Stuttaford, Box 66, Paterson, Wash., "Oh Boy! What Joy!"

7th. Prize—One pair of bicycle tires, R. Huie, 1333-11th Street, Arkadelphia, Ark., "No Use Talking This Beats Walking."

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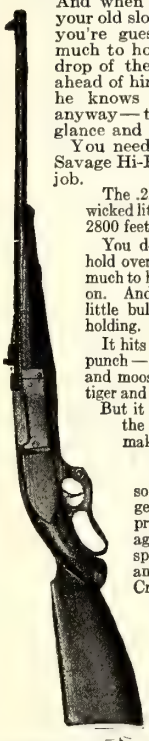
Chicken Insurance— A .22 Savage Hi-Power

A FLURRY of feathers, a squawk and a red streak going under the fence — another chicken gone!

How long are you going to stand it?

You know that fox won't look at your traps. And when you sling lead at him with your old slow-as-molasses .30-30, he knows you're guessing — you don't know how much to hold over him to allow for the drop of the bullet or how much to hold ahead of him to allow for his speed. And he knows you're half afraid to shoot anyway — the old .30-30 bullet might glance and hit a cow or a neighbor.

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It hits a paralyzing, explosive, knock-out punch — hits hard enough to drop grizzly and moose dead in their tracks — yes, and tiger and buffalo, too, because it's done it.

But it is safe to use anywhere, because the bullet will not glance. You can't make it glance, not even from water.

These are some of the reasons why so many United States Forest Rangers and Government hunters and professional wolfers use the .22 Savage Hi-Power. It's the modern, special tool for predatory animals — and besides that, Captain E. C. Crossman, the United States Army Ordnance Department Expert, called it "The Best Deer Rifle in the world."

Write to Dept. R. for particulars and look at the rifle at your dealer's

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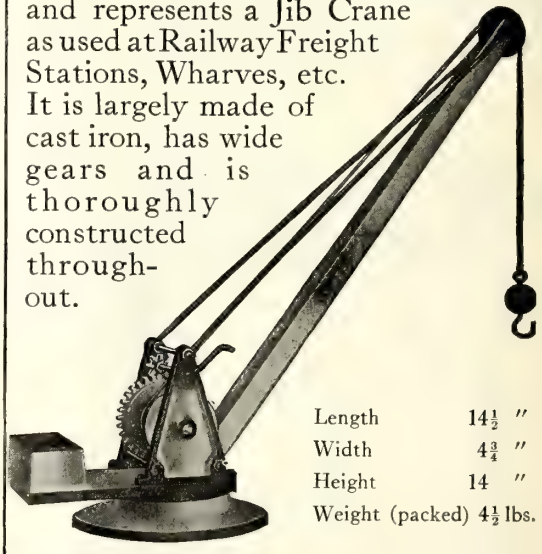
"Good Work!"

AFTER the rub down, slap on Sloan's Liniment, *applied without rubbing.* It takes the *pain out of muscles* and *stiffness out of joints.* Big brother athletes always have it handy for keeping in trim. Boys who use it never feel "all crippled up." Stay fit and play the game the next day without sore muscles or stiff joints that keep you from doing your best.

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Sloan's Liniment
Keep it handy

THIS is really more in the nature of a working model than a toy and represents a Jib Crane as used at Railway Freight Stations, Wharves, etc. It is largely made of cast iron, has wide gears and is thoroughly constructed throughout.



Length	14½ "
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Weight (packed)	4½ lbs.

Finished in attractive colors and packed in strong corrugated box.

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"All aboard!"

My, how the youngsters do make their Choo-Choo Cars travel these days!

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And while the little ones are having the time of their lives, they are building sturdy muscles and filling their expanding lungs with health-giving fresh air.

Right now your youngster ought to have a

CHOO-CHOO CAR

You can get Choo-Choos at most toy shops and department stores. They come in four sizes.

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Write us if your regular store does not carry Choo-Choo Cars.

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$1005.00 in Prizes

READ the announcement on the back cover of this issue and enter the Colgate Photographic Contest. Then read the simple rules below and try for one of the 115 prizes.

Rules of the Contest

1. Any boy or girl not over seventeen years old may enter.
2. Photographs must reach Colgate & Co. on or before November 10th. Send photographs to Contest Editor, Colgate & Co., Dept. 60, 199 Fulton St., New York City. They will not be acknowledged, except as in rule No. 7.
3. Photographs must be marked on the back with your name, address and age; endorsement of parent, guardian or teacher that the picture was taken by you; name and address of dealer whose window is photographed.
4. It is understood that any photograph may be published in an advertisement. None will be returned—and all will be judged on the basis of their quality as photographs rather than on the advertising value of the window display. Of course, from a better window display, a more attractive photograph can be made.
5. The judges will consider:
   (a) Sharpness and distinctness of the print.
   (b) The proper angle, so that level surfaces show level and slanting surfaces at their true slant.
   (c) A general understanding of photography as shown by lighting, tone values, absence of reflections, etc.
6. The Editors of St. Nicholas Magazine have consented to serve as judges.
7. Everyone entering will receive a generous trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream as an acknowledgment of his or her entry.
8. Not a rule but a number of helpful hints: Look out for reflections in the window. When the opposite side of the street is in shadow, these reflections are less apt to show in the picture. If reflections show, you can sometimes avoid them by changing your position. Have the light behind you—but guard against a reflected glare in the glass. The very best way to take a window is a time exposure at night when the window is lighted.

   But if your prints still show faults, send them in just the same—their other good qualities may be enough to win you a prize.

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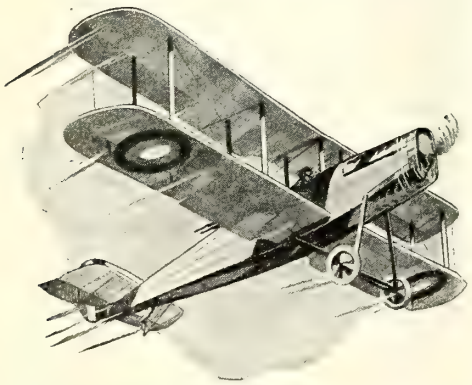


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Ives Boats include ocean liners, tugs, steam yachts, destroyers and submarines that dive. Write for our finely illustrated book, "Ships and Shipping", and our big railroad folder. Both sent for 10c in stamps.

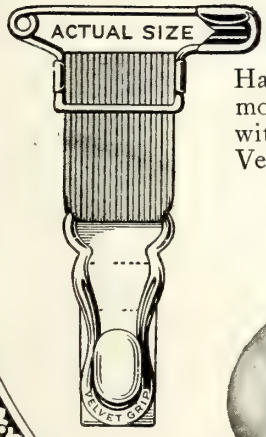
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Make Happy Boys

"Holds Like Daddy's"

Not only that, but is made with the *same care* and of the same *quality* as Daddy's.

The Baby Midget *Velvet Grip* Hose Supporter



Has taken the place of all make-shifts ever known to mother for holding up baby's tiny socks, and is equipped with that exclusive feature found only on all genuine Velvet Grip garters for "grown ups"—namely, the

All-Rubber Oblong Button

THE Button Which Prevents Slipping and Ruthless Ripping

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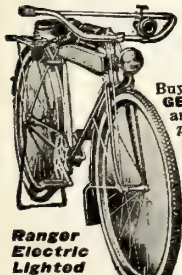
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"Holds Like Daddy's"



Ranger Electric Lighted Motorbike

Factory to Rider ***SAVES YOU MONEY***

Buy direct and save $10 to $20 on a bicycle. **RANGER BICYCLES** now come in 44 styles, colors and sizes. **WE DELIVER FREE** to you *on approval* and *30 days' trial* and riding test.

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BOYS!

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Think of it! "Football Training" by Walter Camp, "Flying" by Eddie Rickenbacker, "Athletic Training" by the famous Yale trainer, Johnny Mack, "How to Pole Vault" by world's champion, A. C. Gilbert. Chapters about signalling, wireless, sound and light experiments, how to build a real weather bureau station of your own, chemistry for boys, electrical, hydraulic and pneumatic engineering, surveying, practical carpentry—all in one finely illustrated book. It's yours for a quarter and worth dollars to you. Send us 25c today. The greatest book for boys in years.

THE A. C. GILBERT CO., 464 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.



Educator shoe for boys and girls

Unless stamped EDUCATOR on the sole, it is not an Educator.

Do You Know What an X-Ray Is?

AN X-Ray is a wonderful light that looks right through an object. The pictures above were made with X-Rays.

The one on the left shows what happens to a foot that wears pointed-toed shoes. See how the bones are all bent out of place. This bending of the bones is the reason for corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, fallen arches—all foot troubles.

The other picture shows a healthy foot—a foot brought up in Educators, the shoes that "let the feet grow as they should"—no corns, bunions, or other ills.

Show these pictures to Mother. Tell her *you* want shoes that keep your feet straight-toed and healthy. Ask her to get you a pair of Educators.

And ask for a postcard. Then write us for our Free Book called "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet," telling how to keep your feet comfortable *all your life.*

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RICE & HUTCHINS

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FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN



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Look Out for Infection

Don't wait until infection sets in. No matter how small the injury, use New-Skin promptly, as directed.

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"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

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Model S, Price $6.00

Uses carbide and water generating acetylene gas, giving most brilliant light of any bicycle lamp at low expense.

The safest and most satisfactory Bicycle Lamp, used by most bicycle riders for more than 20 years.

Descriptive catalogue on request.

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Bicycle Tires



No More Puncture Worries

That's because of the strong, pure rubber and the tough, thick, closely-woven fabric of which Vitalic Tires are constructed.

Policemen, letter-carriers, and professional riders use Vitalics. Vitalics are regular equipment on the better-grade wheels of such makes as Columbia, Dayton, Emblem, Excelsior, Harley-Davidson, Indian, Iver Johnson, Miami, Pierce, and Yale.

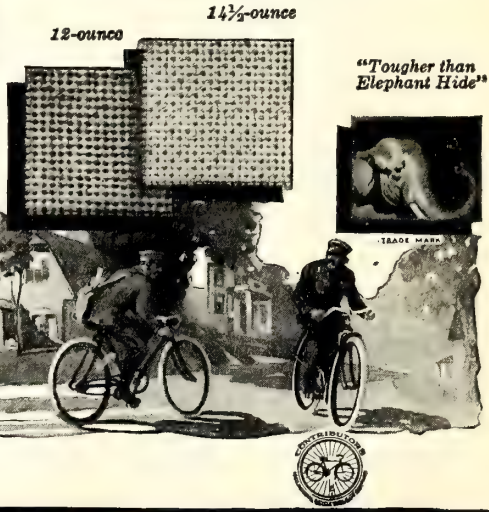
And when you figure the cost of Vitalic Tires, based on the mileage obtained with them, you'll find them to be the least expensive of all tires.

Ask the dealer to show you Vitalic Tires. Then try them.

Some Inside Information

All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra-strong 14½-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in most bicycle tires is 12-ounce—and as a rule bicycle tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric.

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS, Erie, Pa.
Export Dept., 41 Warren Street, New York City



By the authors of "Fortunes of War"

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA-LARK

By Ralph Henry Barbour and H. P. Holt

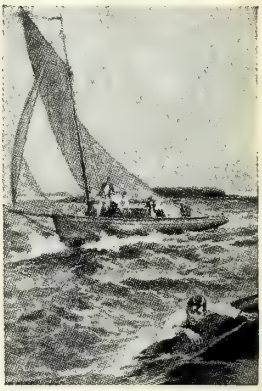


Illustration from "The Mystery of the Sea-Lark," by Ralph H. Barbour and H. P. Holt. Published by The Century Co., New York City.

AT last! Ever since this happy combination first collaborated to produce stories that won instant approval from young America, boys all over the country have been clamoring for more from the same source. Now another has come—and we guarantee that they will not be disappointed.

"The Mystery of the Sea-Lark" is an exciting yarn of how some boys secured possession of a dismantled sloop, fitted her up, and started out to use her as a ferry. Mysterious strangers try to buy or rent the boat and, failing, use other means to attain their unknown ends. The boys are full of pluck and determination, and after many thrilling escapades discover that they have been the center of a far-reaching plot that is fortunately nipped in the bud.

The kind of book that makes you want to throw up your cap and shout!

Illustrated ***$1.75***

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A thrilling story of a boy's adventures at sea during the war of 1914–18. Has won a host of friends.

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One of the best boys' stories published in recent years. Its popularity never wanes.

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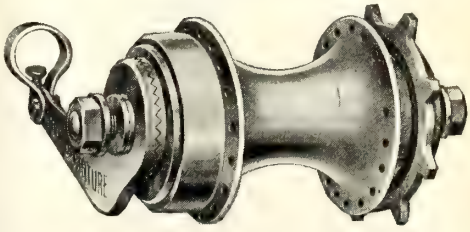
WE ARE SUPPORTING THE NATIONAL PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN

SOME wheel, this is! You can't see the New Departure Coaster Brake in the rear hub, but it's there, all right. That's why I'm coasting along so nice and easy.

"Why don't you get your dealer to put one on your bike? You won't know it's the same machine — 'cause you won't have to keep pedaling all the time — and no matter how far you ride you'll enjoy every minute and always be fresh and fit.

"They've written a story about what a New Departure Coaster Brake did for one boy. Write for a copy. Ask for 'Billy's Bicycle Triumphs' and address your letter to Department B."

New Departure Mfg. Co.
Bristol, Conn., U. S. A.



"The Brake that Brought the Bike Back"



Who Stands Behind *your* Tires

OUT of all the different kinds of tires in the bicycle shop, how is anyone to tell which kind is best? There must be some way of telling—and as good a way as any is to look at the *reputation* of the companies behind them. The makers of U.S. Bicycle Tires are the *oldest* and *largest* rubber manufacturers in the world—and you can invest your last nickel on the fact that *there is a reason for it* other than merely the number and size of their factories.

U. S. Chain Treads, U. S. Cords and seven other treads in Clincher and Single tube styles.

"Ride a Bicycle"

United States Tires

United States Rubber Company

TREKART



If You Want a LOT of FUN Send for This Great Boy Scout Toy

YOU can put it together so it's just like a Boy Scout's hike wagon, or you can make twenty other toys with it easy. There are diagrams in the box that show you just how.

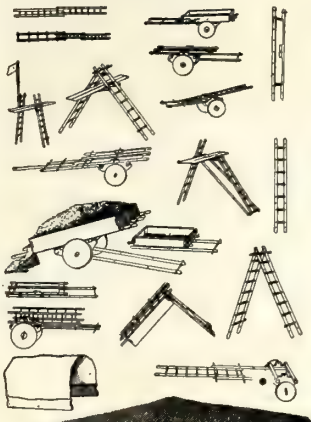
If you aren't old enough to be a Scout this gives you a fine chance to learn all about the hike wagon so you will know just how to use the big one when you become a scout. If you're already a scout you'll find the TREKART beats any toy for the rainy days when you have to stay in.

Be the first boy in your neighborhood to have a TREKART. Send $3.00 and we will mail you one all packed in a wonderful looking box. You will be the envy of all your friends.

Maybe you can get one quicker at your toy store. Try it first. If they haven't got it tell them they should have it anyway. Then send your $3.00 quick and we'll mail you one.

Everyone that sells toys should carry the TREKART. It will be one of the year's biggest sellers.

20 TOYS in ONE





The Tretoys Company
12th and Stanley
Detroit, Michigan



Chapter X
The Quarrel Ends.

H, yes, that fight 'tween Pete and Bill was very *wrong*, alack! It spoiled their dispositions and it made their records black. Brave heroes in a common cause of cleanliness and right should never fall from peace and grace by getting in a fight. But like the flame's consuming scurge amid a pile of shavings that butting goat and grunting pig kept up their wrathful ravings. They rolled and stumbled to and fro with angry lurch and hitch, so, hardly could the human eye determine which was which.


They rolled and stumbled to and fro.

"Alas," groaned Gnif the Gnome, "I am exceedingly *disgusted*." "Oh, dear," sighed Betty, "ne'er again can Bill and Pete be trusted. This *must* be stopped. Now let me think. *Oh*, blessed thought—I see as *usual* our troubles shall be solved with I-V-O-R-Y. Bob, shave in slivers thin and smooth a dozen cakes of soap and scatter them beside


and down they went

that pond up yonder grassy slope. Then Gnif my dear, pour buckets full of water o'er the slivers; *I* have a plan to cool their wrath and make repentant shivers."

Both Bob and Gnif obeyed at once. "Now take this useful rope," said Betty "and you'll soon behold wrath cleansed with IVORY SOAP. Gnif, hold one end as Bob and I run round that naughty fight, then *you* run the other way and pull those fighters tight."

And it was done. Bill Goat and Pete were caught with cautious ease, but great and most effective was the *tightness* of the squeeze. It took no skill to drag the pair to where the sudsy shavings just mingled with Pete's naughty rage and Bill's outrageous ravings. Of course they slipped and *down* they went all in a sudsy puddle, then they were dragged into the pond a thrashing, splashing muddle. Then they two got the washing of their lives in IVORY bubbles. *This* cooled their tempers splendidly and solved our heroe's troubles.

"Oh, keep this up," cried Billy Goat from soap suds gaily spouting. "I'm turning to an angel goat, I feel my wings a-sprouting!" And so it was, that Goat and Pig were washed of every stain and never, never in their lives were known to fight again.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS - EST. 1837 -

So, even naughty tempered folks
Need not abandon hope
Of perfect reformation if
They use pure IVORY SOAP.

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS
99 44/100% PURE

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Dorothy's Getting Well

Dorothy, who is just getting over the measles, has no more than said, "My Goodness! Why don't they give me something good to eat?" when the wise Kewpies appear, one bearing a dish of delicious, sparkling Raspberry

JELL-O

another bringing a spoon, and one carrying from sight the hateful medicine. Dorothy's happy face expresses her approval.

Of course, the Kewpies asked the doctor first, and he said, "Sure, nothing better. Do her good."

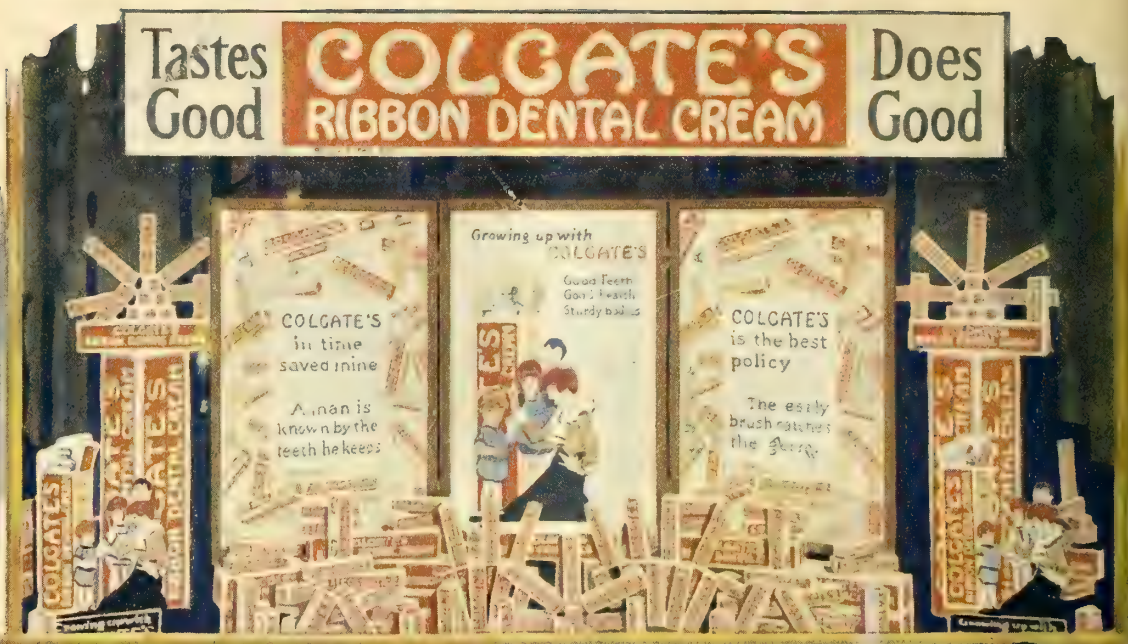
It is not necessary when Jell-O is used to go through any such processes as soaking, cooking and straining, and there is no sweetening, flavoring or coloring to add. Everything is in the powder—and the most delightful dishes are made almost as if by magic.

There are six pure fruit flavors of Jell-O: Raspberry, Strawberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate.

A tightly sealed waxed paper bag, proof against air and moisture, encloses each package, and so America's most famous dessert, as it is delivered to you from the grocer or otherwise, is always pure and sweet.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY, Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

Growing up with



$1005.00 in prizes

Oct. 1-9

is

"Growing up with Colgate's" week. Photograph the Colgate window in the nearest store.



AT least one of the stores in your neighborhood will have a special window display of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. These windows will be ready to photograph October 1st.

Anyone not over seventeen years of age may try for generous money prizes, which will be given for the best photographs of a Colgate display.

So, look for a store window with the Colgate pictures and packages in it. The dealer will gladly allow you to take a picture of his window.

Ask an older friend who takes pictures or the man from whom you buy films to advise you how to photograph windows. Taking pictures through plate glass is a tricky operation and one that you may never have tried before.

Full details and rules of the contest are given on page— 39

The boys and girls who enter this unique contest, get not only an added zest to Kodak-ing, but a fresh interest in the importance of brushing the teeth regularly, night and morning. The delicious flavor of Ribbon Dental Cream is an important help in forming that habit for health.

115 CASH PRIZES

Enter your photographs in the contest, for which prizes will be awarded as follows:

For the best photograph . . .	$100
For the 3 next best	$ 50 each
For the 10 next best	$ 25 each
For the 101 next best	$ 5 each
Total	$1005.00

Prizes will be awarded before January 1st, and winners will be announced in an early 1921 issue of this magazine. In case of a tie, each will receive the full value of the prize tied for.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 60, 199 Fulton Street, New York